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ANNAPOlis, MARYLAND
Angels of the Battlefield

Anonymous, believed to have been painted by one of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's.

BRUGGER REPLACES BROWNE AS EDITOR OF THE
Maryland Historical Magazine

This year, 1986, marks the 81st year of continuous publication of the Maryland Historical Magazine—one of the most distinguished runs for any American historical journal. The Magazine has flourished under ten successive editors whose names appear inside the back cover. Each one has made his own distinctive contribution to our knowledge and appreciation of the past, and then the torch is passed on for the special contribution of his successor.

In this 81st year we mark with regret the departure of Dr. Gary L. Browne, professor of history at the University of Maryland Baltimore County, who is retiring as editor to devote additional time to his own research and writing about the Maryland past.

Meanwhile, with great pleasure, we welcome the new editor, Dr. Robert J. Brugger, formerly of Johns Hopkins University and the University of Virginia. Dr. Brugger is presently completing a one-volume history of the state which will be published next year by the Maryland Historical Society and the Johns Hopkins University Press. One reader of the manuscript has noted that it promises to be "the best one volume history that will have been written for any American state."

Dr. Brugger's vision for the Magazine, which he has shared with members of the Publications Committee and officers of the Society, is ambitious and exciting. Our aim is to have not only the best one-volume state history, but the best state historical journal as well.

GEORGE H. CALLCOTT, Chairman
Publications Committee
On the Drama of Dying in Early Nineteenth Century Baltimore

KENT LANCASTER

Twentieth century America has chosen to isolate the dying and, inasmuch as possible, to ignore death. In sharp contrast, early nineteenth-century Baltimoreans—the women at least—were fascinated by death and dying, and lavished constant attention on this final human rite of passage. Most Baltimoreans of the early nineteenth century perceived death primarily as a spiritual occasion. Its message was essentially religious, but the medium in which Baltimoreans chose to enclose it was drama. The nineteenth-century drama of death could include at least four formal acts, will-making, the deathbed, the funeral, and grieving. Of these, the first will-making, was introductory and optional; participation in that act was limited, at any rate, because by Maryland law married women could not devise property. The second act, the deathbed, was the crux and focus of the whole stream of events attending the end of a life. The funeral and grieving in acts three and four merely concluded and resolved the drama of the deathbed. Grieving would eventually eclipse the deathbed in importance and become the focus of the drama, but this process was not complete even by mid-century. This study, then, explores the crucial second act—the Baltimore deathbed and the training in the art of dying society gave the principals for that part of the drama.

Philippe Aries has seen the deathbed of this period as a pinnacle of individualism and self expression, with the principal himself presiding over the action. If his view of the nineteenth century deathbed is valid, Baltimore was atypical. The Baltimore audience at the great drama of death was an educated and discriminating one and Baltimoreans made explicit demands on the principals, helped train them throughout life for the part, and ultimately usurped direction of the drama from those principals. The audience wrote critically of the performance of the dying and looked hopefully for the perfect second act. Survivors were never to find perfection, however, because their expectations were too high. Those expectations were predicated on an almost desperate need to understand—to know. What they sought was the key to the mysteries of death itself and of afterlife. Death was ritualized and dying became a role as society programmed generations to die, hoping ever that someone sometime might slip back across from beyond and provide the answers it sought. No Baltimorean directed his or her own deathbed. Already at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the heroic deathbed was gone from Baltimore, replaced by one of the end-products of the process that has been described as the feminization or domestication of death. In the great drama of death in Baltimore, act two dominated the attention of the period and women monopolized act two. Males were often the role models studied by those training for death, but they were always foreign males—usually English literary or religious figures. No Baltimorean performed well enough to find a secure place even in the local literature of dying.

The art of dying was not, indeed, one of the manly arts in early nineteenth-century Baltimore. One looks in vain for the patriarch, imbued with the drama of the

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Dr. Lancaster is Professor of History at Goucher College.
moment, acting out his own elaborate parting. Perhaps Baltimore men took as their exemplar George Washington, whose dying words to his physician in 1799 had been: "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long." Baltimore males, except occasionally the very old, died with a quietness and lack of drama that bordered on the taciturn. The unwritten social code allowed men an unusually long handclasp at the end or a deep, penetrating gaze, but little more. Lydia Hollingsworth, daughter of Baltimore merchant and wharf owner, Thomas Hollingsworth, and dedicated attendant of deathbeds, wrote of the deathbeds of her brother in 1813 and her uncle in 1830. So little occurred at the brother's deathbed that she could report almost nothing except that "his Fortitude, and truly it seemed Christian, never forsook him, in pain or in the parting moments." Uncle Samuel Hollingsworth, who died just a month after his wife in 1830 and who was, she wrote, "broken in spirit and constitution quietly sank into the grave without a wish to have his Life prolonged. his last moments were so calm that his children who hovered near could not think the last spark gone, long after he had ceased to breathe." Reporting a similar male deathbed, Benjamin Chew Howard wrote an anguished letter to his wife in Baltimore in 1822 telling of the death of his brother, John Eager Howard, Jr., in Mercersberg, Pa., the day before. Again, it was a manly, quiet occasion, although manliness in the survivor was well tested. Howard was nearly distraught trying to guide a sizable family group back to Baltimore when he wrote, but he still had time to post a three page letter to his wife describing what had happened. "I shall never forget the impressive grasp. He felt I am sure, that he would never see me more, but everybody else thought he was getting better.... I could hardly bear it like a man." Death in Baltimore had already by this time been domesticated and feminized. The process by which these changes were accomplished is not entirely clear, but already at the beginning of the century the highly developed art of dying had, like embroidery, become women's work. Perhaps men had simply chosen not to participate. The manly way to go, at any rate, was without drama, quiet and essentially artless. Indeed, if the whole drama of death had depended on Baltimore men, there would have been very little to recommend it.

The fascination of early nineteenth-century women with death, on the other hand, was intense and enduring and was fed by a wide variety of sources. The churches and their clergy became the most vocal influence; but even in an age of piety, religious institutions alone could not account for the depth of that interest. Daily home life itself served as an even more direct and persistent reminder than the church that humans were frail and mortal. The great slab Christopher and Peggy Hughes erected over their family vault in Baltimore's Old St. Paul's Cemetery in 1811 records the death of eight of their children in a period of seventeen years, three in a single summer. The memoir of Richard H. Townsend catalogs, from his birth in 1801 to his twenty-first year, the deaths of nineteen close relatives and scores of more distant ones; only seven of his father's twenty-three children reached maturity. Newspaper obituaries cataloged the toll:

On the 14th inst., of scarlet fever, Cecelia, infant daughter of Philip and Bridget Farmer, aged 5 months and 19 days. On the 15th inst., John, aged 8 years, 8 months and 13 days, eldest son of the same. And on the 16th inst., Theresa, daughter of the same aged 3 years and 8 months.

The young encountered death in other forms as soon as they could read or write. It appeared in primers and as a theme for essays in commonplace and copy books. Older children collected albums of verse from magazines or newspapers or from friends who had composed or copied it themselves, and the subject matter had a remarkably high quotient of death.
Newspapers revelled in the unusual or the detailed death, and kept necrology current with obituaries and death notices. Magazines explored constantly the death-related issues that moved society such as "Premature Burial" or "Is Death Painful?" Both printed sources published quantities of verse, if not a lot of poetry, with death and dying as the theme. Finally, the ubiquitous etiquette book and its precursor, the advice book about virtually anything morally acceptable, always included chapters on the last passage and its attendant rites. Baltimoreans, and again particularly women, took up the theme and filled their own letters, diaries, and journals with news of the dying, accounts of deathbeds attended, and gloomy, or sometimes surprisingly un gloomy, musings on the "dissolution" or the "change," as the delicate preferred to call it. Although often referred to as consolation literature, a great part of this mass of writing is frankly cautionary and even didactic, its purpose to prepare the future principals for their roles in the great drama. The training period encompassed the childhood of both sexes but nearly the whole life-span of the literate Baltimore woman.

Among these sources of instruction, the commonplace or copy book kept the theme of death and preparation for it before the very young. The treatment here of death is different from that in verse; it is devoid of any Romantic veneer. It is the Puritan message—death is real, death is coming, prepare! Neither spelling and punctuation errors nor the childish script of the copiers of those stern messages do much to lighten the warning. As the young perfected their penmanship, they acquired the first of a continuing series of instructions in the art of dying. Edward Pannell's commonplace book of 1825 covers a variety of subjects: Good Behaviour, Education, Writing, Drunkenness, The Proper Improvement of Time, Rustic Felicity, and, somewhat surprisingly, Cruelty to Animals. The book begins, however, with an essay on Death. There seems little doubt that Edward’s essays were his own, for they are full of run-on sentences, unneeded commas and semicolons, and the like. Behind each essay, though, is a carefully mastered program of study. The poet was to say it all later with more economy in "The wise make sure today..." but Edward's prose stresses earnestly the necessity to be ready:

July 14th 1825

Death is a change for which no one can be too cautious; for, there are many that neglect to prepare for such, and so great an alteration until it comes and is about to separate the body from the soul, and then it is too late. How awful and distressing, it is, to see a person labouring under a disease, and nearly on the verge of death, and not regarding it in the least; till, at last he sinks, into irretrievable woe into misery and dismay unspeakable. But how pleasant and agreeable, it must be to one; when about to die, to find that he is ready to depart this life, and is prepared to enjoy the great blessings of the next; and is glad to find, that he has previously made preparations for that departure. Let us, therefore, make ourselves ready, for that change, which we all know, cannot be avoided.

The reader will find few variations in the treatment of the subject in commonplace books whether the writer was a boy or a girl. The message was simple; preparation for death is serious and pressing business.7

Albums of verse from this period include those into which the owner copied favorite poems and those circulated among the owner's friends for dedicatory verses to be inscribed. They are of particular interest as the poems reflect the personal choices of the inscribers or the collectors. They are virtually all somber and heavy; I have found in Baltimore sources a single attempt at humor. After inscribing a doleful little verse which was still being used on such occasions thirty years later and which begins "As o'er the cold sepulchral stone..." in the album of Emily McCulloh Pannell in 1831, Thomas Archer Hays added two additional lines: "His last debt is paid—poor Tom's no more/Last debt? Tom never paid a debt before," and a second hand, probably Emily's, has added in pencil below,
"no joke!" Much of the somberness of the poetry is that of the Romantic cult of the melancholy; much more, however, is of the cautionary or even instructive "be ready for death" genre. Some of it is gentle and vague, as for example, another poem inscribed in Emily's album by "M.F." in February 1832, which ends:

Youth is the morning bright and gay,  
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,   
We meet old age without dismay,  
And death is sweet at last.

Some, however, like the poem offered to Emily by "E.B." in 1831, are more direct; it concludes "The morrow can no sureties give. The wise make sure today." The rare prose offerings in such albums nearly always have to do with death; the following example, composed or memorized from some copybook theme by "L. S—n" and dedicated to Emily in 1831, illustrates their typical directness:

Every day is the beginning of death,  
every night we go to our lesser rest; caution, therefore, and vigilance, and circumspection, and a constant preparation, and readiness are necessary, are necessary ... all human events are transitory, innocent pleasures fascinating, life uncertain, health soon lost.

The album of Lucy Holmes is distinguished today by the earliest known holographic version of the fine poem "Alone" by Edgar Allan Poe. That poem, though hardly lighthearted, is not concerned with death; but many of the others Lucy collected are. Typical is "Night" offered by "L. A. B." in 1828. Its third and last stanza:

Night is the time for death,  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath  
From sin and suffering cease;  
Think of Heaven's bliss and give the sigh,  
To parting friends—such death be mine.

Throughout much of the verse in this genre, rhyme and meter are violated constantly in favor of message. Mostly amateur poets, Lucy's friends nevertheless sought, and urged Lucy to seek, too, professionalism in the art of dying.

The album into which Ann White copied poems from 1804 to 1809 illustrates vividly the intense concentration of this period on death. Page 3 begins, "The coffin, as I crossed the common lane, came sudden on my view;" page 5, "She is dead . . . ;" page 12, "Thy task is done. Thy master calls;" page 39, "The hero could smile at the terror of death;" and page 59, the last page, "Let death approach . . ." Pages 10, 14, 35, 43, and 46 are epitaphs, most of them more concerned with the manner of going than with the deeds of the dead. Page 13 is entitled "A Prayer in the Prospect of death;" page 15, "The Mourner." Sixteen of the forty-five works—twenty nine of the fifty-nine pages—Ann laboriously copied and corrected are concerned with death, or even more explicitly with the art of dying. Her first album finished in 1809, Ann began almost immediately to copy it into a second album in a more mature hand. Penmanship was apparently the motivation for the new enterprise, but the subject matter was perfectly congenial and satisfying, for no poem was discarded or added. The second album ends abruptly with a note from Elizabeth White, Ann's mother, that Ann had died in 1810 before it was completed. There is no account of her deathbed, but one imagines that it was an accomplished one, for Ann had studied very hard for the occasion. Mrs. White, who had certainly watched over her penmanship and probably her subject matter as well, interleaved clippings until her own death in Ann's unfinished album. All are poems clipped from newspapers, bad verse mostly on a single subject, death.

The published verse available to Baltimore readers only represented in greater bulk the same themes that emerge from the album collections. The most persistent of these themes is that death is coming, no matter what, and no one can know when. An example of local authorship, by "N. R. M.," commemorates the death of fourteen-year-old William Moale in the explosion of the steamship Medora in the Baltimore harbor in April 1842 on her maiden run. Its middle stanzas:

What bosom bleeds not o'er the scene with pain?
A scene of ruin when the day was done;
That mother little thought she ne'er
again,
Save in his shroud should see her darling
son.

In rosy health went forth that lovely boy,
To share the promised pleasures of the
day,
Buoyant with hope and redolent with joy,
Delusive promise—fraught with swift
decay.

Another theme reiterated time and
again is that one should live so that death
is welcome. Consider "What is That,
Mother?":

What is that, Mother? The swan my love.
He is floating down from his native
grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes and unplumes his
wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when Death shall
come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee
home.

Francis Scott Key's "The Worm's Death
Song" of 1841 is a long allegory trans-
forming the Puritan conqueror worm into
the Romantic caterpillar which is to
emerge from its cocoon—tomb as the
heavenly butterfly. The theme of the
poem is resurrection, and Key's "Sacred
Diary" shows that it was the final stage
in his working out of his own intense
grief over the drowning of a young son.
The theme of preparation for death is,
nonetheless, a major component of the
poem. Its first two stanzas:

O Let me alone! I've a work to be done
That can brook not a moment's delay;
While yet I breathe, I must spin and
weave,
And may rest not, night or day.
Food and Sleep I will never know,
Till my blessed work be done;
Then my rest shall be sweet, in the
winding sheet
That around me I have spun.

A concomitant theme is submission to
death, one of society's most insistently
demanded qualities in the dying. "To a

Departed One" by "S." and published in a
Baltimore newspaper in 1838, stressed
submission. It ends:

Breathe, sainted Laura, from thy holy
rest!
Breathe that spirit which inspired thy
breast!
Be thou the still small voice that, whis-
pering near,
Shall teach submission from thy silent
bier!

Or consider the second and third stanzas
of the long poem Ann Jane Edmondson of
Harlem estate near Baltimore copied in
her girlish hand in 1823:

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss hath flown;
When quickly from the fading view,
Recede the joys that once were known;
The soul resigned will still rejoice,
Though life's last sand hath nearly run;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It still responds, "Thy will be done."

Epitaphs and obituaries offered
shorter, if more sharply focused, re-
minders of mortality to the literate. Bal-
timore has very few epitaphs of the ar-
esting Puritan variety: "Pause and
wonder, stranger, as you walk by, for as
you are now, so once was I." More usual is
the genre represented by the epitaph
William Gilmor composed for the grave
slab of his two year old son in 1812:

The blast of death is on the plain
The aged oak defies his power—
The blast of death blows not in vain
And prostrate lies the tender flower—

or the epitaph of William and Hanah
Winchester's Martha who died in 1818
not quite a year old:

So fades the early blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour
So soon our transient comforts fly
And pleasure only blooms to die.

Obituaries were naturally nearly always
consolatory, but it was easy to inject as
well the lesson of the brevity of life and
the unexpectedness of death. A single ex-
ample, is that of four year old Laura E.
Moore, in 1842:
Ere sin could stain or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
An opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.\(^\text{18}\)

Etiquette or advice books from this period tend to be moral in tone, rather than social as they were to become later in the century; and death is a natural and ever-present subject. The best example from the earliest part of the century is the Reverend John Willison's *The Afflicted Man's Companion or, A Directory for Persons and Families Afflicted with Sickness, or any other Distress*. Printed in Baltimore in 1816, the English original was already half a century old. It includes instructions on how to die; and when tested against contemporary accounts of Baltimore deathbeds, it proves to be a remarkably accurate guide to the role society expected the principal to play. The Reverend Mr. Willison clearly saw the deathbed as drama and supplied not only stage directions, but lines—ejaculations and meditations—for the dying to use when, as he put it, "going off the stage." The final portion of the work instructs the audience. On attendance at sick—and deathbeds, Willison urges, "make conscience of visiting your sick friends and neighbors, believing it is your duty and interest to do so." He develops the idea of "duty" as lending support to the principal in the last role. It is in the interest of the audience, he suggests, to "let the sickness and death of others be a warning to you in times of health, to make due preparation for the time of sickness and dying, which is before you." The manual ends very tidily with the author's own dying ejaculations and deathbed words to his wife and children, collected by the editor.\(^\text{19}\)

Typical of most of the advice books from the latter part of the half century is *The Daughter's Own Book, or Practical Hints from a Father to his Daughter*, published in 1834 and from a Baltimore library. Its final chapter is entirely devoted to preparation for death. The author begins:

That death is an event of most solemn and momentous import whether it be regarded in its physical or its moral bearings, no rational mind can question. Nature herself renders a testimony to this truth in that shrinking and shuddering which the spirit feels, when it is actually entering into communion with this king of terrors. But who, with an eye upon the world, can fail to perceive that this event is but little thought of; and though the grave itself is continually speaking forth its rebuke to human thoughtlessness and infatuation and through friendship strong and tender in death, often pours out its earnest expositions to the living to prepare to die, yet the mass of the world slumber on till they are startled by the footsteps of that messenger they cannot resist.

He then counsels his daughter to be prepared to die:

pre pared in such a sense that the thought of death shall never be unwelcome, and the approach of it, however unexpected, instead of filling you with alarm, shall be hailed as the harbinger of heavenly glory.... Let no day, especially let no evening pass, which does not witness to your visiting in thought the grave. Endeavor to become familiar with this subject in its various parts and bearings. Meditate on the certainty of the change; on the nearness of its approach; on the circumstances which will probably attend it; the parting with friends, the dropping of the earthly tabernacle, the pains, the groans, the dying strife, which may be crowded into the last hour; on the amazing scenes which must open upon the spirit the moment death has done its work, and on... a triumphant entrance into heaven.\(^\text{20}\)

This grim advice, it should be noted, was not thrown into the wind. It was read and taken to heart by Baltimore women. Teenager Hennie E. Steuart, proud daughter of an old Baltimore professional family, sat down to get her life in order near mid-century. Her "Secret list of Resolutions and rules" is what centuries of parents might have hoped for from a teenager—resolutions to get up and to meals on time, to make her bed, and on to undertake all the mundane reforms parents have always demanded. Hennie's last resolution, however, separates her from later generations of teenagers and
places her squarely in her time. "I resolve," she wrote, "to have death always in my heart and prepare to meet it and the last day." Serious words, indeed, for a fifteen year old.21

Strangely, none of these sources gives explicit instructions as to how one prepared for death. Seventeenth century English bishop Jeremy Taylor’s classic *Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying*, the ancestor of the whole genre of how-to-die literature, which appeared in at least five American editions before 1850, was nearly as reticent about preparation as were most of its literary descendants. At his most explicit, Taylor writes only that "He that would die holily and happily, must in this world love tears, humility, solitude, and repentance." This vagueness persisted into the nineteenth century when printed instructions on preparation were confined to pondering on death and keeping it ever in the heart. This was perhaps enough to keep most ponderers on the Christian path. If not, mother and clergy were expected to supply moral precepts to pull in the slack, and attendance at the deathbeds of family and friends gave concrete examples of dying holily, happily, and otherwise.22

Whether preparation was complete or not, her moment in the great drama came to every Baltimore female who was not a victim of sudden death; and her family and friends gathered around her as supporters and audience. The Reverend Mr. Willison’s exhortation to attend the sick and dying was probably wasted on Baltimore, where attendance was ingrained as habit in the women at least. No one apparently missed such an occasion willingly. Lydia Hollingsworth, in an 1812 letter to a cousin gets close to the sentiment: "Your and Cousin Sally’s not having a farewell, I can well feel; as I experienced it with my dear Grandmother. There is almost always something wished for by those remaining." In another letter to the same cousin, Lydia tells of one of the rewards of attendance: "I had never been so much with one, in that fatal flattering complaint before, and feel unfeigned satisfaction in being able to have administered a little to his comfort." The nineteenth century had none of the modern qualms about being in the presence of the dying and the dead. In fact, the only sign of uneasiness in the presence of death in the entire Baltimore literature comes from a male, Richard Townsend, who drew back in horror as a child when taken to view his sister, who had died in a cholera epidemic and been laid out in the upstairs parlor. Townsend himself believed his reaction pathological. Baltimoreans attended deathbeds as easily and naturally as they did weddings, except that they continued to hope that the former might be more instructive.23

If missing the occasion could disturb, sudden death could also intervene and cancel the whole deathbed drama, leaving survivors empty and unfulfilled. This lack of fulfillment colors the comments of Mrs. James McHenry on the death of her son Daniel; it is, however, in the "Sacred Diary" of Francis Scott Key that the fullest explication of the effect of sudden death on Baltimore survivors is found. Key’s son Edward drowned on his way home from school in 1822, so there was no parting scene. The Keys scourged themselves with paroxysms of guilt, Mrs. Key interpreting the "visit of the messenger of woe" as God's retribution for her sins. Key rejects this interpretation as simplistic, but harbors very deep guilt at the skimpiness of the preparation he had given Edward for death. Had he been a better parent, he writes, "my dear boy . . . might have attained to more knowledge and experience of divine things than I fear he possessed." He then begins to reassess and reinterpret Edward and to fill in the void left by the missing deathbed. "He was eight years old last Sept'r: a beautiful boy, and his gentle and pleasing countenance was a true index of his disposition. He was a favorite always with his teachers and friends and excited the highest hopes of his Parents." Key goes on to recall that, when he led the family in the Lord’s Prayer at evening, Edward’s was the only voice he could hear accompanying him. Edward finally becomes a paragon of virtue who probably did not need any more preparation than he had had; Key, acknowledging
that Edward cannot return, turns to his own preparation to join him in Heaven. David T. McKim, on the other hand, forestalled the possibility of sudden death robbing his chronically ill wife of her deathbed and survivors of their fulfillment. In a pre-death interview he covered nearly all the essentials of that drama and preserved a memorandum of the occasion for others. In that memorandum, dated January 4, 1834, he records:

This Evening I had a long and interesting conversation with dear Mary. She spoke of her approaching dissolution with calmness and great resignation. She committed her soul solemnly to God, she was indeed happy in her mind. Her dear little girls are a source of anxiety, but to God she committed them. Oh! that all could have heard her, calm and resigned, Death seem'd to have no terror for her. She had long look'd in his face she expected him and with God's Blessing she was ready... McKim, as it turned out, had acted prematurely, for his wife was to live another six months. He had, at least, avoided letting her slip away without a chance to put her training to use.

The unwritten social code for the dying woman made explicit demands on her. She was expected, in addition to coping with the disease or condition that had brought her to her deathbed, to attempt four separate but overlapping roles: those of the Beloved, the Healer, the Resigned, and the Instructor. In the first, a passive role, that of the Beloved, the dying individual was expected to show only the most positive and pleasant personal traits, carefully hiding any annoying or irritating ones that might have ruffled feathers in lifetime. This was seen as something of a trial run for the heavenly personality and was the moment on which memories of survivors were to fix in the future. In the second role, an active one, the Healer, the dying performed as a therapeutic common denominator for her family and associates, bringing them all together, soothing any troubled relations among them, but remembering all the while, that although she was the principal in the drama, the audience played an important part as well. The third role, the Resigned, was obviously a passive one. The dying person was expected to show complete acceptance and even a welcoming joy at the approach of death. Not to do so was to suggest that her training had been imperfect, or, worse, that the last stages of the dissolution were terrifying or painful. Their own fears lurking just below the surface, the individuals in the audience demanded reassurance that would strengthen their resolve to cope when their times came. The fourth role, the Instructor, was seldom achieved, but society, nevertheless, continued to hope earnestly that it might be part of the drama. Instruction was sought about the actual process of dying and about the nature of afterlife. However strong their belief in afterlife, Baltimoreans looked desperately for human confirmation that their faith was well placed. Baltimore women usually played the first two roles easily and well. With the third role, too, there was usually success, although acclaiming success often required considerable interpretation. The fourth role was virtually never achieved. Ejaculations of the dying seemed sometimes to emanate from visions from beyond, but to believe that the dying actually saw Jesus or were being gathered into the bosom of Abraham added little in the end to the accumulated understanding of death or afterlife.

