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Editor’s Notebook

Channeling

If you haven’t yet succumbed to cable television, your moment may be now. The History Channel, a twenty-four-hour service that offers documentaries, movies, and mini-series about events in history and historic figures, is now part of basic monthly cable services in Maryland.

The History Channel started in January 1995, a product of A & E Networks, which is jointly owned by the cable television branches of the Hearst Corporation, NBC, a subsidiary of the General Electric Company, and ABC, now owned by the Walt Disney Company. Aficionados of the new channel first encountered its style of programming on the older A & E (for arts and entertainment) Channel, which is distinguished by a smartly produced series of television biographies.

In an interview with the *New York Times* on May 20, 1996, Daniel E. Davids, general manager of the History Channel, explained that the service started with about a million subscribers and wound up with eight million at the end of 1995. That alone is one of the most remarkable surges in the history of cable. But the pace in 1996 is even faster: the channel is already reaching nearly twenty million homes. It seems that people write and call their cable companies, demanding the History Channel. What’s going on? Pragmatic Americans are not generally known for their love of history. Among your own friends you can probably find quite a few who shudder at their memories of boring and ill-taught history courses in high school and college. Bill Carter, author of the *New York Times* story, wonders whether the approaching end of the decade, the century, and the millennium accounts for a growing interest in history. He adds an observation by Thomas S. Rogers, a member of the executive committee for the History Channel, that “there is a very high correlation of cable operators who were also history majors in college.” Now there’s a fascinating confluence of influence. Could it be that those operators are successfully rounding up legions of aging boomers who finally see history as a guide to the future in a post–Cold War world of numbing complexity—the global village, the global marketplace, and all that?

According to the *Times*, the History Channel appeals to older, better educated, and more affluent fans than typical television viewers. The channel seems to reach a great many males between thirty-five and sixty-five. These audiences are likely to demand quality and accuracy in historical entertainment. The History Channel is delivering reasonable quality now and its acute audience is growing fast. It’s hard to see a downside to this.

In a time when new “history centers” are being built all over the country and directors of history museums spend a great deal of time thinking about “interpretation” and “connecting,” with the public, the success of the History Channel
deserves close scrutiny. History isn’t just literature anymore but entertainment as well.

What will you see if you tune in the History Channel? The first thing you will notice is the influence of Ken Burns (The Civil War and Baseball), who perfected both the use of still photographs and old prints to convey a sense of movement and frequent intercutting to varied expert narrators with strong personalities. The History Channel shows old movies—I, Claudius, The Last Days of Patton, and The Legend of Lizzie Borden are recent examples—and old television series like The Winds of War. Historians are on hand to explicate or debunk the films. Since the History Channel appeared in my basic cable service in June, I’ve watched Stephen Ambrose on D-Day, a series of programs on ships (whalers, clippers, etc.), and parts of another series on legends of the Old West. The entertainer Kenny Rogers was host for the latter, a high point of which was a program on the Texas Rangers—with plenty of university professors on hand to amplify the “story” and cool down the hot medium with objectivity. Frequently the channel uses black-and-white documentaries (many from the World War II era), generally valuable and historic film footage. The channel runs around the clock so its programming is repeated frequently. You have lots of choice of viewing times.

If you are one of those persons who say “I don’t watch much television” though you watch more than you care to admit, you can now say “I watch the History Channel.” You will be in good company. And maybe someone under thirty-five will hear you and give it a try as well.

E.L.S.

Cover

The Democratic National Convention, 1912

This parade on Baltimore Street opened the Democratic National Convention held at the Fifth Regiment Armory from June 23 to July 3, 1912. In the summer heat, standing-room-only crowds of excited onlookers filled the hall and watched as delegates, stripped to their shirt sleeves, constructed the party platform and voted ballot after ballot. A Democratic Party rule of the time required a two-thirds majority to nominate a presidential candidate. The rule prevented Speaker of the House James Beauchamp (“Champ”) Clark from winning an early victory. Woodrow Wilson finally secured the nomination on the forty-eighth ballot after gaining the support and delegates of William Jennings Bryan and Alabama’s Oscar Underwood. In this presidential election year, the Maryland Historical Magazine recognizes Baltimore’s role as a popular host of many of the nation’s national political conventions. See pages 203–210. (Maryland Historical Society Library.)

P.D.A.
Business and family life thrived on Pennsylvania Avenue in the 1950s before widespread drug use devastated this urban community. (Baltimore Department of Transit and Traffic photograph, courtesy of Jacques Kelly.)
New York City—historically the most cosmopolitan and anonymous of American cities, an international port with a tolerant tradition of vice and corruption—has always harbored a sizable portion of the nation’s drug addicts, reportedly a third to a half. But because New York is such a unique urban entity and California has always been a place where Americans played out their dreams and fantasies, a more ordinary city and its suburbs better illustrate the extraordinary post-war growth of American drug culture as it moved beyond the avant-garde, black and white, to become a perennial national scourge, the bane of average citizens and families. The city and suburbs of Baltimore, Maryland, allow us to see how abusing illegal drugs—once the deviant and stigmatized activity of a tiny number of people on the margins of society—became a widespread and almost mainstream activity in the 1970s and 1980s, openly celebrated by pop culture.

As World War II ended, Baltimore was the nation’s sixth-largest metropolis with a population of almost 950,000, a sprawling blue-collar town with mile upon mile of modest brick rowhouse neighborhoods. Despite a busy, bustling port connecting America’s Midwest to the rest of the world, Baltimore rather prided itself on its provincialism. It had been settled in the eighteenth century by English Catholics and soon had a sizable community of free blacks. The town’s generally conservative outlook was reinforced by the mid-nineteenth century wave of well-off political refugees rolling in from Germany (H. L. Mencken’s family came then), followed by far poorer immigrants from eastern
and southern Europe—Poles, Czechs, Ukrainians, Russian Jews, Italians. None of these relatively established groups viewed with favor the influx of migration that began around World War II—poor whites from Appalachia and poor blacks from the south, all uneducated folk seeking work at the port’s flourishing docks, many shipyards, Beth Steel’s Sparrow’s Point complex, and numerous defense industries like Westinghouse and Martin Marietta.

It was in the city’s black community that illegal drug use first appeared in Baltimore. One Calvin Johnson, nineteen, a black Navy veteran back home from the war and living at his parents’ house in west Baltimore, first encountered the small and still subterranean local drug scene on Pennsylvania Avenue. Fondly known as The Avenue, this wide street in the city’s western section was the lively epicenter of black Baltimore, a traditional district of shopping, entertainment, night life, and vice. The Avenue was the heady scene of every kind of diversion from fancy nightclubs to down-and-funky pool halls to prostitution. “In those days everything was flourishing,” recalls Johnson. “Everyone had money after the war and people were having fun, fun, fun.” The Royal Theater was one of the major stops on the black entertainment circuit and featured the country’s greatest entertainers—Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Ella Fitzgerald, Nat King Cole, and such local stars made good as Cab Calloway and Billie Holliday. Joints like Dreamland, Gamby’s, and Ike Dixon’s Comedy Club hopped to the hot sounds of musical prodigies like Dinah Washington, Erroll Garner, and Charlie Parker, and regularly booked such funnymen as Pegleg Bates, Slappy White, and Butterbean and Susie.

It was on The Avenue that Johnson met his first hipsters in 1949, and with them found his niche. “I liked the hipsters’ appearance. They were very slick. I liked the way they talked, the slang. You chose sides between the squares and the hipsters.” The heroin, he would later explain, was just part of the “glamor” of hipsterdom. When Johnson talks about choosing sides between the hipsters and squares, one hears Leroi Jones’s assertion that heroin appealed to the black proletariat because the “drug itself transforms the Negro’s normal separation from the mainstream of society into an advantage. . . . It is one-upsmanship of the highest order. Many heroin addicts believe that no one can be knowledgeable or ‘hip’ unless he is an addict.”

When Johnson surveyed the Baltimore he had returned to from wartime service, he felt deep anger that his patriotism had earned no greater respect or privileges. The memory forever rankled of the white soldiers on one troop train loudly declaring they couldn’t wait to get to Washington, D.C., so “we can separate from these niggers.” Says Johnson, “They thought I fought the war to let them come home and keep me down.” But Johnson also felt adrift.

After World War II, despite the longtime presence of a significant African-American community, Baltimore's racial attitudes were much like the rest of the nation’s, hostile to those who did not kowtow to the city’s racial rules—whether implicit or legislated. Blacks made up a fifth of the city’s popu-
lation in 1940 but occupied only one-fiftieth of the city’s area. In those industries and companies that employed them, blacks got the lowliest jobs. Juanita Jackson Mitchell, the aged matriarch of a black political clan, described the pre-war Baltimore of her youth as a “living hell. You could not go to restaurants, movie theaters, or stores. We could not be policemen or firemen.”

New York Times columnist Russell Baker moved to Baltimore in the late 1930s as a teenager and recalls a Baltimore “as segregated racially as Johannesburg [South Africa]. Neighborhoods, schools, movie theaters, stores, everything was segregated. It was an all-white police force, and the Sun was an all-white newspaper.”

However oppressive postwar Baltimore might be for blacks, to Calvin Johnson, nineteen, a black Navy veteran, it was still preferable to the U.S. military. Johnson had returned home from World War II on the Greyhound bus one crisp spring dawn, having declined to reenlist for one overriding reason. “I didn’t like the discrimination. During the whole war blacks were always segregated into the worst situations. I was a fireman first class in the South Pacific, working at a supply base in Espiritu Santo. If there were huts and mud for housing, we’d be in the mud. The only work you could do on Navy ships up until 1944 was as a steward’s mate. I came home a person with no direction and feeling very bitter.”

Johnson had experienced the usual Baltimore affronts: back-of-the-trolley seating in streetcars and segregated drinking fountains and bathrooms, complete with signs indicating Colored, Whites. And once at a five-and-dime downtown with his mother, he had been rudely ordered away from a lunch counter. Moreover, he, like all Baltimore blacks of the era, knew that the big department stores extended the privilege of entrance only to the most refined black families. Still, Johnson’s big, tight family had largely shielded him from racial indignities when he was growing up. And so it was in the U.S. Navy that he learned the harsh and galling truths of segregation and racism American-style. Now, with the war over, Baltimore civil rights activists mocked the racial status quo in 1948 by organizing—an interracial tennis match in sylvan Druid Hill Park. The players were all promptly arrested for the crime of “integrated recreation.”

Black veterans like Johnson were very much part of the raised expectations described by Leroi Jones as a major psychological shift in black America, yet Johnson found nothing to satisfy his yearning for something better. The one thing he really loved was jazz and the new bebop, and so for several years he used his G.I. Bill money to go to music school and learn jazz piano. “But I was just playing games,” he says many decades later. “That was not going to take me anywhere.” When the veterans’ benefits ended, Johnson took a job at an army depot, but “I wanted something more out of life, something to grab hold of me and get me out of the mud of routine.” When nothing promising presented itself, no larger inspirational framework, no political or social movement that
spoke to his hopes or his alienation, Johnson turned to Lifestyle as Statement and heroin.

Calvin Johnson became part of a fast-growing Baltimore hipster underground that prided itself on its overall savoir-faire. One longtime addict named Leroy explains that long-ago scene: "Life was going out together—parties, clubs on the avenue, boosting [shoplifting]. Drugs were just part of that larger lifestyle. Your clothes and going to certain night spots was very important. Part of the lifestyle was to look nice, to wear a necktie and a nice shirt. I didn’t come from no broken home and the thirty or so guys who were addicts right after the war, they didn’t come from no broken home either."7 One of the rare black female addicts of the immediate postwar era recalls, "The lifestyle was to hang out where there was live entertainment and musicians because a lot of the musicians who came into town used. You had women who were hustlers way before they were addicts and they did a lot of shop-lifting and checks [to pay for drugs]. By the fifties, though, most had turned to prostitution. And a lot of women hooked up with dealers because you could always be sure of having a shot."8 One needs to linger over the figure Leroy cites—"thirty or so guys"—to truly appreciate the minuscule number of hipster-addicts and the amazing expansion of addiction in the coming decades.

As Calvin Johnson and others signed on to the hedonistic pursuits of the hipsters, Leroy estimates that the number of addict-hipsters grew from thirty to three hundred in five years. Another new convert, James, recalls the scene in 1950 when he discovered heroin. "My gang of guys was on the progressive side. They were the best dressers, wore the best clothes, went to all the social functions, the jazz shows, the dances. I noticed they were sneaking off and when I went with them out came a makeshift works with eye droppers, a used process spoon, and a piece of cotton. They cooked some substance out of little pills, which turned out to be heroin. A lot of neighborhood people shunned these guys and so I was careful not to let my family know I was hanging around with them. Many of the guys had jobs where they did some kind of hustle. Maybe they’d work at a clothing store or on a truck or in a grocery store. They’d always set aside [steal] something to sell.

“And then you had the boosters and the burglars, guys that took pride in their hustles. Say they’d crack an automobile, steal a coat or a camera. These things would get him over for the day. He didn’t need a great deal.” As one group of researchers observed, “status in this subculture was derived primarily from criminal success, and it manifested itself in the argot used, style of dress, and general image projected to others. . . . Narcotics were used largely for their prestige value, since the user was regarded as being a special kind of person, or ‘in the know.’ . . . Addiction was not the result of an intolerable home life or the consequences of social deprivation; rather it appears to have been a by-product of a lifestyle that was consciously adopted."9

As heroin became part of black Baltimore’s hip scene, many felt obliged to
try it. Recalls James, “Guys didn’t want to be ostracized, to be called a square because they wouldn’t try. They’d say you didn’t know what you were missing, they’d ridicule you. Most of us were not strong enough to say this ain’t for me. You wanted to be accepted by the group and so out of curiosity you’d try it. And for most of us that was all it took to cut our hearts out and send us down the river for life. I only knew three people who tried drugs who didn’t get involved.” Even if the heroin was initially ancillary, purportedly part of a larger hip scene, eventually it always and insidiously became the central feature of these hipsters’ lives. They always saw themselves as hipsters, but to the rest of the world they eventually were transformed into plain old junkies, people whose top priority and preoccupation was getting opiates into their veins.

Calvin Johnson recalls first snorting a capsule’s worth of heroin in 1949 at a dance where Lester Young was playing. Johnson had already been smoking marijuana for a couple of years. “I was searching for something else in my life. I felt some kind of a void. And heroin filled that void.” A year later, he was on the needle. “It was the high that superseded all else. It was the Street of Dreams that shunted everything else aside. This was now your master.” Johnson’s many brothers, honorably pursuing honest work and raising their own families, repeatedly warned him against drugs and the fast life. But

National and local celebrities played on the stage of the Royal Theater on Pennsylvania Avenue, attracting local “hipsters” to a lifestyle that included drug use. (The Peale Museum, Baltimore City Life Museums.)
Johnson paid no attention. Nor did he take any responsibility for a small daughter he had with a girlfriend, never even visiting the child. When over the years Johnson occasionally sought drug treatment, it was only under legal duress.

In this smalltime drug scene, there were as yet no major pushers, no gangsters or organized crime types. Heroin was not introduced to Baltimore by criminal design, but almost certainly by New York blacks visiting the city—very possibly jazz musicians. Once the drug's pleasures and its (then small) potential for profit were known, some of the more enterprising local addicts traveled to Washington, D.C., or New York City to buy heroin that they would sell to their fellow addicts. They did not make any great money from this, but it allowed them to finance their own heroin habits. Says Hiram Butler, a retired black policeman who joined the Baltimore force in 1938 and worked the narcotics squad for part of his career, "Nobody had any idea then after the war that it would become so big or so bad."

The veteran addict Leroy confirms the smalltime nature of this nascent drug culture, "Actually it was no big problem supporting your habit then because heroin was a dollar a cap. You needed about $5 to support your craving. I learned all kinds of things from a few older fellows about robbing and that kind of thing. Most of these guys were boosting, shoplifting. It was the main source of income for heroin addiction. There were also a series of con games you could play and I knew them all." At this early stage of Baltimore's drug culture, there were reportedly still certain observed rules of conduct. James asserts proudly, "In 1950-55, a black addict would not break into the home of anyone in his neighborhood. Nobody, absolutely nobody would do that. There was very strong integrity at that time. Except for one thing. If a black dealer got put into jail, everyone would just break their neck getting to his house to search it and see if anything was in it."

Reaction and Under-reaction

As heroin use and selling expanded beyond Pennsylvania Avenue and certain clubs like Dreamland and the Belmont pool hall, city authorities became concerned enough to appoint a Youth Emergency Council in March of 1951, followed shortly by the establishment of a new police narcotics squad. Leroy feels the impetus for these actions was the city's first drug-related shooting in 1949. As he recalls it, "A fellow named Jimmy shot another guy at the Dreamland on Pennsylvania Avenue, then one of the few places you could get drugs in Baltimore. Jimmy had bought this stuff and he was not satisfied with the quality of it. He demanded reimbursement or more drugs and the guy refused. So Jimmy shot him."

But newspapers of the day suggest that the galvanizing events were testimony before a local grand jury—one, by a federal narcotics agent, who declared marijuana use by local teenagers "almost out of hand," and two, by a
local policewoman who said “Negro teenagers in the Pennsylvania avenue area were being given dope shots free ‘in order to build up the habit.’ ” Probably just as alarming were a series of obviously drug-related crimes: an eighteen-year-old who raced into a men’s clothing store, grabbed six suits, and fled. When caught by a foot patrolman, he confessed his plight. And then there were a series of brazen daylight hold-ups of downtown loan offices by a small group of addicts.

Baltimore police arrests reflect the soaring postwar levels of black heroin use. In 1942 seven blacks were arrested for narcotics. Ten years later that figure was 242. Hiram Butler, the pioneering black policeman, believed that in the late fifties a fair number of the fresh recruits to the addict life were newcomers from the south, those seeking a place in city life. And indeed, when the city surveyed several hundred arrested addicts in 1960, they found 30 percent had moved from elsewhere, mainly the south. The Baltimore narcotics squad was launched in 1951 with Sergeant Joseph F. Carroll as its head. Described by a local paper as “200 trim pounds of fist, shoulder, and chest,” Carroll immediately became a much-feared presence around the Avenue. Wearing dark suit, bow tie, and snap-brim hat, Carroll cruised in an unmarked car, keeping a hard eye out for drug activity. Stories soon circulated that Carroll had a special vendetta against addicts because his own father, also a Baltimore cop, had been killed by an addict. In fact, his father, also a Sergeant Carroll, had been gunned down in front of Baltimore police headquarters on November 18, 1928, when a gunman wanted in New York City tried to shoot his way free of another policeman who had arrested him. If the gunman was an addict, the reports of the time do not mention it.

Sergeant Carroll the son gave no quarter, becoming a hated figure of authority to local addicts during his fifteen-year tenure. “Oh, man,” remembers one, “he instilled fear in people, fear. We changed the way we operated. You couldn’t deal out of your pockets no more. So we took it off the streets and into people’s houses. Before there’d be an exchange right on the street. But Carroll, anytime he saw you he’d frisk you down because he knew if he did it enough, he’d catch you dirty one of these times.” In those days, the law allowed the narcotics squad to pick up addicts and detain them for seventy-two hours, more than enough for withdrawal to hit.

Once the three-man squad was organized, there was little more public hue and cry about drugs, in the white or black communities, for almost a decade. Carroll remembers virtually all the heroin addicts and dealers being black. And yet, “the black community never complained about the heroin problem. The ones who weren’t involved didn’t care.” For just as black heroin addicts looked down on “square” people, the middle-class blacks looked down on the addicts. “It was a lower-class narcotic,” explained Butler, the black cop. “It was a street form of narcotic. The real commoners used it.” Certainly the Afro-American, a powerful voice in the Baltimore black community, paid little atten-
tion to the issue in these early years. When two black teenagers died mysteriously on the street one day in February 1950, the newspaper gave the deaths front-page play. But when the medical examiner’s verdict of “heroin poisoning” came down, that was buried way back. One suspects that the newspaper perceived heroin as a lowlife issue deleterious (and irrelevant) to its readership of respectable blacks.

Moreover, in the fifties the relatively small number of black addicts had not yet begun to seriously prey on their own community. One might even say they served a certain purpose—supplying a steady stream of otherwise unaffordable material goodies. For shoplifting remained the favored means of paying for one’s drug habit, and hot goods generally went for a third to a fifth of their value. Someone somewhere was buying shoplifted bargains. From his beat on Pennsylvania Avenue, Patrolman James Watkins watched the daily procession of hustlers back from a “boosting” outing at downtown department stores and shops. “They came back loaded down. They had regular booster coats and they could even take a small television between their legs. Belts with special hooks could hold two or three hams. They would even take orders from people for particular items—a tweed suit, whatever.”

All through the fifties and early sixties, (now) Captain Carroll and his narcotic squad remained a feared force. One newspaper profile described how “from 9 to 10 each morning, five or six days a week, hopheads, pushers and informers come to pay homage to ’J. C.’. . . Carroll has a file of known narcotics users in the Baltimore area. He asserts he can get his hands on half of them in a few hours.” Despite Carroll’s deserved reputation for relentless enforcement, the city’s addict population grew steadily. No amount of determined police work could change either the Zeitgeist that deemed heroin hip or reverse the city’s growing ranks of the poor and uneducated, fertile terrain for drug culture. “It was inevitable it would grow,” says Johnson, “because of what drugs do. When you’re high all your problems are solved. You are on top. And every person thinks they won’t be like the others. They’ll be able to control it.”