A look at specific deathbeds will demonstrate how women contended with the roles they were expected to play and something, too, of the reaction of the audience. From a family with deep Baltimore roots, Elizabeth Key Maynadier wrote to her brother, John Ross Key, in January 1811 to tell him of the death of their mother, Mrs. Francis Key. Her letter is a model of relieved apprehension—the worry in this case had been that Mrs. Ross would not perform as society expected. "I had some times feared that she might be disturbed with fearful apprehensions of futurity—as at other periods when she was ill and supposed herself in danger," Mrs. Maynadier writes, "but now when the trial really came the
support came with it and her mind was in perfect peace throughout the whole time of her danger. She did not expressly declare either hope or fear—but was entirely sensible of her approaching dissolution and entirely composed.” Mrs. Ross had asked that her remains be undisturbed for three hours after her death “as she had always a great horror of the haste shewn on those occasions and by which persons are sometimes, it is thought, buried before they are actually dead.” Her daughter sat with her for five or six hours to carry out her wish. Mrs. Maynadier closed her letter to her brother asking him to remember “how important it is to prepare for an event so certain to come and so uncertain in the time of its approach.” She asked Ross, too, to give her love to his wife for “the loss of one Dear friend seems to make those who remain more necessary to us than ever.” Although hers was not a completely successful deathbed, Mrs. Ross deserved, and got from her daughter, passing marks for her roles as the Beloved and the nearly Resigned. Although she did not actively attempt the role of Healer, her death did strengthen ties among survivors.

The death of one of its members away from home could be particularly unsettling to a family, robbing it of the ceremonies that closed off a life. Occasionally, however, someone was there to record the details the family needed. Such was the case when Mary Diana, teenage daughter of former Senator Robert Goodloe Harper, died in France in 1818 while attending convent school. The guardian her father had named for her while abroad, D. Donlevy, had the unenviable task of informing Harper that “dear Mary is no more.” In a long letter filled with his own sense of having failed to guard Mary against the ravages of consumption and hinting at something confirmed by others—that the grand-daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton was somewhat headstrong and even a little spoiled—Donlevy nonetheless was able to paint a very satisfying deathbed. Having taken Mary in her decline into his own home, he reported,

The very peasants flocked to the house to enquire after her health. Ever since the fatal change, one or two of the family of Baussay were continually at the house and sometimes the whole family, by all whom our dear child was tenderly loved and cherished. The good old Marchioness more than 72 came. . . . In ordinary good health, there was a little tartness of disposition, that sometimes shewed itself like a flash. In all her illness it never once appeared. She seemed as a lamb led to the altar. She was all mild submission, and grateful engaging affection. This and the all expressive name of Mother which she always called Mrs. D. . . . Some days previous to her Dissolution she complied with the ordinances of the church with a composure and fervour that edified the assistants. The good curate at her request seldom quit her room in the course of a day; and at night Mrs. Donlevy at her request also, often read prayers for her, which she used to repeat. The mind pure and calm seemed inaccessible to any idea except those inspired by the love of God, and of her parents and friends. In speaking of her dear Mother and you, She said, “If I recover how happy they will be if not—they won’t have the pain of seeing me dying” The Curate calls her his Angel, and Surely a pure life and holy Death fully confirm her title. If I am minute in these details, I know your heart too well Sir, to fear your reproach: they in fact give you a fuller view of the extent of your loss; but don’t they also bring with them a certain share of consolation?

Headstrong and tart, perhaps, Mary Diana achieved a deathbed that was a credit to her training and spirit. She had excelled in three of her roles in her adopted environment, and particularly as the Healer. Acting as a magnet for the very peasants, the curate, Mrs. Donlevy, and the good old Marchioness, she apparently brought the village together. She tried hard in the fourth role, but as with nearly everyone else, it eluded her. What is surprising is that M. Donlevy, Inspecteur de l’Academie de Douai, could have put her deathbed into the perfect context of the Baltimore canon of dying. That
canon, apparently, had some universal ring to it.

Somewhat less rewarding when measured by Baltimore standards was the deathbed of another teenager, Adeline Rebecca Barge, in 1823. Her young cousin, Ann Jane Swann, wrote to another cousin, Ann How, to announce her death and to chronicle her deathbed. The first Ann, coming only, she supposed, to a sickbed, was to stay for three days and evaluate a dissolution from melancholia. The principal, Adeline, having resisted the expertise of her family doctor to bring her back to sensibility, was subjected to a team of doctors, who revived her finally by shaving her head and applying blister plasters, putting snuff in her nose, washing her face with vinegar, and pouring wine into her mouth. Restored enough to speak, her cousin writes,

she turn’d to Washington that was sitting by she ask’d him if he wanted to go he ask’d where she said to Heaven ... at Eight O’Clock she called her Mama quite distinctly, her Mother came, she extended her hand & called twice again Mama Mama may I look at you, those Oh never will they be forgotten by me, for they were her last words. And believe me Cousin when I tell you my pen is inadequate to describe the painful scene that was witnessed by those that stood around by her bed & beheld the sparkling vivacity of her eyes expiring, the color which was so constant on her cheeks during all her illness vanishing into a mortal pale-ness & the springs of life ceasing their motion, you may judge what were my feelings.

Adeline, robbed by the nature of her melancholia of any real chance to perform, had had time only for the briefest of attempts at the roles of Healer and the Resigned. Hers was not an edifying deathbed.

There were other deathbeds, however, that did offer society almost everything it sought from the drama. Such was the one a friend announced to Mary Diana Harper during her studies in France in 1817: "Your dear friend Rebecca ... has finished her Mortal Pilgrimage and sleeps sweetly in the arms of that friend (death) who puts an end to all our earthly sufferings. Yes, my own M., she lived like a Christian and died like a saint." Mary Diana wrote a letter of condolence to Rebecca’s mother, her former school mistress, who responded with a long account of her daughter’s dissolution. The mother wrote:

As your little dear Bec used to say I am so proud Mother, I must be proud of my crutch since it is a mark that I will go to heaven—she was more lively and playful to the last than you ever saw her, after sitting up so many months night & day never able to lie down, & the three last days of her life in expectation of Death every moment. She yet had so much peace & fortitude that when we offered her paragoric to lull her pain, she said maybe I shall get away in my sleep if I take it, so I will bid you all goodbye, give my love to every body. Yet she had made such earnest preparation for Death and was in such heavenly dispositions of mind that her cheerfulness evidently was but the effect of a pure and good conscience—she dozed away her life like a sweet baby; returning from a stupor which had lasted some time, she said it seemed to me I have been with our dear lord and he showed me my little cup almost full, only a few drops more can go in it dearest Mother.... She breathed her dear soul on her mother’s bosom....

Bec satisfied most of the demands of the drama. She played the Beloved, the Healer, and the Resigned with skill and ease and, paragoric stupor aside, produced the most credible performance as the Instructor recorded in the Baltimore literature. Bec’s success was perhaps natural, though, for her mother was Elizabeth Ann Seton, the first native—born American to be canonized by her church. Mrs. Seton’s long account of Bec’s death, laced with exhortations to Mary Diana to bridle her own passions and adopt piety as her guide, could not have influenced that student in France, for Mary Diana, herself, was dead by the time it reached the convent school.

One of the most rewarding documents in the Baltimore literature is a journal of a deathbed, apparently kept by the principal herself. Inscribed unsigned and undated in a tiny leather-bound notebook, internal evidence shows that it was the
work of Jane Johnston Buckler who was also apparently Mrs. Nicholson. She is dying, or believes she is dying, at the old family estate, Evergreen, just outside Baltimore, in the presence of her two maiden sisters, Mattie and Hannah. One brother, William, is far away travelling; two other brothers, Tom and John, prominent Baltimore physicians, are coming but will be too late for the deathbed. Her husband is apparently at their home somewhere outside the Baltimore area, so Mrs. Nicholson leaves the nearly perfect account to fill those voids. Internal evidence suggests that the journal was written in early summer of 1842 when Mrs. Nicholson was 41.

The journal begins with a verse that expresses a sentiment popular in the latter part of this period—that the dead are not confined to heaven, but are always invisibly with their loved ones below—a belief reiterated in the journal:

It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering on noiseless wing
The Spirits of the dead.

Now the past is bright to me,
And all the future clear.
For it is my faith that after death
I still shall linger here.

Mrs. Nicholson then moves with skill and art among her designated roles:

I hope John & Thomas will eat strawberies with you very often. You must have a comfortable cot fixed for Tom he will come often to stay all night with you. —I am only going from one bright world to another brighter & more beautiful. I would dearly love to live longer with my good Brothers & Sisters but I am so happy going home to Pa & Ma. You must dress & kiss me & think I have gone home & that I am always with you in spirit.—One link of our chain is broken I hope the others will be drawn more closely, dear William the only desire I have is to see him. He is a kind, good Brother tell him not to go from home again, Say to him I am not to judge what is right & best for him—

Dear old Evergreen has been a happy good home, I wish that I could walk to the dear old Spring & all round it once more —You bring me so many beautiful roses, put this lovely moss bud on the mantle that I may look at it.

You must invite Mr. Nicholson to stay with you & eat strawberries just as if I was here, tell him when he is walking about our dear old room I will be with him in spirit. I want to see Mr. Riggin. I am so comfortable so happy I want to see all my friends—Tell Brother John he must not be at an unnecessary expense about my coffin or funeral, let everything be done quietly. I have such good Brothers I know they will wish to do every thing for me—

Moisten my mouth that I may tell you until the last moment how happy I am, give me nothing but water the sooner I pass away the better. I am so peaceful and happy. I wish I could return to let you hear from me tomorrow to let you know how happy I am, I shall not be here when Brother comes in the morning. The air is full of mystery I wish you could hear the soft silvery sounds I have in my ears, can’t you hear it like the warbling of the sweetest birds, how sublime, how mysterious open the window & give me light I don’t want any darkness when dying give me air. I feel Jesus is with me & guiding me. Come Lord Jesus take me in thine everlasting arms into my Father’s bosom.

If my dear Brother William was here how pleasant it would be to have him waiting on me.—Give my love to all my friends & say I love them dearly.

We never had sickness before at this beautiful season —Give me another lump of ice, how good & precious as diamonds. I shall never sleep again in this world. Kiss me Jane & Mary You must not think of Aunt Jane as among the dead but with the living. How kind & good God was to spare Tom who can be useful & take me.—Frail & weak unable to do good to any one—I am so thankful so happy to die at our old home.

When John comes to day make him some good Sangre with a large piece of ice & some of our good rye Don’t forget Tom’s gauze. Please make him put on his new jacket the heat will oppress him.

Let me see you eat this ice cream and drink this soda water. I want to see you enjoy it.—My bed is covered with roses, how delicious the honeysuckle is.
[Psalm XXIII covers more than half a page here.]

How consoling to think while earthly friends are weeping beside the lifeless body purer & holier friends are rejoicing with the immortal spirit. There is One who is nearer & dearer than earthly friends & the anguish of parting can only be counter balanced by the joy of meeting with Him.34

Mrs. Nicholson left a remarkable document cataloging the nearly quintessential early nineteenth century deathbed—her own. In it she emerges as the Beloved, very secure in the role, the skilled Healer, and the joyously Resigned. In spite of beautiful aromas and exotic sounds, she does not go farther into the Instructor's role than her faith and her essential honesty will permit, but she does get more deeply into that role than do most of her Baltimore peers. The frustrating thing about the journal is that no evidence has been found as to when or where the writer died. No death notice, obituary, or church or cemetery record notes her death in the Baltimore area. It would, however, be most unusual to have preserved such an intimate journal if she had indeed survived this illness. Whether she died in 1842 or not, she left a unique, first person record of the training for death given to an early nineteenth century Baltimore woman. Mrs. Nicholson had absorbed it all, and, when it became apparent that the drama would be limited because the audience she wanted would not be there, went on to utilize that training to produce a moving and very human document instead.

This study has encompassed the Baltimore experience alone. Still Baltimore was a major urban area—the second or third largest city in the United States throughout this period, and its experience is important to an understanding of American society as a whole in the early nineteenth century. The study suggests that our understanding of American attitudes about death and dying may be imperfect.

The deathbed in this period has been interpreted as a highly individualistic moment in the human cycle. Modern patterns of dying, in comparison, have seemed regrettably cold, contrived, and devoid of any strain of individual control. The Baltimore experience in the early nineteenth century stands in sharp contrast to this interpretation. The living in Baltimore were programmed throughout life to die well, although there was obvious sex differentiation in what that meant. Men were quietly indoctrinated to die uncommunicatively manly deaths—indoctrinated through absorption of what society expected of males, and apparently not after boyhood, by overt instruction. The highly developed—the dramatic—male deathbed is quite absent from the Baltimore sources by the beginning of the nineteenth century. Women were programmed openly and completely and were the real stars of the deathbed. Dying and death had been completely feminized by the century's start.35

As death and dying were feminized, control over the central ceremony of dying, the deathbed, passed from the individual to the group. The living knew that the dying would die at home among them, and they had to give some semblance of order to an event they could neither schedule nor avoid. They sought, too, models of discipline to use when their own times came and answers to some urgent questions as well. The deathbed simply could not be left uncontrolled. The metaphor used above is drama—the medium Baltimoreans chose to give order to death. Roles were fixed. The male role was a completely passive, but still fixed, one; for no alternative existed except for very young or very old males. Women's personalities colored their roles occasionally but their opportunities for true individualism were circumscribed. They played as many of the set roles as they could manage; the idea of doing anything else or of introducing anything radically different from what was in the canon of dying simply never occurred to most Baltimore women. They had indeed spent a good part of their lives learning their roles in this essentially feminized drama. The dying, at any rate, were nearly as programmed for death and nearly as controlled as the dying today.
By mid-century, Baltimoreans had grown tired of the deathbed. It had become a spectator event and just never produced real answers to the questions spectators posed to it about death and what came after death. Its feminization certainly helped relegate it to the periphery of societal interests, among those concerns that could be brushed aside as unimportant. As the early nineteenth century passed, the spectators, too, demanded a larger part in the drama of death; and the focus began to shift from the dying and the deathbed to the survivor and the funeral. Cabinetmakers offered coffins in the Baltimore area as early as the 1810s in mahogany, cherry, and walnut, in addition to the utilitarian pine—not for the edification of the dead, the dying and the deathbed to the sur- 

rmanded a larger part in the drama of limits of decorum and piety. 

The dying, out of 

for the dead. . . .” 

36 The dying, out of focus, were presumably given more latitude to die as they wished, within certain limits of decorum and piety. 

REFERENCES 

1. Until recently death and dying have been given little attention by historians, although an extensive popular literature exists, supplemented by works from the professionals who attend death, the clergy, the physicians, the funeral industry, and the newcomers, the sociologists and psychologists. It was left to Philippe Aries to direct historians toward death with his works Western Attitudes Toward Death (Balti- 

more, 1974); “The Reversal of Death: Changes in Attitudes Toward Death in Western Societies,” in David E. Stannard, ed., Death in America (Philadelphia, 1975); and The Hour of our Death (New York, 1981). Other useful works include two other essays in the Stannard volume, Lewis O. Saum, “Death in the Popular Mind of Pre-Civil War America,” and Ann Douglas, “Heaven our Home: Consolation Literature in the Northern United States, 1830-80,” Stannard’s The Puritan Way of Death (New York, 1977); and James J. Farrell, Inventing the American Way of Death (Philadelphia, 1980). My study suggests that, except for the isolated few, wills were not yet formally a part of estate planning, but were rather a part of the death rite—an announcement by the principal that death was imminent or expected. Married women could leave legal wills only from 1882. 2. See Aries, Western Attitudes Toward Death, pp. 59–60, and “The Reversal of Death,” pp. 137–38; see also, Aries, The Hour of Our Death, pp. 446–69; and Saum, “Death in the Popular Mind,” pp. 41ff. The Baltimore experience is limited to the literate and fairly affluent—those who could record, and had the leisure to record, what they took part in; and whose lifestyles offered the stability to preserve their records for us. A final caveat is that the evidence here is white and Christian. Evidence of Black deathbeds is missing from the literature. Jews have not been surveyed here; their numbers in early nineteenth-century Baltimore were still negligible, and the archives they left are correspondingly miniscule. Of those Christians quoted below, all were Protestants except for two Catholics, Donlevy, and Seton. But for slightly differing terminology, I can find no basic divide in the Catholic and Protestant approaches to the deathbed. 

3. Important to my understanding of the Balti- 


teacher, The Feminization of American Educa-

tion (Charlottesville, Va., 1978). 

4. John Alexander Carroll and Mary Wells Ash-

worth, First in Peace, vol. 7 of Douglas Southall 

Freeman, George Washington (New York, 1957), p. 623; and Hollingsworth Family Letters 1803–35, Typescript in Maryland His-

torical Society; see letters of September 8, 1813, February 14, 1814, and undated but probably May 1830. Original spelling, capitalization, etc., have been retained in quotations throughout without the constant interruption of sic. 

5. Howard Papers, MS.469, Md. Hist. Soc., letter dated only “Monday morning” but apparently written October 20, 1822. This essay rests almost entirely on literary remains and thus violates the precepts set down by Maris A. Vin-

ovskis in his important article, “Angels’ Heads and Weeping Willows: Death in Early America,” Proceedings of the American Anti-
quarian Society, N.S., 86, 1976, pp. 273–302 (and compare Paul C. Rosenblatt, Bitter, Bitter Tears (Minneapolis, 1983). Deathbeds are the most elusive part of dying. They intrude into no vital statistics and almost never into the news; the evidence about them is almost entirely literary. 

6. See Register of Old St. Paul’s Church, Bal-


7. Commonplace Book of Edward Pannell, in Pan-

nell Family Papers, MS. 2222, Md. Hist. Soc. 

8. Album of Emily Pannell in Pannell Family 

Papers, MS. 2222, Md. Hist. Soc.
11. Undated newspaper clipping in Lewis Notebook, MS. 538, Md. Hist. Soc. Although William's father, John C. Moale, was also killed in the same disaster, he is not mentioned in the poem. Conversely, Mrs. Moale commissioned a lovely closed marble vault in Green Mount Cemetery, the exterior of which commemorates the father but not the son.
12. 1839 newspaper clipping, ibid.
13. Francis Scott Key Poems, MS. 511, Md. Hist. Soc. The poem is dated July 31, 1841. Key, though formally a resident of Frederick and then Georgetown, was often in Baltimore and was intimately connected with Baltimoreans. The poem on which his literary renown rests was, of course, composed there and he died there at a daughter's home.
17. Westminster Presbyterian Cemetery, Baltimore.
18. Baltimore Sun, September 29, 1842. Given without attribution in the Sun, this was S. T. Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant" which had been published in several women's magazines in the 1830s; see, for example, The Ladies Companion, 1836, p. 274.
19. Reverend John Willison, The Afflicted Man's Companion ... to which is Added the Mourner or the Afflicted Relieved, by Benjamin Grosvenor (Baltimore, 1816), pp. xiv, xv, 143, 149, 151, 162, 204, 247, 267, 271, 277.
20. The Daughter's Own Book or Practical Hints from a Father to his Daughter (Boston, 1834), p. 236. Although this version from a Baltimore collection is anonymous, it is William B. Sprague's Letters on Practical Subjects to a Daughter, discussed in James J. Farrell, American Way of Death, pp. 37 ff., 238–39.
24. Sacred Diary of Francis Scott Key in Key Papers, MS. 511, Md. Hist. Soc. passim. But for the poets and ministers, Key is the single exception in the Baltimore literature to the studied male disinterest in death. His own position, however, was ambivalent. As a respected lawyer, he was a solid part of the "marketplace;" but he was also a poet. Even more important, after his son's death, he considered seriously leaving the marketplace for the ministry. He was dissuaded finally, according to his "Sacred Diary," by the realization that such a change would have insupportable material consequences for his wife and large family.
26. The first three of these roles foreshadowed very closely the cardinal virtues all American women were expected to reflect as the cult of true womanhood developed; the fourth role anticipated the mother–teacher role to which American women were assigned later in the century. See Welte, "The Cult of True Womanhood," and Sugg, Motherteacher. Baltimore women were apparently precocious in their move (or were being pushed precociously) toward true womanhood and motherteacherhood.
27. Letter dated January 6, 1811 in Key Family Papers, MS. 650, Md. Hist. Soc. John Ross Key was the father of Francis Scott Key.
31. Letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Seton dated December 9, 1817, ibid. Mrs. Seton had written General Harper earlier that year of her own imminent death from consumption and she died only two years after Mary Diana.
32. A list of linens in the little book is dated 1840 and seems to be in Mrs. Nicholson's hand. If her reference to Mr. Riggin is to the living person, it would have to have been written after 1840 but before 1845 when William Riggin, a close friend of the family, died. Brother William was on a voyage to China in the strawberry, moss rose and sangre season of 1842 so that date seems reasonable. If she wants to see Mr. Riggin in heaven, however, the journal must date after 1845 but before the next death of a person mentioned in it, her niece, Jane, in 1849.
33. Buckler Family Papers, MS. 168, Md. Hist. Soc., and for a short essay on the same subject, see Ladies Companion, 1836, p. 206. The Ladies Repository, 1850, printed sheet music for a song, "Last Words of Julia," the second stanza of which reflects the same sentiment: "Think not of me when I'm away/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day,/And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone/As one to distance gone;/I'll hover near my loves by day./And when you kneel at eve to pray./You'll not be all alone.
35. See note 2 above.
The Sisters and the Soldiers

VIRGINIA WALCOTT BEAUCHAMP

As the hot summer of 1863 dragged to its end, large numbers of the wounded still lay in hospitals improvised in the town of Gettysburg, or on pallets of straw in tents near where they had fallen. Flies buzzed around them ceaselessly. Death stalked the survivors still; but they died now one by one—not in whole companies and battalions, as their comrades had fallen in early July. Among these sufferers strolled the curious—travelers touring the battlefield. Whatever romantic impulse had brought them to the scene of the famous battle, the mood soon faded away before the misery that now confronted them.

Not ten miles to the south, in the Maryland town of Emmitsburg, life went on more placidly. Residents there had also been touched by events surrounding the battle of Gettysburg. Some had the imagination to know in what ways they had all been changed. Others were still too young—and perhaps too sheltered—to realize that their world would never be quite the same.

One of these latter was a student at St. Joseph's Academy, among a handful of girls of the Confederate states who had been trapped at their school throughout the summer by the movement of armies. These Southern girls, who had come north almost a year before for what was conceded to be the best Catholic education then available, were now staying in the school dormitory, under supervision of the teaching staff of the Sisters of Charity. Something of the strain of their enforced association is revealed in a few lines of a letter from this girl to a luckier classmate, safe with her own family on their farm near Baltimore: "I am all in tremble afraid I will be caught. Last night we had a good Lecture about singing political songs we are forbidden to do it any longer we got the very mischief for it every day we get a scolding..." "Political songs" meant, of course, Confederate ballads; and the school's principal, Sister Raphael, had struggled all summer to contain the girls' patriotic fervor. Potentially their position was dangerous—surrounded by Union forces still dominating the region, and by townspeople and farmers who supported the Union cause.

A further glimpse into the principal's difficulties comes secondhand through another schoolgirl letter to the same correspondent, in whose family papers both letters have been preserved: "Mama had a letter from Sr Raphael yesterday they were all well at St Joseph's she mentioned that several of the girls had been detained for some time owing to the place being so strictly guarded they would not allow them to go from St Joseph's to town without a pass..."

Like most adolescent documents, these schoolgirl letters are primarily self-absorbed, revealing little of the extraordinary events of that summer that had thrown together in the same narrow circumstances various groups of Americans. Except for the vicissitudes of war, most of these people could never have occupied the same landscape. This is the story of what happened at St. Joseph's in the summer of 1863.

Virtually every one who left a record of the events of that summer spoke of it with wonder. Some accounts were written...
at once, in the heat of excitement; others, from the perspective of many years. All commentators knew they had been parties to a historic moment that should live forever in the national memory. Each felt the responsibility to leave witness to how it was.

"It was a Saturday night," recalled Sister Marie Louise. The date was June 27. The Sisters of Charity, members of the first Catholic order of native women religious in the United States, were all retiring. By this summer of 1863 their order occupied a substantial establishment—a far cry from the drafty stone house in which their founder, Mother Elizabeth Seton, and her handful of family and supporters had weathered their first, miserable winter. "The institution," wrote an Ohio officer who was to encamp there three days later, "... Farm and Buildings (especially the latter) is the finest I ever saw. I was astonished to find such magnificence in such a place, a place I never heard of before." In his penciled letter to a friend back home, the soldier described the "splendid" four-story brick buildings, the main chapel, the cemetery, and the farm. Of the 60 or so sisters still remaining at the institutional headquarters, the Ohio lieutenant saw only a few. These 60 were all of the 500 sisters assigned there before the war who were not now caring elsewhere for the sick and wounded.

They wear black dresses (without any hoops) with white aprons, a cape coming over the shoulders and coming to a peak at the waist. And a white bonnet in the shape of a scoop shovel (only more so). It has a cape also which comes down to the shoulder. The bonnet is the ugliest piece of furniture I ever saw, although it was as white as snow as was the apron."
On the night of June 27 the sisters had no premonition of the events which would change so drastically their daily lives. Sister Marie Louise, secretary of the community, shared a sleeping apartment with Mother Ann Simeon. Their two rooms, in what was called the Gothic Building, opened into one another by double doors which were never closed. From southern and western windows of this corner apartment, the two women could look out on a clear, unobstructed view.

Mother Ann Simeon was already in bed. Sister Marie Louise, however, was still stirring about when she became aware of unaccustomed, indecipherable sounds which seemed to be moving in their direction. Then the neighing of horses was clearly heard. Looking out of the windows, she could distinguish through the darkness the flashing on and off of lights on a hill not far from the tollgate on the main road. Realizing at once that the army were upon them, the two women hastened to dress. Then they went hurriedly and silently out of the building, walking quickly to the separate structure that housed the academy and where their schoolgirl charges were sleeping. At that time an exterior staircase led from the porch of the school building up along the room that housed the children's infirmary. At this second-floor level the sisters entered, as quietly as they could. They were followed now, however, by other sisters who had become aware of the strange sounds nearby. Quietly the small procession moved through the music room and then up an interior stairway to a cupola atop the building. During the school year this structure was used for the girls' lessons in astronomy. But it was also the best look-out over the surrounding countryside. "There they stood," wrote the order's historian, "listening, and watching through the dark the lights of the vast army encamping in the fields..." These military units, of the Union army, had chosen to bed down in an area closest to what was called the hill-house, quarters of the two priests who were chaplains assigned to St. Joseph's—Father Francis Burlando and his assistant, Father Hippolitus Gandolfo.

When the sisters had first retired on
that Saturday evening, the farm field opposite the priests' quarters was, as the sisters put it, "in fine clover." Their farm manager, Joseph Brawner, would be planning to cut it soon for storage in the hay loft. The mowing machine, in fact, had already been placed in one of the meadows, ready for the task. But the mowing was never to take place. When the sun rose on that Sunday morning, the next day, nothing at all was left of the clover; the field, in the words of the chronicler, was "barren and bare as a board."4

Less evocative is the sisters' copy of a memo dated also on Sunday. Its military curtness, however, tells the same story:

This is to certify that Joseph Brawner is entitled to pay, for 16000 pounds of Hay, being the amount consumed and destroyed by the 5th Mich. Cavalry while quartered on the grounds of St Joseph's House (Sisters of Charity) on the night of 27th of June 1863.

William O. North
1st Lt. Ed. A. B. W.
5th Mich. Cavalry

Joseph Brawner has left no record of his own emotions as he looked out on that sterile ending of his springtime labor; but he told the sisters that he had granted the soldiers' request to graze their horses, "knowing the folly of refusing."5

About the middle of that Sunday afternoon large numbers of troops began to arrive. Sister Mary Jane Stokes and Sister Camilla O'Keeffe, treasurer for St. Joseph's, were walking together toward the barn—perhaps to appraise the damages—when they became aware of noise behind them. Turning to look back toward the house, they saw a large gathering of soldiers collecting by the door. "The poor fellows looked half-starved,—lank as herrings, and barefoot." That was how Sister Mary Jane remembered them, in an account she left with St. Joseph's in 1886. And most of all, she remembers the sisters' miracle. All of them kept busy feeding the hungry soldiers. Some sisters were making coffee, others were cutting bread, which they handed out as fast as the men reached out to receive it. All evening the sisters were busy in this way, as one squad of soldiers succeeded another. "I was afraid," said Sister Mary Jane, "there would be no bread for the Sisters' supper. However, they had supper, and plenty." Sister Mary Jane, whose regular assignment was in the kitchen, was worried about breakfast for her colleagues. After this unexpected strain on their resources, what could they possibly find to eat? Distressed, she scurried out to the bake house behind the kitchen. And what she saw there astounded her. For on the table that stood to receive the hot loaves as they regularly came from the ovens was, as she put it, "the baking of the day." The words are underlined in the manuscript account, as if to catch the emphasis in Sister Mary Jane's voice as she told her story. "I did not see it multiplied," she said, "but I saw it there."6

While the sisters were trying in their own way to minister to the hunger of the men, Father Burlando and Father Gandolfo were greeting the generals, who confessed to their own need for food. The only nourishment the officers had eaten that day, they said, had come from their knapsacks. The generals assured the fathers of security for the grounds. Guards would be posted, they said, and martial law would apply while the army units were in the area.

The fathers, for their part, offered the hospitality of what is called the White House, the historic second dwelling once occupied by the sainted Mother Seton. In the 1860s it was used as an infirmary for the sisters and as a residence for their physician, Dr. Patterson, and his wife. Both the Pattersons greeted the generals with kindness; and Mrs. Patterson served their meals, with food prepared by the kitchen sisters.7

The generals were true to their word, and one, a Frenchman, took personal charge of establishing sentries around the place. "Here and there they were dotted," wrote Sister Marie Louise, "standing on guard two hours, fagged out with fatigue, and hungry as wolves." When one of the sisters offered food to a sentry, the respectful man replied, "Glad to get it, Ma'am, but couldn't take it unless Captain of the Guard gives permis-
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sion." This was sought by the sister, and granted, and the poor starving sentry hastily swallowed the provisions she was able to offer.

On that same Sunday evening, the Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which Lt. William Ballentine, our letter writer, was a member, were marching toward Frederick. They had pulled up stakes around 6 p.m., after a sojourn of several days at Middletown, closer to the Potomac. Their officers, anxious to avoid the city which was the county seat, marched their men fast—"part of the time Double Quickling," Ballentine wrote—in a route that circled Frederick. "So I did not get to see the city at all. It is said to be very large and nice." For a few hours his company bedded down beyond Frederick. Then rising before four of the next morning, June 29, they traversed the twenty-five miles to Emmitsburg, which they reached by six that evening. Not until the next morning, Tuesday the 30th, did they settle in a shady grove near the farm buildings that belonged to the Sisters of Charity. Seated there, gazing in wonderment at the fine structures of St. Joseph's, Ballentine penciled his letter to the friend back home.

A young man and Protestant, Ballentine had noted the faces under the crisp headdresses of the sisters—"most all young and good looking, while some of them are beautiful. And it seemed to me a shame to keep them immured in a gloomy building like that with no appropriate society." A farmer himself, he descanted on the value of the handsome stone barn: "It never cost less than $3,000." In admiring detail his pen lingered on the draft animals of the establishment—six fine horses and six huge mules. "The team of mules are splendid. They are six of the largest mules I ever saw, and I see a great many in the army."

Meanwhile, on June 29 in Emmitsburg, D. Agnew, Justice of the Peace, had affixed his signature to a document attesting to the truth of the claim for damages sustained by the Sisters of Charity in the occupation of their property. Nothing was said about the bread and cold meats used to feed the soldiers. But listed on the official paper addressed to Sister Camilla O'Keeffe representing the order, are the following items of loss: 109 cords of fuel, valued at $2.50 per cord—$272.50; 13½ tons of hay at $9.00 per ton—$121.50; and 120 bushels of rye at $1.00 per bushel—$120.00. Perhaps the rye had been lost in the baking of so many extra loaves of bread. If so, neither the sisters, nor the Lord, made claim for the labor in baking and serving it.

Charity had always been the sisters' mission. Of themselves they gave unstintingly. Their pay was in a different currency: "Oh, with what expressions of thanks did they not receive the meal from the hands of the Sisters." While most of the sisters were feeding the hungry soldiers, the two priests, augmented by another from the town parish, supplied the needs of the spirit. All three heard confessions throughout the day from the Catholics among the men. To each was given a scapular to hang from his shoulders, and to some medals, until the supply was gone. The scapulars, small cloth badges with holy pictures, worn front and back, were hung from the shoulders by colored connecting cords. To this day their manufacture and distribution is a major commitment of the Daughters of Charity. In 1863 this talisman of the spirit must have helped to still the panic rising in the breasts of many men.

Sister Camilla recalled:

The fathers remained as long as there was a soldier to be heard and invested with a pair of scapulars. Never did we witness such satisfaction as to see those poor men express their hope and confidence in the Mother of God that she would save their souls any way, even if they should fall in the terrible battle that they were facing.

The men feared what lay before them. Their artillery had moved north ahead of cavalry and foot soldiers. Perhaps the men took comfort in this heavy firepower to support their own positions, but to Sister Camilla, "a sight of cannons was terrible." If to the hundreds of barefoot American farm boys, the picturesque habit worn
then by the sisters seemed strange indeed, one among the ranks of the generals must have looked on those garments as a touch of home. This was General Philippe Regis de Trobriand, a French aristocrat. As an officer volunteer in the Army of the Potomac, he commanded the Third Brigade of the First Division of Third Corps. Unlike the orders for Lt. Ballentine’s unit, General Trobriand on the way northward had led his men directly through Frederick. Here their welcome, as he later recalled, was “almost triumphal.” The contrast was refreshing against the earlier hostility of people in Baltimore. In Frederick, “All the houses were draped; all the women were at the windows, waving their handkerchiefs; all the men were at their doors, waving their hats.”

Emmitsburg was different. Ballentine described it as “one of the worst secesh holes in Maryland.” Trobriand seems not to have commented. The general did leave an urbane and charming anecdote concerning his encounter with the sisters. To him, their habit, which was modeled on a French provincial costume, would have seemed familiar. Where an Ohio youth saw with wonder the fine stone buildings of St. Joseph’s campus, the former Parisian looked with wry amusement on the excitement of the good sisters, who had been so unaccountably caught up in this masculine enterprise of war. Many years later the general was to write for his fellow Frenchmen a full and rich account of his experiences in this cataclysm that split a nation. But within this work of military analysis, descriptions of campsites and terrain, and profiles of significant men, Trobriand’s recounting of his days at St. Joseph’s stands out like a little gem:

There is a large convent at Emmittsburg, with which is connected a school for young ladies, which has a reputation extending throughout the United States. It was on the domain of St. Joseph that I had placed my brigade. A small stream made part of the boundary line. I leave it to you to guess if the good sisters were not excited, on seeing the guns moving along under their windows and the regiments, bristling with bayonets, spreading out through their orchards. Nothing like it had ever troubled the calm of this holy retreat. When I arrived at a gallop in front of the principal door, the doorkeeper, who had ventured a few steps outside, completely lost her head. In her fright, she came near being trampled under foot by the horses of my staff, which she must have taken for the horses of the Apocalypse,—if, indeed, there are any horses in the Apocalypse, of which I am not sure. The superior, on the contrary, with whom I asked to speak in the parlor, came down calm and dignified. I had no need to reassure her. Her conversation betrayed neither fear nor even inquietude. She perfectly comprehended the necessities of war. When I asked her to send me up to the belfry, from which the whole surrounding country was visible, she sent for the chaplain, and ordered him to act as my guide.

The chaplain was an Italian priest, or, at least, of Italian origin, who did not sacrifice to the graces, and whose sermons would never have set the Hudson on fire. He led us through the dormitories and the class—room of the boarding—school, at that moment deserted, the superior having very wisely sent all the scholars

**Figure 4. Sister Camilla O’Keeffe. Courtesy Archives, St. Joseph’s Provincial House.**
to their relatives. There remained but
five or six, belonging to Southern fami-
lies, who had not heard from their friends
in a long time.

We reached the belfry by a narrow and
winding staircase. I went first. At the
noise of my boots sounding on the steps, a
rustling of dresses and murmuring of
voices were heard above my head. There
were eight or ten young nuns, who had
mounted up there to enjoy the extraordi-
nary spectacle of guns in battery, of
stacked muskets, of sentinels walking
back and forth with their arms in hand,
of soldiers making coffee in the gardens,
of horses ready saddled eating their oats
under the apple trees;—all things of
which they had not the least idea. We
had cut off their retreat, and they were
crowded against the windows, like fright-
ened birds, asking Heaven to send them
wings with which to fly away.

"Ah! sisters," I said to them, "I catch
you in the very act of curiosity. After all,
it is a very venial sin, and I am sure that
the very reverend father here present
will freely give you absolution therefor."
The poor girls, much embarrassed,
looked at each other, not knowing what
to reply. The least timid ventured a
smile. In their hearts, they were thinking
of but one thing: to escape as soon as the
officers accompanying me left the way
clear.

"Permit me," I said, "to make one re-
quest of you. Ask St. Joseph to keep the
rebels away from here; for, if they come
before I get away, I do not know what
will become of your beautiful convent."

They immediately disappeared,
crowding each other along the staircase. I
have never returned to Emmittsburg; but
it would astonish me very little to hear
that the two armies had gone to Gettys-
burg to fight, on account of the miracle
performed by St. Joseph, interceding in
favor of these pious damsels.¹¹

Although the general recalled Father
Burlando with patronizing humor, the
good sisters saw their chaplain in quite
another light. He took very seriously his
many responsibilities. Without complaint
he turned over his own quarters to Gen-
eral Oliver O. Howard. And although
Trobriand had posted sentries around the
campus to ensure the sisters’ safety, nei-
ther Father Burlando nor Mother Ann
Simeon rested secure in those arrange-
ments. The mother superior had, in fact,
appointed two sisters each night to patrol
the residence for the order. At the usual
hour for retiring, however, all lights were
extinguished; and the sister sentries were
directed to walk a beat in complete dark-
ness from kitchen pantry to the church
doors. Only a dark lantern, its one glass
side placed inward in a window of the
community room, cast a tiny glow of illu-
mination. The windows themselves were
closed with board shutters on the inside,
so that no light from outside the building
could penetrate into the dark interior.

On “one of those nights of deep anxi-
ety,” as the chronicler puts it, Sister
Marie Louise was walking the rounds
with Sister Loretta Mullery—“the former
full of nerve and decision, the latter timo-
rous to the last degree.” On their journey,
at about 11 p.m., they were able to dis-
cern the posted sentry near the corner of
the building the sisters occupied. Then
suddenly, “in the deep, deep darkness,”
they heard beside them “a frightful and
unearthly yell.” Then all was again si-
ent. Leaping forward in her terror, Sister
Loretta clung to her stronger companion.
And for a short time both stood dead still in their tracks. Then, taking charge, Sister Marie Louise insisted that the two return for the dark lantern, then retrace their steps to this spot to try to discover the cause of this sudden, paralyzing noise. When they returned, however, “not a living creature could be found...; the mystery was never solved.”

During the several nights of this military occupation, Father Burlando stayed at St. Joseph’s. A couch had been made up for him in a small chamber off the room he normally occupied in conducting his religious duties. But the anxious priest slept very little. The least sound would rouse him at once, and he would appear, fully dressed, in the corridor of the building.

One night when Sister Marie Louise was patrolling with another sister, suddenly the latter started. In the gloom she had seen nearby the dark outlines of a human figure. Then a second glance revealed the unmistakable shape of a familiar hat. It was Father Burlando, restless and uneasy, prowling the corridor outside his room. Although the sisters urged him to take his rest against the many anxieties of the day ahead, the good father resisted. Acceding to his obvious desire for human contact, Sister Marie Louise then invited him to join them in the community room of the building. Here, not far from the door leading out to the porch, the three figures—guardians over the sisterhood—sat quietly talking, cheering one another with voices kept muted so that the sentry outside the wall would not be able to overhear.

“Soldiers, Sister!” came the unabashed and frank reply.

The sisters’ records of those stress-filled days recount one occasion when Father Burlando especially showed his courage. The sisters had all this time been providing food for the hungry men who were encamped everywhere that space could be found for them. All day long each day, the sisters sliced meat, buttered bread, and filled canteens with coffee and milk. Luckily General Trobriand had augmented their own supplies with a whole beef to be shared among this “ceaseless tide of famished soldiers.”

Yet one of the colonels—an unnamed, but officious fellow—evidently took for granted the sisters’ charitable gift of service. Presumptuously he requisitioned an enormous amount of bread to be readied by the sisters against the following day. They were appalled at the size of the order. To fill it would have taxed all the energy of the small household and all the resources of the establishment, even if they were to stay up all night, doing nothing else but baking bread. And still they would not have been able to meet either the deadline or the amount requisitioned. The sisters could only stand by in consternation. This was when Father

Besides being locked, the porch door to this building was closed off from the outside view by a venetian blind that covered the glass pane. Unfortunately, on another occasion, this blind was inadvertently opened and a soldier looked in. This time the soldier was to take alarm. For “At the unaccustomed sight of all those little staid, demure, white capped creatures,” says the historian of the Annals, “he seemed dismayed & left precipitously.”

Not all the sisters were equally demure. One, finding herself alone in the washroom, had the temerity to peer out a window as a regiment marched past. Diverted by the procession, and distracted perhaps by the noise they made as they walked in step, the “Little Cap” failed to note the entrance of another person into the room. This was Sister McDonnough, the French Directress. “My Sister!” the latter spoke out sternly. “What are you looking at?”

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Throughout these stirring days, Mother Ann Simeon took great care to keep the young seminarians—novices of the order—separated from the surrounding soldiers. The doors to the seminary building were kept locked therefore on the inside, by day as well as by night. And as a result, it happened on one occasion that when two of the young sisters had to leave their building on an errand for their establishment, they found themselves on their return—doubtless to their own alarm—locked on the outside with all the soldiers.
Burlando went into action. Because the whole establishment—indeed all of Emmitsburg—was subject to military law, Father Burlando applied at once to the officer in charge for a pass to town; and though his request was at first refused, the good father persisted. He stressed his own need to reach his quarters, which were in the town. He did not state, however, that he wanted to confer with General Meade, who then occupied the priests’ residence. Shortly later Father Burlando arrived at his own door, where he asked to speak with his distinguished houseguest. The latter, he was informed, was asleep and not to be disturbed. But when an aide to the general understood the matter of the requisition, he took his own action, sending Father Burlando to the appropriate officer, a General Scofield, in charge of commissary. And Scofield, in turn, became indignant at the assumption of authority by the minor officer who had issued the requisition. Stores enough had been provided for the men, Scofield assured Father Burlando. The sisters had no obligation, he said, to provide food for the men encamped around their premises. Thus Father Burlando was able to carry back to the sisters a message that released them from their unjust burden.17

Yet one memorandum remaining in the possession of the Daughters of Charity disputes Scofield’s assessment of the food supply. On July 1 the Provost Marshal, Major H. B. Vanboorlus, of the headquarters unit under General Kilpatrick, acknowledged receipt from the House of St. Joseph’s of thirty-six loaves of bread, one bushel of cakes, and one hundred pounds of bacon—“articles . . . actually needed,” the memo reads, “for the troops under my command.”
Another event occurred on July 1 that was to be remembered through the years by a drummer boy with the Mozart Regiment, the 40th New York, which was part of the brigade commanded by Trobriand. Fifty years later, established in Chicago as a dentist, this former drummer boy wrote back to St. Joseph's. He was hoping to commemorate a "parade thru your convent yard for the patriotic edification of the Sisters who were at the windows waving handkerchiefs and flags." And well he might remember. For at the head of the procession of what he estimated as about 400 men was "a fine Bugle and Drum Corp[s]." How smartly they must have stepped out behind the parade marshal—"that brave and chevalrous and catholic gentleman,—Col. Thomas Egan." (Egan "afterwards distinguished himself at Gettysburg," the aging dentist recalled.) "I wonder if there is one soul living in your walls who remembers the incident?" Included with his letter requesting permission to hold a fiftieth-anniversary restaging of that parade march was a picture of himself as he looked in 1863—Charles T. Barnes, a serious youngster, perhaps 13, staring straight into the camera, hands poised above his drums and a row of buttons marching down the center of his spiffy jacket. As things turned out, the rest of the regiment—they must have been nearing 70 in 1913 when he wrote—found it "impracticable" to restage that march. So Dr. Barnes came on alone.  

But to return to the events of 1863. Possibly feeling that the excitement of that afternoon—with its march—by of 400 soldiers to the crisp beat of drums and the call of the bugles—interfered too conspicuously with the quiet discipline the seminarians should have been taking to heart, the sister in charge of their training warned the novices that every one of them might expect to be sent home. "Patriotic edification," shown by flags and handkerchiefs waved out of schoolroom windows, was scarcely the purpose which had brought these young women to this dedicated and holy place. Or perhaps the directress was more concerned for the seminarians' safety. They were working that Wednesday, carrying dry goods and bed clothes from the children's dormitories in the academy to the basement of the church. Everyone seems to have anticipated the destruction of the house under a general bombardment.  

To the novices a forced departure to their own homes must have seemed the greater threat. As Sister Felicite remembered the occasion after the directress' warning to her charges, "such a whooping you never heard!" But the expected calamity did not occur—at least in Emmitsburg. For between two and three the next morning—while the troops slept in darkness—an order came from army headquarters to march for Gettysburg. "In fifteen minutes it was done," the Annals records, "and St. Joseph's Valley relapsed into quiet." Sister Camilla recalled the sound of the "quick step" as the men headed toward the Gettysburg road. "Not a vestige of the great Army was to be seen...." she said. "Glad we were to get rid of them."  

If we can believe a letter written by Father Burlando to his superior general in France about these extraordinary days, St. Joseph's and the village of Emmits-
burg had been, in fact, the very center of an immense portion of the Northern army, troops numbering "80,000 strong." He went on to record how the units had moved into the area over several days, "regiment after regiment, division after division." They had advanced, he wrote, "with artillery and cavalry," and they had taken "possession of all the heights, encamped in order of battle." In that same order they had departed.

The vacuum these forces left in their withdrawal soon was filled by a different army, "not less numerous," Father Burlando wrote, and "ranged," he said, "in line of battle as the first." The sisters' own record seems to dispute his view both in the size and distribution of the Southern forces. But of course they had less opportunity to see for themselves. In any case, so sudden had been the departure of the Northerners, and the feat accomplished in such utter darkness, that Father Gandolfo remained wholly unaware of the change in circumstances. One must suppose that he slept soundly indeed. Thus it happened that when he arrived at St. Joseph's before dawn to say Mass as usual, he was stopped by pickets, whom he failed to recognize as Confederates. "But I am going to say Mass at St. Joseph's," exclaimed the good father. "We have General Meade at our house." The Annals narrator comments drily: "This profession of loyalty was not likely to advance his cause much." Then in language that reveals a great deal about her own sympathies, she continues: "However, a few more words brought matters straight, and the gallant soldiers discovered probably they might have met worse friends than good Father Gandolfo."

Following the pickets, several large units of "the Southern grey swept round St. Joseph's"—so the Annals account continues—"not in large force, but detachments of cavalry, picket men etc." Some Confederate officers, including a colonel of artillery, Latrobiere, found lodgings in the orphanage on St. Joseph's campus.

Father Burlando met some on his way from Emmitsburg one day, and was surprised by the salutation, "Good morning, Father Burlando! How is Jenny Butts?"

"Jenny Butts" was his sister, a child from the South in the Academy.24

During the whole period of the Northern occupation of the area, Sister Raphael, principal of the academy, had had great trouble in suppressing the overt hostility of her few Southern charges. Her authority was taxed still further when the girls' compatriots arrived on the scene. In fact, it fell apart altogether on one occasion:

One evening they set all rules and discipline at defiance when a few cavalry men approached, and [the girls] called out from the avenue: "Give me a button. I'm from South Carolina!" Another: "And I'm from Louisiana!"25

Throughout the war romantic girls had begged military buttons from soldiers' uniforms. The buttons were prized as souvenirs. The two girls who spoke out on this occasion would have been Anna Northrop and Mary Bruce Thompson. Bruce, for so she was called, returned eventually to the family plantation near New Orleans, where she waited out the war. Anna Northrop, an orphan, continued on at St. Joseph's, from which she graduated in 1867.

Although the sisters kept their own partiality for the Southern cause under closer guard, the Annals volume makes clear the true affiliation of at least some of their number. One of these was Mother Euphemia, then the assistant to Mother Ann Simeon, whom she would succeed after the latter's death about two years later. One day Mother Euphemia was called to the parlor to greet a group of callers—several cavalrymen of uncertain military designation. The historian of the Annals comments by indirection on the impoverished situation of the Southern troops: "As the Northern Army did so much in those days towards provisioning and clothing the Southern Army, one could not judge much by exterior apparel who they had to deal with." The sisters, she wrote, "were very cautious... Mother was at a loss and her manner constrained." Suddenly one of the soldiers, appraising the situation, spoke up. "Sister, I do believe you take us for Yankees!" His comment broke the ice.
Put at ease now by the certainty of whom she was entertaining, Mother Euphemia invited her callers to rest themselves and to join her in a small repast. Bread, still warm, was fresh from the oven and the soldiers "lunched gloriously." The historian seems to have shared the meal.

Sometime during the quiet that followed the departure of the military units heading north, Father Gandolfo went alone into the graveyard of the Catholic church in town. Here, in a small culvert, he had sequestered a sum of money—specie in a box—which belonged to himself and which he had placed there for safekeeping. The hiding place was less safe than he had supposed. Or perhaps his actions had been observed when he prepared the little cache. At any rate, when he went to retrieve his property, the box was missing and the money gone. Dismayed, he must have reported the loss to Mother Ann Simeon; she, says the Annals, "pitying the good Father supplied the deficit."

What happened during the next few days on the fields and amidst the outcropings of rock around Gettysburg is not part of this story of the sisters—though indeed they heard with awe and regret the terrible booming of the guns and cannon:

About noon on the 1st of July we heard very distinctly the cannonading—Bum, Bum—so terrific. This kept on until the afternoon of the 4th when the Confederates were defeated and retreated away.

That is how Sister Camilla, years afterwards, recalled the events of those dreadful days. Father Burlando, in his letter to the superior general in France immediately following the bombardment, was also appalled:

The bellowing of those instruments of death and destruction was frightful, and the thick smoke which rose in the atmosphere was black as the clouds which precede a tempest. . . . Whilst the booming of the cannon announced that God was punishing the iniquities of man, our Sisters were in the church praying, and imploring mercy for all mankind.

Too distant to see the smoke, close enough to hear the bombardment, the mother of the schoolgirl correspondent of those students at St. Joseph's made her own record of the sounds of the bloody events occurring across the state line in Pennsylvania. Sitting at her desk in her home near Towson, some 55 miles away, she wrote in a different mood, for she dreamed of a Southern victory. On her diary page for Friday, July 3, she wrote:

We have been greatly excited this afternoon and evening by the most continued cannonading in the direction of Gettysburg. The battle wherever it is must be a fearful one.

Her impression has relevance here, for later, as a battlefield visitor, she met the quiet sisters at their work in the dreadful aftermath of Gettysburg.

On Sunday, at St. Joseph's, Father Burlando and 14 of the sisters set forth toward the battlefield in the institution's omnibus and a carriage. Their intent was to assess the damage and to care for the wounded. Word of the holocaust, which had ended the previous evening, came down to them in the words of a few "straggling Confederates," who took refuge briefly with the sisters. "How they cleared themselves was a wonder," said Sister Camilla, "for if the poor fellows were caught they would be prisoners."