Moreover, up until 1960 virtually no treatment was available, save for ten beds in Spring Grove, a Maryland state hospital. But if treatment was in short supply up through the early sixties, drugs were not. Once sold only in select shady hang-outs in west Baltimore, heroin was now being peddled in other city locales. For the first time, addicts could buy drugs in certain declining East Baltimore neighborhoods, or in South Baltimore. By 1964, police had on file more than a thousand names of known addicts. Of these, almost 700 were black men, 270 white men, 83 black women, and 35 white women.

But few of the whites were heroin addicts, simply because they did not have ready access to heroin. The coterie of black dealers were extremely leery of selling to whites, whose presence in highly segregated neighborhoods only attracted police notice. Instead, whites abused over-the-counter opiate-based
cough syrups, forged prescriptions for drugs like Dilaudid and morphine, conned doctors, or burglarized drugstores and physicians' offices in search of drugs. As researchers noted, "White addicts engaged primarily in crimes that yielded drugs, while black addicts focused upon crimes that generated cash to maintain an overall lifestyle that happened to include drugs."16

Anthony Rizzi was one of a few dozen white addicts in the Baltimore of the late 1950s. Though he lived with his parents and younger sister in the middle-class Pimlico neighborhood, the sixteen-year-old Rizzi often hung around his grandmother's house in tough working-class Highlandtown in East Baltimore. And it was here that this high school sophomore, who did well academically and played basketball, baseball, and soccer, first tried drinking opiate-based cough syrup to get high. "The people who used the syrups were very elitist and condescending to anyone who drank alcohol," he recalls. "They weren't going to drink alcohol and get all sloppy. That's what drew me to the syrups, that euphoria without the sloppiness. And the few people I knew who did the syrups tended to be the better dressers, the good athletes. They felt they were hipper."

At first Rizzi could get high on one four-ounce bottle of cough syrup, which cost 76 cents. He continued during his sophomore year to do reasonably well in school and participate in sports. But by his junior year, he was up to four or five bottles of syrup a day and rarely at school, for studies or sports. "All the things kids normally do fell by the wayside," he recalls. Moreover, it was getting decidedly harder to buy syrup. When Rizzi had started you could walk into any pharmacy, pay for the syrup, sign a log, and walk out. Now, as pharmacists and the state got wise to what was happening, the whole procedure tightened up until finally opiate-based syrups were no longer available over-the-counter in Baltimore. As cough syrups got harder to obtain, Rizzi was experimenting with morphine and heroin provided by the few other white addicts he knew.

"I remember the first time with heroin, these guys were telling me this would be the most wonderful feeling. They used an eye dropper and a needle to shoot me up. I didn't enjoy it and it was another month or so before I tried it again. The problem with heroin for us was that it was very expensive. You had to be out stealing every day all day to finance a heroin habit. We used to go into stores and steal dozens of cartons of cigarettes. I never did it much because it was just such a difficult life. I got arrested with my friend Earl for stealing. I decided that stealing drugs directly made more sense. So I would go into pharmacies and just wait till the clerk went away from the counter."

Like the black heroin addicts, Rizzi, the white pharmaceuticals addict, also lived in fear of Captain Joseph Carroll and his narcotics squad. "They knew who used drugs. I was picked up eleven times for 'investigation,' as it was then known. They could detain you because they suspected you of using drugs and hold you seventy-two hours. Well, my poor mother and father were now going through an absolute nightmare. At 2 A.M. Captain Carroll would appear at
our house and haul me off." Rizzi's first conviction came when a gas station owner caught him shooting up in the restroom. A sympathetic judge gave him five years probation. Rizzi was also sent for psychiatric treatment, to no avail. Six months later he was spotted stealing drugs from behind a pharmacy’s counter. So well did Captain Carroll know the local addicts that the mere physical description of Rizzi sufficed. When they picked him up for questioning, he was found to possess drug paraphernalia. Since this was his second offense, he received a five-year prison sentence.

It was in 1960 that Calvin Johnson—with Captain Carroll after him for dealing—fled Baltimore for New York. By now Johnson had served two stints in state prison. "All dope fiends need to be in New York to know they've hit bottom," says Johnson. "In the shooting galleries there you see the most dirty, filthy shit—maggots, vomit, dirty cookers, dirty water. All they're ever thinking of is getting high. Before New York I just did dealing, but now I got into real criminal stuff." In 1963, a down-and-out Johnson came back to Baltimore, rejoining the fast-expanding ranks of addicts to resume a more provincial version of the fast life.

A Full-Time Culture

Throughout the sixties the addict population swelled, until the known number in the police file had more than doubled from 1,084 to 2,338. And even that underestimated the true numbers. A 1969 Drug Abuse Study commissioned by the Maryland State Department of Mental Hygiene demonstrated that a great many addicts were unknown to local law enforcement. From 1951 to 1966 Baltimore City police records showed a total of about 4,000 known addicts. But a state study done in the late sixties identified almost 1,800 addicts previously undetected through checking state prisons, health agencies, and the state's psychiatric register.

When Anthony Rizzi emerged from state prison in 1965, the drug culture was "so much more pervasive and indiscriminate, it was a shock to me. I remember there were a bunch of guys who used to stand around with their cars outside a bowling alley on Park Heights Avenue. Now members of this group were using opiates. These were not people we had regarded as hip. Yet, here they were using drugs and all strung out." Rizzi himself soon relapsed, his connection a black friend from prison. It was only after he married and his daughter was born in late 1966 that Rizzi, now twenty-six, seriously reexamined his life. "It was really apparent that I was in a very precarious position because if I was caught again I faced the possibility of a very serious sentence. And I felt guilty wasting money on drugs when the baby needed things." And so ten years after he first drank syrup and began his downward spiral, Rizzi signed up with the then-experimental treatment of methadone maintenance. Of his friends who continued on in the fast life, he would say in the mid-
1990s, “Bobby is dead of an OD, Paul is dead, Nicky dead of an OD, Buddy’s alive but in prison, Earl is alive but in prison. And Guy runs an office supply place. He and I are the only ones who got out and did something with ourselves.” (Today Rizzi is an attorney.)

But more than the sheer numbers of addicts was changing in Baltimore’s full-time drug culture. As the ranks of the addicts swelled, and certain long-time addict-dealers went off to significant prison terms, black neighborhoods saw the rise of new, more ruthless heroin dealers, disparagingly known as the “profiteers.” These were not enterprising addicts provisioning their fellow junkies with the all-important commodity—heroin—but tough guys who saw a chance to make a significant buck off a captive audience of consumers. As full-time dealers entered the scene, there was a dramatic increase over several years in the cost of heroin from $5 to $25 a bag and a notable drop in quality. No longer sold in capsules of about 5 percent purity, heroin came now in tiny glassine bags (the sort meant to be used by stamp collectors for stamps) containing God knew what.

But even more important perhaps for the existing drug scene, the new addicts coming on line were far younger and less skilled in financing the heroin habits that the “profiteers” were making more expensive every month. The new addicts were not seasoned military veterans or skilled hustlers who paraded their elegant wardrobes at swank clubs. The new addicts increasingly were highly troubled delinquents, the teenage products of broken families. From 1960 to 1970 the city of Baltimore’s welfare population exploded, quintupling from 5,218 families with almost 18,000 kids to 26,666 families with 77,000 kids. Baltimore’s black community had always been far poorer than whites (a median family income of $4,123 versus $6,390 in 1960), but now its family structure also began to crumble. And to Calvin Johnson, part of the reason was drugs. “When these people were using drugs, they couldn’t earn a living, most of them, so they went on welfare. And their kids after them is on welfare too, because they don’t know how to do anything. They’re intertwined, drugs and welfare, a part of each other.”

One of the original black addict-dealers recalled, “I went away [to prison] in ’59 and came back in ’65 and it was a different world when I came back. Some of the methods we used to support our habits had become obsolete to the generation of the sixties. They were nasty cats, man. They’d knock you on the head with a brick or something and take your money. Or they’d go into a bank with a pistol and hold people up. The younger generation just found it easier to use the gun than to use the cons. The gun became very prominent. They’d stick you up, take your money, and then be brazen enough to come back into the neighborhood the next day. Quite a few of the stick-up guys were Vietnam vets. The Vietnam guys came back, gung-ho about hitting people and stuff. It was really frightening out there. It soon reached the point where human life
didn’t have much value. Guys were taking contracts on people, killing one an-
other over $10 or $15.”

Soaring local crime statistics confirm this sense of criminality run amok. In
1948, when the city harbored fewer than a hundred heroin addicts, the Balti-
more Police Department’s annual report showed 1,765 burglaries. A burglary
is a property crime—a thief has broken into a home or business to steal. In
1948 there were 3,873 larcenies, a crime category that covers any stolen prop-
erty, including shop-lifting. And then there were 402 robberies, or the taking
of property through force—i.e. your typical street mugging or store hold-up.
By 1965, when the “now generation” of addicts hit the streets, those crime sta-
tistics would soar from 1948’s 1,765 burglaries (break-ins) to 7,393 burglaries;
from 3,873 larcenies (general stealing) to 17,436; and from 402 robberies
(hold-ups) to 2,109. Over the next five years as heroin addiction and overall
drug use became even more epidemic the two most feared crimes—break-ins
(burglary) and being mugged and held-up (robbery)—rose manyfold. By 1970
burglaries almost tripled from 7,393 to 19,041, and robberies quintupled from
2,109 to 10,965.\(^{19}\) In a twenty-year period, burglaries rose tenfold, while hold-
ups and muggings soared almost thirtyfold!

One can probably safely attribute this huge surge in crime to the fast-
spreading drug culture because heroin addicts commit extraordinary amounts
of crime to fund their habits, which are always growing. Addicts need ever-es-
calating doses of opiates to get high and stop feeling withdrawal. Moreover,
addicts are not likely to put something by for tomorrow. If they score enough
in a robbery to buy five bags of heroin, they will not carefully set aside four for
the coming days. They will shoot up everything. And so they are on a constant
treadmill of getting money and getting drugs.

Criminologist John Ball and Prof. David Nurco researched the legal records
of 243 longtime Baltimore addicts and also interviewed them about their
criminal activities. Over an eleven-year period, “it was found that these 243
heroin addicts had committed more than 473,000 crimes. As measured by
crime-days, the average addict committed over 178 offenses per year and al-
most 2,000 offenses during his post-onset lifetime. Although the predominant
offense committed was [non-violent] burglary and larceny (as with most
populations of criminals), these addicts were also involved in a wide range of
other crimes: drug sales, robbery, forgery, pimping, assault, and murder.”\(^{20}\)

When one oldtime dealer reemerged in 1965 from prison, he was amazed at
how drugs had spread in the time he was gone. Certainly the state’s own Drug
Abuse Study showed that of about 900 drug addicts arriving in state prison in
1968, 70 percent had started using drugs since 1960. Recalls this dealer,
“When I came back in ’65 drugs was all over the city, little clusters. It wasn’t
centralized on Pennsylvania Avenue anymore. I think urban renewal had
something to do with it . . . [and] this new young generation of addicts. When
white people began moving out of certain neighborhoods and blacks moved in, they took their environment with them, including drugs.”

James the longtime addict also observed the big changes in the black addict world when he emerged in the mid-sixties from a prison stint. “The drug environment must have grown a thousand percent. Where once I saw one addict, now I saw ten.” The old hipsters like James and Leroy were not at all pleased by the appearance of this huge new generation of young black addicts, a group they disdainfully called the “now generation.” Says James, “These new addicts were kids born from broken homes, with no real mother, father, not enough love. So you took these kids with no real wholesome home, no good background, that’s who was in the street.”

“They started off drinking syrup [the same over-the-counter codeine cough syrups that were a staple for the white addicts] and then they migrated into hard drugs. This now demanded real money and these kids had no knowledge of real hustling, none of the so-called arts of the older groups. This resulted in violence. How could he get $100 to take care of his habit? So the kid takes up a pistol and he begins to kill people, by mistake. They just didn’t know what they were doing. Then they began to snatch welfare recipients’ checks, to snatch the pocket book from some lady on the corner with a baby in her arms. If the baby falls and busts his brains, what do they care? They were desperate little animals. They were caught up in the rat race of that jungle they came out of and they didn’t know no other way to get money. And there were no [drug treatment] programs available in Baltimore then. I think what added to the drug culture more than anything else was the social breakdown.”

While the recollections of older addicts suggest that it was drugs alone that pushed the new young users into violence, Prof. Nurco’s extensive studies with Baltimore addicts show that most of these predatory addicts had been engaged in violent crimes before they started using drugs. They just got worse when addicted. Prof. Nurco found that addicts fell into at least one of three categories—those who engaged in criminal activity (often violent) before discovering drugs and whose addiction encouraged more of the same; those who had little prior history of criminality but who steadily and skillfully committed non-violent crimes once addicted and were rarely caught; and then a few who were addicted but controlled it enough to be part of the straight world and lead relatively upright lives. By the early seventies, heroin in Baltimore had become so expensive and so weak that addicts became known as “hope fiends.” It was not so much the almost imperceptible high of this weak heroin that was addictive, but the “fast life” that revolved around the drug.

Throughout the postwar decades, the city of Baltimore was growing steadily poorer as both the better-off and jobs migrated elsewhere, a decline that was almost assuredly exacerbated by the steadily-expanding drug culture. Families of that era seeking to shield children from drugs could best accomplish that by moving. And the relentless criminal activities of local addicts exacted a steady
and debilitating toll on community and commercial life. The Avenue declined precipitously as people feared to venture forth. How much shop-lifting or hold-ups or nighttime break-ins could a business (or its customers) tolerate before it moved or shut down? In 1955, the city had 81 percent of the area’s industrial plants and 58 percent of its manufacturing employment. By 1965 that had declined to 72 percent and 56 percent. And as Prof. Nurco notes, “There’s a relationship between poverty and addiction.” So as drug culture helped drive out “straight, square” society, the cycle of decline intensified, producing an ever-poorer city. By 1970 a study found that in Baltimore almost 40 percent of black men between sixteen and twenty-five and 25 percent of white men were neither working nor in school.22 Meanwhile, the exodus of hard-working, law-abiding citizens accelerated. From 1950 to 1975 the city’s population shrank from 950,000 to 830,000.

Looking back on this period of rapidly expanding heroin addiction, Prof. Nurco says, “First, there was widespread availability. And then you had the mood of the society in the sixties and the changing values that said this stuff was okay. Deviancy begets deviancy. If you have kids hanging around with kids who are deviant and there’s open criminality in the home, you find it creates a constellation of deviancy. And the ultimate form of deviancy is narcotic addiction. The other thing we’ve observed, when you look at kids living on the same block exposed to the same opportunities to use drugs, is that the presence of the natural father is definitely a factor for those who reject drugs.” With soaring illegitimacy and divorce rates and widespread addiction (addicts do not function well as husbands or fathers), many more children found themselves in homes without any father—much less their natural fathers—and therefore more vulnerable. Prof. Nurco observed in a 1975 paper entitled “Narcotic Abusers and Poverty” that “narcotic abusers under eighteen years of age have a greater likelihood of being on the Medicaid lists as members of a family on AFDC.”23 Again, the poverty-welfare-drugs connection.

In 1950 the city of Baltimore had had two deaths from heroin overdoses, the two black teenagers who collapsed on the street. Over the next two decades, the city had become steadily poorer, until in 1970 12 percent of its populace was on welfare. As the city’s fortunes declined, drug culture spread and became deeply entrenched, a destructive form of solace. In 1970 fifty-nine people died of drug overdoses, thirty times more than 1950. Forty-four of these drug casualties were blacks: eleven teenagers, thirty-one adults between twenty and forty, and two over forty. Fifteen were white: two teenagers and thirteen adults aged 20 to 40.24 One is haunted by the words of James, one of the city’s earliest black heroin addicts. “Out of curiosity you’d try it. And for most of us that was all it took to cut our hearts out and send us down the river for life.” Rare was the acolyte of the full-time drug culture who found his or her way back up the river to a full and meaningful life. For as Johnson explained, “This [heroin] is your master now.”
Suburbia Tunes In

Up through the mid-1960s illegal drugs remained an inner-city phenomenon in Baltimore as elsewhere, a remote and irrelevant vice to white middle-class Americans placidly pursuing the good life in the nation’s leafy suburbs. It was simply not a part of growing up white and upwardly mobile, not something that parents worried about. But all that was about to change drastically.

Milford Mill High School, just north of Baltimore, was the classic postwar suburban school, a low-lying brick box set amidst athletic fields, the institutional equivalent of the suburban ranch house: no charm, no tradition, but attractive enough and well-suited to its task. Opened in 1949 to educate the children of county farmers and the earliest suburbanites, by the early sixties Milford Mill’s fluorescent-lit classrooms were swamped by the tidal wave of the postwar baby boom. French teacher Robert Rivkin, who taught at Milford Mill from 1963 to 1992, recalls, “About 75 percent of these kids went to a four-year college and practically all the students came from two-parent families where both mother and father had college degrees.”

There were the perennial concerns about underage drinking and premarital sex, but in the fall of 1967 there was no concern whatsoever about drugs. Mindy Milstein Shuman, class of ’68, remembers a happy ignorance. “When I first came into high school I had never heard of drugs.” French instructor Robert Rivkin was probably typical of the teachers when he says that he was “totally unaware of the existence of drugs. I had heard of marijuana and heroin from stories I’d read in magazines and newspapers. But it was definitely all thug-underworld stuff to me at that time.”

During the 1967–68 school year all that began to change. Tom Knoche, a Troy Donahue–handsome athlete and student government leader voted “most popular senior” of the class of ’68, recalls that for him and virtually every other student in the school “drugs were all new. They were something you weren’t supposed to do, really unacceptable behavior.” Yet during that year smoking marijuana became more and more acceptable behavior. Milford seniors in the class of ’68 all vividly remember that theirs was dubbed “The Class of Grass.” In part this was playful allusion to the school’s athletic fields being redone and reseeded, but it was mainly a reference to marijuana.

And while Mindy Milstein never used marijuana at Milford, she remembers nonetheless that 1967 was clearly delineated as a “drinking” class, while 1968 was a “smoking” class. “There was a lot of talk,” she recalls. “People became more cavalier about it. There was no specific event that sticks in my mind, just this new realization during our senior year that there were now pot parties. I found it scary because I had a neighbor who was a college student and I had seen her go from marijuana to Quaaludes in less than a year and she did not seem in good shape. I didn’t want that kind of loss of control.”

Knoche, referring to the morass in Vietnam and the ever-tenser civil rights
By the late 1960s drug culture had spread to Baltimore's suburbs, affecting schools such as Milford Mill High School in Baltimore County. (Milford Mill High School.)

struggle, says, "Things were a mess and the message was 'Experiment, try things! Don't be a tight-ass.' And so marijuana really came into its own. Our senior year we all knew it was around. I wasn't a user or into it, but I remember a couple of parties where I saw people smoking joints." Certainly these high school seniors were coming of age in an extraordinarily tumultuous time.

In the late-sixties atmosphere of unrest and dissension, it is no wonder that the ambient message was that "Things are a mess. Experiment. Try things!" Moreover, as popular skepticism mounted about the official rosy pronouncements out of Vietnam, this filtered down into an all-round skepticism about any kind of government authority. Longtime official warnings and information about drugs—especially marijuana—were assessed in this newly skeptical
light. For decades the Federal Bureau of Narcotics had been equating marijuana with heroin, describing it as a highly dangerous drug. Marijuana, declared the FBN again and again, might well drive you mad before leading you inevitably to heroin. Now students experimenting with grass found the initial experience was often giggles and euphoria. Remembers one junior from that year, "Friends who smoked grass or hash told me they weren't particularly harmful."

While students like Knoche and Milstein and the vast majority of their classmates were only just hearing of marijuana for the first time in the 1967–68 school year and perhaps trying it, a tiny coterie of Milford students—a few dozen in a high school of almost two thousand—were already deeply into illegal drugs. "I was wasted from day one of eleventh grade," recalls Mike Gimbel, a wiry dark-haired boy who arrived at Milford Mill in the fall of 1967 as a junior. "I went varsity in drugs." Gimbel's enthusiasm for being high went back to eighth-grade dances. "I found that getting drunk—usually Thunderbird wine—gave me confidence to be like my friends. It got me psychologically hooked on altering my senses."

By ninth grade, Gimbel had moved up to weekend glue sniffing. Then in the summer of 1966 he went to Ocean City, a traditional Maryland teenage party spot. While others enjoyed the sun and surf, he was busy trying out various new drugs. Back home, young Gimbel appeared on the surface to still be fully engaged in normal teenage activities. He went to school each morning. Most Saturdays he worked for a sister-in-law's family at their pork stand in the bustling Lexington Market. But at school Gimbel was high as a kite and at his job he brazenly stole hundreds of dollars. "I used to come home smelling like a piece of bacon, but all this money was critical. It meant I could afford a car and with the car and the money we could buy drugs and then get high."

As the autumn of 1967 deepened to winter, Gimbel's basic outlook boiled down to: "the more serious drug I used, the more status. To me, marijuana was status because it was completely illegal. . . . I was completely on Quaaludes most of eleventh grade."

Sometime during this high-all-the-time junior year, Gimbel and one or two other drug buddies began leaving school for a few hours and breaking into houses in their own tidy neighborhoods, secluded suburban ways with names like Greenleaf and Hemlock. "People didn't lock their doors much in those days. And there was usually an open window somewhere. We'd be scared to death, but still a couple of times a week we were doing it." Despite all this, Gimbel managed to complete his junior year with C's and D's.