Revived and strengthened by the good breakfast provided them, the exhausted men went on their way.

Packed in the carriage with the small caravan from St. Joseph's were baskets of supplies for the wounded—bandages, medicine, and other provisions. When Father Burlando and the sisters had reached six miles away from their starting point, the little group were stopped by a barricade. Some 300 yards further was another—this one "to intercept all communication," as Father Burlando described it. From their vantage point at this second barricade, a company of Union soldiers had been able for a long time to observe the two vehicles moving steadily forward from St. Joseph's. As the group of sisters neared the barricade, sev-
eral pickets in a field off to one side suddenly separated from the rest of the group and ran forward to the fence with uplifted muskets. Father Burlando at once tied a white handkerchief to the end of his cane, which he held high aloft; he then dismounted from the carriage to explain the purpose of their journey. By this time the men had lowered their muskets; and the barricade—a row of tree trunks stretched across the road—was swung open so that the little party might proceed toward Gettysburg. “As we passed,” recalled Sister Matilda Coskery, “the pickets lifted their caps and bowed showing their pleasure on seeing the Sisters going up to attend the sufferers.”

Then suddenly the battlefield came into view. “What a frightful spectacle!” wrote Father Burlando to his correspondent in distant France. Some ruins of burned houses,—the dead of both armies lying here and there,—numbers of dead horses, thousands of guns, sword vehicles, wheels, projectiles of all dimensions, coverings, hats, habiliments of all color covered the fields, and the roads. We were obliged to make circuits in order to keep from passing over dead bodies. Our horses terrified recoiled, or sprang from one side to the other. The further we advanced, the more abundant were the evidences presented to our eyes of a terrible conflict, and tears could not be restrained in presence of these objects of horror.

Sister Matilda’s account is more emotional—more focused on the human cost in this great catastrophe.

But on reaching the Battle grounds, awful! to see the men lying dead on the road some by the side of their horses. — O, it was beyond description—hundreds of both armies lying dead almost on the track that the driver had to be careful not to pass over the bodies — O! this picture of human beings slaughtered down by their fellow men in a cruel civil war was perfectly awful. The battlefield a very extensive space on either side of the road—the east was Meads [sic] stand the west Lonstreet’s [sic] on both sides were men digging [sic] pits and putting the bodies down by the dozens. One newly made grave contained fifty bodies of Confederates— . . . in another spot might be pointed out where the body of such a Genl lay until removed to another location—in this frightful condition we found the Battlegrounds of that fearful Battle of Gettysburg.34

In the town of Gettysburg, all was confusion and excitement. Among the many Union officers crowding now into its narrow streets were several whom the sisters recognized from the week before. These welcomed the sisters gratefully. Some of the men were lamenting loudly the unfortunate escape of the Confederate general Longstreet, and his army. Regular inhabitants of the town were now at last emerging from their cellars, adding to the crush of people. “Terror,” wrote Father Burlando, was “still painted on their countenances.”35 Moving slowly through the crowd, which parted before their horses, the sisters’ vehicles finally reached McClellan’s Hotel, which faced into the square in the center of the village. Here the hotel parlors were immediately turned over to the sisters, as their own center of operations.

The sisters wanted to get right to work. The needs of the wounded were what they had come here to tend to. First, accompanied by several of the officers, Father Burlando and the sisters went from one building to another, where the more fortunate among the wounded had been brought for shelter. Every house, every church, the court house, the Protestant seminary building—all had been filled, “and still there were many thousands extended upon the field of battle nearly without succor; impossible,” wrote Father Burlando, “to attend to all!”36

Sister Matilda was deeply affected by what she saw in the Catholic church. In the sanctuary itself were the most distressing cases—those “of very worst amputated limbs.” The Blessed Sacrament, she observed with some relief, had been moved to safety at the residence of the priests. “Now was the moment to go to work,” she remembered, “and the Sisters did truly work in bandaging the poor wounded, some fixing drinks.”37

Leaving two sisters in each one of the
three largest improvised hospitals, Father Burlando remained to hear a few confessions. Then with two of the sisters riding back with him, he returned to St. Joseph's. Twelve sisters remained in Gettysburg with their work of mercy. At the hotel parlors, their "Military Quarters," the sisters took a few moments to revive themselves with food and drink, then went out again to tend to their "patients of the Battle," as Sister Matilda called them.

Impossible to describe the condition of those poor wounded men, the weather was warm and very damp for some days after the battle, generally the case when there is so much Powder used—they were covered with vermin actually that we could hardly bear this part of the filth. We didn't see a woman in the whole place that evening, they either escaped away in the country or hid in the cellars, the following day they appeared in their homes, frightened and looking like ghosts—so very terrified the poor women were during the fearful battle. No wonder!

That first night the sisters slept fitfully on the floor of the hotel parlor. The next day they were grateful when Father Burlando arrived with reinforcements, and with beds and blankets so they all might sleep more comfortably. With the new party Mother Ann Simeon also sent some cooked hams, coffee, tea, and whatever else she thought would be of use. How gratefully were all these things received by the poor, exhausted sisters. Through the new arrivals word reached the group in Gettysburg, to their great relief, that Sister Euphemia had headed another contingent of sisters, gone south to augment their colleagues in the military hospitals set up by the Confederates. And on the next day their own ranks in Gettysburg were increased by new arrivals from Baltimore. So great, however, was the need throughout the land that enough sisters could never be released to truly lighten the burden of the small group in Gettysburg. Sisters of Charity were attending to nursing duties in many places—at the West Philadelphia Hospital, in Washington, at Point Lookout. Even the procuratrix for the order, Sister Baptista, had left her institutional duties to act as a nurse at Point Lookout. Sister Matilda described with great particularity the details of their nursing situation:

For three miles outside of the town was converted into an hospital by tents and the farm houses. Ambulances were provided for the Sisters to take clothing & out to the wounded many, hundreds, of whom lay on the ground on their blankets since straw would be given from the barns which the poor boys were glad to get rather than lie on the ground. We noticed as we were going through the woods a red flag out with a board marked "1700 wounded down this way."

Following the sign, the ambulance driver turned down into a woods where, "in a heart-rending state," lay the wounded. The sisters were carrying with them clothing and jellies, with which they made drinks to nourish the men. But among the objects which were perhaps most gratefully received were combs. These were needed, said Sister Matilda, "the worst way."

O, yes for some were in a frightful condition. The Sisters too brought plenty of the vermin along on their clothes!—I shudder on thinking of this part of the Sisters sufferings.... The weather was very warm. We noticed one large man whose leg had to be taken off another part of his body was in such a condition that the big maggots were crawling on the ground on which they crept from the body. Many others almost as bad but the whole of them were crawling with lice so that the Sisters did a great deal for those poor fellows by getting combs to get their heads clear of the troublesome animals.

Back at the priests’ residence in Emmitsburg, three days after his first trip to the battlefield, Father Burlando was afflicted deeply by the visions of hell—on earth that he had been witnessing. The sights he had seen surely confirmed God’s wrath striking this unfortunate nation. As he finished the letter to his superior in France, Father Burlando could hear some further cannonading from the southwest.

My God when will you give peace to our unhappy country! We well merit these
frightful chastisements, and they will not cease until we shall have been well humiliated. Aid us with your prayers, because the American does not pray; and yet, without prayer how shall we appease the anger of God?

Under his signature he wrote the formulaic self-description of his order: "Unworthy priest of the Mission." Perhaps the words held for him this day a special poignancy, for his burden of responsibility and emotion must have seemed overwhelming. In a few days Father Burlando would be able to reclaim for God some of these very men whose failure to pray he had been deploring to his superior. Among the many wounded whose needs were ministered to by the sisters was a contingent of Southern prisoners—mostly natives of Georgia and Alabama. These were kept at one of the field hospitals, a collection of tents and nearby farmhouses, where the sisters found them "in great neglect." With the sisters was a physician—his name in the handwritten account is illegible—who had earlier tended to the Confederate wounded at Point Lookout. There, under the influence of one of the Sisters of Charity and Father Pecherina, a Jesuit priest, the doctor had become converted to the Catholic faith. To the physician's great pleasure, this same sister—apparently unknown to Sister Matilda, who is unable to give her name—was now with the group in Gettysburg. In fact, this sister was standing beside Father Burlando at the very moment of her reunion with her important convert.

To the miserable wretches that lay before them on the ground, these witnesses to the glory of God now turned their attention. First, the good doctor bandaged the broken limbs and offered the medical assistance his skill could tender. To his ministrations the kind sisters added their own special nurturance. Then his medical labors complete, the doctor set to work with saw, axe, and nails. With scraps of lumber lying about, he manufactured on the spot a kind of bedframe, "so that the poor fellows," said Sister Matilda, "thought they had beds now."

The spiritual deprivation of these Southern soldiers seemed even worse than their deplorable physical plight. "They knew no more of religion than a Turk," said Sister Matilda—no baptism—nor did some of them believe in Heaven nor hell only to live just as long as they could and enjoy life as it came—but God in His mercy raised up the Dr who came in their way and became converted himself.

Talking ardently with the men, the good doctor described his own spiritual awakening and before long had kindled interest in those he was tending. Soon some of them were acknowledging: "The Sisters were Catholics, surely they must be right anyway."

Under the ministrations of Father Pecherina and several other priests, about 60 of these formerly wayward men were turned to God. These were not merely a band of ignorant farmers' sons—the record of Sister Matilda makes that clear.

The greater number... were highly educated, some of them officers in the Confederate Army—but no knowledge of God. When told some articles of our Faith why they would make an exclamation of surprise saying "We never heard that, Ma'am"—As for the necessity of Baptism they never dreamed of such a thing.

Not a single one of the men from Georgia or Alabama had previously received the rite of baptism. "No hereafter did these ignorant creatures of God believe in."

Following their conversion, those who were dying had the solace, Sister Matilda testified, "of all the sacred truths"; those who survived went off to face their future incarceration with greater strength. "We are going to prison now," they said; "but it would be no prison," they told the sisters, "if we had you along to administer to our wants of the soul and body."

Leaving the kind ministrations of the sisters and setting forth under heavy Union guard, these Southern men were seen weeping as they moved away.

When in 1861 the Sisters of Charity first had agreed to take over responsibility for nursing troops wounded in
battle, the head of the order had exacted certain concessions from the federal government. Authorities agreed that a Catholic chaplain should attend the sisters, that the government would supply traveling expenses, lodging, food, and—if the duties were protracted—clothing needs, and that the sisters should have complete freedom in their direction of both hospitals and ambulances. “Of course no compensation is required by the Sisters for their services,” the contract concluded.

At the top of the document was a special proviso that spoke with both asperity and directness against the contemporary cultural role of the fashionable “lady bountiful.” The sisters stipulated “that no lady volunteers be associated” with them in their duties; other women, they declared, “would be rather an encumbrance than a help.”

At Gettysburg “Union officers treated the sisters with the greatest confidence,” wrote Sister Matilda, giving them all the privileges possible—which they positively refused to ladies who came on offering their services to nurse the wounded; they refused them saying the Sisters of Charity were caring [for] them. We found out that the Union officers were under the impression that the ladies from Baltimore and elsewhere were all Rebels so they would not accept of their services.

Whether other women from town and country assisted with nursing duties after the battle at the same sites as the Sisters of Charity remains unclear. One farm woman, the wife of a country doctor from nearby Bendersville, and her teenage daughter performed service. The sisters of St. Joseph’s fail to mention womanly collaboration at Gettysburg.

Sister Matilda’s anecdotes do offer evidence of important ecumenical gains with Protestants. As the sisters applied for clothing and other supplies at the various military commissaries, Sister Matilda recalled that those in charge asked them: “Sisters, I suppose you want them for the Catholic Church Hospital.” “No,” they replied—as the case might be—“we want them for the Methodist Church Hospital” or “we want some articles of clothing for the prisoners in the Lutheran Seminary Hospital.” However surprised the clerk might be, the reaction, Sister Matilda reported, was always positive:

Yes, Sister you shall have what you want for the prisoners as well as for your own. You ladies (the Sisters) come with honest faces and you shall always get whatever you need for the suffering men whether Rebels or our own . . . I sincerely hope we shall all worship at the same altar one day.

These comments came only a decade after the anti-Catholic outbreaks of the notorious Know—Nothing movement, which had ravaged eastern American cities throughout the 1850s. Baltimore had become a political stronghold of the Know—Nothings, whose virulence was directed particularly against immigrants from Catholic Ireland and Germany. Many Protestants had seen the strange costumes, symbols, and practices of the Catholics as the wicked superstitions of ignorant foreigners.

In this context, therefore, another anecdote of Sister Matilda must have been particularly gratifying to the good sisters. She described an encounter with an elderly gentleman who had come to Gettysburg in search of his son, uncertain whether the younger man had been lost in the battle or had survived. As the old gentleman sat in the sun on a bench outside McClellan’s Hotel, he observed several of the sisters leaving their quarters, loaded with bundles of clothing to take to the wounded. As he watched their mission of kindness, the old man exclaimed to the hotel proprietor: “Good God, can those Sisters be the persons whose religion we always run down!” “Yes,” said McClellan, “they are often run down by those who know nothing of their charity.” Later McClellan told the sisters how he often heard remarks like this from others who watched the sisters on their errands of mercy. Disabused of their former beliefs by the testimony of their own eyes, these non-Catholic witnesses would “almost swear,” said McClellan, “that they would never again believe anything wrong of persons doing what those Sisters
have been doing around the battleground of Gettysburg.¹⁴⁶

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Baltimore's Burial Practices, Mortuary Art and Notions of Grief and Bereavement, 1780–1900

STEPHEN J. VICCHIO

In 1787 an acre of land at the corner of Greene and Fayette Streets was purchased by members of the First Presbyterian Church from John Eager Howard for the sum of 150 pounds. The land was to be used as a burying ground by the Presbyterians whose church had been erected in 1766 on Fayette Street, near Lexington, the site of the present Post Office Building.

With this purchase began the story of the Westminster burial grounds, later to be called the Westminster graveyard. This site is important today, not only because it is the final resting place of dozens of figures important to local and national history, but also because it serves as a repository of information on funerary art and architecture, burial practices, and notions about grief and bereavement from the late eighteenth century well into the middle of this century.

This essay examines the development of Baltimore's mortuary art and architecture, burial practices and notions of grief and bereavement through three successive phases: the colonial period, from 1787 to 1810; the transitional period, from 1810 to 1840; and the modern period which begins in 1840 and comes to a close at the turn of the century. Attention will be paid almost exclusively to the Westminster graveyard, which provides a number of illustrative examples.1

Our happiness is not located on earth. . . . We are to live in this world as foreigners, thinking continually of departure, and not allowing our hearts to be involved in earthly delight.2

To understand the importance of this epigraph, as well as interpret the very earliest stones in Westminster, it is important to make a short digression to early eighteenth-century New England. At this time, the Puritan scallop-shaped stone, with arched shoulders flanking the body of the marker, was the predominant kind of gravestone. For these early New Englanders the shape itself symbolized the earthly voyage, the Pilgrim's crusade to which Calvin alludes in our epigraph.

The predominant design on these early eighteenth century markers was a skull flanked on both sides by wings. This image, usually referred to as the death's head, was most often used alone, though sometimes it could be found with hourglasses, crossbones, or images of Father Time. Whether it appeared by itself or with these other images, however, the death's head was employed to stress the fleeting nature of this earthly life.

Gradually, the decline of orthodox Puritanism and the rise of more religiously liberal points of view transformed the death's head by the 1750s into the winged cherub or soul effigy, suggesting the theme of immortality rather than transitoriness of life on earth.

The epitaphs associated with the death's head image also stressed the shortness of life and the finality of death:

Remember me as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now you soon must be
Prepare for death and follow me.3

Sometimes these early New England

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epitaphs were a bit more humorous, but the message was essentially the same:

Here I lie Master Elginbrod
Have mercy on my soul, o God,
As I would have if I were God
And thou wert Master Elginbrod.¹

But in New England when the stone design shifted to winged cherubs, the message on the markers also changed to a stressing of the joys of immortality or the hope of resurrection. Even in the mid-eighteenth century, however, this earthly life was still seen as a testing ground or as a pilgrimage in a strange land. Cotton Mather makes this point quite clearly:

Death to the faithful is sleep . . .
The great thing to be now pressed
upon us all is this: make dire
provisions for it, that when you
die, you may sleep comfortably
until the resurrection.⁵

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the increasing influence of Unitarianism in New England, there came a turn to neoclassicism. Willows and urns became the predominant symbol on the now square shoulder stones. The Greek urn was thought to contain the remains of a human life. From this dust and ashes arose the Platonic soul to everlasting life. The willow displayed on these early nineteenth-century markers was said to symbolize both a mourning for the loss of earthly life and the joy of the life to come.⁶ The epitaphs accompanying these urn and willow stones most often begin with the words, “sacred to the memory of” or “to the memory of,” thus stressing the notion that the soul has already departed.

Many of the oldest stones at Westminster have clear affinities with their earlier New England counterparts. All of the markers at Westminster dating from the period 1787 to 1810 are of the same arch-shouldered shape, but none display any of the death symbols found in New England. Instead of the death’s head, winged cherub and soul effigy, one finds the simple recording of birth and death dates preceded by the epitaph, “sacred to the memory of.” The Presbyterians appear to have borrowed the older scallop design for their stones while adding the neoclassical epitaph. Indeed, the shape and inscriptions of these earliest Westminster markers unmistakably suggest two points: first, that graveyards were thought to be a place for the simple disposal of the dead; and, second, that burial grounds functioned as socially useful reminders of death. In this earliest period, they reminded the living of the brevity of life and the certainty of judgment.

Baltimore makers, buyers and recipients of these late eighteenth-century stones lived in a social world that could best be described by what cultural anthropologists refer to as a “traditional society.”⁷ In the colonial period there was little distinction between one’s public persona and one’s private life. The spheres of work, family, church and community were inextricably bound together. Evidence of the compact nature of the Baltimore community can be seen in the
Before 1810 people depended not just on the extended family, but also on the surrounding close-knit community as well, for the fulfillment of their needs. The population of Baltimore in 1800 was less than 15,000. The poor, the sick, the insane, and the newly dead became the responsibility of everyone in the traditional society.

In colonial Baltimore the death of any one adult carried with it tremendous social impact. In this close-knit society death brought with it a communal outpouring of grief, as well as a general participation in the funeral rites. The locus of attention in these early Baltimore funerals was on the dead person and his place in the community. The traditional society responded as a whole in recognition of its loss while at the same time ritualistically reaffirming the shared values of the community.

Coffins were most often made by local carpenters or furniture makers pressed into service. As early as 1799 Michael Jenkins appears to have provided coffin-making as a part of his cabinetmaking business. A notice in the *Baltimore Daily Advertiser* of May 10, 1799, however, makes it clear what Mr. Jenkins' principal business was:

Cabinet and Chair Manufacturing
Combs and Jenkins
No. 17 Water Street
between Calvert and South Streets

There are no funeral undertakers listed in the 1800 *Baltimore Directory*. Appointed Coroner of the City of Baltimore around the turn of the nineteenth century, Jenkins was never listed in the *Directory* as a funeral undertaker. As late as 1831, a year before his death, he was described as a "cabinet maker."

The coffins made by Michael Jenkins, and other furniture makers and carpenters of the period, were made of simple, unadorned wood. They were hexagonally shaped, wide at the shoulders and tapered at the feet.
Baltimore’s Burial Practices

April 4th, 1788 we were presented with another daughter. She was baptised on April 27th by Rev. Goering and received the name Elizabeth. Immanuel, do Thou wash her in the blood of Thou atonement; Then she will be pure and clean. Do thou keep this poor little one. Preserve her by Thy grace and then she will be blessed. Amen.

October 10th, 1788 lamentations of Jeremiah chapter 1:6 “For these things my eyes weep; mine eyes runneth down with water because the comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.” This is the lamentation I made when it pleased the Lord to chasten us with his affliction rod by removing by death our first born, the hope of us both, our dear little son William. He had been complaining for several days but on the 9th his attack turned to dysentery and he died on the 10th, age 3 years and 8 months. O my dear William, what a dear child thou wert. Your maker had endowed you with wisdom, but now you are a corpse. How cold are your once rosy lips, how sweet still is the kiss which your mourning father, with his broken heart, impresses upon you in your coffin. Your little feet will no longer run to meet your father. Our little son was buried amid tears on October 11th. Rev. Goering spoke on John 17:24. 17

Over the next fourteen years, the Morris family would see the birth of another seven children. By 1802 four of the nine were still living. The diary entries noting the deaths of these children became progressively more brief, so that by June 1802 Dr. Morris writes: “October 18th, 1800, a daughter Julieanna was born. She died June 1802 at the age of 1 year and 8 months.” 18 No lamentations appear with this notation. The announcement of the death is made in simple declarative sentences that do not include the specific day in June when the child died. The major emphasis in this early period seemed to be on the social loss the death of an individual would have for the close-knit community. Since the very young had little or no social identity their loss was not seen as a time for the expression of acute grief.

quite simple. Above all, they seem to have avoided the “popish error” of saying prayers over the dead. The Directory for the Publick Worship of God, a document published by the General Assembly of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in 1767 had suggested:

When any person departeth this life, let the dead body upon the day of burial be decently attended from the house to the appointed place for publick burial, and then immediately interred without ceremony. 14

Although the deceased were not remembered at the graveside, funeral sermons were often preached in the church on the Sunday following the burial. These sermons, which used no euphemisms to cloud the lack of virtue of the departed, tended to stress immortality of the soul and the judgment it encountered following death. Any theological pronouncements about the living or dead were always made with one eye towards John Calvin’s grim conclusion that the reprobate greatly outnumbered the saved.

The life expectancy for those people living in eastern cities in 1800 has been estimated at slightly less than 40 years for men and 42 for women. 15 These figures are very low due to a high infant mortality rate, which has been estimated at 300 per 1000 live births. 16 Parents assumed only a small part of their numerous progeny would live to see adulthood.

The frequency of infant death can be seen graphically in these entries from the family record of Dr. John Morris, a physician during and after the Revolutionary War:

On April 18th, 1785, a son was born to us, who was baptised May 15th, of the same year by Rev. Jacob Goering. We called him William. His sponsors were myself and my dear wife.

January 30th, 1787 a daughter was born who however lived but half an hour. Death robbed us of it but elevated it to its saviour. My saviour also take this child into Thy bosom. O wash it clean from all inherited sin in thine atoning blood. O Lord Jesus Christ, Grace, grace. Amen.

Over the next fourteen years, the Morris family would see the birth of another seven children. By 1802 four of the nine were still living. The diary entries noting the deaths of these children became progressively more brief, so that by June 1802 Dr. Morris writes: “October 18th, 1800, a daughter Julieanna was born. She died June 1802 at the age of 1 year and 8 months.” 18 No lamentations appear with this notation. The announcement of the death is made in simple declarative sentences that do not include the specific day in June when the child died. The major emphasis in this early period seemed to be on the social loss the death of an individual would have for the close-knit community. Since the very young had little or no social identity their loss was not seen as a time for the expression of acute grief.
Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer barrel? Impe- rious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away. O, that earth which kept the world in awe should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw! The cess of majesty Dies not alone but like a gulf doth draw What's near it with it; or the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortised and adjoined which when it falls, Each small annexment, petty conse- quence, Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. The period from 1810 to 1840 was a time of transition for Baltimore funeral practices in general, and for the Westminster burial ground specifically. Baltimore changed from a colonial town into one of the largest cities in the United States. Funeral and burial practices also changed. The first quotation above de- scribes the close-knit, egalitarian nature of death in the colonial period. Little class distinction could be detected in Baltimore funeral practices of that early time. By the transitional period, however, the second quotation describes the social distinction that began to be seen quite early in Westminster in the first decades of the nineteenth century. After the turn of the nineteenth cen- tury, urbanization and the rapid expan- sion of industry and trade made Balti- more grow at a tremendous rate. By 1810 the population had tripled the 15,000 of 1790. By the end of the transitional pe- riod, the population had reached 100,000. As commerce, industry and the population grew, so did differences between the rich and the poor. The veneration of Rev- olutionary War heroes, as well as the amassing of personal fortunes through new businesses, saw the development of a social elite in the early part of this trans-itional period. As the city expanded, so did the dis- tance between home and work, creating a distance between one's private home life and one's public persona. By 1819, there were over 30 individuals listed in the Baltimore Directory as hack owners or livery stable operators. By the printing of the 1824 Directory two proprietors of livery stables had added “undertaking” to their advertisements. Thomas Chartes announced in the 1829 Directory that in addition to making and selling furniture he would also attend funerals “on the shortest notice, hacks and hearse pro- vided, if required.” In the same edition of the Directory a competitor, a Mr. R. Hitchcock, informs us he will also furnish for funerals, Hearse and Stages, and in every instance he will at- tend personally, and take proper mea- sures that decent order be observed both in proceeding to and returning from the place of interment. Although furniture maker/undertaker and hack owner/undertaker seem to have been the most popular combinations in this transitional period, it is not until the Baltimore Directory of 1842 that two men, A. D. Clemens and John Stewart, were listed solely as undertakers. John Needles, the accomplished mid—nine- teenth century cabinetmaker, never ad- vertised himself as a coffin maker, yet Richard H. Townsend, a fellow Quaker writing at the death of Needles, said “He was a minister in the society, and by trade a cabinet maker. He put hundreds in their coffins, before his own turn came.” Though Needles did not adver- tise his coffinmaking trade, by the middle of the nineteenth century most car-penters, furniture makers and livery stable owners who had begun to take on the job of making coffins and preparing funerals listed such expertise in their business announcements. By 1847, for ex- ample, the Baltimore Directory carried an advertisement for R. Frederick who was described as an “undertaker of funerals and chairmaker.” But it was his “sign of the gold coffin” that would seem to indi- cate his primary occupational identity.
and sextons also began to provide funeral service in the transitional period. In the 1820s sextons began to add "laying out the body" and "being in attendance" to their more conventional duties of "tolling the bell" and "digging the grave." Later in the century, with the help of funeral furnishers, the sexton would provide all the paraphernalia for the funeral. The nurses and midwives, who had been entrusted in the colonial period with preparing the body for burial, no longer performed these duties by the 1820s. The occupational jump required to extend their tasks to the conducting of the entire funeral was far greater than that required of the furniture makers, liveryman or church sextons.

The major changes in the transitional period can be clearly seen in the Westminster burial ground. During the first four decades of the nineteenth century, several founding members of the First Presbyterian Church, as well as many members who were prominent merchants or Revolutionary War heroes, died. 1802 saw the death of the Presbyterians' first pastor, Reverend Patrick Allison. In 1805, John O'Donnell, the successful merchant and builder of O'Donnell's Wharf, followed. Robert Purviance, a prominent banker and one of the men who first drew lots for the original grave plots, died in 1806. By 1810, the church committee commissioned a massive new masonry wall, with imposing ornate, Egyptian gates. These gates, which today open into Greene Street were designed in 1813. The architect for this project was Maximillian Godefroy, a Frenchman who had fled to the United States in 1805 after being expelled by Napoleon.

The Westminster gates are one of the finest examples in Baltimore of the early nineteenth century Egyptian revival. They consist of pure, unadorned iron rods topped with three lachrymal urns. The tondo relief on both sides of the gates contains winged hourglasses, a symbol of immortality and the fleeting nature of time.

While construction of the walls and gates was underway, Godefroy also designed mausolea for several of the more prominent families of the church. By September 15, 1815, Godefroy announced in the *Federal Gazette* that he was ready for hire as an architect. He invited the public to inspect his work at Westminster which included the gates and several burial vaults. Godefroy returned to Europe in 1820, which places the dates of the Godefroy–designed tombs between 1813 and 1820.

The vaults which should probably be attributed to Godefroy include those of John O'Donnell, a large tomb which includes a winged hourglass above the doorway, and two body shaped pillars, complete with faces, which support the roof; and the crypt of James Calhoun, the first mayor of Baltimore who died in 1816. The Calhoun tomb, a large, granite pyramid, faces the O'Donnell vault; also the William Smith vault, a neo–Egyptian structure next to the Calhoun tomb; and the Cumberland Dugan vault, a square structure with hipped roof and two large marble panels bearing the names Dugan and Hollins.

Several other large vaults in Westmin-
ster were also built during the transitional period. Among these are included the tombs of Paul Bentalou, James Sterling, and William McClellan. The McClellan vault is a large stone structure situated under the church on the east wall. Its small iron door is flanked by two inverted torches signifying the extinguishing of life. The Robert Gilmor tomb, an ornate structure which includes fine stone work and a sarcophagus over the entrance, was also built in this middle period.

The attribution of monument design to a particular architect is usually difficult. It can be argued, nevertheless, that the architect for the Gilmor tomb, as well as its near neighbor, the John Swann crypt, was probably Robert Mills, who was born in Philadelphia and died in Washington in 1855. Mills was the architect of the United States Post Office Building, the Treasury Building, the Washington monument obelisk and the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore. He was also a close friend of Robert Gilmor, Jr., as evidenced by the letters between the two in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society.

Gilmor, who was chairman of the board of managers for Baltimore's Washington Monument, began a controversy that was to involve Robert Mills, Benjamin Latrobe and Maximillian Godefroy. In March of 1810, Gilmor wrote to Godefroy asking him to submit a design for Baltimore's proposed monument to honor the first president. A short time later, Godefroy wrote to Latrobe asking for advice about the project. Latrobe sent Godefroy back a reassuring letter telling him to submit his design. In 1813, however, the board authorized a prize of $500 for the best plan for a monument costing no more than $100,000. Godefroy was surprised by this turn of events, for he was under the impression he had already been chosen as architect for the project. In May 1813 Mills was announced the winner. Godefroy took it as a personal as well as a professional slight and thereafter referred to Mills as "Bob the small." Because of this series of events, it seems very unlikely Godefroy would have designed the Gilmor tomb which should be dated after 1813.

Robert Mills, in an essay that accompanied his prize-winning design for Baltimore's Washington Monument, gives us some insight into his philosophy of tomb architecture:

The character that ought to designate all monuments should be solidity, simplicity and a degree of cheerfulness which should tempt the contemplation of the mind, and not occasion it to turn away in disgust. A monument intended to perpetuate the virtues of the deceased, should particularly carry with it an air of cheerful gravity. We who live under the light of the Christian revelation should be cautious to avoid as much the frivolity of heathen superstition as the gloom of Egyptian darkness.

If we examine carefully the balance achieved in the Gilmor tomb between the classic Greek lines and Neo-Egyptian style, we may well have another substantiation of Mills' philosophy of mortuary architecture. The impressive central section and its two flanking pilasters, as well as various other design elements seen in the Gilmor and Swann tombs, are featured in many of Mills' other buildings. It would not be unwise, therefore, to attribute the design of both these impressive burial vaults to Robert Mills.

In addition to the large tombs mentioned above, several other vaults were also constructed during the transitional period. One tomb style introduced at this time is usually quite large, though simply constructed. Most often accompanied by front and rear stone tablets, it is bricked over, or, in the case of the Morton vault in lot 152, is completed with large stone slabs as its roof. Tombs which might be included in this type are the Pannell vault in lot 7, the Brown tomb in lot 9, and the Meredith tomb which stands on lot 121.

Concomitant with the growth in the number of large vaults in Westminster during the transitional period was a proliferation in the number of ground graves as well. The stones in this period tended to mimic the scallop shape of the colonial period, though they were now joined by...
tabletop and square shouldered markers from the 1820s on.

According to the burial records of the First Presbyterian church, 10 people were interred in the Westminster graveyard in the 1780s. That number steadily increased to 45 during the ten years from 1820 to 1830. With the beginning of industrialization, the rise of the printing industry and the development of the undertaker profession, individualized mourning pictures began to disappear in the 1830s—replaced by mass print memorials with blank spaces for names and dates of the deceased. The dead began to be transported by hearses which changed style in the nineteenth century about every fifteen years.

By the end of the transitional period bodies were laid out by undertakers, though most still had other lines of work involving livery stables or the making of furniture. With the help of ice caskets, the wake was extended to two or three days to accommodate friends and relatives living some distance from the deceased. The dead were now laid out in their business clothes or their Sunday attire. Their coffins were far more ornate than in the colonial period, though the boxes still retained their six-sided shape.

By the 1830s, despite whatever hope of heaven may have informed their deepest longings, these people most often spoke of death as a release from life. The tombstones and burial vaults of women began to be greatly romanticized, stressing a new locus of grief. The emphasis of the funeral had shifted from a communal loss in the colonial period to the loss experienced by the nuclear family, with the mother as its center.

With this shift came a new stress on protocol for widows. By the late transitional period the widow was required to spend a full year in black, followed by a second year of the gradual phasing in of other dark and muted shades which outwardly symbolized a reorientation back into the community.

Infant mortality rates, though steadily decreasing, were still high at 165 per 1000 live births. The deaths of children in the transitional period were sudden, though not unexpected, as can be seen from this entry in the diary of Dr. John G. Morris, a Maryland minister in the first half of the nineteenth century:

Our first born lived but seven hours. We called him John born June 22, 1828.
Our second was daughter whom we called Eliza born May 2, 1829, lived eight hours.
Our third born May 24, 1830 was Maria Louise, still living.
Our fourth born July 22, 1832, whom we called Ann, lived six hours.
Our fifth was born July 3, 1834 who was named Charlotte Augusta died May 20, 1835, age nine months, nineteen days.
Our sixth born February 23, 1837, Ann Eliza died October 3, 1837, age seven months, thirteen days.
Our seventh was Georgianna born July 31, 1838, still living.
Our eighth was Mary Hay, born May 11, 1842, still living.
Our ninth was born October 24, 1845, a son, John George, who died July 6, 1849, age three years and eight months.
Our tenth was Anna Hay, born August 22, 1851, still living.

This sobering entry was followed by a quotation from II Samuel:

While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept; for I said who can tell whether God will be gracious to me and that my child may live. But now he is dead, wherefore shall I fast? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

The differences between these entries and those of Dr. John Morris made during the colonial period are striking. By the late transitional period, all of the dead infants had been given names. Another very important difference can be perceived by looking at the theological positions which may underlie the use of the biblical quotation from II Samuel. Rather than couching the deaths of these children in terms of retributive justice or some grand deterministic Calvinism, the latter Morris' selection of biblical passage points more in the direction of a resigned naturalism.

It should be clear that during the transitional period many changes had begun to take place in mourning and burial practices. Perhaps the most important so-
cial change, however, was that the bereaved now mourned not just for the dead but also for themselves.

Casket: a vile modern phrase which compels a person to shrink from the idea of being buried at all.\textsuperscript{37} 
Nathaniel Hawthorne

There is nothing too good for the dead. The friends want the best they can afford ... A number of manufacturers have set out an excellent example by fitting up magnificent showrooms, to which funeral directors can take their customers, and show the finest goods made ... It is an education for all parties concerned ... It is to be commended. Boxes must be shown to sell them. By having an ordinary pine box next to one that is papered the difference is more readily seen than could be explained and a better price can be obtained for the latter.\textsuperscript{38} 
W. P. Hohenschuh

By the middle of the nineteenth century many educated Americans had fallen under the spell of Romanticism. By the 1840s heaven had begun to take on a sentimental character, and with it came a sentimentalized view of death. This can most clearly be seen in the emergence of the rural cemetery movement in Baltimore with the opening of Greenmount in 1839. J. H. B. Latrobe captured the spirit of this new movement when he read this poem at the dedication of Greenmount:

\begin{quote}
We meet not now where pillar'd aisles,
In long and dim perspective fade;
No dome, by human hands uprear'd,
Gives to this spot its solemn shade.
Our temple is the woody vale.
It shrines these grateful hearts of ours;
Our incense is the balmy gale.
Whose perfume is the spoil of flowers.\textsuperscript{39}
\end{quote}

In a not too subtle way Latrobe had called attention to the difference between older, crowded urban graveyards like Westminster and the new open, rural cemetery. Similar remarks were made by John Pendleton Kennedy at the dedication of Greenmount when he began, “My affection is for the country.” After commending the new patrons on their fine choice of spacious lots, he concluded his remarks by saying, “It [the cemetery]

shows a rational, reflective piety; it tells of life unhaunted by the terror of death.”\textsuperscript{40}

At about the same time, Emerson expressed the darker side of the new rural cemetery movement when he commented: “And when men die, we no longer mention them.” A hint of this masking of death can be seen in these remarks from the Robert Tomes \textit{Book of Decorum}, published in 1870:

The mourning relatives are usually spared many of the painful details of funerary civility by the convenient officiousness of the undertaker, upon whom devolve the chief arrangements of the burial and its attendant formalities.\textsuperscript{41}

By 1880 a new face had been put on death. The \textit{Baltimore Directory} for 1880 listed 59 persons as undertakers.\textsuperscript{42} In 1842, the early part of the modern period, only 2 individuals had described themselves as having that occupation.\textsuperscript{43} By 1890 the term “funeral director” was widely in use. An 1885 edition of \textit{Sunnyside}, a new mortuary trade journal, had the following to say about these new professionals:

Funeral directors are members of an almost exalted sacred calling ... The executive committee believes that a cut in prices would be suicidal and notified the manufacturers that better goods, rather than lower prices, were needed.\textsuperscript{44}

Along with this editorial, an announcement was made of a $1000 prize to be paid for the best appearing corpse after sixty days. A resolution was also passed requesting newspapers in reporting the proceedings of the funeral directors national meeting to “refrain from flippancy.”\textsuperscript{45}

By the 1860s, undertakers sold funeral boxes from half a dozen catalogs. The “caskets,” as they were called from the 1840s on, were now things of beauty, as were the “viewing rooms” or “parlors” in which the bodies were “laid out.” Caleb H. Blizzard, a late nineteenth century Baltimore merchant, had the following description of his funeral wares:

He [Mr. Blizzard] makes a prominent specialty of funerals, to which he gives
his personal attention. He has, in connection with the livery and hiring business, a cabinet makers' and undertakers' ware-rooms, where all kinds of metallic, lead, mahogany and every variety of coffins and caskets are furnished to order.46

The new attitude towards funerals in general and the casket in particular can be seen in the following quotation from Agnes and the Key to Her Little Coffin, a novel written in 1857:

It is known, and some of you to whom I speak have had painful opportunity to know, that there has been of late years, an improvement of the little depositories in which we convey the forms of infants and young children to their last resting place. Their shape is not in seeming mockery of the rigid, swathed body; the broken angles and lines of the old coffin are drawn in continuous lines; they look like other things, and not like that which looks like nothing else, a coffin; you would be willing to have such a shape for the depository of any household article. Within, they are prepared with a pearly white lining, the inside of the lid is draped the same way; the name is on the inside; and a lock and key supplant the remorseless screws and screwdriver.47

This quotation is demonstrative, not just of a new attitude toward the romanticized casket which replaces the “remorseless” coffin. It also points to an entirely new attitude towards the death of children that emerges in the early modern period. By the late nineteenth century, the infant mortality rate for eastern urban areas had dipped to 17/1000.48 With this change in mortality patterns came a different perspective on the deaths of children. From the 1850s on we see in the rural cemeteries, but also to some extent in places like the Westminster graveyard, the sentimentalizing of children in stone. Perhaps the best way to note this change is to compare the grave markers of the Brown children in lot 63 of Westminster with that of Sophie Anderson in lot 60. In the Brown plot the bodies of at least four children are buried. All died between 1790 and 1802, during the colonial period. Three of the Brown children died in infancy, the fourth, Thomas, lived to be sixteen. The tombstones of the three infants are made of the same materials and fashioned in the same scallop—shape as the stone of their brother, Thomas. The only distinguishing characteristic of the latter’s unadorned marker is that it is slightly larger than the others. A similar pattern can be found in other urban cemeteries. One conclusion that might be made about these stones is that during the colonial period a great amount of emotional capital was not invested in children until they had lived through the dangerous period of infancy. The death of small children and infants was expected. Grief for these children was never protracted and rarely, if ever, displayed in the funerary art and architecture.

By the modern period medical advances had made the survival of small children a virtual certainty. Because of the lowered infant death rate, the loss of young children came to be seen as a special kind of tragedy. This new perspective on infant and early childhood mortality can be graphically seen in the rural cemetery movement. Various sculpted lambs, reclining babies, doves, miniature prams, and other items associated with infants and the very young adorn many of the graves of late nineteenth—century children buried in Greenmount and Loudon Park cemeteries. There are a few good examples of this new attitude to be found in Westminster as well. The grave of Sophie Anderson, who died at the age of 8 in 1861, is located in lot 60, on the east side of the entrance to the church. The ground slab which accompanies the Anderson grave includes a sculpted figure of a small lamb with a cross. Unlike the Brown stones, which contain no epitaph, the Anderson marker reads, “Thy will be done.”

There were many other important changes in the modern period in what by 1870 could be called the “funeral industry.” Godey’s Lady Book of the late 1860s and early 70s began to advertise mourning dress for the fashion—conscious widow.49 Funeral flowers also made their appearance in the mid—nineteenth century. At first floral arrangements at wakes were opposed by Catholic and Protestant clergy alike, for it seemed a “pagan practice.” By 1900, however, half
of Baltimore florist revenue was associated with the dead.\textsuperscript{50}

Perhaps the most important technological development in the funeral industry during this period was the practice of embalming. The art of embalming began in the United States during and immediately following the Civil War. Its earliest and staunchest proponent was Dr. Thomas Holmes, a failed medical student who was reportedly dismissed due to his passion for dissecting cadavers. Several sources quote figures of over 4,000 bodies embalmed by him in the period from 1865 to 1869.\textsuperscript{51}

Embalming eventually replaced ice caskets and corpse coolers which were in use from 1820 until the 1880s. One of the first and most popular ice caskets had been patented by a pair of Baltimore undertakers, Frederick and C. A. Trump. Their design consisted of a common cooling board on which the body was laid out, and a concave ice filled metal box which fit over the trunk of the body.\textsuperscript{52}

Embalming also made obsolete a whole series of ingenious devices developed from the 1840s to the 1880s which were guaranteed to signal, even from the grave, that the dearly departed was still to be numbered among the living. The first American issued a patent for these devices was a Baltimorean, Christian Eisenbrandt. On November 15, 1843 he was granted a patent for a “life-preserving coffin in case of doubtful death.”\textsuperscript{53} Mr. Eisenbrandt’s invention was designed so that the slightest movement of the hand of the deceased would trip a series of pulleys and springs that all went into the creating of a signal to loved ones left above ground.

In 1871, Theodore Schroeder of Hoboken, New Jersey, made a number of improvements on Eisenbrandt’s model. He called the new improved version the “life detector coffin.” It was composed of a round tube attached to the face of the deceased in such a fashion that a rope within it would release an air opening at ground level and simultaneously set off an alarm.\textsuperscript{54}

The most impressive of these life saving caskets, however, was a Rube Goldberg contraption patented in 1882 by
Albert Fearnought. In Fearnought's "grave signal" a red warning flag was released through a tube that projected a foot above the grave. "It was activated," Fearnought assures us, "at the slightest movement of the spuriously deceased fingers."55

By the 1880s embalming had become a widespread practice, presumably putting Fearnought and others out of business. Still, as late as 1888 the account books for the Central Stables at 111 Lexington Street listed two distinctly different kinds of funeral services available:56

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Casket</td>
<td>$65.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embalming</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outside case</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ride to Balto. cemetery</td>
<td>18.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>newspaper ad</td>
<td>1.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$99.80</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Coffin</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hack, 1 hearse</td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenmount</td>
<td>3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>newspaper ad</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$23.25</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are a number of important contrasts to note concerning these two bills. In funeral A the burial box is called a casket and, with outside container, is nearly six times more expensive than the coffin funeral. A second important difference is that funeral A includes embalming while B does not. Another important distinction between the two funerals can be seen in the amount paid for the newspaper advertisements, nearly five times as much in funeral A. The differences between these funerals are instructive because they point not only to the fairly widespread use of embalming in expensive funerals of the 1880s, but they also indicate an area where Baltimoreans' socioeconomic status was easily discernible in the last decades of the nineteenth century: rituals associated with death and burial.

Most of these changes we have mentioned in the funeral industry can be seen by the early part of the modern period in Westminster. Indeed, it might well be argued that the opening of Greenmount cemetery in 1839 was the beginning of the end for the Presbyterians' graveyard. Several items point to this conclusion. One of the most obvious bits of information involves the burial records of the First Presbyterian church which indicate that during the decades following the opening of Greenmount half as many people were buried in Westminster as there were before the opening of the rural cemetery. The number of burials continued to decline sharply during the 1850s, rose during the years of the Civil War, and then once again rapidly declined until the years 1900 to 1919 when only two burials in the graveyard at Greene and Fayette were recorded.57

Several prominent Westminster families moved their deceased relatives to locations in Greenmount and Loudon Park in the middle decades of the nineteenth
Among these families are included the Olivers (lot 80), the Pattersons (92), the McFadons (122), the Taylors (159) and the Gilmors in lot 169. This exodus to the rural cemeteries can be fairly well documented by looking at the account books of the Central Stables from 1879 to 1892. In 1879, 20 percent of all funerals conducted by the Central Stables had as their destinations the Westminster Graveyard. By 1892, that figure was less than 10 percent. In that same period a progressive development in business to London Park can be seen. In 1879 the Central Stables made only 10 trips to London Park. By 1892 that number had increased to 75.

But this movement from Westminster to the more fashionable rural cemeteries could not be made by everyone. Indeed, some subtle reactions to the rural cemetery movement can be seen in Westminster. One of the most important of these involves the Fridge, Watson, Kelso, Steward and MacDonald tombs which are located along the west wall of the graveyard. These vaults, which were constructed in 1840, the year following the opening of Greenmount, differ from earlier versions of the same design and from similar tombs in the rural cemeteries, in that they are connected in a rowhouse fashion. These families found a way to retain the larger mausoleum shape of the older, more prominent families of Westminster, many of whom had moved to the rural cemeteries, while at the same time sharing walls and common roof, thereby cutting the overall cost of tombs.

Other reactions to the rural cemetery movement found in Westminster can be seen in a number of monuments erected in the 1860s and 70s which copy popular designs found earlier in Greenmount and Loudon Park. Two of the best examples are the Cuningham monument and the monument erected to Edgar Allan Poe located in the northwest corner of the graveyard.

As early as 1850 concern had been voiced about the fate of the Westminster graveyard. Indeed, in the following quote from the minutes of the church committee meeting of November 25, 1850, we can clearly see that the construction of the church over the tombs in 1851 was prompted as much by a disconcerting worry about the exodus of a number of prominent families to the rural cemeteries, as it was a need for a new Presbyterian place of worship:

Whereas there seems to be some ground of apprehension since the city has extended around and beyond the Western burying ground of the church and other places of burial without the city limits have been established and many former owners of the lots have ceased to have representatives to look after them and not a few of the present owners are abandoning their use and removing to the rural cemeteries, that in the course of time this ground may be allowed to fall in neglect and possibly be diverted from its present use and whereas the remains of all the deceased pastors, many of the founders and church officers of this congregation repose there some of them without descendants to watch over them, and whereas it is thought the erection of a church on the lot will tend to preserve and secure proper care to the grounds and monuments there . . .

This quotation may also hint at another reason for building the church above the graveyard. From the middle of the transitional period on a belief seems to have developed in many eastern cities concerning possible health problems associated with unkempt cemeteries in large urban areas. Some of the alleged dangers were grimly expressed in a number of pamphlets that survive from the period. In the modern period, Mark Twain in A Curious Dream was to depict skeletons leaving the unkempt city cemeteries at night, sometimes carrying with them what remained of their tombs. By insuring a church would be built on the spot of the graveyard, the church fathers not only short circuited any discussion of the "dangers" of having a cemetery in the city, but they also believed they were guaranteeing that the graveyard would be perpetually cared for.

Although the committee was correct about its abilities to forestall any discussions of the removal of the graveyard, the upkeep of the cemetery from the turn of
the century on appears to have grown progressively worse. From the beginning of the twentieth century to the close of the church only a handful of burials took place in the Westminster graveyard. This graveyard, which is the final resting place of countless numbers of figures important to Baltimore as well as national history, would continue a process of decay which would only be reversed when the site was taken over by the Westminster Preservation Trust in 1979.

Ironically, in the same way Greenmount and Loudon Park had rendered Westminster unfashionable and obsolete, by the 1920s the romanticized relationship between the living and the dead envisioned in the nineteenth-century rural cemeteries was now superseded by the memorial park movement. This new movement, which began in Baltimore in Loudon Park when new sections of the cemetery were opened in the twentieth century, had little use for large memorials or personalized head stones. The memorial park promised careful and perpetual care which meant the elimination of any obstacles to easy maintenance. Plots were laid out in small, geometrically precise grids, guaranteeing the most efficient use of land and easier maintenance of grave sites. The new bronze markers were installed flush to the ground and, like their early scallop-shaped descendants in Westminster, could only be distinguished from one another by the name of the deceased and the birth and death dates. But in early Westminster that uniformity of style was part of a world view that saw its graveyards functioning as a memento mori, a way of reminding the living of their inevitable fate. For the clients of the contemporary memorial park, however, the stylistic homogeneity of the markers seems to provide a socially palatable way in which death can be forgotten or perhaps made to disappear.

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5. The Comfortable Chambers by Cotton Mather. (Boston: no publisher named, 1796), pp. 11, 12.


8. The Baltimore Directory 1796, pp. 24, 28, 72. Hardman Eliot, Joseph France and Valentine Snyder are listed as hack owners and operators; on pp. 12, 37 and 57 Michael Hook, John Neale and Miles Burke are listed as carriage makers.


13. Cf. for example, the mourning rings with accession numbers 71.60.2 and 26.24.1, Maryland Historical Society.


16. Ibid.

17. Personal diary of John Morris (1785–1802). Family papers of Misses Lydia and Helen Berry.

18. Ibid.


28. Ibid.


34. Burial Lists for Baltimore First Presbyterian Church (1786–1900), Baltimore First Presbyterian Church.


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47. Nehemiah Adams, *Agnes and the Key to her Little Coffin* (Boston: S. K. Whipple, 1857) p. 15.


51. Ibid., p. 317.

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54. Ibid., p. 294.

55. Ibid.

56. The account books of the Central Stables (1888) Maryland Historical Society MS 959.

57. Ibid.

58. Ibid.

59. "Minutes of the Committee" First Presbyterian Church, November 25, 1850. Archives of the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, MD.


61. Alexander suggests that the church was "built in 1851–52 to obviate a city ordinance that required removal of graves on property where no church stood." He does not, however, supply a citation for the city ordinance.
The Founding of the Boys’ School of St. Paul’s Parish, Baltimore

DAVID HEIN

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS OF THE founding of St. Paul’s School and of the institution’s first decade are apparently nonexistent. The vestry minutes covering this early period were lost many years ago; and none of the twelve men convened by the rector, William E. Wyatt, on February 9, 1849, for the purpose of establishing a school for poor boys, left behind in extant journal, speech, or letter even a single reference to that day’s meeting at the church or any indication of exactly what the original benefactors intended when they responded to Wyatt’s call to set up a charity school almost twenty years after a public system of education had begun to function in Baltimore City. The Reverend Ethan Allen’s 1855 history of St. Paul’s Parish provides no information about the Boys’ School, and the parochial reports included in diocesan journals of the 1850s yield up only the most exiguous data on the activities of Maryland churches.