The summer of 1968 once again found Gimbel visiting Ocean City. While others frolicked in the rough Atlantic surf and worked on their tans, says Gimbel, "A friend introduced me to heroin for the first time." That summer was memorable not just for the personal story of Gimbel's ever-deeper descent into drug abuse, but for the terrible political upheaval and mayhem abroad in the
Popular music of the late sixties and early seventies lured American teenagers to experiment with drugs. (Photograph by Jeff Goldman.)

land. Bobby Kennedy was assassinated out in California, the Chicago Democratic convention degenerated into bloody street riots, and it was another tense summer in the nation’s black slums. But this time Baltimore erupted, too. As shops were looted and torched all through the city’s black west side, Governor Spiro T. Agnew called in the National Guard. It took almost 6,000 troops and four days to quell the city’s first “insurrection” since violent railroad strikes a century earlier. Craziness and despair were in the air.

At Milford Mill, “that summer of ’68 seemed to change everyone,” remembers Gimbel. “At school that fall everyone had moved up a notch. I was into heroin. The drinkers were into pot, and the pot smokers of the previous year were into acid [LSD]. Somehow that summer it was as if everyone’s values changed, and their attitudes towards drugs. The culture was changing, we were going from this whole soul music about boy-girl love into music about revolution and being radical.”

Popular music began to reflect the new world of mind-altering drugs, from the Beatles with “Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band,” to the Rolling Stones shouting “Get Off of My Cloud,” Jefferson Airplane singing “White Rabbit,” and Jimmy Hendrix howling “Purple Haze.” The film “Easy Rider” showed bad boys Jack Nicholson and Peter Fonda getting high. And so the popular culture of youth—above all music—reflected a growing experience with altered drug states while further popularizing that interest.
Mike Gimbel soon found himself moving beyond marijuana, pills, and acid. Once his senior year began, Gimbel recalls, “I was doing heroin every day. A friend had a connection in the city, a couple of black guys in their mid-twenties, these black brothers who lived in this house off Druid Hill Avenue.” Every couple of days as the weather grew chilly and dusk descended earlier and earlier, Gimbel drove from his white suburban life to this staid-looking neighborhood in West Baltimore. Once Jewish, it was now black. Gimbel soon took to selling drugs in the northwestern suburbs to support his heroin habit.

Decades later, Gimbel recalled himself as having cut a swashbuckling figure in high school, a well-known person who was viewed as a highly hip and plugged-in guy. But classmates and teachers only vaguely remembered him, remarking, “Oh, yeah, he used to get in trouble—cutting class and stuff.” There was no admiration. This is typical of the gulf between the addict’s strangely glorified and self-important self-image and the rest of the world’s indifference and/or low opinion of someone whose first allegiance is to drugs. For Gimbel, “the revelation senior year was realizing I was addicted to heroin.” It was also the year he got busted. One Saturday night at 2 A.M. Gimbel was driving in a black downtown neighborhood, heading home with a bag of heroin he had just purchased. Unable to wait, he stopped to shoot up then and there. The sight of a white teenager at that hour in that place caught the attention of some passing police. Gimbel, all of seventeen years old and a senior at an outstanding suburban high school, was arrested for possession of heroin. “They took me down and put me in a cell. I was pissing in my pants I was so scared. As you can imagine, this was a major eye opener for mommy and daddy. A really good lawyer got me off. My parents sent me to a psychiatrist. But I was still using and one day my father came home to find me with a needle in my arm.” There ensued more not-very-productive visits to a psychiatrist.

By the time the class of ’69 graduated, the Milford Mill teachers and administrators were beginning to understand that illegal drugs had arrived and could not be ignored or wished away. Almost unknown to the middle class several years earlier, drugs like marijuana, LSD, speed, and various pharmaceutical uppers and downers were fast becoming commonplace. Faculty members would all later recall certain indelible events from this early period in the white recreational drug culture. For instance, the first visit by the Baltimore County police to discuss drugs at a faculty meeting. Recalls one teacher, “It was something of a traveling show. There were two officers and they had a whole pharmaceutical array under plastic. You could see what this stuff looked like. What marijuana looked like and smelled like.” For the many experienced and veteran teachers on the Milford staff this was a disconcerting event. Theirs was not an inner-city school burdened with juvenile delinquents. Their school was for the best and the brightest. And yet here they sat, listening to policemen describe increasingly popular illegal substances.

Obviously Mike Gimbel was an extreme case, a not-so-nice Jewish boy who
Pennsylvania Avenue in 1992 reflects the ravages of the drug culture with local businesses advertising food stamps for sale and grates on the windows to deter crime. (Photograph by Jeff Goldman.)

spent his senior year at Milford Mill in a fog of heroin. One of the first suburban participants in the part-time white recreational drug culture, it did not take Gimbel and his friends all that long—just a few years—to spiral down and completely embrace full-time drug culture. While most of those who experimented and then stopped did fine, Gimbel and a few buddies got completely sucked in. They shucked all the advantages and expectations of their middle-class upbringings to live the fast life with like-minded addicts and pushers. Within a year of graduation, without school for structure, Gimbel had become the classic dope addict: staying high as much as possible, stealing, dealing, hustling and ripping off everyone he knew, especially his family. Gimbel was arrested three more times on drug charges. Says his mother, “He drained us financially. We lost the house, he wrecked two cars that were not paid for. There were lawyers, there were psychiatrists.”

Milford Mill High School saw its own drug problems escalate. The visit by the Baltimore County police to describe various drugs had been distinctly disquieting. It gave formal voice to behavior never before encountered in this clean-cut suburban milieu. “Kids are natural explorers and risk-takers,” says Gunther Stern, who spent twenty years as a guidance counselor at Milford Mill. “And before this if you heard about a kid suddenly going downhill in school, you would look to see if the parents were having trouble or some other
reason. But now there was always the possibility of drugs." By 1973 a survey of
a nearby suburb, Howard County, would show that 40 percent of senior high
school students reported some use of marijuana or hashish, with 7 percent ad-
mitting experience with heroin, methadone, or morphine.30 With white mid-
dle-class drug experimentation growing by leaps and bounds, tragedy soon
ensued.

It came most dramatically at Milford Mill with the drug-related suicide of a
loved and much-admired student. The boy, described as "one of the most bril-
liant kids who went through this school" took LSD in 1971. Former English
teacher Alan Lipsitz knew that for a lot of kids this was just another "means of
experimentation. There was a lot of fascination with [Timothy] Leary appar-
etly. But in this boy's case—he was especially young and innocent compared
with his peers—he just completely freaked out. There were all these after ef-
facts. He was found just wandering on the beach at Atlantic City." French
teacher Robert Rivkin recalls the boy as "one of my favorites, a star student."  
After the boy’s bad trip, he was committed to a sanitarium in Washington,
D.C. Says Rivkin, "I remember going down to take him some special fables
from LaFontaine. I was hoping to get him interested again." Rivkin sighs as he
dredges up ancient and painful memories. "He committed suicide by jumping
out a window. He just never recovered from the LSD." In his history of LSD,
Storming Heaven, Jay Stevens estimates that for "every thousand people who
took LSD, seven would suffer a breakdown."31 This was one such casualty.

Angela Saxton, long head of guidance at Milford, found "the denial of the
parents in this whole matter incredible. We'd send someone home or even to
the hospital because they were so nonfunctional, just bouncing off the walls.
And the parents would send them back to school the next day with some note
about how the child had just been very tired or on some medication. There
was much more concern that SATs were not high enough or certain grades. I
always remember one fourteen-year-old girl in ninth grade. She was part of a
group that used to go hang out behind a supermarket off Liberty Road, where
they apparently did drugs. One afternoon, this girl went into cardiac arrest
and died. The mother never even admitted her daughter took drugs. I mean,
these kids were always talking about love and peace and caring. And yet these
same kids doing drugs at a party panicked when someone ODed and threw the
kid out in the snow and didn't call an ambulance."32

For years people like Allen Ginsburg, Timothy Leary, and other counter-
culture gurus had been proselytizing the incomparable benefits of taking drugs
and getting high. True populists, they somehow believed that most people
were as highly educated and as spiritually hungry as they were. Moreover, the
gurus overlooked the fact that their fame freed them from the constrictions
of the mundane—whether appearing every day at a job (where being compos-
mentis was necessary to the safety and well-being of others) or simply attend-
ing high school. The reality was that few people were likely to have their lives
dramatically changed for the better or even notably enhanced by getting high. Frequent altered states tend to interfere with ordinary responsibilities—whether school or job—and relationships. Yet for the moment young middle-class America heard only the siren call of these new, hip, and exciting substances.

NOTES

_The title of this excerpt was suggested by a Bob Dylan lyric of the period._

1. Personal interview with “Calvin Johnson” done in 1986 in Baltimore. He requested his named be changed.
7. From taped interviews conducted with Baltimore heroin addicts in the mid-1970s by Philip Stephenson and made available through Dr. David Nurco of Friends’ Medical Science Research Center in Baltimore.
8. Taped interview of woman addict provided by David Nurco of Friends Medical Science Research Center of Baltimore.
10. Taped interviews from mid-1970s courtesy of David Nurco, Friends Medical Service Center, Baltimore.
12. M. Naver, “Narcotics Addiction Found Rising Problem,” _Baltimore Evening Sun_, April 3, 1961. Statistics from the two U.S. Public Health hospitals—Lexington and Ft. Worth—confirm that in that era it was blacks in northern cities, not elsewhere, who were most prone to be hooked. As late as 1960, when 60 percent of blacks still lived in the south, only 5 percent of black addicts being treated came from that region. The country’s ten most populous cities accounted for 70 percent of Negro addicts at the hospitals, even though only 40 percent of the black population lived in those cities.


27. Interviews with Mike Gimbel, summer 1994.


32. Interview with Angela Saxton, summer 1994.
Chesapeake tobacco earned European praise in the eighteenth century, but environmental changes during the colonial years contributed to the ruinous impact of tobacco farming on the fertile lands of the region. (Maryland Historical Society.)
Soil Miners Redux: The Chesapeake Environment, 1680–1810

JOHN R. WENNERSTEN

For seventy years Avery Craven’s insightful study Soil Exhaustion as a Factor in the Agricultural History of Maryland and Virginia, 1606–1860 has profoundly influenced the historiography of southern agriculture. His ideas on the southern landscape have been incorporated into the environmental literature of our time and his book is a major reference point for all serious students of the Chesapeake. Craven believed that soil exhaustion in the region “must be recognized as constant and important in shaping not only the course of agricultural development but the larger social-economic order as well.” In the colonial Chesapeake there was nothing distinctively “southern” about the agrarian disaster caused by tobacco monoculture. “It was merely a normal product of frontier conditions” where land is abundant and capital and labor are scarce.1

The ten-million-acre coastal plain of the Chesapeake that was put to tobacco and timber production in the colonial period was a land for the most part of sluggish streams and rivers and imperfectly drained soils. Despite its richness, the land had a shallow top soil easily injured by excessive agricultural use. Tobacco exhausted the soil in about seven years. Chesapeake planters had to own large tracts of land in order to replace their depleted fields. The most serious loss to the soils of the Chesapeake came from water drainage. Seasonal storms carried off potassium, phosphorus, calcium, and other important minerals from the land. Nitrogen also washed easily out of the soil, leaving behind a poor, infertile countryside. As Avery Craven and others have shown, frontier communities like the Chesapeake were “notorious exhausters” of the soil. In a region where land was abundant and capital and labor scarce, argued Craven, “only the most fertile soils will be used and only those methods which give greatest immediate returns regardless of future consequences. The problem is one of rapid spending, not conservation.”2

For Craven, the story of the Chesapeake was that of an agriculture which “gave wide play to the destructive forces of depletion.” Craven was not an optimist. Unlike Frederick Jackson Turner, who saw the free land of the western frontier as a kind of tapestry upon which the story of democracy and Ameri-

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can exceptionalism unfolded, Craven documented how frontier individualism led to the first great agricultural calamity in our nation. Also, Craven rejected Turner’s school of environmental determinism that saw western lands as a powerful force for Americanization and the possibilities of social mobility. Craven’s methodology, however, was not without its faults. He concerned himself too much with the negative legacies of agricultural individualism in the South and tended to place too great a focus on elite plantation development. Certainly today’s historians can be critical of Craven’s inattention to seascape and watershed in understanding the forces of environmental change in the Bay country.

**Did Colonial Farmers Waste Our Land?**

Recently scholars of colonial Chesapeake history have taken exception to the long-popular Craven thesis, arguing that agricultural practice in the Bay country during this period has been unfairly denigrated by “inappropriate comparison with European farmers who operated with much different constraints.” Scholars like Carville Earle, Russell Menard, Lois Green Carr, Edward Papenfuse, and Lorena Walsh have produced a number of provocative and intriguing studies of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Maryland. Their investigations constitute an important and fruitful Chesapeake oeuvre. (For convenience here I refer to these scholars as the Chesapeake School.) They believe that judgments about agricultural practice in the colonial Chesapeake have to take into consideration that a new husbandry was required in the region: one that exploited land that was cheap without destroying it and one that conserved labor which was expensive. Further, the Chesapeake School argues that Chesapeake planters were hardly the “soil miners” or “land butchers” that they have been portrayed. While tobacco monoculture made for an untidy landscape, it did not severely deplete the soil.

Among the scholars of the Chesapeake system of husbandry, Carville Earle has been the most assertive in taking issue with Avery Craven’s thesis that tobacco monoculture devastated the Chesapeake landscape. While Earle agrees that the tobacco economy exerted considerable pressure on the soil and timber resources of the region, he argues that the Chesapeake was hardly ruined. Using data from All Hallows Parish in Maryland and other areas of the region, he asserts that the “stability of tobacco yields for more than a century suggest that planters, their servants, and their slaves were not ignorant abusers of the soil. They averted chronic soil exhaustion by practicing an intensive shifting agriculture, steeped in Indian planting techniques, in an area with a favorable land-man ratio.” To counter exhaustion, a majority of planters used a field rotation system. Earle sees in the colonial Chesapeake “a new southern planter—adaptive to economic change, attentive to the problems of soil erosion, and contemplative of economic risk and environmental uncertainty.”

It
was neither planters nor the tobacco staple, argues Earle, that led to the undoing of the Chesapeake environment. It was Enlightenment-inspired agricultural reforms such as plow agriculture, the introduction of fertilizers, and continuous systems of cultivation that displaced an ecologically sounder primitive land rotation system. Earle believes that this period of “agrarian reform and destructive occupance” characterized the Chesapeake in the period 1780–1840. He claims that improving planters imposed order on an unkempt and unruly landscape and in effect destroyed it. 

The Chesapeake School builds upon the earlier work of Warren Scoville, who argued that planters in the Chesapeake acted economically and minimized waste in an age of scarce labor and capital. By using up land quickly, Scoville noted, farmers got a higher rate of return on their investment. With land plentiful in that era, it would have been wasteful to squander capital instead of land. To do otherwise, Scoville concluded, would have been to mismanage resources in ways that would have prevented subsequent generations from having a higher standard of living. It was the “extra income obtained by truly exploiting the land,” that allowed for the capital accumulation that supported economic development in America.

These recent studies of the colonial Chesapeake, however, focus mostly on the process of farm building. Little attention has been given to the environment in which agriculture actually took place. Throughout this period profound changes occurred in the landscape which affected patterns of climate, water quality, settlement, and economic opportunity. Furthermore, many of the destructive forces of environmental change in the Chesapeake were at work before agricultural innovation and “destructive occupance” became widespread. A society leaves its mark on the terrain it possesses; and the meanings that seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Chesapeake planters attached to their environment do not easily lend themselves to current social science models or pro-capitalist analysis.

My goal here is to raise a few points about what has been called “the Chesapeake system of husbandry” and the processes of soil erosion and deforestation that hopefully will expand Avery Craven’s ideas and lead to a clearer understanding of the ecological transformation of the mid-Atlantic region to 1810. The southern soil miner in Chesapeake history may be far less mythic than current scholarship would have us believe.

Environmental Change, Population Pressure, and Long Fallows

As early as the middle of the seventeenth century, visitors to tidewater Virginia noted that the region was beginning to have a worn out appearance that resulted from tobacco monoculture and the sloth and negligence of its residents. By 1649, less than a generation after Captain John Smith, Virginia lands on the south side of the York River had become barren from cultivation. In his
letters to the Royal Society, British visitor John Clayton recorded the reluctance of planters to use enlightened farming methods. When Clayton tried to give a plantation overseer some advice about draining marshland, the overseer responded scornfully that "he understood his business well enough and did not desire to learn of me." Further, according to historian Hugh Jones, by 1724 a ruined landscape of "old fields" had become a permanent part of the Virginia tidewater. A similar situation prevailed in Maryland. Delegates to the Maryland Assembly believed that the exhaustion of the soil by tobacco planting took the wildness out of the soil and made it better for tillage. At this time, because of tobacco monoculture, writes historian Gloria Main, "Maryland appeared half-civilized to the European eye."

In the Chesapeake there was no strong sense of community or commonality of enterprise like that of Puritan New England. The tobacco plantation was the first attempt at commercial agriculture in North America and must be viewed as a kind of agricultural unit that was not in harmonious relationship with the land. Ironically the colonial assault on the Chesapeake landscape took place during the time that the English countryside was flourishing as never before. Between 1570 and 1770 farmsteads were being preserved, woodlands and heaths restored, and maple and sycamore trees celebrated by poets and agriculturalists alike. In the words of landscape historian W. G. Hoskins, this was the period of the "flowering of rural England." Unlike England, forces were at work in the Chesapeake that betrayed a region "surpassingly endowed." People lived in the region as "nearly isolated individuals," writes historian David Bertelson, with no concept of the natural world that surrounded them. Using simple tools like the hoe and axe to exploit local resources, planters grew tobacco on recently cleared plots of twenty acres and put less fertile acreage into long fallow. The main problem with this system is that attention was given to tobacco to the exclusion of other forms of agriculture and livestock. Even Lois Carr and Russell Menard have argued that the "inability to feed livestock and hence use manure, trapped planters into long rotations that limited their options to expand."

A masterly study of the Chesapeake tobacco economy by Allan Kulikoff provides us with a cogent insight on how changes in the labor supply affected the local landscape. Kulikoff found that with the rise of slavery in the Chesapeake after 1700 there was a net decline of tobacco production per acre as Africans had little incentive to work diligently and be productive. Still, small or marginal planters were interested in getting as much tobacco out of the soil as possible with their slaves. Dependent upon slave labor and tobacco, planters failed to diversify their crops and increase home manufactures. Therefore, Kulikoff notes, slave labor generally increased soil exhaustion in the region. Labor in the colonial period was valued at four times the cost of land, and farmers were determined to get the most out of their slaves regardless of the effect upon the land.
After 1690, Chesapeake planters on small holdings or on marginal lands were squeezed out by larger planters who could use African slave labor and the economies of scale to withstand periods of tobacco depression. Kulikoff and others have noted that during the period between 1690 and 1770 thousands of black slaves were imported into the Chesapeake; and slave labor tended to drive white freeholders off uncompetitive units. By 1750, when the European demand for tobacco increased, the tidewater gentry took its profits. Then, according to Kulikoff, "white families for the first time had to leave the Chesapeake in order to make a living." The consequences of internal migration coupled with changing economics had disastrous environmental consequences in the Chesapeake. In the piedmont of western Maryland and Virginia these small farmers started the same ruinous system of tobacco culture as it was the only money crop they could grow. When the geography of Appalachia presented tobacco planters with obstacles to transporting and marketing the royal weed, planters demanded that colonial governments provide funds to clear the Potomac and James rivers of falls and rapids so that tobacco hogsheads could be brought to royal warehouses by canoe and small boat. By 1800 practically all the piedmont had been planted at least once in tobacco. As environmental historian Albert Cowdrey suggested, tobacco could only be grown on new land "and only by the continuing sacrifice of land was success possible."

Small planters were victimized by a land system more feudalistic than capitalistic. By the mid-eighteenth century wealthy tidewater oligarchies dominated the Chesapeake. On Virginia's Eastern Shore, for example, the Jennifer family owned over 8,000 acres. In 1732, the year of his death, Robert Carter, the richest planter in Virginia, left some 330,000 acres to his heirs. The Beverley, Fitzhugh, Byrd, and Thoroughgood families owned impressive estates as well. The greatest of the land grants in colonial Virginia, that of Lord Culpepper, comprised six million acres of the Northern Neck between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers. Large tracts of land encompassing thousands of acres of Chesapeake farm land were also owned by such Maryland gentry as the Pacas, Carrolls, Lloyds, and Tilghmans. On both sides of the Chesapeake a rich and powerful society of cousins played marital ring-around-the-rosey and built an entrenched class system that frustrated the aspirations of small freeholders. The gentry also bought up large tracts of land in the western piedmont and experimented with vineyards, flax, and hemp industries in the valleys of the Blue Ridge. For the poorer classes before the American Revolution, there was no escaping the vise-like grip of the Chesapeake gentry.

Pressures of Population

The Chesapeake in the eighteenth century experienced a population explosion that placed great pressure on the landscape. In eighteenth-century Maryland and Virginia black slaves comprised 30 and 40 percent, respectively, of
Agriculturalist John Beale Bordley tried to teach Maryland farmers how to care for the land with modern tools and planting instructions. (John Beale Bordley, Essays and Notes on Husbandry and Rural Affairs, Second Edition [Philadelphia: Thomas Dobson, 1801].)
the total population. Between 1700 and 1740 Maryland’s total population mushroomed from 34,000 to 300,000. Local population figures in the tidewater are instructive. In 1705, All Hallows Parish contained eighteen persons per square mile. By 1776 the parish had forty-two persons per square mile. Prince George’s County on the western shore at thirty-nine persons per square mile experienced similar exponential growth. Even if they had wanted to maintain the Chesapeake system of husbandry, planters were essentially running out of space to continue the long fallow. And, as Timothy Silver has noted in a recent study, population growth during the eighteenth century “made it difficult to maintain the minimum fifty acres per worker needed for successful field rotation.”