The earliest substantial treatment of the designs of the founders occurs in Wyatt’s appeal “To the Members of St. Paul’s Parish” for funds—subscriptions—to support the continued operation of the day school. In this printed letter, dated April 9, 1861, the rector stated what he took to be the original intentions of the men who established the school, announced what he felt still needed to be accomplished more perfectly to realize their plan, and limned his own interpretation of the school’s mission and ends. It is this document that can best serve as a kind of skeleton on which to flesh out the story of the institution’s birth. Clearly its author must have been the person most responsible for the founding of the Boys’ School; as far as anyone can tell, he alone first had the notion to move in this way on behalf of some of the city’s destitute children. But it is also apparent that he did not conceive this idea in a vacuum, influenced as he surely was not only by contemporary social forces and conditions but also by the precedent within his own parish of other charity work that had been carried out over the previous half century. Moreover, while this undertaking may not have been their idea to start with, the men Wyatt gathered around him on February 9, 1849, were used to being called upon to lend their personal and financial support to causes such as this one. He knew that these twelve communicants would be sympathetic to his plan and would be willing to become the first subscribers to the school’s success.

At the time, Wyatt effected the founding of the Boys’ School, he had been rector of St. Paul’s Church for twenty-one years; he was, in addition, president of the General Convention’s House of Deputies, and by 1849 had held that post, also, for more than two decades. Born in Nova Scotia July 9, 1789, of a New York Loyalist family, Wyatt graduated from Columbia College in 1809 and was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop John Henry Hobart in October 1813. The following year he began what was to be a fifty-year tenure at St. Paul’s, serving first as assistant to James Kemp while Kemp was both rector of the church and a bishop of the diocese. On October 28, 1827, Bishop Kemp “died suddenly, from injuries received by the upsetting of a
Wyatt took over the parish the next month.

Even before he became rector, Wyatt was a fairly well-known ecclesiastic as a consequence of his debates with the Unitarian Jared Sparks on matters of ritual and doctrine and as a result, too, of his work outside the parish as chaplain of the Maryland Penitentiary and professor of divinity at the University of Maryland. Many more people became acquainted with his name later on through his popular writing, "The Parting Spirit's Address to his Mother." Indeed, not too many years after Wyatt's death on June 24, 1864, the author of a biographical sketch of his life stated that in the "long period" of the priest's association with St. Paul's, "he became endeared to all classes of his fellow citizens, enjoying a very wide acquaintance even outside the bounds of his own communion, and being more universally known than any Protestant clergyman of the city." Wyatt was widely recognized, in particular, as the leader of the high church party in the diocese. For an irreverent portrait of the St. Paul's rector published in the Baltimore Visiter of August 9, 1834, Severn Teackle Wallis did not need to use his subject's real name; it sufficed in order to make his identity known merely to refer to a "Dr. High-Church," who presided over a "rich congregation," and who, as a "formalist," considered any "gesture in the pulpit" to be "a deadly transgression." Wyatt had been rector for about six years when he was asked to give an address before the alumni of Columbia College. His Discourse on Christian Education is an interesting document because it contains statements that adumbrate the founding of St. Paul's School sixteen years later. He urged the alumni to consider the importance of "Christian education, which is education for eternity, in contradistinction to education for the world" and stressed the need for local support of education. "But the citizens of any populous town, must be blind to their own honour, and pleasure, as well as interest, in failing to establish, within their own precincts, a school exclusively devoted to the cause of literature and science." He decried the tendency of parents to send out of their own communities not the "docile, virtuous, diligent" children but "the obdurate and the impetuous," those given to "vice." These lads are sent into the company of maybe five hundred other "obdurate, and impetuous, and prematurely vicious" boys two or three hundred miles away from their homes. A bit of concern and a little financial backing would soon remedy this regrettable set of circumstances. "Half the sums lavished in vain ostentation, in aping foreign vices, would introduce into almost every town, all those departments of science, which refine, and exalt, and bless human kind." Wyatt's prescription: "Let the distance be as small, let the alienation from your child be as often interrupted, as possible." Instead of helping boys to congregate "in large masses, where moral or immoral impressions may be quickly, and continually, and powerfully, communicated from one to another, secure for [each boy] the privileges of a private residence, of domestic religious instruction, of pastoral care." In working to establish the Boys' School Wyatt was attempting to apply the most important of these principles to his own situation. The school was to be a local affair, devoted to offering its students what he here called a "Christian education" and a "liberal education." Significantly, he made it clear to the alumni that he did not mean for these advantages to be available only to the rich; this opportunity should be enjoyed, he said, by "large classes of the community," not just a few.

In his 1861 appeal for subscriptions to sustain the operation of the Boys' School, the rector stated what had been accomplished in that institution in the twelve years since its founding—and thereby gave an indication of what its ends were in its earliest period: The "usual number of pupils" was "between forty and fifty, and they generally of a class most remote from the privileges of education and religion." These boys were "instructed in the branches most useful and indispensable to every class"; in other words, they were
introduced to the "liberal education" cited as a goal in Wyatt's 1833 address. And of course they also received religious training: they "have attended daily public worship in the Church, in addition to the appropriate morning and evening prayers in the school with the teacher; and, together with my own care of them, they have had the instructions of the Sunday School." Wyatt discussed at length in this letter his desire to fulfill what he said was a part of the initial plan for the school, namely that it should have a boarding department. He wished to rent and eventually to construct a building that could function as an "asylum," that is, as a place to house a portion of the school—"half a dozen or more boys, together with the teacher." This project was not carried to fruition until after the Civil War when Milo Mahan was rector. Then, in 1866, the church purchased a building for the school to board and teach its students in. To call the action that took place at this time "a radical change ... in the character of the Boys' School" is, however, to exaggerate the significance of this event, which, while important, did not fundamentally alter the ethos of the institution.

The school remained true to its original purposes as long as it focused its attention on those "children whose condition," Wyatt said, "is at the same time most friendless, most destitute of the advantages of education, domestic or social, religious or scholastic, and most exposed to wants, associations, habits and passions, likely to drive them to vice, destruction and ruin." When the Boys' School was established to confront the wants of these children, its founders were able to look to another institution of the parish as a model and source of inspiration. Wyatt wrote in 1861: "The main ultimate object always was, and still is, to establish an asylum for poor boys, precisely similar in most respects to that which has been so long a source of pleasure to all concerned—the Benevolent Society, or Girls' School of the Parish." This school was founded at St. Paul's Church in 1799. The idea for it and the early organizing activity on its behalf came from Eleanor Rogers and other women of the parish. On January 3, 1800, the General Assembly passed a law incorporating the charity under the name, The Benevolent Society of the City and County of Baltimore; the church procured a lot and built a suitable dwelling; and in June 1801 the school opened its doors as the sole institution of its kind in the Baltimore area. Thenceforth well into the twentieth century the Benevolent Society carried out its mission to provide for the maintenance and education of destitute female children.

The author of a history of the Society published in 1860 listed as the charity's aims: "to draw indigent female children at a tender age, from the haunts of vice, to rescue them from nakedness and hunger, to preserve them from ignorance, that prolific parent of evil, to imbue their minds with virtuous and religious principles, to train them in habits of industry, and to render them useful members of society, instead of leaving them to become its scourges and burdens." Instruction in "habits of industry" was to take place outside as well as within the school. The girls, when they reached a "proper" age, were to be "bound out" as servants in the homes of "honest and respectable persons." By learning a "useful occupation" they would eventually be able to "procure for themselves a maintenance"; at least they would be able to "assist in supporting themselves while in the Institution." The practice of "binding out," which was not uncommon when the Girls' School was established, was specifically mentioned over fifty years later when the Boys' School was incorporated as a possibility for those students who were boarders. The third of the articles of incorporation held that boys placed in the school by "any parent ... or any Orphans Court" were to come "under the control" of the school until such time as its managers "shall think fit to bind them out, which said corporation shall be entitled to do for any term not exceeding the period at which such boys shall have completed their twenty-first year...." Since this article went on to specifically exclude day scholars, it is obvious that no
student could have been bound out until the school began to take boarders after 1868. It is possible, though, that there was a period during the 1870s when at least some of the boys lived and studied at the asylum but also worked in a business a certain number of hours each day to learn a trade.15

What is clear from this examination of the Girls’ School is the considerable degree to which the Benevolent Society functioned as a model for the later charity. In most important respects the Boys’ School did follow the example of its older, sister institution, for both were designed to nurture poor children, many of whom were undoubtedly orphans, and to instruct them in reading, writing, ciphering, a useful trade perhaps, and Christian principles.16 Both aimed at enabling their young charges to become responsible members of the community.

Of the different factors that contributed to the ambiance in which the Boys’ School was founded the most obvious was the wretched plight of Baltimore’s poor at this juncture of the nineteenth century. As Wyatt said, the school was established for boys whose condition was most friendless and most destitute—and in 1849, in the third largest city in the United States, there were plenty of those. The main purpose of the institution in this situation was, to state the point of its work in the most basic terms, “ameliorating human wants and perils.”17

The period 1845 to 1852 was generally a time of prosperity and economic recovery for the city of Baltimore, which was just entering the industrial era. Construction of new houses, for example, jumped from six hundred built in 1845 to two thousand completed in 1851.18 Many Baltimoreans were thriving; indeed, not a few citizens in 1850 were willing to pay one hundred dollars apiece to attend a concert featuring the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind.19

In 1849 the city’s population was approximately 160,000, up from 102,313 in 1840. The increase was due partly to movement into the city by people who came from other states and from rural Maryland but was largely attributable to the surge of European immigration throughout this period, starting with the Irish in the late 1830s and augmented by the Germans in the 1840s.20

Unfortunately the lot of the poor in Baltimore worsened during these years of physical and economic growth. Industrialization and the advance of the factory system made it considerably harder for workers to improve their position in society. Under the old domestic system one could learn as an apprentice, gain proficiency and become a journeyman, and ultimately as a master craftsman employ others in one’s own shop. But in the new industrial order it was rare for common laborers to climb into the ranks of the capitalists. The industrial revolution brought a deepening of the line of division between the two classes.

Ironically, the building boom of the late 1840s resulted in a more difficult housing situation for Baltimore’s poor since, as Sherry Olson has observed, “each wave of construction produced another wave of evictions.”21 The poor lived in the worst areas of the city—along the waterfront and in the lowlands and central districts—where the streets were not cleaned, where filth piled up, where the water was polluted. Infant and child mortality rates were higher in the late forties than they had ever been in the city’s history; death rates were highest in the poor sections. Heavy immigration reintroduced European diseases to urban areas.22 Severe smallpox epidemics broke out in 1845 and 1846; cholera struck in the summer of 1849 and caused ninety-four deaths in the city’s almshouse.23 Scarlet fever and typhus were widespread in the late 1840s.24 At one point the city tried to save money by reducing expenditures on such items as street cleaning and garbage collection. Olson writes: “The garbage contract system . . . degenerated quickly. Spending had gone down from twelve thousand dollars to five thousand dollars a year. Comparison of 1848—50 mortality figures with those of 1845—47 showed that July deaths had doubled. The health officer figured that a monthly economy of six hundred dollars was costing fifty to one hundred lives.”25 And in the 1840s
and 1850s in the city as a whole but in poor neighborhoods especially urban violence was a problem sharply on the rise. Obviously the expansion and prosperity generally characteristic of this period did not benefit all equally. Even the city’s public schools turned out not to be as democratic as their early supporters had hoped they would be. Enrollment figures were low anyway—in 1849 only about fifteen percent of school-age white children attended school—but were far worse in the city’s poorest and richest wards. The offspring of the wealthy continued to go to private pay schools, while the children of the poor tended to shun the middle class, Protestant, and, to them, profoundly alienating public schools, thus receiving no formal education at all. On the surface it seems curious that a private free school should have been founded twenty years after a public system was established in Baltimore City—until one notes the utter failure of the system to reach down into the lowest classes of urban society.

This rudimentary description should give some impression of the social situation Wyatt and the other founders faced when they gathered in 1849 to consider the challenge of “ameliorating human wants and perils.” The terrible problems consequent upon urbanization and economic change were for many an incitement to work to curtail misery and improve life in the city. The 1830s and 1840s witnessed not only the spread of slums, disease, and crime but also the proliferation of demands for reform and numerous concrete efforts on behalf of the disadvantaged. In Baltimore this was especially a time not of radical solutions but of limited humanitarian ventures, often sponsored by religious institutions like St. Paul’s Church, to care for persons in distress such as orphans, alcoholics, and those who were ill or injured.

Of course enterprises like the Boys’ School typically fared no better than the public schools at winning over the poor to education; proud parents were reluctant to have their children thought of as charity cases. At the same time, however, the small parish schools offered a distinctive environment that must have continued to have some appeal. In the minds of many of their supporters the most attractive feature of these schools was their commitment to character formation and religious instruction carried on within the context of a relation to a particular church. The public schools, which attempted to impart a system of values rooted in a generalized Protestantism, were felt by many to be merely purveyors of a watered-down piety consisting of so-called universal religious principles. Men like Hugh Davey Evans, a vestryman at St. Paul’s for many years and one of the most important of the early proponents of public education in Baltimore, called the public schools “godless.” In 1851 Evans wrote in a periodical called The True Catholic: Reformed, Protestant, and Free that “the public colleges and schools give no religious instruction, and are practically infidel. . . .” He commented that “at a period not very remote” parents had no alternative to secular education for their children, but no longer was that the case: “The Church is now exerting herself to provide the true remedy. She is establishing colleges and schools, in which the true principles of Christianity, including self-denial and the rejection of the world, are taught.”

Cleland Kinloch Nelson, rector of St. Anne’s in Annapolis and chairman of the Education Committee of the diocese in the early fifties, called for the establishment of more parochial schools, that they might produce greater numbers of “Christian young men and women, fit for either living or dying.” Wyatt himself felt that potential subscribers could have no more important reason to come to the aid of the day school than that these children should be afforded “the means of securing an inheritance . . . in God’s blissful and everlasting presence.”

But there were other reasons, too, that church members were asked to consider. When, in 1861, Wyatt bade them hearken to the counsels of “prudence”—“Is there any security to an estate, to comfort, to life in the midst of an ignorant, daring, licentious, rebellious populace?”—he was returning to ideas he had advanced
over forty years before in an address at his own parish on the subject of Sunday schools. In 1820 he declaimed that any “friend of social order and virtue” should support education for the poor. Sunday schools pull their young people out of the depths of “darkness, corruption and crime.” Education helps subject “the senses” to “the control of reason.” Without it “immorality and insubordination to government” are far more likely. An “impoverished peasantry” feel they have nothing to lose in revolution; an “ignorant peasantry” fail to see “the wise, the providential, the indispensable arrangement, by which the several orders of men are bound together,” nor do they perceive “the strength and prosperity which arise to the whole, from what may be called ... the pyramidal structure of society.” These people are restrained by superior power and the threat of punishment; “as soon as they become assured of physical superiority, they will break down the defence of property; confound distinctions of rank; demolish the institutions of justice; contemn the restraints of religion; and reduce society again to chaotick disorder.” Sunday schools can rescue these children from “ignorance, vice, and destruction” and turn them into honest, diligent, sober, amiable, and contented members of the community.

Now, in his fund-raising letter on behalf of the Boys’ School, he was sounding these themes again, pointing out that “acts of mercy and piety receive an instant remuneration in our own basket.” He touched his congregation’s fears: “Acquaintance with a large class of the population of such a city as this, fills the mind with trembling apprehensions of the influence of leagued and emboldened vice upon posterity,” and, he might have added, “upon prosperity.” Many of the children of the lower class receive no discipline at home, he averred, and the law alone is not enough to restrain them. They too often exist in a “moral atmosphere of pestilence,” which leads to gambling, fraud, drunkenness, murder, “lust and rapine.”

In truth, youth crime and urban violence were growing problems in the 1830s and 1840s. Street gangs, made up of boys and young men, immigrant children and the sons of native-born parents, were carrying on fierce rivalries in the streets of the nation’s major cities. Riots associated with elections and fires, victimization of blacks and immigrants, disturbances of evening church services and harassment of parishioners—all these things were happening in Baltimore at this time. In fact, the numbers of people arrested in the city for arson and murder were especially high in 1844-45 and 1850-52.

Wyatt was not alone, of course, in seeing education as a way to deal with these problems. Many of those who worked to set up public schools held similar views. They too were eager to protect the rights of property against the threat of mob violence; they too feared a decline in civic virtue and the erosion of responsible republican government; they too wanted to control crime by fighting ignorance. Indeed, at this point, the founding of the Boys’ School and the creation of the public school system have much in common. Both were instituted with an eye toward the socialization of the poor. Education was to accomplish this goal by teaching children to share the same values and ideals held by the rest of the community. In the public schools (as in the Sunday schools a little earlier) the Protestant virtues of temperance, thrift, hard work, self-discipline, and punctuality received strong emphasis; teachers, with the aid from 1836 on of the McGuffey readers, labored to combat those vices—like sloth and profligacy—that, if allowed to develop, would prevent their charges from being useful and reliable workers in a growing industrial society.

The principal backers of the common schools tended to be social conservatives, as, most assuredly, were the founders of St. Paul’s School. Consider, for example, a group much like the band of twelve Wyatt assembled in 1849, the trustees of the New York Public School Society. These men were persons of wealth and social prominence, members of New York City’s professional and com-
mercial elite. Most were businessmen; many were involved in politics. These citizens were used to lending their support to humanitarian ventures, especially ones like colonization, prison reform, and education for the poor—causes “whose intentions,” William Cutler has noted, “were to strengthen rather than reshape the fundamental structure and values of American life.” The trustees were concerned about the swarms of recent arrivals in the city, the Irish and German immigrants; they worried about crime and poverty and the future of traditional American values. They wanted to curb the evils of society, such as violence and intemperance, and they desired to hasten the socialization process of the urban masses through application of heavy doses of the conventional virtues. But at the same time these men were not averse to seeing the poor rise from their humble origins and better themselves. They had no wish to hold the poor down. Graduates of the Society’s school system went on to Columbia College and the Rutgers Female Institute and the University of New York. The trustees approved of people taking their chances and moving up in society, but they “firmly believed that social mobility as well as citizenship had to entail ‘habits of moral order,’ including a respect for industry, authority and self-discipline.”

The founders of the Boys’ School, with social backgrounds virtually identical to those of the New York Public School Society trustees, obviously had a similar stake in the preservation of their community’s standards. Almost all of them were prominent, well-to-do Baltimore citizens—bankers, lawyers, merchants, politicians. The single exception was the rector’s eldest child, William Wyatt, Jr., who was twenty—three years old in 1849. The other founders were mostly well-established local figures, and included George Somerville Norris, partner, Norris and Bro., foreign commission merchants; Robert A. Taylor (d. Oct. 15, 1863, age 68), partner, Robert A. Taylor and Sons, dry goods, auction, and commission merchants, and, according to the 1850 state census, holder of real estate valued at $170,000; Gustav W. Lurman (d. 1866, age 57), partner, Oelrichs and Lurman, commission and shipping merchants; Samuel Owings Hoffman (1801—1860), auction merchant, bank director, and later (1858) state senator from Baltimore City; Caecelius C. Jamison (1791—1863), secretary, Society of the Cincinnati, merchant, and banker (eventually president of the Bank of Baltimore); John Montgomery Gordon (1810—1884), educated at Yale and Harvard, lawyer, and president of the Union Bank; Thomas Swann (1809—1883), in 1849 president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, later mayor, governor, and congressman; Dr. John Hanson Thomas (1813—1881), president, Farmers’ and Merchants’ Bank of Baltimore, Whig politician, soon—to—be member of the First Branch of the City Council from the 11th Ward (1851—1852); Samuel W. Smith (1800—1887), nephew of General Samuel Smith and son of Robert Smith (secretary of state under Madison), educated at Princeton, and a director of the B. & O. Railroad; Thomas Hollingsworth Morris (1817—1872), who retired at an early age from the law, finding it an uncongenial occupation, and “being possessed of ample means, devoted himself to literature” and community service; and Reverdy Johnson, Jr. (1826—1907), attorney, son of the famous constitutional lawyer and Whig statesman, and after 1872 president of the Union Manufacturing Company of Maryland.

Most of these men saw one another a good bit over the years. Three of them—Hoffman, Lurman, and Gordon—had been members of the Monday Club during the period, 1835 to 1841, that that group of twenty-five of “the most influential leaders of Baltimore’s social, business, and professional circles” had met. In 1875 George Peabody invited Hoffman and Gordon, along with Smith, Morris, and Swann, to serve with some other distinguished citizens on the first Board of Trustees of his new Institute in Mount Vernon Place. This board has also been called “a body made up of Baltimore’s most influential men.” Reverdy Johnson, Jr. and Thomas Morris were
brothers—in—law, the latter having married Reverdy's sister Mary in 1846. Samuel W. Smith was one of the early promoters of the B. & O. Railroad and undoubtedly knew Thomas Swann quite well from the 1840s on. (In 1858, though, these two stood sharply opposed to one another. Swann was then the Know—Nothing mayor of Baltimore, having just been returned to office in an election marked by various outrages—violence, intimidation, illegal voting—committed by his nativist supporters in the American party. A City Reform Association was organized shortly thereafter and chose Smith as its first president and George William Brown, another member of St. Paul's, vice—president. In 1860 the reformers were successful in getting Brown elected mayor.) Some of the founders' wives were also active in efforts for the commonweal. After the Civil War Mrs. John Hanson Thomas, Mrs. Samuel Hoffman, Mrs. Gustav Lurman, and Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, along with some other women, formed the Ladies' Southern Relief Association to assist widows, orphans, the sick, and the aged in the South.

What precisely the founders' aims were in establishing the Boys' School, whether they saw it as merely a mechanism of social control or as a structure of empowerment, is impossible to say for certain. The rector, in his 1861 appeal, gave a strong indication, though, that the school was founded to be a real source of opportunity for its students. He indicated no view that the children of the poor were destined always to hold the basest positions in society or that the higher reaches of education should be unavailable to them. On the contrary, he asked for support of these children because of the possibility that "giant intellects" were "slumbering in their youthful bosoms," that some were qualified "for commercial life" or had a "genius for the useful or ornamental arts." Train these boys, he said, so that "powers . . . may one day be awakened to rescue the injured from the oppressor"; give them a chance because there could be in one or another of them a "spark of divine love that may one day be kindled to give the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ to communities and nations hitherto in the shadow of death." Presumably these words reflect an understanding of the nature of the school and its students that had been a part of Wyatt's thinking ever since the time of the founding.

Whatever the deep motives of the founders were, the Boys' School was, in fact, established in 1849 and soon attracted as many students to its classes as could be accommodated in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church. The building that was first used was actually the old 1817 church that had been designed by the architect Robert Cary Long, Sr. (Scharf says its steeple "was considered the handsomest in the United States.") On April 29, 1854, this structure was destroyed by fire and a new edifice—the one presently in use—was erected on the same site.

The founding undoubtedly had the strong support of the bishop, William Rollinson Whittingham, who had been consecrated at St. Paul's in 1840. Like Wyatt he was a high churchman. Whittingham was keenly interested in charitable and educational institutions and was instrumental in establishing the College of St. James in Hagerstown and Church Home and Infirmary in Baltimore. In a sermon preached in 1833 Whittingham praised the charity schools of England for their work in contributing to "whatever is excellent in the modern national character." Later, as bishop, he regularly advised the clergy of his diocese on the establishment and conduct of their parochial schools.

In 1861, looking back on the results of the founding of the Boys' School, Wyatt affirmed that "our Institution has rendered substantial services to a destitute portion of the community. . . ." There had been, he told his congregation, "happy practical results. Their Heavenly Father alone can trace all the effects in the formation of character, and in the direction given to future lives and eternal destiny, of the hundreds who have been pupils in the school." And he concluded by expressing a personal wish: "For twelve
years we have been accustomed to hear
the voices of its pupils mingling with our
worship; and to me it would be a grateful
privilege, through the short remainder of
my ministry, to watch the progress of its
usefulness to God and man.”