So arguably it was population pressure rather than the efforts of agricultural reformers that helped force a switch in the region to cereals and higher yielding crops. As David Grigg has noted in his important work, *The Dynamics of Agricultural Change*, population growth causes agricultural change rather than being a function of it. One of the consequences of population growth with a relatively fixed supply of land was the increase of landless laborers who had no alternative but to seek work on other people’s farms. Rarely were these workers interested in a careful husbandry of the soil.

In passing, let us look briefly at the ecological significance of the long fallow. Were long fallsows capable of reproducing the traditional forest which created the rich soil in the first place? Such an assumption is only minimally tenable. In the Chesapeake, pine invaded the old fields that had been cleared of oak and other hardwoods, and pine did little to reconstruct the forest floor humus. Both planters and poor whites alike thought pine forests were good range for cattle and with heavy grazing there was little likelihood of the great oak forests springing up again. Under the system of deforestation at work in the Chesapeake, vegetation was so degraded that it is unlikely that the forest could recolonize planter fallsows in any meaningful way. Probably the long-fallow system itself was not a beneficial ecological practice. Long fallsows no doubt restored some fertility to ruined lands, but only in the way that grasses, shrubs, and some hardwoods ameliorate the ravages of timber clear-cutting in our own era.

Eighteenth-century travelers and writers, though far from scientific in their observations, provide us with a glimpse of what tobacco and the culture it engendered had done to the Chesapeake landscape. One English observer, Isaac Weld, saw a striking difference in the countryside when he traveled from Frederick County, Maryland, to tobacco-producing Montgomery County. “Instead of well-cultivated fields, green with wheat, such are met with along that rich track which runs continuous to the mountains,” Weld confided to his journal, “large pieces of land, which having been worn out with the culture of tobacco, are seen laying waste with scarcely an herb to cover them.” Weld was not optimistic about agriculture in the tidewater. In his journey from Port Tobacco to Hoe’s Ferry, he saw a lot of “ruined tobacco land” covered with
yellow sedge. The good houses upon poor land were "a reminder of what was once." Even on the aristocratic Northern Neck of Virginia, where the Carter family farmed with sophistication and used manures, diarist Philip Fithian noted that discarded tobacco fields at Nomini Hall had been allowed to grow into infertile thickets. Silted rivers and streams, eroded fields, and ever encroaching pine barrens provided mute testimony to the changes on land and water. Indeed the most common old-field tree on the Chesapeake coastal plain was the loblolly pine, a species that quickly conquered exhausted farm land and served as a legacy of tobacco's misrule.\(^{21}\) Though Edward Papenfuse and others of the Chesapeake School believe it took about three generations for the tobacco empire in the Maryland Chesapeake to run its course, Stanley Trimble, an expert on the history of soil erosion, suggests a more rapid process. Trimble asserts that it took "roughly three decades of tobacco culture in the tidewater and piedmont in the eighteenth century to set in motion the devastating consequences." Chesapeake planters had come a long way from the time of Robert Beverly when it was thought that improvements on the land would turn the Chesapeake into an English garden. In the view of historian Rhys Isaac, planters were "slovens in agriculture."\(^{22}\)

The transformation of the Chesapeake countryside was also the result of cultural factors associated with the plantation. Tobacco, notes historian T. H. Breen, "added a dimension to the colonists' perception of time and place" and transformed the language of agriculture. Growing good tobacco gave a planter a sense of pride, says Breen, in what was essentially a society-parvenu. It became the one
ESSAYS AND NOTES
ON
HUSBANDRY
AND
RURAL AFFAIRS.

BY J. B. BORDLEY.

Still let me COUNTRY CULTURE scan:
My Farm's my Home: "My Brother, Man:
"And God is every where."

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respectable form of agriculture and “conveyed a source of meaningful social identity as well a means to a high standard of living.”

The Basic Problem of Agriculture

Chesapeake agriculturalists had a variety of motivations for doing what they did. Most were simply concerned with getting by on a subsistence level, drinking large quantities of liquor, and exploiting the landscape to provide daily family necessities. Prices were sufficiently high that a man’s labor in tobacco brought him six times the financial yield that he would have gotten by cultivating other crops. Also, even during periods of exceptionally low prices, tobacco had an assured market in England. Given the primitive “Third World” quality of most of the Chesapeake during the colonial period, the statistics on tobacco production in the region are truly remarkable. In 1668–1669, for example, London received nine million pounds of tobacco from the region, with another sixteen million pounds headed for the European market. This left enough tobacco on the English market, quips historian G. K. Davies, to give one and one-half pounds of tobacco to every man, woman and child in England and Wales.

The basic problem of agriculture in the late eighteenth century in the view of John Beale Bordley, a respected “scientific” agriculturalist and planter in Queen Anne’s County on the Eastern Shore, was that farmers paid no attention to their land or to their craft. Farmers in the Chesapeake, grumbled Bordley, were more interested in pursuing “folly” than husbandry. “They mount their horses and hurry to the tavern, the race, nine pins, billiards, excess upon excess of toddy, and their most nonsensical and idle chat [is] accompanied with exclamations and roarings, brutal and foreign to common sense and manners as the mind of wisdom can conceive of a depraved man.” Bordley claimed that excessive corn production in the Chesapeake ruined the land as much as tobacco. Corn production was closely tied to the maintenance of “supernumerary negroes” and did little to create wealth in the region. He urged farmers to put exhausted tobacco and corn fields in beans, timothy, and hay and to make extensive use of manure.

In Virginia, Landon Carter echoed Bordley’s call for a more ecologically sensible agriculture. Carter had seen the ravages of tobacco monoculture in the James River basin and urged restoration of the soil thorough crops like peas and timothy. Like Bordley, Carter dismissed the “naked fallow” system of land management as a “crass operation.” Peas would add what Carter called “vigor” and “air” to the soil. Similar calls for a more environmentally responsible agriculture during the colonial period and after were made by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and John Taylor of Caroline. Despite their prominence in the Chesapeake, men like Bordley and Carter were politely listened to and then ignored by Bay country farmers. Also, one might
add that what made the work of land restoration in the Chesapeake so frustrating was that the remedies for soil erosion and infertility were easily at hand. Throughout the Chesapeake there were large deposits of marl, clay, and limestone from shell deposits that could have been used to restore the fertility of the soil. There is ample evidence to support the notion that many Chesapeake planters were a rapacious lot who cared for neither landscape nor seascape and caused what Craven called the Chesapeake’s “agrarian disaster.”

Even Lorena Walsh, whose research argues sustained tobacco and grain yields over time on some Chesapeake lands where records are available, admits that “not all planters were competent managers, that many did not work good lands.” Suffice to say, never again in the environmental history of the Chesapeake would a single agricultural staple have such power to transform a region and mobilize a population.

**Deforestation**

The extermination of the Chesapeake forest was inextricably tied to tobacco culture and the transformation of the Bay country landscape. Timber was a popular and valuable commodity in the region. It has been estimated recently that by the eve of the American Revolution the value of wood products exported from the Chesapeake to England ranked third after tobacco and grain. Colonial trade records for the Chesapeake indicate a healthy regional trade in pitch, tar, turpentine, plank, shingles, and hogsheads. While Puritan New England supplied the bulk of the timber used by England during the period, a not inconsiderable amount of timber flowed out of the Chesapeake to the mother country, Ireland, and the Caribbean. A good portion of it went to the islands of Barbados and Antigua, whose lands had been deforested to permit the operation of financially lucrative sugar plantations. Most exported lumber was in the form of rough planking and barrel staves. In turn, Marylanders and Virginians received rum, sugar, and cash. The Chesapeake woodsman with his ox-drawn timber cart was as much a part of the landscape as the indentured servant and black slave in the tobacco field. The colonial assault on the forests of the Chesapeake was not, of course, a new phenomenon. The Indians had been cutting firewood and burning forests long before the coming of the first white men to the region. What was new was that the English believed that the extermination of the forest was a necessary preliminary to the economic development of the Chesapeake. As it wore out, the land would be cleared by slash and burn methods that had not been seen in England for centuries. Unlike more primitive economies where such land use was a means of subsistence for small communities, this practice became a large source of monetary profit for whomever owned the increasing plantable acreage. As Paul Sears, a renowned ecologist, has noted, the forest, though “a welcome
source of fuel and timber, as well as game, was regarded principally as an obstacle to agriculture."

Throughout the colonial period a phenomenal rate of deforestation took place in the Chesapeake. The development of the Virginia "worm fence" particularly illustrates the lavish consumption of wood in the colonial Chesapeake. Today the colonial rail zig-zag "worm" fence seems a quaint reminder of our revolutionary heritage. Farmers needed to protect their corn and tobacco from the depredations of wild horses, cattle, and hogs. These fences, however, used six to ten rails at alternating angles. One mile of "worm" fence required 6,500 rails of timber. The use of this type of fence was unknown in timber-poor England and illustrates how wood was a central factor in the agricultural development of the Chesapeake.

In Maryland timber was a popular and valuable commodity; the county courts contain an ample number of suits over wood lots and timber theft. An illustrative case occurred in Charles County in 1665. John Chaireman sued Robert Downes, charging that Downes had pirated lumber from his forest tract equivalent to the value of 2,000 pounds of tobacco. Such a sum represented a good year's work for a farmhand on a Chesapeake tobacco plantation. During other squabbles over timber, ownership of valuable tools like broad axes and crosscut saws also became items of litigation.

Pressure on the Chesapeake woods intensified in the eighteenth century when it became increasingly difficult for small farmers to acquire land for tobacco farms. Most good land in the Chesapeake after 1700 was in the hands of a planter elite who chose to hold on to land as a family investment. Many landless colonials migrated out of necessity to the pine barrens, swamps, and piedmont areas of Maryland and Virginia, where they developed a backwoods economy of trapping, subsistence agriculture, and lumbering. "Live oakers" cut ship timbers in the oak groves of piedmont Virginia, and lumberjacks felled cypress in the Pocomoke Swamp of Maryland's Eastern Shore. Often felling trees twelve to eighteen feet in girth, Chesapeake woodmen transformed the forest into lumber, charcoal for pig iron furnaces, potash, and naval stores for England.

Further, the development of local manufacturing in the Chesapeake contributed to the growing deforestation and environmental problems of the region. The discovery of iron in Virginia and Maryland was a boon to colonists who needed iron tools and implements; iron furnaces became part of the local economy. While the Chesapeake fell below New England in wood products, its iron works, developed by planter capitalists, were superior to others in the colonies. The Principio Iron Furnace, Nottingham Furnace, and Lancashire Works in Maryland were exceptionally productive. The Accakeek Iron Mines and Furnace in Stafford County, Virginia, were also widely known for quality pig iron. These iron furnaces used charcoal to heat the iron ore (in many cases bog iron) to a molten state, a process that required a veritable army of lumber-
The Principio Iron Works in Cecil County and other foundries in Maryland and Virginia demanded large quantities of wood to feed their furnaces. The rapid deforestation contributed to soil erosion. (Maryland Historical Society.)

jacks and charcoal burners at the furnace sites. According to environmental historian Joseph Petulla, most iron furnaces had a voracious appetite for charcoal. The production of 5,000 cords of wood fuel needed 250 acres of timberland. Small wonder that rural iron manufacture and environmental desolation went hand in hand. By 1779 the lands that surrounded Accakeek Iron Mines and Furnace were so broken and denuded that the land could not be sold. Even though iron had not been mined there in twenty years, the ugliness of the region left an indelible impression on visitors.³⁴

Even in the more sedate aristocratic areas of the Chesapeake planters viewed themselves as part-time loggers and potash merchants and exploited their wood lots for profit during periods of low tobacco prices. For the colonists the forests of the Chesapeake were a boundless resource. Many planters were as respected as saw millers as they were as agriculturalists. In fact, William Byrd of Westover was such a lumber enthusiast that he boasted that his saw mill could rip two thousand feet of board in five hours.³⁵

Potash or potassium carbonate was a convenient by-product of burnt forests. England’s business community used potash in glassmaking and other industrial processes, and farmers used it as fertilizer. Potash-making was just as timber-
intensive as iron manufacture: three to five acres of timber land had to be burned to yield a ton of potash. Despite its excellence as fertilizer, potash was seldom used by Chesapeake planters. The increasing demand for potash in European manufacturing made it too important an export to be used locally.

Chesapeake farmers and planters had little use for the forest as an aesthetic end in itself. Trees on the horizon irritated their eyes and they wanted to see bare ground. Isaac Weld amply documented this crude materialism in the Chesapeake in the 1795–1797 period. Weld observed: "The generality of Americans stare with astonishment at a person who can feel delight at passing through such a country as this [Chesapeake Bay]... They have an unconquerable aversion to trees; not one is spared... It appears strange that in a country where the rays of the sun act with such prodigious power, some few trees near the habitations should not be spared, whose foliage might afford a cooling during the parching heats of summer." As Carville Earle has noted, by 1767 deforestation was so pronounced in the area of All Hallows Parish on Maryland's western shore that 49 percent of Anne Arundel Manor (All Hallows area) "was lacking or scarce of timber."

When the forest canopy was removed, rainwater ran off more quickly and the soil dried out and hardened faster. The intense summer heat made people feel lazy and ill. Seasoned veterans of the Chesapeake referred to those persons as "climate struck." Although the forest canopy naturally thins in winter, it still restricts the sun's heat from rising off the soil. According to historian Timothy Silver, agricultural clearing in the colonial period or in the modern era for that matter "creates more severe temperature fluctuations. Without forest canopy to moderate extremes, summer temperatures become hotter and winter readings colder."

Deluges of Destruction

The Chesapeake Bay country is subject to heavy rainfall. During the summer, storms can deluge the region with as much as fifteen inches of rain in a three-day period. In the Chesapeake, the Potomac and Susquehanna Rivers carry the bulk of the heavy runoff from the land. Scientists have estimated that almost 53 percent of the rainfall of the Potomac Basin reaches the sea; and at flood tide the Potomac can reach a discharge of 219,000 feet per second. Historical studies of the hydrography of the region indicate that in the late seventeenth century great storms whipped the rivers into flood tide. In 1667 and 1685 the major rivers of eastern Virginia rose thirty to forty feet in a short span of time, causing record amounts of destruction in the tobacco colony. In 1724 and 1738 violent rains and floods along the James and Rappahannock Rivers destroyed most of the tobacco in the region. Further, in the late eighteenth century destructive freshets raised Chesapeake waters forty feet above the average. These floods swept away wharves, tobacco houses, barns, and
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manor houses and created obstacles to navigation on the rivers. The worst flood of the period occurred in 1771 when the James River rose twenty feet higher than any previous flood crest and swept away three thousand hogsheads of tobacco. One historical study of this flooding records that “many trees driven by the rapidity of the current imperiled even the largest ships, driving them from their moorings and carrying several ashore . . . and drowning a number of mariners.” Ship channels in the Chesapeake rivers were clogged with sand. Good soil from many plantations was carried off in the deluge. To historian Arthur Middleton, the reason for such flooding was clear: “a result of the rapid settlement and deforestation of the piedmont upcountry during the seventeenth century.”

Even under moderate rainfall the Chesapeake country is subject to destructive washing. Much of the Chesapeake region is composed of sandy and clay loam soils, so rainfall runoff can cause serious erosion to the landscape. Constant planting of tobacco and corn loosens the soil and weakens its binding capacity. The topsoil can be carried off in a single heavy rainfall. Historically, the Potomac River carries in suspension nearly four hundred pounds of soil for every acre in its drainage basin. The James River at flood crest can carry almost 300,000 cubic yards of soil during a single span of twenty-four hours. Such freshets in the seventeenth century did serious damage to the lands of William Byrd along the James and ruined several large planters in the Northern Neck. Also, without forest cover the land cannot absorb the heavy rains of the Chesapeake’s summer and winter months.

Silt that accumulated in the river beds from runoffs made waterways shallower. Colonists further compounded the problem by dumping large amounts of debris, soil, and ballast into the region’s harbors and rivers. As early as 1680 the Virginia assembly passed a law prohibiting the felling of trees into the rivers for crude docking facilities and in 1691 forbade the dumping of ship ballast such as stone, gravel, and chalk into Virginia waters. In both instances the law was honored more in the breach than in the observance. In Maryland colonists dumped ballast with impunity. Maryland’s General Assembly in 1735 was forced to enact legislation forbidding the practice and establishing a fine of fifty pounds sterling per case. Small wonder that by the mid-eighteenth century Chesapeake inhabitants were complaining of numerous obstructions in their rivers that hindered navigation and commerce.

The process of environmental change in the Chesapeake region at this time is reflected in increasing sedimentation rates of Chesapeake rivers. Roughly speaking, it took about fifty years before open water ports on many rivers were converted into mudflats by erosion runoff. Therefore, using data provided by L. G. Gottschalk, it is safe to assume that the cycle of sedimentation in the Chesapeake was well under way before the introduction of the “Enlightenment-inspired agricultural reforms” that Carville Earle and the Chesapeake School claim were destructive to the region.
Grace Brush has stated that her research on the upper Bay indicates "a twofold increase in the amount of sediment accumulation when the amount of land cleared changes from 20% to 40 to 50%." Rates of sedimentation in Chesapeake waters "are always higher after European settlement than before." In the area of Joppa Town in what is now Baltimore County for example, the Gunpowder River was silting up long before changes in agricultural practice were manifest in the region. Grain farming and plow agriculture were not in extensive use in this area prior to 1750.

**Impact on the Bay**

At this point it is appropriate to ask what impact changes in the regional environment during the colonial period had on the Chesapeake Bay itself. So much of what happened to the Bay later was dependent upon population growth; in the colonial period population pressures on the landscape did not seem to have a corresponding deleterious impact on the Bay. Chesapeake waters seemed more resilient than Chesapeake soils. There were, however, some tendencies in the maritime environment of the Chesapeake that are worthy of mention. First, the construction of mill dams and other obstructions on Chesapeake rivers may have worked to deplete migrating fish like shad and herring that could not swim upstream to spawn. The first areas to feel the effects of this problem, writes ecological historian David Hardin, were the headwaters of the Rappahannock River and other watercourses in southern Virginia. By 1750 there had been extensive dam construction for grain mills on these waters. Colonists complained, for example, of the decline of spawning runs on the Rapidan River. Similarly, Maryland residents complained of mill dams that ruined fishing and pressured the assembly to give them relief from environmentally rapacious grain millers. Although Virginia colonists were aware of what was happening to spawning runs in Chesapeake waters they did not understand the role that soil erosion and agricultural runoff had in ruining the fishery. As Hardin observes, "there was certainly no legislation designed to deal with the problem." The only legislation focusing on a decreased fishery was a Virginia law in 1680 that established an off-season during which no fish could be taken by gigs or harpoons. Cooperation between Virginia and Maryland regarding the regulation of the Chesapeake and its tributaries would have to wait until the Potomac River Compact of 1785.

Archeological evidence of the Chesapeake region tells us that the waters of the Chesapeake had a high salinity during the colonial period. Until the forest cover of the Susquehanna and James River watersheds was removed in the eighteenth century, observed Henry Miller, "it is likely that the rate of fresh water inflow was considerably less than today." Fresh water runoffs into the Chesapeake began to alter salinity in the eighteenth century, however. It was during this time that soil erosion and deforestation in the piedmont came to
be a serious problem. Increases in siltation and nutrient content in Chesapeake streams transformed fish habitat. The development of long oyster tongs by watermen in the eighteenth century may be an indication that the pollution of the streams was forcing Chesapeake fishermen to harvest in deeper, cleaner waters. Deforestation, soil erosion, and sedimentation would begin to have a noticeable impact on the waters of Chesapeake Bay by 1820, "a clear example of the impact that changing land use practices can have on estuaries," in the words of archeologist Miller.45

Land Use and Property Rights

As we look toward the future, more fruitful studies of the region’s environmental history may center on the historical transition in the conceptualization of property rights in the Chesapeake. What emerged in the region at this time was a conception of ownership that was in many respects different from what had prevailed in Europe over the centuries. As late as the seventeenth century many farmers in Europe were engaged in landholding rather than land owning. The crucial difference was that in the former case a man had the right to land which he and his family could work with their own labor. But property was not yet viewed as an abstract or fungible entity that could be owned, speculated in, and not worked. Many Englishmen who came to the New World brought this perception with them. The uniqueness of the frontier environment, however, lent itself to another property concept that was being articulated in the mother country at this time by John Locke in his Two Treatises of Government. Writing with the excesses of Charles I and the Puritan Revolution in mind, Locke argued that property rights existed independently of kings, government, and the collective rights of the community. To Locke’s mind, a man who mixed his labor with nature was entitled to the fruits of that mixture and could enjoy it independently of any social context. Enjoyment of property was therefore a pre-societal natural right. Later, Thomas Jefferson would expand on this concept by referring to the “allodial rights” of Virginians. This hoary Saxon term, which referred to the English idea that property or an estate can be held in absolute dominion without obligation to a king or superior appealed greatly to Jefferson and his tax-avoiding generation of 1776.46

As Eugene Hargrove has shown, property as a legal construct in the Chesapeake involved nothing more than the economic interest of the individual; it was devoid of moral obligation or moral responsibility. The ownership of land also relieved planters of any individual or collective responsibility to the land itself.47 In effect, Chesapeake planters mythologized property rights by appealing to ancient traditions and to new political theories that appealed to their purses.

We should note that the Lockean or allodial concepts did not eliminate all
other ideas about property. According to Hargrove, the idea of landholding independent of land owning was reflected in the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862 and was "influential in American political and legal thought" in the nineteenth century. Also, Laura Underkuffler, professor of law at Duke University, has argued that in the "founding era" of America "property in the historical view did not represent the autonomous sphere of the individual to be asserted against the collective; rather it embodied and reflected the inherent tension between the individual and the collective." For Underkuffler and many current scholars of American property rights, property had meaning only insofar as it recognized the individual's need for freedom "in the context of relatedness to others."48

Finally, one might also add that scholars need to go beyond the plantation model to understand the evolution of Chesapeake society and environment. Like scholars of the post-Turnerian West, they need to examine points of cultural convergence as well as the competitive interactions of the peoples of the Chesapeake.49 As historian Timothy Silver has pointed out, the Chesapeake was a huge multicultural area as well as a tobacco empire. People, adds Silver, "inhabit two environments at once. They not only live on the physical landscape, but also dwell within a second cultural environment composed of material goods, beliefs and patterns of behavior."50

Unfortunately land in the colonial period had little moral or symbolic significance to Chesapeake planters. Devoid of both tradition and a land ethic, the only thing that sustained settlement in the region was the demand from other places for its resources. Even in its most basic aspect, the region was hardly a land of entrepreneurial, environmentally conscious farmers. The Chesapeake was part of a highly regulated and state-supported mercantile network. It was difficult to convince planters to develop more responsible attitudes toward the land when land itself seemed an unlimited and cheap commodity compared to the high price of labor. Landowners in the colonial Chesapeake believed that their special rights relieved them of any responsibility to the community. It is difficult to see them other than in their role as soil miners and destroyers of the Chesapeake landscape. When planters argued that they had a right to do what they pleased with their land, asserts Hargrove, they took a position analogous to a tyrannical king who "has the right to do as he pleases regardless of the consequences."51 Theirs was indeed a curious blindness; the land was taken for immediate needs with little regard for the future. Ultimately both tobacco and the forest became part of the individualism and materialism of the market. It led to the commodification of the Chesapeake environment and set the pattern for the exploitation of the region's natural resources in the future.52

Seventy-one years ago, Avery Craven summarized his work on soil erosion in the Chesapeake with the comment that the "practices begun by the frontier were continued under the influence of markets and government, and the pres-
A New and Accurate Map of Maryland and Virginia by Emanuel Bowen, 1752. (Maryland Historical Society.)
sure which they added made the continuance of early practices almost compulsory." In the mid-Atlantic in the colonial period accumulation outweighed egalitarianism as the stronger value. Unfortunately, only now are we beginning to see the harm that such practices have done to the environment and our national development.

NOTES

2. Ibid., 19–21.
6. Earle, "Myth of the Southern Soil Miner," 191, 194–200. Edward C. Papenfuse believes that before the Revolution "there was sufficient land to prevent soil exhaustion and levels of tobacco production per laborer confirm that the soil was not abused significantly." "Planter Behavior and Economic Opportunity," 306.
21. Isaac Weld, Jr., *Travels Through the States of North America and the Provinces of Canada during the Years 1795, 1796, 1797* (1807, repr. New York: Augustus M. Kelly, 1970), 39–40; Philip Fithian, *Journal and Letters of Philip Vickers Fithian, 1773–1774* (Williamsburg, Va.: Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., 1965), 29 et passim. Earle tends to dismiss firsthand observations by Chesapeake visitors. He believes that they were “unaware of the ecological functions of this mobile agrarian system” and did not know how to interpret the environment in which they found themselves. For Earle the process was “winning ugly.” See “Myth of the Southern Soil Miner,” 195.


44. Ibid., 143.

45. Miller, "Transforming a ‘Splendid and Delightsome Land,’ " 179, 186.

47. Hargrove, “Anglo-American Land Use Attitudes.”


52. In certain respects the Chesapeake during this period validates some of the observations of Karl Polanyi and his students about the nature of economic development in the West. See Daniel R. Fusfield, “The Market in History,” *Review of the Month*, 45 (No. 1, May 1993).

Detail from a map of Liberia belonging to John Pendleton Kennedy, a leading member of the Maryland State Colonization Society. (Maryland Historical Society Library.)
The Dear Name of Home: Resistance to Colonization in Antebellum Baltimore

CHRISTOPHER PHILLIPS

In late March 1832, the managers of the Maryland State Colonization Society met at the Baltimore city courthouse to ratify the body’s organization. Earlier that month the state legislature had charged the society’s board of managers with removal from the state of all persons of color already free, as well as those freed subsequently. To facilitate the relocation of Maryland’s people of color to the African continent, the legislature appropriated a sum of $200,000, which it placed at the society’s disposal for use over the next twenty years. With underwriting secured, the task of the society’s managers then lay in convincing the state’s free black people that they should embrace the opportunity to leave the state. At the courthouse meeting, managers Moses Sheppard, Charles Howard, and Charles C. Harper, the latter a young Harvard-educated attorney, determined to hire an agent to promote colonization throughout the state. Within days, they had obtained the services of Robert S. Finley for the handsome annual salary of five hundred dollars and traveling expenses.¹

Setting out in May from Baltimore armed with colonization literature, Finley traveled first to the Eastern Shore, where he organized numerous public meetings, made arrangements for the participation of local leaders, clergy, and influential citizens, and urged local black residents to attend. During his five-week canvass, the agent found white residents of the Eastern Shore overwhelmingly supportive of the idea of colonization, and he was especially pleased to report to the managers that the Eastern Shore’s black folk appeared receptive as well.²

Returning to the Western Shore, Finley found whites there as enthusiastic in assisting him in his efforts as those on the Eastern Shore, but he was dismayed by the attitude of black residents in the region. “I had the mortification to discover, that the coloured population had imbibed very enormous views and entertained very hostile feelings toward the Colonizing scheme,” Finley wrote in August to John H. B. Latrobe, son of the famed architect Benjamin H. Latrobe.
In 1832 the General Assembly authorized the voluntary removal of free blacks by the Maryland State Colonization Society. (Maryland State Archives, MSA SC 1878-181.)

and principal organizer and corresponding secretary of the Maryland State Colonization Society. In a cautionary note he added that “There is strong reason to believe that their hostile feelings are very much fostered and confirmed by means to falsehood circulated through the instrumentality of emissaries from Baltimore.”

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Finley's suspicions arose from his recent attempt "to get up a meeting of the coloured people of Baltimore with a view of addressing them on the subject of colonization," which was "met with a prompt and universal resistance from the coloured people themselves." Within four months Finley left his job as promoter, and within a year this "unmitigated opposition" displayed by Baltimore's people of color had grown so pronounced and organized that when William McKenney, who succeeded Finley in August 1832, attempted to attract potential emigrants in distant Somerset County at the southern tip of the Eastern Shore, he concluded that even "in this place some of the Blacks are catching the refractory spirit of the Baltimore gentry. . . . One of them has called me a conjurer, & was overheard earnestly stating that if any black man should permit me only to blow my breath upon him, he was gone." Ironically, the charge of "conjurer" was a sophisticated turning of the tables; whites regularly branded with the same derisive epithet superstitious black people who held to African concepts and traditions. Now, McKenney's efforts to send black folk back to Africa were judged by them as silly, and he found himself labeled a "conjurer." Frustrated, the new agent lamented to manager Charles Howard that he was forced to hasten to Baltimore "to have a large meeting of both colors on Sunday" to promote favorable reports from recent emigrants to Africa "as an offsett to the black news from the blacks of Baltimore." Similarly, society agent James Hall found that "in the country the great thing to contend with is the incredulity of the coloured people—but in the city obstinacy, or a determination to act adverse to the wishes of the whites."4

The controversy in Maryland over colonization, both in the vigor with which whites pursued the scheme as well as in the uniform and apparently organized opposition of Baltimore's persons of color to the state's colonization effort, reveals a sea change in the demeanor of the city's black population. By the 1830s, Baltimore's nineteen thousand black residents (nearly 80 percent of whom were free) had woven a fabric of life whose texture was both uniquely urban and largely their own. In response, white Marylanders insisted on free blacks' conformity to imposed standards as the safeguard of racial control and tolerance and the mode of ultimate advancement. Though these impositions significantly channeled the development of the city's black community, Baltimore's persons of color—including even slaves—had found in this city of the upper South considerable room to temper such conformity. In their separate economic and social environment, which was not even remotely dependent upon slavery, black Baltimoreans conformed only as much as necessary to ensure their continued liberty.

Those same uniquely urban liberties which had allowed Baltimore's free blacks to develop a rich and unique culture, had also provided them a level of relative wealth well above that of rural free Negroes. As part of the process, they forged strong organizational bonds which in their hierarchical nature were reflective of the emergence of both interclass and intraracial distinctions
among Baltimore’s African Americans. Yet while their organizations developed largely as avenues to black advancement in accommodation to white societal norms, the structure provided by associational activities offered black Baltimoreans more than economic, social, and psychological security and the ability to forestall potential white hostility to any suspicious black groups that might threaten the social order. The establishment of institutional mutualities offered the black residents of Baltimore a means of resistance against white encroachments upon hard-won black liberties. In the last three antebellum decades, black Baltimoreans found increasing need to use organizational defenses. The dual incursions of rapid industrialization and immigration exacerbated a growing climate of racial hostility which had commenced in the 1820s. As white Marylanders constructed legal and societal barriers to black liberties in their state (a phenomenon common throughout the nation at this time), black Baltimoreans erected stout barriers against the rising tide of racial proscriptions against them. Though divided somewhat by various social and economic crosscurrents, this community became unified and strong enough to act as a body, rather than as mere individuals. Consequently, in part in pursuit of progress and in equal part as a response to this negative shift in racial relations with the white majority, through the last decades of the antebellum period Baltimore’s black populace indeed matured as a community. In large part, its maturation, both organizationally and ideologically, resulted from the white backlash and the community response overcame any such class striations. Black opposition to slavery, to the domestic slave trade, and to the colonization scheme, which was especially galvanizing, together proved unifying factors for Baltimore’s African-American community during the late antebellum period.

**Alarums and Diversions**

As early as 1817, white concerns over an increasing free black population in Maryland were manifested in Baltimore by support for the newly-formed American Colonization Society. In that year, Robert Goodloe Harper, a former congressman from South Carolina who had recently moved to Maryland, published a lengthy public letter supporting colonization. Free blacks, according to Harper, were “condemned to a state of . . . degradation” in part because of their “idle and vicious” habits, attributable to slavery; consequently, whites were unable “to help . . . treating them as our inferiors . . . since we cannot help . . . associating them with the slaves.” Even if a free black were to “follow some regular course of industry,” Harper concluded, those “habits of thoughtless improvidence which he contracted while a slave” would prevent him from providing for himself adequately and consistently enough to avoid becoming a public charge.
Resistance to Colonization in Antebellum Baltimore

In his argument in support of colonization, Harper merely foreshadowed more widespread anti-free black sentiment would flower in Baltimore during the decades after 1830. White proponents of the relocation of black people to colonies in Africa or elsewhere continued to argue, as did one in the *African Repository* in 1825, that theirs was the only humane and workable solution to the problem of free Negroes who were “wandering unsettled and unfriended through our land. . . . notoriously ignorant, degraded and miserable, mentally diseased, broken-spirited, acted upon by no motive to honourable exertions, scarcely reached in their debasement by the heavenly light.” Others echoed the theme of the evils of free blacks’ anomalous status. In 1821, John Pendleton Kennedy told the Maryland House of Delegates that the “free black population [was] too high for communion with slaves, . . . too low for the associates of freemen,” and unable to “compete for work with . . . whites.” Without options, they turned naturally to vice, contaminating slaves in the process, Kennedy argued.⁷

Many white colonization adherents were opposed to slavery, and believed colonization would induce slaveowners to manumit their chattel for emigration, thereby ridding the state of the institution. Others, like Harper, argued that free blacks who had been born in slavery could never truly become free men, and, echoing fears raised by colonizationists in the deep South, claimed that maintaining them in America threatened “corruption of the slaves . . . by rendering them idle, discontented and disobedient.”⁸ Some viewed the di-

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*Robert Goodloe Harper advocated the colonization scheme and supported the society’s position in the Baltimore press. (Maryland Historical Society.)*
lemma with what passed for compassion, arguing that, being innately inferior, blacks could never achieve equality in white America, thus robbing them of the essence of freedom. "You may manumit the slave," wrote Harper, "but you cannot make him a white man." Whether sympathetic or not to the plight of black people, most supporters of colonization were imbued with the idea of innate black inferiority and feared the high social costs of poverty-ridden free blacks who could not advance in a society dominated by whites. Moreover, there was widespread fear that black freedom invited the potential catastrophe of rampant amalgamation between inferior and superior races (resulting in "mongrelization" of the white race), despite state laws designed to prevent miscegenation.9

Even editor Hezekiah Niles, who stridently opposed slavery and colonization and supported gradual emancipation, found ample room in his paper to denigrate free blacks. Embracing the theory of environmentally-oriented de-basement of Baltimore’s free Negroes, he argued in 1819 in his Niles’ Weekly Register, published in the city, that the "free blacks among us are less honest and correct, less industrious and not so much to be depended upon . . . as the well-treated slaves. They will make a thousand shifts rather than seek employment, unless pinched by instant necessity." Niles charged that the "indolence and improvidence" of free blacks "slackens the zeal of the friends of emancipation, and is the source of great triumph to those who totally reject the expediency of it."10

Niles’s opposition to free Negroes stemmed from his estimation that white masters had thrust freedom upon these former bondspeople far too quickly, and they had not had the opportunity to acquire life skills mandatory to their
successful socialization in free society (especially the management of property). He wrote that "blacks should be invested with correct ideas of the social duties or moral virtues—that they can have tolerable notions about property." Moreover, Niles believed that in essence free blacks were still largely slaves in habit, and because masters had not provided their soon-to-be-freed bondsmen with the vital bourgeois qualities of honesty, frugality, and industry, they would not be able to abandon the intertemperate behaviors intrinsic to the denial of personal liberty to slaves—a tendency only reinforced by the constant interaction of free people of color and slaves in Baltimore’s laissez-faire environment. “The benighted mind of a negro,” reasoned the editor, “cannot shake them off, though emancipated, but by the exertion of virtues that would exalt a white man to a high rank in society.” That Niles called for more gradual manumission practices is ironic given the predilection their Baltimore masters had long shown for lengthy terms of service as part of their bestowal of freedom to their bondsmen.\textsuperscript{11}

Condemnations of free Negroes’ inveterate unwillingness to work without compulsion carved deep contradictions into the majestic vision that American leaders were heralding for the nation’s future. That Hezekiah Niles, an ardent champion of the Whig commitment to the “American System,” including sustained economic expansion, investment in manufacturing and internal improvements, and protective tariffs and banks, should level criticisms at free Negroes for their improvidence was no coincidence. Portrayed as improvident, lazy, and unproductive workers, free blacks in Baltimore were easily seen as impediments to American growth, millstones to the achievement of national greatness, nonvirtuous members of a society that honored labor—charges identical to those supporters of northern free-laborites would lay upon the southern economy and particularly the institution of slavery itself in coming decades. Workers whose debased material condition signified their incapacity or unwillingness to labor diligently dragged down the providentially-fueled American engine of growth. By this logic, according to the colonizationists, they needed to be removed in order to sustain America’s manifest destiny.\textsuperscript{12}

Though Niles opposed African colonization (he actually proposed a scheme of “internal colonization” by which twelve thousand young slave women would be sent annually to the North, where they would serve in households for a term of years, then be freed, thereby allowing the inculcation of those virtues—and extirpation of vices—through “moral force” that would “amalgamate” the races socially, and bring about the exceedingly gradual elimination of slavery by the reduction of both the general slave population and means of natural increase\textsuperscript{13}, the idea found especially broad support in Maryland, where the free black population exceeded that of all other states. White supporters organized several state-level efforts to rid the state of its free blacks in cooperation with the American Colonization Society, based in nearby Wash-
In the mid-1820s, respectable white Baltimoreans such as attorneys John H. B. Latrobe and Charles Harper, son of Robert Goodloe Harper, carried the standard, undertaking the daunting dual task of convincing the state legislature of the need for appropriations for the state effort and garnering broader financial support within the city and state. In 1827, an anxious Charles Harper wrote to his dearest friend Latrobe that “we must not die until we find some place of refuge for the blacks,” despairing that “a fearful conflict is in preparation for posterity.” The following year the group ushered about town Abd Rahman Ibrahima, a West African prince sold into slavery in Mississippi nearly forty years earlier and released through the intercession of President John Quincy Adams. Garbed “in Moorish costume,” Ibrahima visited various city attractions and solicited contributions for the prince’s desire to return to his homeland. Even indefatigable antislavery activist Benjamin Lundy, editor of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which he had moved to Baltimore in 1824, supported a Haitian emigration plan in the same year and acted as agent, promoting the society’s efforts in his paper in 1825, though holding adamantly that his purpose was not to remove blacks from the United States but to free slaves. By 1832 such efforts culminated in the legislature’s appropriation of annual funds to the Maryland State Colonization Society, a branch of the American Colonization Society.

**Different Points of the Compass**

As Robert Finley and William McKenney both found, sentiment in favor of colonization did indeed exist among a significant portion of Maryland’s black residents. Yet Finley was incorrect in his conclusion that such interest lay only in the rural counties and decidedly not in Baltimore. Even in the city, individuals found various reasons to be receptive to the scheme of institutional emigration of free blacks. Some of this support for colonization stemmed from a Christian impetus and drew strength from a broad spectrum of the city’s free black society, without regard for standing or congregation. Despite his importance among the city’s black people, in 1820 Daniel Coker left Maryland with one of the first groups of emigrants to be relocated to Liberia by the American Colonization Society. Upon his arrival, Coker wrote to his wife, who did not accompany him initially, that “my soul cleaves to Africa in such a manner as to reconcile me to the idea of being separate from my dear friends and comforts of a Christian land. . . . Africa is a good land; tell the people to come here and they will be happy if they will be industrious.” As late as 1855, laborer Charles Hooper applied earnestly to the American Missionary Association for assignment in Africa, asking agent George Whipple not to “think hard of this riting,” by “a Poor ignorant unworthy A man as myself,” but that he “belive my father who art in Heaven Intends for me to Spand A part of My time in africa, I have often Prayed for god to send his word to the
Poor heathens, I think if god has Ever spoken to any human being in The spirit he has Commanded me to Go and heal.”

As early as 1826, black Baltimoreans debated the prospect of colonization in open forum. In December of that year, separate meetings held at Sharp Street and Bethel churches witnessed heated controversy over the issue. One observer, who corresponded with the black New York newspaper Freedom’s Journal, reported that in his estimation nearly two-thirds of the audience at one of the meetings was decidedly opposed to the colonization scheme. One individual pointed out that if the colonization society were really acting in the truest interests of black people they would put their efforts into providing education for the state’s free African Americans. Soon after, despite such vocal opposition, the city’s leading proponents of colonization, Harper and Latrobe, published in local newspapers “A Memorial of the Free People of Colour,” which held that most of the city’s free blacks were indeed receptive to colonization. “As long as we remain among you,” the memorial read, “we must and shall be content to be a distinct caste.”

Though white colonizationists authored the memorial, some of Baltimore’s black residents were indeed receptive to the tone of the appeal. They appear even to have assisted in the preparation of the document. Shortly after the publication of the memorial, Charles Harper, in a private letter to Ralph R. Gurley, secretary of the American Colonization Society, intimated that several of the city’s “leading blacks” had offered “alterations not affecting the sense at all, but removing (and very properly) some expressions in which they might seem to speak too harshly of themselves.” Indeed, the arguments for African colonization induced a small number of Baltimoreans to relocate; between 1820 and 1835, Baltimore’s Bethel church lost thirteen members to Liberian emigration. George R. McGill, a lay minister at Sharp Street and teacher, enticed by colonizationists with the offer of being a schoolmaster in Liberia, left Baltimore with a small group aboard the ship Doris in the fall of 1827. McGill returned to Baltimore two years later to extoll the virtues of the African continent, encouraging immediate emigration of those who felt demeaned by white Americans because of their skin color, for “colored men from the United States, being thought by the natives to be men of information, are received and treated as white men, and denominated by the same epithet.”