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3. J. Thomas Scharf, The Chronicles of Baltimore;
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5. S. T. Wallis, Baltimore Visiter, August 9, 1834,
in scrapbook of newspaper clippings in Severn
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6. William Edward Wyatt, A Discourse on Chris-
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change in the character of the school occurred
around 1869 when, to borrow the words of the
rector, Milo Mahan, “boys of a higher grade and
better capabilities” rather than those of “the
most wretched class” were sought as students.
In the 1870s the school admitted paying as well
as free scholars; the regular charge for the
boarders was two hundred dollars a year. By
1875 the number of paying students exceeded
the number of free students among both
boarders and day scholars. In the mid-eighties
the school reverted to its previous condition as a
charity institution and provided from that point
on for several decades a basic liberal education
to thirty—the maximum number that could be
accommodated—free scholars each year
(J. S. B. Hodges, The Past History and Present
Condition of the Institution of St. Paul’s Parish;
originally incorporated under the name of The
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11, 12, 18).
11. Clyde C. Rohr, “Charities and Charitable Insti-
tutions,” in Baltimore: Its History and Its
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Past History and Present Condition of the Institu-
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ated under the Title of The Benevolent Society
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1880), pp. 3–6; Beirne, pp. 46–47; Basil Sollers,
“Secondary Education in the State of Mary-
land,” in History of Education in Maryland, ed.
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visibility,” Journal of American History, 71
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12. The Past History and Present Condition . . . of
13. The Past History and Present Condition . . . of
The Benevolent Society, pp. 8, 24.
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Association incorporating the Boys’ School of
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Paul’s School Library, Brooklandville, MD).
Wyatt stated in 1861 that the “original and
manifest design of the Corporation” involved a
“three-fold” plan: to establish a day school for
poor boys, to choose from among these “the boys
to be adopted and bound by indentures to the
asylum,” and then to select from among this
smaller group those who seemed fit to study for
the ministry (“To the Members,” pp. 18–20).
15. The First Hundred Years of the Boys’ School of
St. Paul’s Parish, 1849–1949 (Baltimore, 1949),
p. 5. “Binding out” became less common with
the onset of the industrial revolution and the
expansion of Baltimore’s labor force. “The tra-
ditional mechanism for processing healthy de-
pendent young people was binding out to
trades. . . . But this mechanism failed, now that
a great pool of labor was available. Industrial
employers preferred to manage their labor force
by hiring and firing at will, not by long-term
contract or by the whip” (Sherry H. Olson, Bal-
timore: The Building of an American City [Bal-
timore, 1980], p. 141).
16. Beirne, p. 46.
18. Olson, p. 103.
19. Francis F. Beirne, Baltimore: A Picture History
(Baltimore, 1968), p. 28.
20. Whitman H. Ridgway, Community Leadership
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Institutions (Baltimore, 1902), p. 29.
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25. Olson, p. 131.
26. Tina H. Sheller, “The Origins of Public Educa-

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31. Hugh Davey Evans, "Education," The True Catholic: Reformed, Protestant, and Free, 8 (1851), 537.
32. C. K. Nelson, Report of the Education Committee, Journal of the Seventieth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland (1853), p. 105. Nelson pointed out the following year, though, that he did not mean for anyone to suppose that he expected pupils from the lowest "stations in life" to be taught the subjects—e.g., classical languages—one would teach to children from the higher classes. A system that would do so "proceeds upon" the "godless" assumption "that Divine Providence has had no design in the several stations of His human creatures, that we are all in the world high or low—just by chance, that indeed we have no responsibilities at all, and that the great business of each one is to elevate himself as much as possible in the eyes not of our Maker but of our fellow creatures." The unhappy result of this kind of system, Nelson claimed, was that no one any longer did "his duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call him" but "is taught all the while to aspire discontentedly... to something higher" (Journal of the Seventy-first Annual Convention, p. 114).
33. Wyatt, "To the Members," p. 16.
34. Wyatt, "To the Members," p. 5.
35. St. Paul's had opened its Sunday school three years before (Beirne, St. Paul's Parish, p. 93). The school was part of a widespread movement that began in England toward the end of the eighteenth century as a means of providing instruction in reading, religion, and moral values to children of the poor. See Olson, p. 66, for a comment on the Sunday school movement in Baltimore.
36. William Edward Wyatt, An Address Delivered in St. Paul's Church, at the request of the Union Board of Delegates from the Sunday Schools of Baltimore, on the Second Anniversary of Their Institution, January 1st, 1820 (Baltimore, 1820), pp. 9–11, 19, 25.
37. Wyatt, "To the Members," pp. 6, 7, 11, 12.
40. At the same time, however, the main opponents of common school reform tended to be even more conservative. In Baltimore this group included members of the city's oldest families—prominent merchants like John Hoffman and representatives of the landed elite such as John Eager Howard (both men were St. Paul's parishioners). In their view social strata were fixed; the poor constituted a permanent underclass. In contrast, the proponents of public schools believed in social mobility: the poor could improve their position in the world through discipline and hard work (Sheller, p. 35).
42. Beirne, St. Paul's Parish, p. 93; Register of Marriages, Baptisms and Burials Celebrated in St. Paul's Parish, Baltimore (1832–1878), Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.
43. Woods' Baltimore City Directory (Baltimore, 1860).
44. Dielman-Hayward File, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore (hereafter cited as DHF); Matchett's Baltimore Director for 1849–50 (Baltimore, 1849); Maryland Census of 1850, City of Baltimore, 11th Ward, Microfilm, p. 210.
45. DHF; Matchett's.
46. DHF; "The Diary of Richard Gilmor," Maryland Historical Magazine, 17 (1922), 234; Journal of the Proceedings of the Senate of Maryland (1858), p. 3.
47. DHF; Woods'.
48. DHF.
50. Eugene Fauntleroy Cordell, M.D., The Medical Annals of Maryland, 1799–1899 (Baltimore, 1903); Matchett's; DHF; The Ordinances of the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore (Baltimore, 1851), p. 307; Ordinances (1852), p. 349.
52. DHF.
54. George H. Calvert, Dr. Robley Dunglison, John H. B. Latrobe, and John Pendleton Kennedy were also members. William D. Hoyt, Jr., "The

55. Peabody Institute, *The Founding of the Colony: A View from the Nineteenth Century* (Baltimore, [1984]), p. 6; Olson, p. 192; Scharf, pp. 552–53.

56. DHF.


60. Hodges, p. 4.


64. Wyatt, "To the Members," pp. 21, 22, 24–25. I wish to thank Mr. F. Garner Ranney, Historiographer of the Diocese of Maryland, and Mr. Louis D. Clark, Senior Master, St. Paul's School, for their patient assistance on this project. I am also grateful to staff members of the following institutions visited by me in the course of this research: the Library of the Maryland Historical Society, the Peabody Library, and the Maryland Department of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, all in Baltimore; the Maryland Hall of Records, Annapolis; Cook Library, Towson State University; St. Paul's School Library, Brooklandville, MD; Eisenhower Library, Johns Hopkins University; Apple Library, Hood College, Frederick, MD; Bishop Payne Library, Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria; Alderman Library, University of Virginia; Episcopal Divinity School Library, Cambridge, MA; Widener Library, Harvard University; and the Boston Public Library.
William Holland Wilmer: A Newly Discovered Memoir

DAVID L. HOLMES

Although historians often ignore the career of the Reverend William Holland Wilmer (1782–1827), studying that of his son instead, the elder Wilmer deserves serious attention. Born (apparently at "White House Farm") in Kent County, educated at Washington College, Wilmer served the Episcopal Church in both Maryland and Virginia. When he died unexpectedly he had completed only his first year as president of the oldest Episcopal institution of higher learning in America, the College of William and Mary.

Wilmer's family itself played a prominent role in Episcopal church history. Two of Wilmer's brothers entered the ministry. Simon served parishes in New Jersey and Maryland; Lemuel was a rector in Charles County. Credit for suggesting the name "Protestant Episcopal" for the former Church of England in America traditionally has gone to his uncle, the Maryland rector and one-time Swedenborgian, James Jones Wilmer.¹

Again and again during the 44 years of his life, William Holland Wilmer received the highest honors his denomination could give. For four successive terms he won election as president of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church and in that capacity presided over its triennial meetings. He wrote one of the most frequently reprinted books on Episcopal doctrine and worship that appeared in the nineteenth century.² One of the two original faculty members of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Virginia, he was also elected president of the unrealized Episcopal theological seminary planned for Maryland. He was an editor and principal founder of the Washington Theological Repertory and Churchman's Guide, published in the District of Columbia. In Maryland he was elected to the Standing Committee (or Bishop's Council) of the diocese; in Virginia, he was elected president of the Standing Committee.

Rector first of colonial Chester Parish in Maryland, then of Latrobe–designed St. Paul's Church in Alexandria, and finally of historic Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, Wilmer also served as the first rector of St. John's Church, adjacent to the White House in the District of Columbia. After leaving Maryland in 1812, he became one of the principal figures in the revival of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. At the time of his death he was widely expected to succeed Richard Channing Moore as Bishop of Virginia.

Both in his native and adopted states, Wilmer influenced numerous clergy and laity in many denominations. The Maryland antiquarian and church historian Ethan Allen declared that Wilmer "had perhaps more influence in forming my own course and character than was exerted by any other individual."³ Although Wilmer had lived there only a year, Williamsburg went into mourning at the time of his death, and he was buried under the chancel of Bruton Parish Church.

Yet historians have devoted more space and attention to the son of Wilmer who became a bishop, Richard Hooker Wilmer of Alabama, than they have to the father who did not.⁴ A major reason is that William Holland Wilmer died just as his career was reaching its height; the 1830s

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and 1840s promised to be the decades of his greatest prominence. Equally important, however, is the sparsity of archival material.

The main body of Wilmer’s papers disappeared at some point after his death. Of the thousands of letters he must have written, only a tiny percentage has survived. The principal repository of historical materials for the Episcopal Church in Maryland, the Maryland Diocesan Archives on deposit at the Maryland Historical Society, holds only about 50 of Wilmer’s letters and papers; almost all come from the papers of Maryland’s early bishops. Wilmer left no autobiography. His half dozen published sermons, controversial works, and articles contain little autobiographical content. Only a single master’s thesis seems to have been written on Wilmer’s life and thought.

A major biographical source for the life of Wilmer and other clergy of the colonial and early national periods has been William B. Sprague’s monumental *Annals of the American Pulpit*. A Congregational and Presbyterian minister, Sprague was a manuscript collector and biographer of American clergy. Published in nine volumes from 1857 to 1869 and still in print, the *Annals* contains biographies of some 1,300 ministers of the major American denominations.

In each volume Sprague followed the same methodology. After selecting his subjects, he would write to persons who had known a minister to secure their recollections. If too many years had passed to allow him to tap living memory, Sprague would publish only his own sketch based on printed materials. Volume V, the volume published in 1861 and devoted to the Episcopal Church, includes biographical sketches not only of Wilmer but also of such leading Maryland clergy as William Wilkinson, Hugh Jones, Thomas Bacon, William West, William Duke, Thomas John Claggett, and James Kemp.

For his 2,500-word article on Wilmer, Sprague used reminiscences from Ethan Allen and four other correspondents. In addition, Sprague printed his own recollections of Wilmer, since the two ministers had become acquainted when Sprague lived in Alexandria. Of the contributors whose recollections are printed, Sprague seems to have known Wilmer the earliest, even though the two did not meet until 1815. As a result, the *Annals* devotes only a half dozen sentences to Wilmer’s thirty years in Maryland.

But Sprague had asked for a fifth contribution from Peregrine Wroth, a physician who had grown up with Wilmer in Kent County and had attended Washington College with him. Although Sprague acknowledged Wroth’s contribution to the section on Wilmer in a footnote, the physician’s reminiscences of Wilmer cannot be found in the *Annals*.

As it turns out, they were omitted because they reached Sprague too late for inclusion. The manuscript of Wroth’s “Brief Memoir of William H. Wilmer, D.D.” is in the Maryland Diocesan Archives. Written in a fine hand on notebook pages and featuring British spelling, the manuscript carries Wroth’s notation that his memoir arrived only after Sprague’s “stereotype plates were all finished—which, he informed me, he deeply regretted.”

To readers of the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Peregrine Wroth, M.D., needs little introduction. Born in Kent County in 1786 (four years after Wilmer), he was baptized by the Rev. William Smith, the Scots founder of Washington College. He entered the preparatory department of Washington College in his ninth year, remaining at the college until 1803. After private studies, he practiced medicine in Chestertown from 1807 until his retirement in 1856. Moving in 1868, he died in Baltimore in 1879, some 18 years after composing his reminiscences of Wilmer. A lifelong Episcopalian, Dr. Wroth also wrote (and clearly mailed to Sprague in time) the biographical memoir of the Rev. Colin Ferguson that appears in Volume V of the *Annals*. A member of the original faculty of Washington College, Ferguson was president when Wroth and Wilmer were students.

The missing memoir of William Holland Wilmer is typical of the manuscripts available to scholars in the Maryland Di-
ocesan Archives. One of the richest collections of material on Episcopal church life in America, the Archives were initiated by Ethan Allen. Allen's "knowledge of the Episcopal antiquities, especially of his own State," Sprague wrote in the introduction to his Episcopal volume, "gives to his communications an all but oracular authority." The majority of the colonial and earlier nineteenth-century manuscripts now in the Archives stem from Allen's collecting; he also secured most of the Wilmer items, including Wroth's memoir.

Since Allen's time, contributions from the Diocese of Maryland and from clergy and laity have increased the holdings of the Archives to approximately 65,000 items. Archivist since 1960, F. Garner Ranney has catalogued the manuscripts so meticulously and painstakingly that they are more accessible to scholars than those in other, similar repositories.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Ranney and the Maryland Diocesan Archives on deposit in the Maryland Historical Society, Dr. Peregrine Wroth's biographical memoir of William Holland Wilmer, told from the vantage point of a neighbor and classmate and containing material not previously published, can now be printed for the first time.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM H. WILMER, D.D.

The Memory of Dr. Wilmer is still dear to that (now very small) number of his intimate friends who yet survive. As, if living, he would now be about 75 years of age, it is not surprizing that so many have followed him to the grave. With unfeigned diffidence I offer you my impressions of his character; and if, in this communication, you shall find any thing worthy of a place in the work you design to publish, you are at liberty to use it.

Though Dr. Wilmer's junior by three or four years; and while at College a member of a lower class, I remember with some pride that we were born in the same neighbourhood; educated in the same College; and that, early in life, he honoured me by his friendly notice.

About the time he arrived at manhood, religion was at a low ebb in the Episcopal Church; and feeling the need of Christian fellowship, he united temporarily with the Methodist Society; and by holding Prayer-meetings in Chestertown and vicinity, he was instrumental in doing much good. His first effort in the business of life, was as a Merchant, having associated himself with Mr. T. Cannell who had married his Sister. During his mercantile engagements he did not neglect those literary pursuits which he always loved; but a few years convinced him that he had mistaken his calling, and was in the wrong place. He became thoroughly satisfied that his proper mission was to Preach the Gospel to perishing sinners; and immediately he "conferred not with flesh and blood"—but put on his armour—and receiving [sic] Ordination at the hands of Bishop Claggett, began to proclaim the glad tidings of Salvation. He had indeed, before the imposition of Episcopal hands, received [sic] authority from a higher Source, "being called of God as was Aaron"—, but he complied with the order of the church of his choice and of his affections.

His first Parish was that in which he was born—the Church in Chester Town, Kent county, Maryland. At that time this Church was a "Chapel of Ease"—in Connection with the Parish of I.U. about five miles from Chester Town, which was built in 1767—the Chapel of Ease in 1772. About or during the time of Dr. Wilmer's Rectorate, this arrangement was altered, the Church at I.U. being in ruins, and the Chapel of Ease became the Parish Church.

In this parish there existed a party which shewed some opposition to Dr. Wilmer's Evangelical views—and this opposition, if not originally produced, was at least greatly increased by previously existing political considerations. Under such unpropitious circumstances, he despaired of doing much good, and when called to a parish in Alexandria, Va. he did not hesitate to obey the Call. Here, under the supervision of good Bishop Moore, he breathed an Atmosphere more congenial with his spiritual health, more in accordance with his religious
William Holland Wilmer

One of the most distinguishing Traits in Dr. Wilmer’s Ministerial character was—his profound knowledge of Ecclesiastical polity. His sagacious and comprehensive mind embraced the whole history and Spirit of the Christian church from the days of its divine Founder to his own time; and though his position in the Episcopal church may, in some measure, be accounted for by the accident of birth, it is mainly to be attributed to those strong convictions which resulted from an honest and thorough examination into its merits. Honesty of purpose and deep investigation, as natural instincts, regulated the decisions of his mind and his heart;—and if pure and unadulterated Truth was not attained, his failure was not the consequence of his want of sincerity and integrity.

During the years of his College course Dr. Wilmer was always at the head of his class, though many, if not all of the members were his seniors in age. He became Master of the Greek and Latin Languages—at that time the only Foreign or dead Languages taught in our College; but it was in Mathematical Science that his superiority was most remarkable. He was fond of Demonstration and of course, the exact Sciences were his chief delight. In after life his sermons indicated a mathematical mind, and were no less remarkable for distinctness of Elocution and well-chosen Language than for clear and intelligible arrangement and strong reasoning power. Tho’ few had higher claims to the character of an Orator, he held in disdain all mere oratorical display. In him, dignity and grace were intimately—and inseparably associated, and it may be truly said that—such were his thorough acquaintance with the various departments of his profession and his ever-ready command of Language, his extempore discourses exhibited greater effectiveness, and were generally more acceptable than his more laboured productions. His diction was always chaste and correct; always beautiful—and as he became warmed by his subject, frequently rose to the sublime!

Dr. Wilmer was Evangelical in his religious opinions and feelings; belonged to that class of Divines then represented by those apostolical men—Moore, Griswold, McIlvaine and afterwards by Meade,12 He “rightly divided the word of truth,” using, as occasion required, the “awe-inspiring thunders of Sinai and the mild and touching persuasions of Calvary.”

As has been truly said of Alexander Hamilton, Dr. Wilmer had no period of youth as a pulpit orator, but sprang at once into maturity of manhood, from the day he entered the sacred desk.—His premature death only prevented his being the Successor of Bishop Moore as Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia.

Dr. Wilmer, in person, was of the medium size—somewhat portly, and his carriage erect and manly: a perfect Gentleman in manners—with nothing of the affected and studied poliness [sic] of the present day. Always accessible, he never repelled any who approached him, but received all with Kindness, Cheerfulness, but no levity; gravity but not sternness or moroseness marked his daily walk. One never sought his presence with proper motive, without learning something.

He was married in early life to Miss Harriet Ringgold—who did not live long and left no living child.14 After his removal to Virginia, he married again—and left sons and daughters (I think)—one son now holding a high position in the Church for piety and Eloquence. His wife who survived him was justly admired as one who deserved to be the Wife of Such a Man.

The above was written as a contribution to the work of the Reverend W.B. Sprague D.D. “on the Episcopal Pulpit”: but did not reach him until his stereotype plates were all finished—which he informed me, he deeply regretted.

P. Wroth

REFERENCES
1. See, for example, Robert W. Shoemaker, The Origin and Meaning of the Name “Protestant Episcopal” (N.Y., 1959), 101–111.

4. The second Episcopal Bishop of Alabama, Richard Hooker Wilmer (1816–1900), was the only bishop consecrated in the short-lived Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States of America. He is especially known for his refusal to permit his clergy to pray for the President of the United States following Federal occupation of Alabama. See Richard Hooker Wilmer, *The Recent Past from a Southern Standpoint* (N.Y., 1887), and Walter C. Whitaker, *Richard Hooker Wilmer* (Philadelphia, 1907).


8. Sprague, V, ix.

9. The lack of information about Wilmer's years in Maryland has caused mistaken assertions about his ordination. Sprague, V, 515, followed by Richard Hooker Wilmer (*The Recent Past*, 169) and others, declares that Thomas John Claggett (1742–1816), first Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, ordained Wilmer "in 1808." Manuscripts in the Maryland Diocesan Archives, however, show that Claggett ordained Wilmer to the diaconate on February 19, 1809, and to the priesthood on June 16, 1810. See William H. Wilmer, "Oath of Conformity," February 19, 1809, and William H. Wilmer, "Declaration of Conformity," June 16, 1810, both in MDA.

10. Like some other colonial Anglican churches (e.g., F.T. Church in Rappahannock County, Virginia), I.U. Church, near present Worton, apparently received its name from the initials of the landowner who donated the property or whose initials marking boundaries stood near it. Rebuilt in the nineteenth century, I.U. Church has numbered among its rectors Sewell S. Hepburn, grandfather of actress Katherine Hepburn. Erected just prior to the Revolutionary War, Emmanuel Church, Chestertown, continues in service today. In November, 1780, according to tradition, a meeting in Emmanuel Church adopted the name "Protestant Episcopal." See Shoemaker, 101–110.

11. Tensions between High Church and Evangelical (or Low Church) Episcopalians divided the Diocese of Maryland for decades in the nineteenth century. High Churchmen, who emphasized the Catholic element in the Anglican tradition, held a "high" conception of the Church's authority, sacraments, and priesthood. Emphasizing the Protestant element in Anglicanism, Evangelicals stressed the primacy of the Scriptures over any claims of the Church and placed a comparatively "low" value upon the episcopate, priesthood, and sacraments. The efficacy of prayer meetings, the centrality of preaching, and the avoidance of worldly amusements were among their principal tenets. Thinking Evangelicals little better than Methodists, Maryland's High Churchmen did not welcome the ordination of Wilmer, a former Methodist; see Joseph G.J. Bend to Thomas J. Claggett, January 6, 1809, in MDA.

12. Richard Channing Moore (1762–1841), second Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, a moderate Evangelical. The bitter political struggles between the High Church and Evangelical parties during the attempted election of a Suffragan Bishop for Maryland in 1812 probably caused Wilmer to look towards Virginia. From 1811 to 1814, the Rev. William Meade (1789–1862), rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and later third Bishop of Virginia, was recruiting fellow Evangelicals in an effort to revive the Episcopal Church in Virginia. Meade secured Wilmer's call to St. Paul's Church. See Wilmer to William Murray Stone, April 8, 1812, in MDA, and Whitaker, 7.


14. Wilmer married three times. Harriet Ringgold, a member of an old Kent County family, was his first wife. After her death, he married Marion Hannah Cox of Mount Holly, New Jersey, in 1812. She died in 1821 following the birth of their sixth child. Wilmer's third wife was Anne Brice Fitzhugh of Alexandria, by whom he had two more children. Of the children of his second marriage, Jane Eliza Wilmer married Professor Samuel Buel of General Theological Seminary; Marion Rebecca Wilmer married the Rev. R. Templeman Brown; the Rev. George Thornton Wilmer taught at the University of the South and served as rector in Mobile and Williamsburg; and Richard Hooker Wilmer became second Bishop of Alabama. See Whitaker, 13–15; Clebsch, 3–4.
Slavery and Freedom on the Middle Ground; Maryland during the Nineteenth Century. By Barbara Jeanne Fields. (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1985. Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany, 123. 268 pp., Tables, map, index, bibliography, appendix. $27.50)

Present-day Maryland may style itself as “America in Miniature” but its history prior to the twentieth century would hardly support this title. Maryland’s pronounced distinctiveness as a state is recaptured in this revealing study, its focus on the inseparable but clashing concepts of slavery and freedom within its borders. Deeply rooted in the state’s history, these polarizing issues came to a head in the Civil War. A deeply traumatic experience for its practitioners and defenders, the death of slavery led them to explore other patterns of ordained white dominance—such patterns, like Maryland’s now defunct slavery, having a style and stamp of their own.

Carefully setting the stage, Fields, an associate professor of history at the University of Michigan, opens by describing the two Marylands as they uneasily faced each other on the eve of the Civil War. In the state’s six Northern counties the population was predominantly white and the economy was based upon free labor, industrial production in the state having reached considerable proportions by mid-century. The other Maryland, the southern and Eastern Shore counties, was largely agricultural. Their slave labor base was supplemented by a supply of free Negroes, who comprised 45 percent of the state’s black population in 1860. As to be expected, the two Marylands vied for control of the state’s political machinery, with the victory more often going to the landed and slaveholding interests.

Proceeding in her dissection of the ante-bellum mind of Maryland, Fields examines the concept of the “middle ground,” a commonly held belief that slavery in the border states was milder, less harsh and oppressive, than in the lower South. This idea was based in part on the theory that small-scale slaveholding tended to split slave family members among several owners, and that such owners were the most likely to face financial difficulties leading to bankruptcy proceedings and the consequent separation of slave families. Slavery on the middle ground, particularly when in an urban setting, did bring slaves and free Negroes into close contact but paradoxically it also created “anguishing difficulties for both.” Hence the middle ground had an uncertain, insubstantial quality, constituting a center that would not hold in a time of sectional crisis and ordeal.

In a chapter for each, Fields discusses the question of slavery’s viability in an urban setting and examines the lot of Maryland’s free black population. In addressing the former, she challenges the views of those historians who hold that slavery and city life were incompatible. On the contrary, Southern cities as a whole “occupied an anomalous place in slave society.” As a case in point Baltimore is held up to detailed scrutiny, slavery there having steadily declined throughout the nineteenth century. Wherever located, however, the free Negroes were viewed apprehensively by the white population. The black workers, especially those who were skilled, might be vital to the economy of the state, but such service did little to improve their condition—their lack of civil rights, their denial of the ballot and their exclusion from some occupations.

The Civil War forced the country, and the border states particularly, to come to grips, however reluctantly, with the slavery question. Maryland cast its lot with the Union, thus leading its slaveholders to believe that the federal government would respect and protect their property rights. But the freedom-minded slaves and the army commanders who needed their services had other ideas, and slowly but surely the middle ground took on a sinking sand aspect. Indeed Maryland itself resorted to the recruitment of blacks, including some ten thousand in both services, army and navy.

Under the chapter heading, “In Lieu of Reconstruction,” Fields traces Maryland’s painful transition from war to peace. In some respects this drawn-out process made for a
new equilibrium in color and class relationships throughout the state but in the main the changes were of a cosmetic, window-dressing type, more like a continuum than a fresh beginning. Slavery had determined not only the relationship between the owner and the owned but also between whites and blacks and between rural and city dwellers. With slavery gone, many who had depended upon it attempted to retain blacks in the capacity of dependent laborers, such as expanding the use of the apprenticeship system in which children of allegedly indigent or irresponsible parents could be bound out, such a practice sometimes entailing the services of the parents also. In politics there was a concerted effort to continue to deny the ballot to blacks, leading the state to vote against the Fifteenth Amendment. Those seeking to retain the old order did not eschew violence, including physical attacks on blacks and the burning of their churches (which often served as schoolhouses).

In rural Maryland the effort to replace slave labor led the state authorities to seek immigration from overseas, an effort of which little came. Maryland farmers increasingly turned to forms of agriculture that required a reduced labor force and smaller plots of land. Rural blacks, their population ratios steadily decreasing, were in the unenviable position of becoming share tenants and sharecroppers, and even in these capacities were at a disadvantage as compared to their white counterparts. Country-based skilled black workers faced a bleak outlook even in flush times. Baltimore offered them little hope, its own growing population swelled by an in-migration of whites and by its deeply rooted and continuing job competition between whites and blacks. In sum, Maryland’s response to the Reconstruction period had a homegrown quality, and one which in the dawning twentieth century would be more reflective of regional and national trends.