While the hardening of racial relations reflected by Maryland’s free-Negro legislation of 1831 and the ensuing authorization of the state’s colonization society stirred the colonization debate in Baltimore, events apart from the city during the 1830s largely breathed life into the movement in terms of black interest. As the national colonization movement broadened and posed potential sites for resettlement which included not only Africa but such less distant and even domestic points as Haiti and Missouri, the former British plantation colonies in the Western Hemisphere proved especially attractive to African-American emigration, especially British Guiana and Trinidad. With the de jure
end of British slavery enacted in 1833, and its de facto death in 1840 following a four- to six-year period of apprenticeships, the prospect of wage employment in places advertising widely for laborers proved particularly alluring to many of Baltimore's black workers suffering through the deep depression and widespread unemployment of the Panic of 1837.23

As workers throughout the northern seaboard cities searched for employment in other cities, on the evening of November 25, 1839, black Baltimoreans with renewed interest in emigration gathered at the schoolroom of the Bethel A.M.E. church to select delegates "to visit the province of British Guiana and the Island of Trinidad, to ascertain the character of the climate, soil, natural production, and the political and social condition of the coloured inhabitants of the province and island . . . and especially whether it possesses such advantages as can justify the free coloured population of this City and State to migrate thither." Selecting Thomas Green as chair, the meeting selected by ballot two men, Nathaniel Peck, a wall colorer and Bethel lay minister who had actively promoted colonization for several years, and Thomas S. Price, a washer, to journey to the British colonies, where panicky sugar planters advertised widely for laborers, agricultural and otherwise, fearing that their erstwhile "apprentices" would no longer serve them in their former capacity.24

Traveling with a letter of introduction signed by the city's mayor and three prominent judges (including Nicholas Brice, chief judge of the city court, whose concern with the growth of the free black population had apparently little subsided in the dozen years since he had written a public letter to the governor concerning term manumissions), Peck and Price proceeded by train to Boston, where they embarked on a ship bound for Georgetown, British Guiana, at the mouth of the Demerara River, where they arrived on January 21, 1840. They met immediately with the board of directors of the "Voluntary Subscription Emigration Society" in Georgetown, and the society agreed to underwrite the cost of the emissaries' passage and expenses as their visit proved "a subject of great importance to the Agricultural Interests" of the colony, as well as publicly advertising for solicitations on behalf of the visitors and offering reimbursement to all individuals who incurred travel expenses by transporting the Baltimoreans around the province.25

For seven weeks the pair traveled extensively in coastal Guiana, noting meticulously all aspects of the colony's appearance, environmental, political, and social. The emissaries found the colony's tropical climate congenial, and the attendant economic opportunities inviting, though somewhat limited to agricultural pursuits because the colony's economy was dominated by the sugar industry. Yet Peck and Price noted that "many advantages are offered to industrious and enterprising capitalists, who would embark in the cultivation of vegetables [especially those common to America which sold for much higher prices in Guiana], and rearing feathered as well as other stock for market, which would make, at present, a handsome return to the undertaker." No
Several members of the Bethel A.M.E. Church congregation emigrated to Liberia in the early years of colonization. (Maryland Historical Society.)

doubt persuaded by the generosity of their hosts and the earnestness with which the landed white Guianans regarded a prospective black exodus from Baltimore (including the offer of free passage for all who emigrated from the city, to be paid for by the Guianan emigration society), the pair found the colony's social economy especially attractive, reporting that the "only distinction in society is education, character and wealth, for the higher walks—then gradations down, according to condition, &c." The writers were careful to note that black Guianans served regularly alongside whites as court assessors, as clerks in public offices, and as bank tellers.26

Realizing that any emigration from urban and mechanical Baltimore to rural and agricultural Guiana would require that black Baltimoreans have immediate access to land, Peck and Price directed a number of pointed questions to the directors of the emigration society. They explored the possibility of "cultivating cane-fields on shares: what portion of the produce should the undertakers [emigrants] receive as reward? If undertaking new fields, what quota should be received? Should the undertaker want advances in money, on what terms could he procure it?"27 In an ironic rehearsal for Reconstruction, the
emissaries pursued on foreign soil an avenue of economic gain already prevalent on the American agricultural landscape, one that offered free black Baltimoreans a semblance of occupational independence in a plantation system sustained until only recently by unfree laborers: sharecropping. The emigration society answered Peck's and Price's queries as favorably as they could, but in the end, the terms they negotiated, no matter how enticing, proved to be the same labor system that would, a quarter century later under the guise of self-determination, drag thousands of former American slaves again into perpetual dependency following the decentralization of plantation agriculture in the American South in the aftermath of the Civil War. Lacking prescience, and aware of the innate autonomy of their Baltimore constituency, Peck and Price saw the scheme naively as a viable option. After traveling to Trinidad, which the emissaries found "a fine and beautiful island" but less commendable for emigration than Guiana for its "want of but few, if any mechanics," the pair returned to the United States. Arriving in Philadelphia on April 11, 1840, they hastened on to Baltimore.

The black people in Baltimore saw differently than their stewards, both in terms of destination and support for the sharecropping scheme. Immediately upon Peck's and Price's return, the two published a pamphlet which described their trip in detail and unqualifiedly "declare[d] their preference for Guiana." Within days of the meeting, 166 Baltimoreans left the city for Trinidad, rather than British Guiana, followed by another eighty-seven in May and June. All told, 256 individuals emigrated from Baltimore to Trinidad in 1840, while just five moved to Guiana, despite their emissaries' recommendations.

An analysis of the emigrants to Trinidad (which Baltimore's free blacks preferred so resoundingly over Guiana, perhaps as rejection of their emissaries' overzealous pursuit of sharecropping) reveals that those who left Baltimore for British South America did so as families, indicating an overwhelming intent of permanent relocation. This intent was most predominant among those who went to Trinidad; of the 257 total emigrants to the island, 175, or slightly more than two-thirds, traveled as families. Of those forty-three family units, twenty-four were headed by males, ten by females. Just fifty-five single males emigrated (twelve of whom were brothers traveling together), while half as many single women emigrated. Interestingly, of those five sole individuals who emigrated to British Guiana, all were either single males or males traveling without their families. Such disparity suggests that for Baltimore black families, Trinidad offered family stability while Guiana, with greater opportunities for agricultural workers, presented too great a risk for family relocation. The occupations of those emigrant male household heads bears this out; of those thirty-two males identifiable in the 1837 city directory, a full one-half held occupations considered skilled, semi-skilled, or service trades, including one caulker and one barber. Obviously, this was no purely economic move. These émigrés were a mixed lot of skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, service
tradesmen, unskilled laborers—lower middle-class as well as lower-class free black Baltimoreans—who saw Trinidadian emigration as the best future, if not occupationally then culturally and socially, for themselves and for their families. Despite the reports of their emissaries who painted a dismal picture of the wages offered and the limited availability of employment other than in agriculture, theirs was a risky yet irreversible, permanent odyssey, which entailed the selling of their household furniture in order to move (to avoid payment of a 15 percent duty on it in addition to shipping costs), and the specter of immediate unemployment and uncertain housing. Most interesting is the prevalence among the émigrés of children and wives of Baltimore workingmen who traveled initially without their fathers and husbands, such as William and Francis Brown, who sent their two-year-old daughter, Sarah Ann, in April, 1840, presumably in the care of others; Francis followed the next month and William joined the family in June. Most surprising is the frequency with which children traveled without their parents. Nine such families emigrated in this way, such as the family of Christopher Askins, a laborer who lived on Honey Alley, who sent his nine children, all between the ages of sixteen and two, to Trinidad in April but did not himself emigrate at that time. Askins was not listed in the city directory for 1840; presumably he worked another month or two to accumulate capital and tend to final details before joining his family later that year but prior to the city directory’s compilation.

Parents who did not emigrate with their families might well have felt more compelling reasons than economics to send their children ahead of them, and, more important, to make their relocation permanent. Some found that their absence, no matter how short, would jeopardize their loved ones’ freedom. The example of Benjamin Copper certainly bears witness to this ever-present danger. In November, 1840, in preparation for emigration to Trinidad, Copper, a Baltimore free black, purchased the freedom of his slave wife, Caroline, from one Samuel House, also of Baltimore, for fifty dollars. Leaving behind his wife and two slave sons, Absalom and Alexander, “in the friendly care and charge” of Thomas Winston, another free black (probably a friend of the family), along with his wife’s bill of sale, Copper departed for Trinidad a year after his wife’s purchase “with the intention of returning to his residence in Baltimore City.”

Shortly after Copper’s departure, Winston hired out Copper’s two sons to Patrick Gallagher, who owned a lime kiln, for a small wage (“the hire of the youngest being only fifty cents a week over & above his cloathes & victuals”) that was paid to the boys’ mother. Sometime later, Caroline Copper died. Unscrupulously, Gallagher seized upon the opportunity to acquire a long-term source of cheap labor through the family’s misfortune. Claiming that “the father of the boys . . . has been absent from the state of Maryland for eight or nine years and still remains absent and is presumed to be dead,” and that the boys’ mother “a short time previous to her death requested the respondent to
take charge of her children and provide for them until they should become of age," Gallagher applied to the Orphan’s Court for indentures of apprenticeship for the two boys, which it granted. In 1846, the guardian Winston petitioned the court that the indentures were “wholly illegal & void in law,” producing the bill of sale entrusted to him and asking that they be “revoked & annulled.” No record of the court’s disposition remains, but the incident suggests reasons for permanent family, rather than temporary individual, emigration to Trinidad. Moreover, the unshakable confidence that these emigrants placed in their future destination, and the hardships suffered in emigration, reveal the depths to which racial hostility and inequities had plunged in Baltimore by 1840.35

A year after the Baltimore exodus, in 1841, a convention of free blacks, this time from throughout Maryland, met again in the city to consider a more broad-based emigration effort. Numbering more than a hundred delegates (many of whom were from Baltimore), the convention met at the Light Street Methodist Church and adopted resolutions supporting colonization and the formation of auxiliaries to the Maryland State Colonization Society in all areas of the state. Between 1832 and 1841, the society reported 627 emigrants sent to Africa and another twenty-nine sent to Haiti. These delegates determined to redouble their efforts to increase such participation in Baltimore and elsewhere.36

Resistance in Baltimore

Their efforts appear to have been largely unsuccessful. Enduring as it was, such support for colonization, however spasmodic, belies the fact that the overwhelming majority of free blacks (especially those in Baltimore) remained stridently opposed to colonization. And like the supporters of the movement in the city, anti-colonizationists emerged from all sectors of Baltimore’s black society. Opponents saw nothing of the missionary goal of emancipation; to them, colonization was no more than deportation and, in the words of one agent, they “left no stone unturned to put obstacles in the way of our expedition.”37 Though injustices existed, Baltimore’s free Negroes believed the liberties they enjoyed and the economic advancement they had achieved in their city were worth enduring present inequities. William Watkins, writing under his regular pseudonym, “A Colored Baltimorean,” captured the mood that prevailed in much of the Baltimore community. “Why should we abandon our firesides and everything associated with the dear name of home,” he queried, “for the enjoyment of liberty divested of its usual accompaniments, surrounded with circumstances which diminish its intrinsic value, and render it indeed ‘a dear earned morsel[?]’ ”38

Black leaders such as Watkins argued that free Negroes leaving the country would actually strengthen the institution of slavery and further degrade the
"Maryland in Liberia," circa 1836, oil on canvas by John H. B. Latrobe, is a romanticized interpretation of life in the West African colony. Latrobe never visited Liberia and is said to have painted the picture from sketches given to him by friends. (Maryland Historical Society.)

status of American free Negroes. The wholesale removal of the positive influence and example of those like themselves who had succeeded would result only in further degradation of those with black skin who remained—both less affluent free blacks and slaves and respectable freemen. In response to one such pro-colonization tract written by John B. Hepburn, a self-styled "Americo-African" (which Benjamin Lundy had published in his The Genius of Universal Emancipation), Watkins further questioned, with biting sarcasm,

how will our removal to Africa prove "that our natural color is" not "an obstacle to our moral and political improvement in these United States?" Again, will nothing but our removal thither prove "that we possess those attributes which entitle men to the consideration of society?" Or will our remaining here prove that we do not possess those qualities?39

The city's free blacks made concerted efforts to defend their status by preventing colonization proselytizers from making inroads into their community. Jacob Greener, a close associate of Benjamin Lundy's (though, like Watkins, he held a contrary view of colonization), made a habit of challenging white colonizationist speakers, excoriating them for their misguided notions and demanding that "the first object of the colonization society should be to educate the coloured children," followed by the elimination of white prejudice, "one of
the blackest spots that ever cursed the globe [and] ‘the stars and stripes’” and which the impetus for colonization only exacerbated. Further, the city’s black leaders prepared a new memorial repudiating their earlier version, now voicing a lack of confidence in the colonization society as inconsistent with the desires of the free black community, and deprecating the “illiberal attacks” upon the moral character of free Negroes in general. At the mass meeting held in 1831, Baltimore black residents reaffirmed their opposition to deportation, asserting that “we consider that land in which we were born our only ‘true and appropriate home’ and when we desire to remove we will apprise the public of the same, in due season.”

Ten years later, in preparation for the 1841 convention, James Hall, agent for the Maryland State Colonization Society, wrote to William Watkins, believing his prominence in Baltimore’s black community to be largely to blame for pervasive and continuing truculence on matters concerning colonization. Hall hoped that Watkins would convince “the more intelligent of the coloured population in behalf of the whole to memorialize said convention upon the subject, stating definitely what are their views and sentiments relative thereto.” Watkins’s reply, a masterfully subtle “no comment,” reveals the depth of the community’s aversion to colonizationists.

I am seriously of the opinion that colonizationists, in general, are so hostile to our remaining in the lands of our birth, so intent upon the prosecution of their scheme, . . . believing that our existence in Maryland is an evil of fearful magnitude an evil which must be removed are doubtless prepared to propose and carry out so far as an overruling Providence will permit them, such measures as they think best calculated to accomplish their object . . . that the “stating definitely” of our “views and sentiments relative thereto” would be regarded by them of secondary importance.

Watkins had once been less reticent. Twelve years earlier, attacking colonization in The Genius of Universal Emancipation, Watkins claimed that he would “rather die in Maryland under the pressure of unrighteous and cruel laws than be driven, like cattle, to the pestilential clime of Liberia, where grievous privation, inevitable disease, and premature death, await us in all their horrors.”

In addition to public demonstrations of unified opposition to colonization, which were easily visible to whites, Baltimore’s free blacks organized more forceful covert means of opposing the various societies’ efforts. Anti-colonization emissaries, generally in groups, visited prospective emigrants, warning them of potential hardships in Africa, claiming misrepresentations by colonization agents, and frightening the would-be emigrants with stories of sale to either the South or to the West Indies. One white agent lamented that once
Resistance to Colonization in Antebellum Baltimore

This verse appeared in every issue of Benjamin Lundy’s *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* in the 1820s. As one of the country’s most outspoken abolitionists, Lundy advocated the principles of liberty and social and economic equality for free blacks as well as slaves. (Maryland Historical Society.)

having persuaded a free black Baltimorean to emigrate, “in a day or two after, that someone had been after him, filling the mind of the emigrant . . . with alarming & false statements, and changing him from his purpose.”

If such tactics failed, urban free blacks often became more coercive, denouncing emigrants as “traitors to their race” and censuring them “not only in private houses, but in public meetings.” As early as 1831, as the Maryland State Colonization Society prepared to send its first group of emigrants, Baltimore freemen actually boarded the departing vessel to convince the black passengers to leave the ship to avoid certain death in Africa. Their last-ditch efforts appear to have worked; only half of those sixty emigrants scheduled to sail as part of the first expedition actually departed on sailing day. So pronounced were the black anti-colonizationists’ efforts that the managers of the Maryland State Colonization Society pleaded with the city’s watchmen to prevent such molestations, as the emigrants were traveling at the state’s expense.

Finally, in 1852, anti-colonizationists disrupted a colonization convention held at Washington Hall, packing the auditorium and shouting down, hissing,
and even threatening the lives of delegates who were trying to speak. Both inside and outside the hall, angry opponents “frequently assailed the delegates coming to the Convention and a large number of whom, . . . were ripe for any further opposition they could exhibit.” Several delegates resigned and left the hall, and only the arrival of the police allowed the convention to continue without incident.46 Such effective, tightly organized defenses of Baltimore’s black people appeared so impenetrable that one Maryland colonizationist lamented in 1832 that “the prejudices of the coloured people of Baltimore and other large Towns, against African Colonization, are so strong that distributing literature among them would be to throw it away.” So hostile was the sentiment against colonization, and so widely persuasive the Baltimore junto, that the Maryland Colonization Society abandoned recruitment efforts on the state’s Western Shore. Of the emigrants sponsored by the Maryland State Colonization Society between 1832 and 1841, only fifty (or less than 8 percent) hailed from Baltimore.47

In the face of adversities, growing hostilities, and even internal divisions, Baltimore’s black residents clung tenaciously to their place in a city which not only provided them access to extant nonslavery, but which many believed made it possible for them to forge true freedom. Precisely as white Baltimoreans’ perceptions of their black neighbors deteriorated, the city’s African Americans achieved extraordinary social progress. In many ways, the hardships—economic and otherwise—experienced by the city’s free blacks and slaves unified them in the three decades before the Civil War.

NOTES
2. R. S. Finley to J. H. B. Latrobe, August 8, 1832, Correspondence Received, Letter Books, microfilm reel 1, Maryland State Colonization Society Papers, copy in the University of Georgia Library. Hereafter cited as MSCS.
3. Campbell, *Maryland in Africa*, 39–42; R. S. Finley to J. H. B. Latrobe, August 8, 1832, Correspondence Received, Letter Books, microfilm reel 1, MSCS.
4. Campbell, *Maryland in Africa*, 39–42; R. S. Finley to J. H. B. Latrobe, August 8, 1832, Correspondence Received, Letter Books, microfilm reel 1, MSCS; William McKenney to Charles Howard, May 4, 1833, MSCS; James Hall to George Winthrop, July 7, 1842, Correspondence Sent, Agents’ Books, microfilm reel 17, MSCS.


11. Ibid., December 2, 1815; May 22, 1819.


13. Niles' Weekly Register, May 22 and July 17, 1819. In that same year, as debate over the entrance of Missouri into the Union commenced, Baltimore attorney Joseph D. Learned proposed a plan of internal colonization similar to Niles's but which called for the diffusion of southern slaves into the trans-Mississippi territories in an effort to gradually eliminate slavery. Another Baltimore attorney, Connecticut native Daniel Raymond, had earlier in the year dismissed Missouri's entrance as a potential ameliorative to slavery, arguing that slave populations in a slaveholding state grew at a faster rate than the corresponding white populations. Moreover, white populations grew faster in non-slaveholding states than in slaveholding states while the free black population grew less than half as fast as the white population in non-slaveholding states. Raymond concluded that these patterns proved that diffusion would encourage, rather than diminish, the growth of the slave population and similarly would retard that of whites. He opted for support of more extensive manumission in order to reduce the ratio of blacks to whites, positing that freed Negroes "would . . . acquire the habits of free men . . . or dwindle to nothing." Raymond reaffirmed his conclusions on free black improvidence in his two-volume Elements of Political Economy, published in 1820. Ostensibly a survey of economic theory, the work includes an extensive chapter on slavery's injuriousness to national wealth. See Joseph D. Learned, A View of the Policy of Permitting Slaves in the States West of the Mississippi, being a Letter to a Member of Congress, by Joseph D. Learned, Esq. (Baltimore, 1820); Daniel Raymond, The Missouri Question (Baltimore, 1819); and Raymond, Elements of Political Economy (Baltimore, 1820), 2:356–392. See also Frank Petrella, "Daniel Raymond, Adam Smith, and classical growth theory: an inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of America," History of Political Economy, 19 (1987): 239–259, and Paul Conkin, Prophets of Prosperity: America's First Political Economists (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980), 167–177.

14. Prior to the formation of the Maryland State Colonization Society (or MSCS), several emigration societies formed in Baltimore. In addition to the Maryland auxiliary to the American Colonization Society, founded in Baltimore in 1817, the Maryland Haytien
Company was formed in 1819 in Baltimore as an alternative to the African movement. Several more groups followed the formation of the MSCS, including those promoting emigration to Trinidad and British Guiana. See Leroy Graham, *Baltimore: The Nineteenth Century Black Capital* (Lanham, Md.: University Press of America, 1982), 77–78; Campbell, *Maryland in Africa*, 10–11.


17. Daniel Coker, *Journal of Daniel Coker* (Baltimore: John D. Toy, 1820), 42–44. The American Colonization Society published Coker’s letters and journal soon after his arrival in Liberia, both in the newspapers and in pamphlet form, as important elements of its efforts to relocate blacks to Africa.


26. Ibid., 11–15.

27. Ibid., 16–18.
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30. Free Negro Petitions to Leave the State, Baltimore County Court (Miscellaneous Court Papers), MSA C1, Maryland Hall of Records, Annapolis (hereafter cited as MdHR).

31. In their pamphlet, Peck and Price, though critical of the lack of opportunity for mechanics in Trinidad, interviewed several black expatriates from New York, who were employed as carpenters and “who said they were satisfied, and were doing well.” *Report of Messrs. Peck and Price*, 22–25.

32. Free Negro Petitions to Leave the State, Baltimore County Court (Miscellaneous Court Papers), MSA C1, MdHR; Richard J. Matchett, *Baltimore Directory for 1837–38* (Baltimore: R. J. Matchett, 1838), passim. Sixteen of thirty-two were listed as being laborers, while the remaining sixteen held such occupations as carter, drayman, porter, waiter, barber, caulker, and boot black.

33. Matchett, *Baltimore Directory for 1837–38*, 50; Matchett, *Baltimore Directory for 1840–41*, passim. As with travel to British Guiana, free black emigrants to Trinidad also received free passage. All but one of the 262 emigrants to either Trinidad or British Guiana left in 1840, and of those, all but four traveled between April and June. Only one other left the city for Trinidad, in 1842. Such a narrow window of migration might support the argument that the economic downturn following the Panic of 1837 provided the greatest impetus to renewed interest in colonization, and that by the latter months of 1840 and 1841 the city’s economic fortunes had risen and such interest waned, though the Baltimore *Sun* continued to carry advertisements during that period for ships leaving for Trinidad. See Baltimore *Sun*, December 28, 1840 and January 16, 1841.

34. Petition of Thomas Winston, August 4, 1846, Baltimore City Register of Wills (Petitions), MSA T621, Box 181, MdHR.

35. Ibid.


42. James Hall to William Watkins, May 18, 1841, Correspondence Sent, Agents' Books, microfilm reel 17, MSCS; Watkins to Hall, May 24, 1841, Correspondence Sent, MSCS.

43. Garrison, Thoughts on Colonization, 55–56.

44. Berlin, Slaves Without Masters, 207.

45. J. H. B. Latrobe to William Handy, October 20, 1837, Latrobe Letterbook, MSCS; Charles Howard to Captain of the Watch, Eastern District, November 25, 1832, State Manager’s Book, ibid.; Charles Howard to Ralph Gurley, November 15, 1831, Letters Received, American Colonization Society Papers, cited in Campbell, Maryland in Africa, 27–28.