Of exceptional range and scope, and bent on getting beneath the surface, this study is richly detailed. Not one to be lost in minutiae, however, Fields keeps her central theme and her sub-themes ever in the forefront, the trees never blurring out the forest. Of an interpretive and revisionist turn of mind, and not fully satisfied with a recital of the facts, however masterfully done, Fields threads her pages with value judgments personally entailing the services of the parents also. In politics there was a concerted effort to continue to deny the ballot to blacks, leading the state to vote against the Fifteenth Amendment. Those seeking to retain the old order did not eschew violence, including physical attacks on blacks and the burning of their churches (which often served as schoolhouses).

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A few general reservations might be made. Fields ignores the Maryland State Colonization Society and its role in the back-to-Africa movement, and she might have mentioned that Maryland, by its Constitution of 1864, became the first border state to free its slaves. It is misleading to say that the negatively worded Fifteenth Amendment "accorded the vote to the black man in Maryland." (p. 134) The author’s treatment of blacks is sensitive and thoughtful, but one must look elsewhere for a discourse on the black personality types, free and slave, in nineteenth century Maryland, and for some mention of the modes of life each of these two groups fashioned in response to its condition. Fields might find justification for not focusing upon any of Maryland’s goodly company of nineteenth century black spokespersons and activists other than Frederick Douglass, but it took real nerve not to worm in some reference to the legendary Harriet Tubman.

Little fault can be found with Fields as a writer. Although her sentences tend to be long and demanding, she expresses herself clearly, and makes it a point to define such technical terms as “capitalist market social relations.” Illustrative of her style, the book’s closing sentence is also a cogent summary of its content. After a final reminder of the forward-looking steps the state had taken during the period under survey, she has this to say: “But, through the eyes of those Marylanders to
whom the last years of the nineteenth century were years of waking nightmare made routine by repetition, Maryland must have seemed to be moving at the pace of the diamondback terrapin, and in the direction—now backwards, now sideways—of the crabs that live in the Bay." The reader nods in concurrence, having been shown the evidence.

BENJAMIN QUARLES
Emeritus, Morgan State University


The publication of this second and concluding volume of the Biographical Dictionary of the Maryland Legislature, 1635–1789 marks the successful completion of a grand project, one worthy of Maryland's long and distinguished colonial history. The men and women who pioneered Maryland's early development established the cultural foundations that informed our subsequent evolution. Their contributions constitute the fount of our heritage.

On its face, these are biographies of Maryland's colonial legislators which make the work a "political" one. Actually, both volumes may be used as a window on Maryland's colonial economy and society: the approximately 1500 biographies provide rich information about family connections, wealth, religion, private and public careers, and occasional idiosyncratic behavior. And, finally, its very comprehensiveness—the biographies cover all the legislators—conveys a well-rounded feeling of what life was like behind the political institution of the legislature.

The Dictionary will be a primary tool for further research in Maryland's colonial politics. Virtually everyone is here, and volume II continues the same format as volume I. Each entry is identified by date and place of birth, family background, marriage, spouse's family, children, remarks about his private and public careers, their wealth (including personal property) during their lifetimes and at the time of death. Other information—mainly from legal records—is sandwiched into this format. In addition, corrections to volume I are appended to volume II and the reader is cautioned to verify information referenced in volume I to volume II: volume II has the "correct" information. Lastly, what appears here in print is but a condensation of the notes of the compilers. Those notes are on file and available to the public at the Hall of Records.

This has been a monumental project. The editors, research staff, and Hall of Records should be congratulated and thanked for making our way to colonial Maryland's history easier and better marked.

GARY L. BROWNE
U.M.B.C.


Historians have neglected Southern Catholicism, according to co-editor Randall M. Miller, because there were so few Catholics in the South, because the dominant Protestant culture attracted so much attention, and because much of Catholic scholarship was parochial, defensive in tone, or appeared in journals that non-Catholic historians do not read. Perhaps out of courtesy, Miller did not add that non-Catholic students of American religion and culture have tended to relegate Catholicism and Catholics to a scholarly ghetto. We have shown the same lack of interest in things Catholic that white scholars had shown for the experience of blacks, or male historians for women's role in history.

This book, therefore, is a welcome addition to the historiography of both Catholicism and the South, and one which Mercer University Press has handsomely and thoughtfully (footnotes at the bottom of the page) presented. Its purpose is to explore "the interplay between the Church and Southern culture." It does this through nine essays plus an introduction and afterword by the editors, who also are authors, individually, of three of the essays.

The book is divided into two parts, "The Church and Society" which examines the institutional aspects of Old South Catholicism, and "Society and Church" which focuses on Catholics rather than on Catholicism. One could also categorize the essays by type. There is the wide-ranging survey, intended to provide an introduction to a broad topic; examples are Miller's "A Church in Cultural Captivity: Some Speculations on Catholic Identity in the Old South" and Raymond H.
Schmandt's "An Overview of Institutional Establishments in the Antebellum Southern Church"—an interesting and readable essay despite its forbidding title. There is also the more narrowly-focused treatment such as might appear in a scholarly journal, typified by Gary B. Mills' "Piety and Prejudice: A Colored Catholic Community in the Antebellum South." The two approaches work well together.

The editors have succeeded in assembling a comprehensive overview of antebellum Southern Catholicism. The essays explore in detail elites and laborers; slaves, masters, and gens de couleur libres; French, English, Spanish, German, and Irish influences; the city and the countryside; laity and clergy; and nearly all the regions of the South. Sister Frances Jerome Woods, C.D.P., in "Congregations of Religious Women in the Old South" provides an excellent survey of women's religious orders and offers intriguing insights into sex roles (both inside and outside the Church) and race relations. Several of the essayists show how bishops, priests, and nuns accommodated Catholic institutions and theology of the South's peculiar institution; after exploring the Church's alignment with the slave system and its neglect of the slave, Miller concludes, in "The Failed Mission: The Catholic Church and Black Catholics," that "The wonder is not that Catholicism declined among the slaves of the rural South but that it survived at all." Finally, the non-Catholic, with little knowledge of the organization of the Catholic Church, of the varieties of Catholicism, or of significant issues in American Catholic history will find this book a useful introduction.

The book exhibits some of the flaws of its virtues. Because such significant themes as trusteeship, ethnic rivalry, nativism, and the paucity of resources so intertwine with each other, that they recur repeatedly throughout the book. The reader who approaches this book as an entity rather than a collection of discrete essays may find this repetition bothersome; on the other hand, it is likely that the researcher who reads only one chapter will find at least a reference to major themes.

Readers whose primary interest is Maryland history will find Catholics in the Old South worth reading. In one of the book's best essays, "Splendid Poverty: Jesuit Slaveholding in Maryland, 1805–1838," R. Emmett Curran, S.J., examines the dilemmas of a morality play worthy of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Maryland history is well-treated in an excellent essay by Richard R. Duncan (a former editor of this journal), "Catholics and the Church in the Antebellum Upper South," which surveys the major issues facing Catholicism from the Revolution to the Civil War. Using numerous biographical sketches, Jon L. Wakelyn examines "Catholic Elites in the Slaveholding South" from Maryland southward; some of those treated seem not very elite, and others not very Catholic, but the essay makes the important point that Catholic educational institutions served to keep the allegiance of wealthy Catholics. There are some disappointments, however. Dennis Clark's "The South's Irish Catholics" mentions only in passing that "in Maryland and Missouri there were vigorous Irish Catholic components," and seems not to consider Baltimore (which is only mentioned in a citation) a Southern city.

The editors explicitly offer this book as an introduction, a preliminary effort designed to provide a foundation for the work that needs to be done. The contributors have demonstrated clearly that Catholics and Catholicism were part of the antebellum South and that, though they had much less influence than Protestantism, they were not without impact on Southern culture. Several of the essays suggest avenues that students of the South, of Catholicism, and of American culture generally, might pursue profitably.

MICHAEL S. FRANCH
Baltimore, Maryland


Harriet Chapel is the home of a small Episcopal congregation at the foot of the Blue Ridge in Frederick County, a region not rich in Episcopalians. Elizabeth Y. Anderson has written its sequicentennial history with affection, intimate local knowledge, and scrupulous care in documentation. This is clearly a superior example of the genre.

From its settlement the area was mainly agricultural, but in 1776 James and Thomas Johnson opened Catoctin Furnace, one of the many iron furnaces of the mountains. Families connected with the Furnace were long the mainstay of the congregation. With the closing of the furnace in 1903, and after short-lived ventures in making paint and barrel stoves, the region settled down as a mixture of agriculture, service industries, light manufacturing, and dormitory. Nearby
presidential occupants of Camp David added a touch of the great world.

First sporadic efforts to bring the Gospel to furnace workers, then both black and white, came from Lutheran and especially Moravian clergy. It was one of the succession of proprietors of Catoctin Furnace, John Brien from Pennsylvania, who built a stone chapel in 1828, naming it after his late wife, Harriet McPherson. When the Moravians withdrew their services, Brien saw that the chapel became Episcopalian in 1833.

The fluctuating fortunes of the furnace were reflected in the smallness of the congregation and a long succession of short ministries, punctuated by periods of suspension of services. Striking indeed is the surprisingly large Sunday school, which was often kept going only by the devoted efforts of women when no clergy was available. Clearly the community felt the value of the chapel for the young, even when communicants were few. To secure a firmer financial base, at various periods Harriet Chapel was linked with nearby sister congregations, but at the cost of undue burdens on the clergy. Only after World War One did the automobile, the changing social character of the area, and a fortunate legacy give stability to reward the astonishing persistence of earlier generations.

BASIL L. CRAPSTER
Gettysburg College


Although Methodism in Britain dates from 1739 the movement did not reach America until about 1766. At that time Methodist societies were formed by Robert Strawbridge in Western Maryland and Philip Embry in New York City, with Strawbridge’s society being perhaps the earlier of the two (p. 22). These two men, both former Methodist lay preachers in Ireland, acted on their own in establishing these societies. The first official Methodist missioners, appointed by John Wesley, did not appear in the colonies until 1769.

About 1769, Methodist itinerants first made their way into the upper part of the Delmarva Peninsula (containing Delaware, the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and the Eastern Shore of Virginia). In 1771 Francis Asbury, appointed to act as Wesley’s General Assistant to the American Methodist societies, arrived in the colonies and in 1772 made his first visit to the Peninsula. Asbury, who eventually traveled some 270,000 miles serving American Methodism, spent much of the Revolutionary period in the Delmarva area, where Methodism first experienced its greatest growth. At first Asbury insisted on “old Methodism” which called for both an itinerating ministry and remaining as a movement within the broader Anglican fold (thus accepting baptism and communion only at the hands of Anglican clergy). He was able to defeat the early challenges of Boardman and Pilmore to “itinerating” and Strawbridge’s early efforts to administer the sacraments. With the independence of American Methodism in 1784, however, this second aspect of “old Methodism” was rendered obsolete.

The first Methodist to preach on the Eastern Shore of Maryland was Robert Strawbridge who proclaimed his message at the home of John Randle near Whorton in Kent County (1770). He was followed by Captain Thomas Webb in Queen Anne’s County in 1770 and Richard Wright in Cecil County in 1771. By 1772, then, all three of these northern-most counties had received some exposure to the Methodist message. Largely through the work of Francis Asbury and Freeborn Garrettson (a member of a Harford County Anglican family who was converted to Methodism in 1775) there was a systematizing of the preaching, setting up of societies, and the spreading of the message throughout the Shore (and the rest of the Peninsula). By 1773 the Kent Circuit (including Cecil, Kent, and upper Queen Anne’s) had 253 Methodists and half a dozen preaching places. Soon Methodist circuit riders were making their way into Caroline County (1775), Talbot County (1777), Somerset (1778), and Dorchester (1779).

Some of the early Methodist preachers experienced great physical abuse, as in the case of Freeborn Garrettson who was badly beaten by John Brown, a former Queen Anne’s County judge. During the American Revolution some (such as Garrettson and Joseph Hartley) were imprisoned for preaching without a license. Hartley, preaching through the windows of the jail in Easton, made a number of converts while still a prisoner himself.

Methodism soon spread like wildfire through the Eastern Shore, with thirty-one per cent of American Methodists dwelling on the Peninsula in 1784. This rapid growth was especially seen in the Dorchester circuit,
where the greatest increase in American Methodism had taken place in the twelve months preceding the Philadelphia Annual Conference of 1782. By 1800 the Dorchester Circuit was the largest of all those on the Delmarva Peninsula. So rapid was the increase on the Eastern Shore than in 1806 Asbury wrote to Thomas Coke (his fellow bishop) saying that in the spread of Methodism “the Eastern Shore excells all” (p. 57). By 1807 the number of Methodists on the Peninsula had reached a peak of 26,000—with some decline taking place in the following years.

Early Methodism had its greatest success among the “middling and lower sorts,” but it soon began to draw some of the “better sorts” or the gentry. By 1783 it had reached into such Eastern Shore families as Anderson in Kent County, Bruff and Benson in Talbot County, Downes and Frazier in Caroline County, and Airey, Ennalls, and Hooper in Dorchester County (p. 99). The way for this development, Dr. Williams argues persuasively, was prepared by the dominance of “old Methodism” on the Peninsula, so that one could be both a loyal Anglican and join a Methodist society—while the schismatic nature of Methodism south of the Potomac made Methodism much less appealing to the Anglican gentry in Virginia (p. 99). Asbury’s firm insistence on “old Methodism” had guaranteed a more sympathetic audience among the Maryland gentry than was to be found elsewhere. Even after Methodist independence in 1784 the process continued (encouraged by the weakened condition of the Episcopal Church after its disestablishment).

Although early Methodist preaching tended to be in the homes of some of the adherents, there soon arose a move to build Methodist chapels. By 1784 there were two dozen Methodist chapels in Delaware and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but none had yet appeared on the Peninsula below the Maryland line. Among the more famous is Barratt’s Chapel, built in 1780 about ten miles southeast of Dover (called, by Williams, the “oldest house of worship built by American Methodists that is still in use”). An even earlier building is the Bridgetown Chapel, erected by Anglicans along the Caroline–Queen Anne’s border in 1773. This structure was confiscated by the government of Maryland and turned over to Presbyterians for a time, before coming under Methodist control in 1778. Williams identifies this chapel as the “second–oldest Methodist church building still in use in the United States” (p. 60).

Given the paucity of early source material (such as class lists, letters, and journals) Dr. Williams has done an excellent job of picturing the rise, growth, and life of Delmarva Methodism in its first fifty years. Probably the most significant contribution that Dr. Williams makes in this book is to be found in his discussion of the “old Methodism” of Asbury (John Wesley’s very loyal disciple) and Asbury’s struggle to maintain this position against a number of strong (and self-seeking?) opponents. Williams’ treatment of early Methodism’s pacifism and the difficulty this caused during the Revolution is quite good. Also to be commended is his treatment of the anti-slavery position of early Methodism, both the strong early views and the later weakening of the Methodist position. The brief account of Methodist participation in abolition societies in Delaware (pp. 164–165) makes one wish, however, that there were some discussion of Methodist participation in three similar societies on the Eastern Shore of Maryland during the 1790–1820 period. Of real value also are his discussions of the impact of Methodism on its Delmarva members and the place of women and blacks in the Methodist movement. The inclusion of a number of maps, charts, and illustrations adds to the worth of the volume.

KENNETH L. CARROLL
Southern Methodist University
Maryland Genealogy and Family History Material Published in 1983 and 1984: A Bibliography

THOMAS L. HOLLOWAK

This bibliography cites 263 articles and books on family history and genealogy. Although it primarily covers the years 1983 and 1984, it also includes 61 items printed or published in 1982 which were not cited by Richard Cox in his 1982 bibliography.

Although a conscious attempt has been made to be as comprehensive as possible this compiler realizes he has probably inadvertently overlooked some genealogical articles and/or books published in 1983 or 1984. Along with his apologies, the compiler extends a request to those whose articles or books were not cited to send him this bibliographic information so as to be included in next year's compilation. He also appeals to genealogical societies, authors, editors, and booksellers to send full bibliographic citations of articles and books for the year 1985 to:

Thomas L. Hollowak
Baltimore City Archives
211 East Pleasant Street
Room 201
Baltimore, Maryland 21202


Mr. Hollowak is Acting Baltimore City Archivist and Records Management Officer.

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Weiser, Frederick S. *The Brunners of Scheverstadt*. Frederick, MD: Frederick County Landmarks Foundation, 1984.


BOOK NOTES

Departed This Life: Death Notices from the Baltimore Sun: Volume 1, 1851–1853. By Walter E. Arps, Jr. (Silver Spring: Family Line Publications, 1985. 171 pp. Indexed. $14.00. Copies may be ordered from the publisher, 13405 Collingwood Terrace, Silver Spring, Md. 20904.)

Genealogists will find this volume of obituaries a welcome addition to the body of newspaper sources available for Maryland researchers. Continuing where Thomas L. Hollowak’s indexing of Baltimore Sun death notices ended, the author of this volume has condensed the pertinent information into a useful volume. The abstracts contain not only dates of death, but ages and, where given, addresses, places of birth, and family relationships. Also included are directions that other newspapers should copy: the notice, assisting family historians in locating where other members of the family have gone. Baltimore in the mid-nineteenth century had a large population of German and Irish immigrants, and the Irish settlers were particularly assiduous in recording the county and parish of birth of their deceased relatives. Although the entries are arranged alphabetically, there is an index of “non-subject names.” Highly recommended for genealogists, local historians, and societies and libraries dealing in Marylandiana.

Names in Stone: 75,000 Cemetery Inscriptions from Frederick County, Maryland (Reprinted with More Names in Stone). By Jacob Mehring Holdcraft. 2 vols. (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1985. 1303, 68 pp. $00.00.)

Mr. Holdcraft’s first volume originally appeared in 1966, and has now been reprinted with additions and corrections by the Genealogical Publishing Company. The more than 75,000 names have been placed in alphabetical order (except for children, who are often listed with their parents), with the dates of birth and death and other pertinent data following. An abbreviated code for the specific cemetery is also given, and the code is explained in the first volume. In addition to the explanation of the codes, there is a series of maps giving the exact location of the more than 260 cemeteries located by Mr. Holdcraft. Following the main listing, there is an addenda on pp. 1289–1303, and a section, “More Names in Stone,” taken from peripheral areas of Frederick County. These two volumes are not only an indispensable resource for those working on Frederick County families; they could well serve as a model for similar compilations for other cemetery records.

Gone But Not Forgotten: Historic Graves, Private Burial Grounds and Cemeteries of Kent County, Maryland. Compiled by a committee of the Kent County Historical Society. (Silver Spring: Family Line Publications, n.d. 49 pp. Annotated index. $6.00. Copies may be ordered from the publisher, 13405 Collingwood Terrace, Silver Spring, Md., 20904.)

The committee which worked on this project from 1969 to 1972 is to be commended for recording so many tombstone inscriptions from Kent County. Each cemetery is given a number, and it is this number, not the page number, which is used in the index. Over one hundred cemeteries and burial grounds were noted, although some of them evidently had no stones still visible. In many cases the memorial verses have been included along with the transcriptions of vital data, adding some interest to the records.

The book is so helpful that this reviewer hesitates to offer any suggestions, but it would be helpful if the book were to contain a table of contents.


The Genealogical Publishing Company has performed a great service for Maryland researchers in reprinting this standard volume of source records. Marriage records from St. Mary’s, Anne Arundel, Charles, Frederick,
Montgomery and Washington Counties, the extant portions of the 1776 Census of Maryland, manorial records from Kent, Anne Arundel, Charles, Baltimore, Dorchester, and other counties, lists of naturalizations, pension records, voters’ lists, muster rolls, and vital records all combine to make this a most valuable reference work well worth the price. The two volumes are a must for individuals doing extensive research in Maryland, and for libraries whose original copies need replacing.

*Ball Cousins.* By Margaret B. Kinsey. (Baltimore: Gateway Press, 1981. x, 366 pp. Indexed, illus. $20.00 postpaid. Texas residents add 5% sales tax.)

The author has used early documents, maps, wills, inventories, and church records to put together an informative account of the American ancestry and cousins of Joseph Ball, 1752–1821. Many of the family lines are brought down to about 1900, and the book contains data on many of the early families of Philadelphia. The basis of the book was a list of 955 people descended from two couples (John and Sarah Ball, and William and Elizabeth Richards), the grandparents of Joseph Ball, whose estate was distributed to the 955 heirs between 1827 and 1858. The author uses a “1.1.2.6.4” style of numbering system to identify the beneficiaries. Descendants of the Ball, Gilbert, Smith, Custer, Campbell, Holloway, Richards, Kunzman, and Dewees families of early Philadelphia will find the book most helpful. Copies may be ordered from the author, Margaret B. Kinsey, Box 459, Lamesa, Texas, 79331.

ROBERT BARNES
Perry Hall, Maryland
NEWS AND NOTICES

MARYLAND STATE ARCHIVES

The Maryland State Archives is moving to a new Hall of Records building in July 1986. Our new address will be:

Maryland State Archives
350 Rowe Boulevard
Annapolis, Maryland 21401

Although we anticipate closing for the entire month of July 1986, the length of time may change. Effective Monday, April 7, 1986, the State Archives Search Room will be closed to the public each Monday from April 7 until our new Hall of Records Building opens this summer. Search Room hours will remain 8:30 to 4:30, Tuesday through Friday, and 8:30–12:00, 1:00 to 4:30 on Saturdays. We will also be closed on Friday and Saturday, May 30–31 for the Memorial Day holiday. This temporary change in our normal service is necessary to permit preparations for the move in July to our new facility. We encourage anyone planning to visit us this summer to contact us ahead of time.

SALEM STATE COLLEGE TO OFFER LOCAL HISTORY INSTITUTE

The Department of History and the Division of Graduate and Continuing Education, Salem State College, will offer a three day “Institute on the Study of Local History,” August 4 to August 6, 1986. The institute is open to educators, museum personnel, librarians, and all others who are working in the field of local/community history, serving as a volunteer, or who have an interest in the field. Three graduate or undergraduate credits may be earned by participants who are qualified and who do a research project or develop a curriculum unit. Upon completion of the institute, students will have eight weeks to complete their project or unit. Participants not seeking credit may audit the course.

For more information write to:

Professor John J. Fox, Director
Institute on the Study of Local History
Department of History
Salem State College
Salem, Massachusetts 01970.
(617)745-0556 X2369

CHESTERTOWN TOUR

The Historical Society of Kent County, Inc. will sponsor the 16th annual Candlelight Walking Tour of Historic Chestertown, Maryland on Saturday, September 20, 1986 from 6 to 10 p.m. More than a dozen architecturally significant 18th and 19th century historic buildings will be open to the public at a charge of $15 per person. Additional information and tickets may be obtained through the Historical Society of Kent County, P.O. Box 665, Chestertown, MD 21620; (301)778-3499.

SHELL BEAD CONFERENCE

The 1986 “Shell Bead Conference,” sponsored by the Arthur C. Parker Fund for Iroquois Research, will be held at the Rochester Museum and Science Center on November 15–16, 1986.

The overall theme of the conference is that shell beads, according to growing numbers of archaeological and ethnographic studies, represent important aspects of the material culture of many societies through time and space. Rather than simple ornaments, the beads may be viewed as evidence for a culture’s social, political, and economic structure, its belief systems and technology, and often far-flung trade relationships. The data, however, are commonly scattered among regional specialists and reports are unavailable. It is therefore appropriate now to focus on shell beads in a special conference in order to bring together scholars to consider new evidence and old, and to examine patterns of cultural activity from many current perspectives.

During the conference, the RMSC shell bead collection, particularly strong in examples from Iroquoian archaeological and ethnographic contexts, will be available for viewing.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR ADOPT-A-STONE CEMETERY PROJECT

The old Baptist Cemetery, located on Jefferson Street near Great Falls Road in Rockville, is the subject of a research project sponsored by Peerless Rockville and partially funded by a grant from the Montgomery County Historic Preservation Commission. The preservation group Peerless Rockville has maintained the small 19th century cemetery.
since 1984 and has long-term plans for its restoration.

The first step in this preservation project is to research the people buried there and to prepare a walking guide to the cemetery for the public. Volunteer researchers are needed to gather biographical information on the persons represented by the 20 gravestones that date back to 1839 and include familiar Rockville names such as Veirs and Bouic. This information will be the basis for the walking guide to be published this summer.

Please call Eileen McGuckian, executive director of Peerless Rockville, 762-0096 or Barbara Nickerson, project director, 340-2076 for further information.
MARYLAND PICTURE PUZZLE

Each installment of the Maryland Picture Puzzle presents a photograph from the collection of the Prints and Photographs Division of the Maryland Historical Society library. Test your knowledge of Maryland's past by identifying this street scene in Baltimore. What street is depicted here? When was the photograph taken? What was Royston Hall, headquarters of the "Trader's Assembly, State of Maryland" (shown in the lower right corner)?

Unfortunately, no one identified the location of the United Pentecostal Home, the Picture Puzzle from the Winter 1985 issue of the Magazine. Anyone having clues regarding the home is requested to contact the Prints and Photographs Division.

The following individuals submitted correct responses to the Spring 1986 Picture Puzzle: Mrs. Katherine Boessel, Mr. Walter C. Dippold, Col. J. A. M. Lettre, and Mrs. Margaret Proctor. The puzzle depicted the northeast corner of Lexington Street and Park Avenue, circa 1915. The church in the background is St. Alphonsus.

Send your response to the Summer 1986 Picture Puzzle to:
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