America's political leaders flocked to Baltimore in the nineteenth century, holding sixteen national conventions to nominate candidates for president of the United States. Anti-Masons, National Republicans, Democrats, Whigs, Americans, Republicans, Constitutional Unionists, and Southern Democrats gathered in this border city to place their candidates in the hunt for office. They met at the Front Street Theater, Ford's Opera House, the Maryland Institute, and the Canton Race Track. In 1860, on the eve of secession, the Democratic Party split at its convention in Charleston; many delegates bolted to reconvene in Baltimore, only to split again and separately nominate Stephen A. Douglas and to confirm the Richmond delegation's choice of John C. Breckinridge. From local attorney William Wirt's winning the Anti-Mason ballot in 1831 through the sectional turmoil of mid-century to Woodrow Wilson's nomination in 1912, Baltimore hosted more national political conventions than any other American city.

The Maryland Historical Magazine invites you to test your political knowledge. All of the candidates pictured in this portfolio were nominated, or their nominations endorsed by a second party, at a political convention held in Baltimore. Can you identify them? Answers are on page 210.
The Whig Convention of 1840, held at the Canton Race Track.
Front Street Theatre
The Democratic National Convention at Ford's Opera House, 1872.
Woodrow Wilson on the platform at the Democratic National Convention, Fifth Regiment Armory, 1912.

Answers
In the years between 1830 and 1833, Anne Coleman resided at Cedar Park, in Anne Arundel County. Cedar Park, located on the West River, was named for a deer park surrounded by cedars. Anne was one among a select group of girls who became scholars at a boarding school called Miss Mercer’s Academy operated by Margaret Mercer, situated on her property. Mercer, who founded her academy about 1825, “announced to her friends her determination to convert the ancestral home into an Academy, expecting to receive but a limited number of pupils.” Due to the confidence placed in her abilities by her many friends, “she at once received applications from more than she had designed taking under her care. . . . During the whole time that she continued her residence at West River, she had as many pupils as she could accommodate, even after the erection of an extensive addition to the original mansion.” A list of scholars, collected as of 1831, reveals that eighty-eight young ladies hailing from six states including Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia attended Miss Mercer’s Academy. The academic curriculum at the academy was extensive, including arithmetic, algebra, cælæsthenics, chemistry, geography, history, punctuation, reading, religion, spelling, Latin and English grammar, and music. The school was open and active at Cedar Park for eight or nine years. In 1834 size limitations prompted Miss Mercer and her assistants to move the school operations from the Cedar Park site to Franklin, near Baltimore, and later to Belmont, near Leesburg, Virginia. Margaret Mercer “devoted her life to the education of girls and was known as the ‘Hannah More of America.’”

Anne Coleman boarded at Miss Mercer’s Academy for three years, beginning in her thirteenth year, having traveled from her family’s home, Cornwall, near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. The Coleman family placed great emphasis on education for all their children, which began with private tutoring at home. Ann Old Coleman, their paternal grandmother, financed the formal education of Anne and Margaret, eldest daughters of Thomas and Hannah Coleman.

The details of those years are carefully bound in two letterbooks in the collection of the Maryland Historical Society, which contain correspondence from family
and friends, though a few of Anne Coleman's own letters are included. The extensive collection of letters by many writers reveals much for the period during which Anne remained a scholar at Miss Mercer's Academy. The correspondence informs us of daily activities, family and social news, fashion, feelings, illnesses and medical practices, moral and religious issues, school curriculum, travel, and weather. Anne, her family, and friends left a valuable narrative of a portion of their lives.

The letters to Anne from her family begin with a brief note by her younger sister Margaret, which was completed by their mother Hannah. The only letter from Hannah that has survived, it clearly expressed the Colemans' intention that their children be well educated. Throughout the correspondence, the parents insisted that their daughters study and learn their lessons, offered abundant praise for their achievements, and encouraged greater effort and practice toward improvement. In addition, they communicated their opinions to Miss Mercer and her teachers. Anne expressed her thoughts freely, describing her studies, school environment, and recollections of home.

Cornwall March 5th 1830

Dear Sister Anne,

Mother says I must write you a part of a letter; but you must not expect a very good one as this is the first I have ever written. Uncle McDonald came here last Saturday evening and stayed over Sunday. Father sent Thomas to Lancaster with him and he returned the next day. Uncle sent us some new books by him which we are very much pleased with. William carries his about wherever he goes. It is the Child's Garland. Mine is the Snowdrop. The Sunday School is going on as well as when you left it. Kitty Hullinger has taught your class till last Sunday when Sally Shay took it. Sammy Barber came here a few days ago and Father let him have the Pony to ride home. He went well. After he got home he took him to water, and then, put him in the stable, and in a quarter of an hour he, the Pony, died. The geese are doing very well. One of them is setting on eleven eggs. The children all send their love. Your Affectionate Sister.

M. C. Coleman

I was in hopes, my dear Ann, that your Father would have filled up Margaret's letter, which I believe we must call it, as she thinks it was one of the most difficult tasks she has ever undertaken; but his busy time is just commencing and we must wait until he finds it convenient; he talks of it every week, but we have such a constant run of company, that our time is seldom at our own disposal. Alexander Hemphill and Mr. Pepper left us last Thursday, and on Saturday Alexander Cassat came here, with two young men and thirteen horses, which he brought from Ohio to sell in this country. . . . Your Father bought a very pretty little poney from him, which I hope will be as good a
Margaret Mercer, educator of young women.
From Memoir of Miss Margaret Mercer
[Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston, 1848].

hackney, as yours was. I was very sorry to hear he was dead, and I expect you
will be but your Father is glad, as he was always afraid to see us on him. I in-
tend riding very often now when the weather is good, and I hope if you live to
get home in July, you will enjoy yourself very much. Our friends in Lancaster
are all well, your Grandmother told Thomas, who has been there several times
lately, that she had received your letter which I was glad to hear. I received
your letter last night and one from your Aunt Isabelle, and we were all very
glad to hear that all things were comfortable with you both. . . . They were
much pleased to hear that Miss Mercer had written so good an account of
your conduct, as they seem quite as much concerned about you as we do, and
I hope my dear Ann you will continue to give us all the pleasure, of hearing
that you continue to improve, and deserve the praise of your teachers. . . . We
are very glad to hear you continue so happy, and that you have no complaints
to make. I think you are improving in your hand writing but your two last let-
ter[s] were rather too short, and you did not appear to write with so much
pleasure and ease as is well I hope my dear Anne you will cultivate a love for
letter writing, now since you have conquered the greatest difficulties attending
it, and I think you might always find enough to fill your paper in the course of
two weeks. You do not mention any of your companions, not whether you
have formed any intimacies, which you know was one subject I was anxious
on; and you say very little respecting Miss Mercer, or whether she teaches any
herself, or whether you are much with her. If there is any plan in your studies
which you think we would not approve of, or any branch neglected, I wish you
to let me know and I will mention it when I write to Miss Mercer. I observe
you do not point your letter well, and I would be glad you would ask Miss
Mercer to allow you to study Punctuation, and tell her it was owing to an oversight in Mr. Chipman and myself, as you ought to have studied it before you left home. Margaret and Sarah are now attending to it. I hope you will attend to spelling and reading as they are both very important. As you complain of want of time for writing I think it would be a good way always to keep a letter in hand, and write a little when you have leisure, and you would then write better, and without fatigue. I am sorry to hear Miss Birnie is going away, as she has been a kind friend to you; we do not understand by your letter whether Miss Sanderson intends leaving the school altogether or not, which I [illegible] you to mention, as Miss Mercer I thought considered her one of her best teachers. I am [illegible] dear Ann to hear of your reading History, and hope you will try to acquire a taste for it; as [illegible] request of being allowed to read the Arabian N.E. I am afraid it would not assist you much in forming a taste for useful reading. I am afraid it would have a contrary effect, and your Father and I neither, of us approve of it; but we are very much pleased that you did not read it without letting us know, though it might not be so injurious as some other book. I hope my dear Ann you attend carefully to the religious instruction you receive, and try to become thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures; now is the time for you to lay up a fund from the word of God, in your memory which will be of use to you through not only this world but eternity. Do not read your Bible as a mere habit as too many do, but read small portions at a time, meditate on it, and pray over it. I do not know whether you study the Bible in school, I hope you may, as I believe it ought to be part of every day’s employment; but by all means, never suffer a day to pass, that you do not read a portion of it. I got a little book in Baltimore which Mr. Chipman is using with the children every day, called Help to the Gospels, which I hope will be very useful to them; we use it too in the Sunday school. I think if children would study the Bible more, and be instructed so as to understand it, they would never have such a dislike to reading it, as the case with too many grown people of the present age. Always remember my dear Anne, that religion is your first and chief concern’s and therefore it should have your most directed attention. If Miss Birnie is still at Cedar Park, give my best love to her. I would have written to Miss Mercer before this, but I have been a good deal unwell again, with my old nervous feelings, but I am much better now, and will write as soon as I can; give my best love to her, and tell her the reason of my not writing. Your Father and the children all join in love to you. Last night when your letter came, they all collected round me to hear it read, and were much pleased. Willy said as soon as I was done, “I must write to sister Ann the next time” and if he were here, I would let him scribble a little to please him; he is as good as much of a pet as ever. Goodbye my dear child.

H. C. Coleman.
My dear Father,

I received your letter on Saturday evening, and as you told me to write to you soon I thought I would to do so to day though I really have not much time, and a most dreadful pen. I was very sorry to hear you say that Mother was only able to sit up a part of the day, for I thought she had become well enough to stay down stairs almost all the time from Aunt Bella's letters, but I hope the next time I hear from you she will be a good deal better, and not be obliged to stay in her room all day long. I received a letter last night from Ann Barrister written very well indeed, and very funny which I shall have to answer very soon, as she says she wished me to write to her, as soon, as I can, and I am sure I must try to write it well if I can possibly get a good pen. I wrote Grand Mother Coleman last Saturday, as Mother told me to do so the first leisure I had. Miss Murray this morning gave me a very pretty little ticket with these words on it. "Miss Ann Coleman for improvement in Musick" which I shall send to Mother in my next letter. I have finished a story with melancholy, and am now learning Kinlock and Kinlock with variations which is much prettier. I believe, as our John the clergyman from Baltimore is here we are to have church this evening, and so I must hurry and finish my letter before dark or else I shall not be able to send it by to morrow's mail. I was very much pleased to hear that Margaret enjoyed herself in York, and I hope she will stay there until July if she goes to school there, as I know she must have been so lone-some at home when we were all away, but I hope this will be the last time Mother will be obliged to leave home on account of her health. Miss Margaret says we may begin to read Goldsmith's Natural History, as soon, as we have finished Evenings Entertainments which we have found very interesting, as far as we have gone, but I expect we shall find the History more so. I have not eaten one strawberry this year, and they are nearly over here though I expect they are just beginning to ripen at Cornwall. Only think yesterday which was Whitsuntide Monday one year all that were old enough were down at the new bed picking strawberries for us to preserve, and to send down to Elisabeth, and this year I have not seen even one bed full of ripe ones. It is pouring this evening, and I have not nearly finished this letter yet it is getting so dark I can scarcely see. I hope I will have improved, as much as you seemed to wish me to be in your letter, as I have been studying as hard, as I could for the last three, or four weeks, and Miss Margaret told me a few days ago to tell Mother that I was improving a good deal. I am done learning Punctuation now, and indeed I am so glad I do not know what to do, as I really have not time to learn both Latin and English grammar. I am very happy here still, but want to go home worse than ever. I never in my life thought so much about home, as I have done the last week, and indeed I thought I never would stay here two whole long months. The cheries are ripe here at least some of them, and we are allowed to have a few every day which we enjoy a [illegible] deal, as it is the
only kind of fruit we have [at] present since we get no strawberrys here. Give my love to all the children, and believe me my dear Father, your affectionate daughter
Ann Coleman.

Cornwall Oct.

I received your letter last week my Dear Ann, & was rejoiced to hear that you were all well & so well pleased with your new teachers I hope you & Margaret are studying you ought to pay particular attention to your grammar geography & Arithmetic. I was very glad to hear that Mr. Didies had put you back in Arithmetic, as you ought to have a perfect knowledge of it before you commence Algebra. I wish you would tell Miss Mercer to be very strict with her [Margaret], as none of her friends thought that she had improved very much & try and break her of that abominable fashion of contradicting every person. I hope My Dear Children that you will be obedient to Miss Mercer & your teachers, & learn very fast, the more you apply yourselves to your studies the shorter time you will have to stay in school. I have bought a very handsome poney not near so large as yours & an excellent hackney—which I intend for you Margaret if you improve fast & I hear a very good account of you, I expect you will soon be able to play on the Piano as well as Anne. I hope you practice as much as you possibly can, I anticipate a great deal of pleasure, with both of you in August & I hope I will not be disappointed. Robert & William are very well they enjoy themselves very much running in the garden hunting eggs &c & are as happy as can be. William wants her [Margaret] to know she has eleven young goslins & that her cat is dead & she must not have the new poney. [He requests that they write and asks whether they need anything.] Remember me to Miss Margaret I am Dear children
Your Affectionate Father Thomas B Coleman

Cornwall Decr 27th 1832

I received My Dear children two letters from you since I wrote last, & was rejoiced to hear that you were both well, & satisfied with your school. I was particularly gratified to hear that Margaret had determined to apply herself to her studies. I hope she may continue to do so, there is nothing gives me more pleasure than hearing of our children behaving well, & learning fast & obedient to their teachers. I expect she will also break herself of that very bad habit of contradicting which if she does not will be a source of great trouble to her, when she grows up, & make her many enemies.

We are all well, Robert & William are learning very fast, & are Much pleased with their teacher poor Willy came to me last week to pull out his front teeth, which he was very proud of although it disfigures him very much, they have been confined to the house a great deal on account of the bad weather & are wishing for summer. There is nothing new happened about Cornwall since
you left home. . . . I wish you My Dear Anne were old enough to take charge of our house, I have no pleasure at home, no person to talk to excepting your little Brothers, I am looking forward with great anxiety to see you & Margaret, finishing your education, & I hope then (if we should live) to spend my time more agreeable.

I have not been in Lebanon since I saw you, I hear from there often, Sarah is well & reports say that Henrietta is to be married to Burns in the spring. I cannot imagine the reason you do not write to your Grandmother Coleman, as you know very well she is to pay for your education, your time would be better employed in writing to her, & your Friends than working for any Foreign Missionary society. As you know your Father is opposed to any society of the King (excepting Domestic) on abolition) I have no idea of encouraging Foreign Missionaries when their time could be more profitably spent at home, you might take for example our County, where there is but one English Protestant Church in the county & that is our Cornwall church, & the only one that has English preaching in. I should like to see you & Margaret liberal to any society that would spend their time in our own country or send Negroes to Liberia, & if you should be out of funds most willingly give you any moderate amount you might require to aid those societies mentioned, but not a cent to any Foreign society.

I have been interrupted so often since I began this letter that I must now quit, I expect to hear from you soon, & often, Robert & William send a great deal of love to you, & wished very much you had been at home at Christmas. Remember me to all my acquaintances at Cedar Park & believe me to be my Dear Children

Your affectionate Father Thomas B Coleman

Young women who had left the academy sometimes wrote to Anne expressing a variety of viewpoints. Each relayed the activities in which she was involved—continuing studies, social pursuits, and reminiscences of the pleasant times they had spent at Cedar Park. Every letter conveyed warm wishes to the scholars and teachers at Cedar Park and especially to Miss Mercer. Correspondence kept them up-to-date and allowed them to continue practicing composition, a major goal of their education.

Baltimore November 8th 1831

I am afraid dearest Anne you begin to think I have forgotten you, but it is not so, only consider for a moment the occupation of a school girl in town, having a quantity of lessons to study and a quantity of going out in the bargain, but I should not say a quantity of going out, for I am very domestic, but then my French, English, and music to attend to, and my English teacher, Mr Prentiss gives tremendously long lessons, and although the most amiable man in the world, is very particular about my saying them well, but what I dislike
above all things is his insisting on my writing a composition every week. Oh Anne you would like him so much, I never saw him the least out of temper in my life. My French teacher, Mr Bizouard is the quintessence of politeness, the very opposite of Dade in every particular, temper included. Mr Meincke is also a great favorite of mine. I was very much distressed to hear of Miss Margaret’s illness, but Dr. Stewart told me the other day that she was much better, I don’t think she can keep school much longer if her health does not improve.

Wednesday night—Dear Anne the evening was so dark that I was obliged to put by my letter and have not been able to resume it until now, and I don’t get it done before bed time, gracious knows when or where it will be completed for I intend to commence drawing tomorrow with Mr Smith. Then every moment will be occupied from nine in the morning till nine at night. You would be surprised to see what a hard student I have become, from lazy Creach I have rapidly changed into industrious Lucretia, by which name Madam you will be pleased henceforth to call me. Creach — Creach, why that sounds really barbarous in this refined metropolis. I went to the theatre that night, and almost killed myself with laughing—positively I was quite sick when I got home was the effects of my mirth. But Mother’s sad looks soon quieted me, for you must know she highly disapproved of the theatre, and to comfort her I made the promise of not going again this season. *Was not that dutiful?* I don’t enjoy you your scolding Miss Stewart or your sweet tempered Dade, much less your darling music teacher Mrs O’Conner. But I am almost tempted to commit the sin of envy (good as I am) about dear Miss Margaret. I think of her continually, for I love her most, dearly. When you write tell me all about the dear lady, the only way I ever hear anything of her ladyship is from Dr. Stewart—every now and then. And I believe half the time he doesn’t know what he is talking about, for [illegible] about a week ago he told me she was quite well when I know she was sick, but I dare say he [illegible] was not aware of it, he is still as great a favorite with me as ever. Is not he a sweet man? All my correspondents seem to be afraid of me since I came to town, I have had but one letter and that was yours, as to Ann Page and Josy they are the greatest scamps in America.

I must leave the ends to add a postscript to Sophy in order to give her a better scold. I authorize you to do the same good office for Agnes in my name. Make her years ring fairly and tell her that her dear friend Mr Palmer had given up the study of law and gone to Medicine—and tell her there is a very handsome young Doctor Dunbar from Winchester in town well acquainted with her sisters—he took tea here last night being an acquaintance of Isaac’s and I assure you is very agreeable—Give my love to E. Birckhead, Lucy Harrison, Lucy Oliver, and all the rest of the girls I know and make every one believe their name is in the letter, because you know they very often take offence of no remembrance, and my not mentioning their proceeds from want of room rather than of dimunition of affection, but don’t forget to give all the kind messages you can think of to dear Lucy Oliver. She is one of my greatest
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favorites. [illegible] Do not forget your true friend Lucretia Van Bibber formerly Creach.

To Miss Sophia G. Taylor. a P.S.

Now Sophy press one yourself open wide, eyes, [ears], and mouth to receive a scold, I intend to guard with you right off the reel the cause for the opening of hostilities is your breach of promise— My weapon the grey goose quill, and my aim at the heart. But ala, alas I recollect just in that I am totally inexperienced in this mode of warfare and fear I shall have to beat a retreat at the first onset. But how shall I escape after giving challenge. if abuse will avail, you shall have it, So you scamp, you wretch how dare you treat me in such a manner after promising so fairly too — what is the reason Madam you have not written before this. But for want of this ammunition I must leave the field. When I next appear I hope to be better prepared for the assault, or perhaps my grievances will be replaisied and require no more fighting so good bye

Yours Creach

Baltimore May 31st 1833

My dear Ann

I have a very few moments to devote to you this morning for I am busy very busy, of course you will wish to know what I am about, Why. I leave to morrow for Prince Georges and am (as is usual the day before leaving home) fixing and getting my things ready for packing. I was delighted to receive your [illegible] letter and intend getting the articles you wished this morning. My dear Ann do not send any more 1 dollar notes they do not pass here — however I managed to get yours changed. I do not see the man therefore do not know when he will call however if he does not call before I leave Mother will send them — when he does call. I was astonished to hear you had had the varioloid at Cedar Park I hope all are well by this time. I had heard no reports at all about it, My dear Anne. I have heard no reports at all about the school I am out of the way of hearing such reports, our part of the town — has too much politeness and gentility to meddle with any ones affairs, they have quite sufficient to do to mind their own if any reports are raised it must be the people up town that raise them. I know one or two busy people in that part of Baltimore. I was very much schocked to hear of poor dear Sarah Weidman’s death. I had not heard it before you wrote. I can scarcely realize it, she was a dear sweet girl it seems as if I could see her now in the school rooms, looking so sweetly and so intelligent. I must now say adieu for I have not time to write more. Direct to the care of William & Bonnie Edges Prince Georges Maryland. Good bye. Believe me your Love to all devoted Elizabeth [Todhunter]
Muncy April 28th 1832

Your long postscript my dear Anne gratified me very much and I think it quite deserving of a letter in return. I am pleased to have an opportunity of telling you how much pleasure it would give me to number you as one of my correspondents. I have always dear Anne felt great affection for and intend in you, and am glad to receive any proof of your good feelings towards me. Sarah Jane writes me long letters and is greatly improved both in her writing and style of composition. She seems very happy and very much attached to Miss Mercer, she was fortunate to get there, and I trust she will gain the good will of all her teachers, and companions. I have paid a long visit to my friends here, when I left home I did not think to be absent more than 6 or 8 weeks but I found my sister so unwell, and her health [has] continued so bad, that I could not leave her, she is still delicate but the winter is now over, and the weather becoming pleasant we hope she will soon be entirely restored. We were delighted the other evening by Mamma’s arrival, we looked for her the latter end of the week, so that we were confused to see her on Tuesday evening, she came from Harrisburg to Muncy in one day—a distance of a hundred miles it was a long and fatiguing journey too much so for Mamma, she seemed quite overcome by it, and [has] scarcely yet recovered from it; Our friends in Lancaster were pretty well, when mamma left home, there was a great deal of sickness among children. Scarlet fever and Measles was prevailing to an alarming extent. Mamma mentioned your sister Sarah’s having been on a visit to grand-mama she is a good deal grown. Uncle Calvert was up and had gone to Cornwall. Harriet’s arm was quite well, poor little dear—how much she must have suffered, she was confined several weeks to bed, I hope she may not feel any ill effects from it after; Brother Coleman has three fine children—the youngest Norman—had a very bad cold, and was quite sick for sometime, but is now recovered and run’s about as lively as ever, he grew extremely fond of me during his sickness. I was the principal nurse and he thought me of more consequence than he had done previously, I found him rather refractory when I attempted to administer his medicine. Julia is a smart girl very fond of reading, she has never been at school but her mother takes great pains with her education. Charles is a dear little boy, takes the greatest delight in horses. I never seen a child so fond of playing with colts he follows them, often I think at the risk of his life. We expected Louisa here to day, she has been in Philadelphia part of the winter, and was at Hardwicke for sometime, her little boy is beginning to talk and is said to be much improved, he was rather cross and troublesome. I hope Miss Mercer may be pleased with the Lady, she has employed as a teacher of Music, I am sorry she has had so much difficulty in that branch of her school. You no doubt feel some anxiety that the first of May should be warm and pleasant, young ladies at school usually look forward with great pleasure for a holiday, I can remember when it was hailed by me with delight. You must let me know who is your chosen Queen. I suppose the
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roses are in full bloom. Here nature still bears the dreary garb of winter, the lilacs are beginning to show some signs of life but it is so cold and comfortless, we do not feel that we have passed the spring or two months of it. I hope dear Ann we shall see you and my favorite Margy in August quite well and free from mosquito bites, I dread your suffering as you did last year, has Margaret had any thing done to her teeth since last fall, I often think of our visit to Mr. Hayden. My best love to Sarah Jane and Margaret, tell SJ will write to her next week — Make my respects to Miss Mercer

Believe me dear Anne to be your affectionate cousin Anne C. Hall

Groses July 1st 1833
Monday Morning 6 oclock

I have come again to host communion sweet, with you my Dear Anne, for it is now: almost the only pleasure I know that of writing to you. I could scarcely forbear exposing the disappointment, (yesterday; altho' it was Sunday) that — we felt at not receiving, an answer, by the last-mail, to my letter but I am willing to attribute it to negligence at the P. Office for — surely you would have written, when you know, we are so anxious to hear Miss Margts determination with respect to the Sweet Springs— We were confidant of hearing from her or yourself on Saturday— Mother + Margt are both unwilling, she should go to the Sweet Springs, on account of the distance & M[Margaret] being such such an invalid, but—I hope she will get better & be able to go. Mrs Lloyd & Nannie, have pressed us very much to go on with them—but I am sure Mrs Lloyd is not able to take care or be troubled with any one that is sick. It is certain that we must go some where very soon, but untill we know where we are going can make no preparations— We have not had a new garment made or thing since we got home.

I beleive when I wrote last M[Margaret] was to have a Blister applied to her side, which caused her much suffering and she has been ever fined entirely to her Bed since, till Saturday when she was able to sit up a little—Sat night—she took Pills & all yesterday morning, was sick as she could be. Sat night she had a considerable fever & was restless & miserable. She did not get to sleep till near next day. This morning she is up & walking in the passage. Saturday the Doctr was here & said it was the first time he had seen her free from fever, for more than a fortnight— The Blister is so sore yet that she cannot tell [if] the swelling in her side has gone down— She is very weak and not in a state to take any Tonic— I long to get off some where, but have many apprehensions we shall not succeed. Mother would prefer me going to Brandywine & staying some time there, but I do not think such a short-side would [be] of any advantage to Margt— Nannie & Ellen were here Saturday with Marianna Emory. The girls looked so pretty dressed in white frock with pale Blue Handkerchiefs & Belts, & white flowers with white [illegible] Ribbons on their Bonnets. Ellen looked like a Hebe & I could but observe the difference as she sat by the Bed
side, between Margt’s pale face & hers, which glowed with health & spirits; but why should I give a murmur at the dispensations of providence? Is not every thing ordered for some wise purpose—

This day three weeks we started from Cedar Park, & they appear longer to me than 6 did there. These beautiful moon light nights Charles & my self sit till late in the Porch & often wonder what you are doing, sometimes I fancy you at Calicsthenicks, again walking in groups over the Lawn & lastly assem-bled for prayers. Miss Mary, Cousin Sarah & Miss Margt at their end of the Room, you are on the bench generally by yourself, & wish I was sitting by you. It is so lonely here sometimes that I throw myself down & go to Sleep, no work to do, & no inclination to read— Tomorrow I will send John to the office again, & shall hope to get a letter from you. Harvest is not over yet & every boy so busy— Charles goes out to the Farm at 4 oclock, & we see nothing of him till night— It is done at Bennells Point & all Aunts people cutting over here, would you beleive I have not seen her yet? Or do I know when we shall get over but I hope between this & Christmas. I think yesterday was your Church Sunday have you any congregation now? & does any one come to the Park yet? Tell me in your next if The Cheston is still recovering. Can you tell me if Henrietta Stockton has returned—she has not sent my shoes yet— I am bankrupt in ideas this Morning, & can think of nothing else to say. I really think an Apology is due you, for troubling you with so many ill written letters. This is the fourth since Saturday fortnight— Margt has never been able to finish a letter she commenced, but says she will write to you as soon as she is strong enough. My love to Miss Margt- Cousin Sarah. Miss Mary Catham & Thomas, & Martin, Lucy, Gussy, Anness, Julia, Mary Williams, Mary Anne Malott-Contees, Sarah Jane & Margt- Jane Kent & Henrietta Mullikin, Anne Bromwell too. Mr & Mrs little Lemmy— My respect to Mr Daydin. The Deer are grown so fast. Jenny is much the most animated; they are the greatest pets that ever were here. Jenny knows her name & will come when called. Kate & George pull grass for them every evening & they will eat out of their hands. We have some difficulty in keeping them out of the Pasture, it is their favorite [illegible]— Write to me soon & beleive me truly

Yours MT [Mary Tilghman]

[On address side] Ask Cousin Sarah if I did not leave the little Book— Hints to Christen that Eliza Contee gave me, in her Press

In the years they studied at Miss Mercer’s Academy, Anne and Margaret ma-tured, and their letters to one another and to their family and friends reflect greater knowledge and a growing depth of awareness and sentiment. They main-tained an active correspondence with many people through the years, keeping re-lationships strong with offers of support and affection. As these samples show, the two volumes of letterbooks are rich in detail, providing an insightful chronicle of the life and times of young women in the early nineteenth century.
NOTES

1. Coleman Papers (hereafter CP), MS. 252, Box 2, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Maryland. From a brief family genealogy written by Ann C. Tucker. Anne Caroline Coleman (1818–1896) was the oldest daughter of Thomas and Hannah Coleman.

2. J. Reaney Kelly, “Cedar Park, Its People and Its History,” *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 58 (1963): 30, 47, 49. Cedar Park has had various owners over the years including the Galloway, Sprigg, Mercer, and Murray families.


5. Ibid., 101.

6. Ibid., 49–50; Letterbooks of Anne Coleman, CP.


8. Linda Shopes, *Research Collections at the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Collections* (Harrisburg: Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Collection, 1994). Cornwall, the Coleman family home, located at Cornwall Iron Furnace, which operated between 1742 and 1883 and is considered to be “the best preserved iron manufacturing site in North America.”


10. Letterbooks of Anne Coleman, CP.

11. Spelling and punctuation appear as written.
In this slim but impressive volume, Scott Sheads presents an overview of the 220-year history of Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor. The author is well qualified to write the story, having worked as a National Park Service ranger-historian at the fort since 1978.

In fourteen short chapters, some less than ten pages long, the author provides an easy to read narrative of key events in the fort’s history. Thus, Sheads chronicles the fort’s beginnings on Whetstone Point in early 1776, when Captain Fulford’s militia artillery manned a shoreline earthwork and gun battery. The alarm in Baltimore caused by the appearance in the Patapsco of the British sloop of war *Otter* in March 1776 prompted the erection of a more substantial earthen “star fort” that preceded the brick star-shaped fort begun in 1800 by French engineer Jean Foncin. Fort McHenry was one of sixteen coastal forts ordered to be built under a congressional act of March 20, 1794—a reaction to the uncertain times of the Napoleonic Wars (1793–1815). The fort was named after James McHenry (1753–1816), an Irish-born Baltimorean who served as secretary of war under President George Washington.

As might be expected, Sheads spends substantial space in narrating the dramatic events of the War of 1812 and in particular those of the British bombardment of Fort McHenry in September 1814 that led to the writing of “The Star-Spangled Banner” by Francis Scott Key. However, because of the writer’s broad-brush approach to telling the whole panorama of the fort’s history, this cannot be said to be the main focus of the book. In fact, readers who wish more details on these events are better advised to look at the author’s earlier *The Rockets’ Red Glare: The Maritime Defense of Baltimore in 1814* (Centreville, Md.: Tidewater Publishers, 1978).

The stirring story of the bombardment and the gallant defense under Major George Armistead is the fort’s main claim to fame. No doubt the law, signed on March 31, 1931, by President Herbert Hoover, making “The Star-Spangled Banner” our national anthem led to the fort’s designation in 1939 as a National Monument and Historic Shrine. Yet, persons who only know of the fort’s role in the War of 1812 may be startled to learn that it served as a federal prison during the Civil War. Many leading Baltimoreans were detained in the fort’s dank dungeons for suspected southern sympathies after Union General Benjamin F. Butler’s May 1861 occupation of the city. Among those slapped behind bars at the fort that September was, ironically enough, Frank Key.
Howard, grandson of Francis Scott Key. Howard was an editor of *The Exchange*, one of several city newspapers closed by federal officials.

Anyone unfamiliar with the fort’s twentieth-century history may be surprised to learn that during World War I the U.S. Army built on its grounds U.S. General Hospital No. 2, creating a maze of buildings around the star fort. Sheads claims that the hospital wards and other buildings so swamped the fort that by the summer of 1922, “the hospital consisted of 120 buildings amidst a vast complex of roads” (83). The old fort itself was used for NCO quarters, a bakery, commissary, and commissary store. Not surprisingly, the author notes that, “The construction and subsequent demolition [in 1923] of the hospital had an enormous effect on the fort’s historic landscape” (85). Among the nineteenth-century structures swept away in the demolition were the 1814 hospital, the 1843 officers’ stables, and the 1864 storehouse. We can be grateful that this century has also witnessed a growing public movement to preserve the past, as manifested today in such citizen groups as “The Patriots of Fort McHenry,” formed in 1985 “to help preserve and enhance the only national monument in the United States designated a historic shrine” (105).

The author also discusses modern archaeological findings and renovation needs. Additionally, he provides a useful brief overview of the Patapsco River forts that in the later nineteenth century superseded Fort McHenry as increasingly powerful naval armament made the old fort obsolete. These newer forts include Fort Carroll (1850), four miles below the star fort in Baltimore harbor, and Forts Smallwood, Howard, and Armistead, even farther out toward the bay, each built in 1898 at the time of the Spanish-American War. These forts were themselves made obsolete twenty years later “due to a new weapon of war—the aeroplane” (113).

This book is not without its problems. A number of maps that might each have been printed on a full page occupy only a half page with consequent small lettering that might present a problem for some readers. In a section of sixteen color plates, a printer’s error has led to a switch in the captions of the 1816 Peale portraits of Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead (1780–1818), commander of the fort during the British bombardment, and Major General Samuel Smith (1752–1839), commander-in-chief of American forces at Baltimore in 1814. Genealogists will find useful a set of appendices listing military units at the fort in September 1814, post commanders in 1776–1923, and interments in the post cemetery. Yet, it is surprising that the publisher has not supplied an index for the book. I also thought it absurd to title one appendix “Chronology of Fort McHenry, 1608–1995”—as if the fort had been standing when Captain John Smith sailed into the Chesapeake Bay in 1608. All of these problems can be easily corrected when Scott Sheads’s *Fort McHenry* goes into additional printings, as this destined-to-be popular book surely will.

Christopher T. George

Baltimore

I am a magna cum laude graduate of Harvard. My father, Simon Flexner, was a world famous pathologist, founding director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. My mother, Helen Whitall Thomas came from a distinguished line of Quaker educators and philanthropists (Johns Hopkins University, Bryn Mawr College). I spent extended periods traveling in Europe and was received on intimate terms by the highest intellectual circles in England. The New York Herald Tribune considered me one of its most gifted reporters. The American Academy of Arts and Letters, the National Arts Club, the New York Historical Society, and the Society of American Historians all sought me to join them. I am an honorary trustee of the New York Public Library. The Pulitzer Committee conferred their prize on me. My works have been handled by fourteen publishers; some have been translated into a dozen languages. Both American and British television have featured me as a consultant and on-camera expert. Pope Paul VI included me in a Vatican seminar on “The Influence of Spiritual Inspiration on American Art.” Mayor Jimmy Walker once lent me his official limousine for the evening so that I might not keep waiting the young woman I had planned to meet after an (overly extended) interview with him. By dropping Governor Rockefeller’s name (“I don’t really want to bother Nelson, but I suppose I’ll have to.”) I convinced a self-important New York university historian to allow me access to material vital to my research. Several museums have made overtures to me hoping to acquire my art collection upon my death.

The statements above are not in quotation marks because they are not James Thomas Flexner’s exact words. However, each statement corresponds in tone as well as in fact to information he includes in his autobiography, A Maverick’s Progress. This material and much more enriches his latest work. One can certainly ask, however if this really is the life of a maverick.

At age eighty-eight, Flexner’s life, however defined, is one of numerous accomplishments. The subheadings by which the Library of Congress catalog’s this book set it out for us: “Historians—United States... Art Historians—United States... Biographers—United States... Biography as a literary form.”

James Flexner entitles a major chapter recounting his formative years "The Biographical Zone." His definition of this phrase tells us a great deal: "It was my tremendous good fortune to have been born into and raised in what I came to call 'the biographical zone,' that area of human experience that is inhabited by persons significant enough in their own right, and generating the necessary records, personal and historical, to be available for biographies of length, interest, and depth" (50).

His family's social and intellectual position placed him in a milieu of important personages. Indeed, he tells us, "Few children have been tossed into so demanding an environment." However, he goes on to state, "Our parents, as they well knew, had nothing tangible, except modest savings, to hand on to their two sons: no hereditary title or honor or clan position except locally in Baltimore, no wealth, no family business, no estate in the country, not even a house they owned in New York. If we were not to have an Icarus-like fall, were to continue to fly in the rarified atmosphere they had attained, it would have to be on our own wings. Helping us to grow strong enough wings to support us was the main objective of our upbringing. It was perpetually brought home to us that what was adequate achievement for others would be disgraceful for us. I was so indoctrinated that this requirement seemed to me an innate part of my nature" (14).

Flexner spent several years after Harvard struggling to be a successful novelist. That proved impossible, so he plunged into journalism and lived the colorful existence of a Herald Tribune reporter in the New York of the 1930s. When he decided to become a professional writer, therefore, he had superior intelligence, exposure to society at all levels, and a gifted and imaginative mind. What he did not have was the technical academic training to be taken seriously by the average university professor. However, the vigor of his writing style and rigor of his research methods resulted in widespread respect from the reading public. Although Flexner clearly relished what he perceived as the "pedantic scorn" of the official history and art history establishments, in the end he states, "It is a safe generalization to claim that the appreciation among scholars of my books increases with the stature of the reviewer in his own academic field and his public reputation. It is associate professors in jerkwater colleges who try to throw envenomed darts." There is ample evidence of the validity of this assessment.

It is also true that, particularly where art is concerned, Flexner defied the conventional thinking by even considering American painters worthy of legitimate study. When he began his work on them, American art was not studied at all in colleges and universities in this country. The distinguished connoisseur Bernard Berenson, married to a cousin of Flexner's mother, provided the boy with years of firsthand awareness and training (to the point that Flexner decided art history courses at Harvard, such as they then were, would be a waste of time). The attribution scandals, the "thicket of frauds" he uncovered among famous art dealers, all this made many a day for James Flexner, one
senses. He assures us that he was "not concerned with those lines of influence with which academics play cat’s cradle" (172). Ultimately, one feels that Flexner either exaggerates the degree of scorn with which his works met, or that he continues to think himself the object of pedantic disdain long after that has ceased to be the case.

In 1980, Doubleday put out a deluxe edition with colored plates of Flexner’s *Old Masters*, prompting John Russell, art critic of the *New York Times*, to say, "It is not every writer on art who is invited to republish—with no more than incidental changes—a book that first appeared in 1939. Nor can James Thomas Flexner be said to have pioneered a methodology that has been taken up with acclamation by academic art historians. On the contrary: He goes his own way, now as then. But he brought to these studies of Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Charles Willson Peale, and Gilbert Stuart a knowledge of American political history that few historians of art can rival—and, with that, a gift of narrative, a delight in the human comedy, and a generosity of spirit that do not turn up every day in art history. One could also adduce a quality of belief. Mr. Flexner believed in these painters at a time when they found few to praise them."

Flexner focuses explicitly on the "maverick" in his title. Not only does he furnish us with a dictionary definition of the term in the text, he also places a definition at the top of the inside dust jacket: "An independent-minded person who refuses to abide by the dictates of or resists adherence to a group; disserter." But what of the other word in this book’s title, "progress?" Any biography or autobiography by its nature shows us "progress" as understood to mean development, unfolding, forward movement, even, perhaps, steady improvement and advancement to a higher stage. In the case of James Thomas Flexner one is justified to complete the definition by remembering that "progress" can also mean "a state journey made by a royal or noble personage, or church dignitary through his realm." His candid enjoyment of acclaim and his pride in his achievements do evoke a sovereign thoroughly comfortable with favorable reception. For Flexner, the "biographical zone" into which he had been born was in a very real sense his realm.

Flexner treats us to vivid details of his childhood in New York, summers in New Hampshire, travels abroad, women encountered. Virtually all the episodes and situations are brought wonderfully alive. For example, the tragi-comic behavior of his German governess during World War I is an unexpected delight. In addition to the undeniable human interest of a long life intensely lived, Flexner’s book gives us original and illuminating comments on how biographies should be both written and read.

There is no question that the value of James Thomas Flexner’s *Maverick’s Progress* stems from his strength as a gifted, well-educated amateur who proceeded to spend his life as a professional writer. He had the force and positive confidence to present his gifts to a broad public and to impose them on the
“academic” experts. Are those days of such a prolific and superior amateur intellectual past? Is it too late for James Thomas Flexner to exist again? To read only a page or two of his works is to realize that American letters are definitely the richer for his indomitable belief in himself.

MARGARET FLOWERS SOBEL
Baltimore


In this work, August Meier relates how and why he became a teacher in three black colleges, an active participant in student nonviolent civil rights demonstrations and finally the historian of the events which he helped develop and the changes which he assisted in making during the period 1945–1957. He does this through the presentation of reprints of sixteen essays on various aspects of the black experience which he hoped would be helpful for historians by offering some illumination on the developments of the period” (ix). Ten of the essays are subsumed under Part I entitled “Teaching and Learning behind the Color Line” while the remaining six are listed under Part II, “The Civil Rights Movement: Analyses by a Participant.” A brief introductory statement explaining the significance of each essay and the circumstances under which it was written precedes each piece. Footnotes and endnotes to each essay apparently obviated the need for a general bibliography at the end of the work.

The collection of essays is preceded by a well rounded introduction that not only relates the author’s liberal background and other facts but ties the chapters together by colleges where he taught: Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi, 1945–1949; Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, 1952–1957; and Morgan State College, now University, Baltimore, Maryland, 1957–1963. Throughout the introduction, Meier observes that he developed a fine rapport with his students and fellow colleagues. He also gained an ever widening acquaintance with scholars and leaders in the black community as well as an unsurpassed wealth of knowledge on African Americans. Between 1949 and 1952, he pursued the doctoral degree in history at Columbia University.

The Morgan years, 1957–1963, were Meier’s most productive and climactic years. He joined the Department of History at Morgan in 1957, the same year in which he received his doctorate from Columbia. Besides teaching he became an activist leader. The faculty applauded him for his comments and queries to E. Franklin Frazier concerning his famous book, Black Bourgeoisie (Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press, 1956) at its meeting in January 1960. Meier found some flaws in Frazier’s methodology but nevertheless found agreement in the overall. The history department was especially impressed as he persisted
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in voicing protest to the Southern Historical Society for continuing to hold its meetings in southern cities where hotels refused to serve African Americans. This practice was ended due in large part to his efforts. The student body lauded Meier for debating Malcolm X at their invitation at a school-wide assembly in March 1962. Meier defended integration while Malcolm X advocated black nationalism.

Meanwhile, in the spring of 1960, Meier joined the ongoing Morgan students' demonstrations that succeeded in opening the restaurants of all the department stores in Baltimore. The demonstrations began at the Hecht-May department store restaurant in the Northwood shopping center a few blocks from Morgan. Later demonstrations spread downtown to Hutzler's and Hochschild-Kohn as well as Hecht-May. So effective were the demonstrations that victory was attained in three weeks. Although members of the white and black communities and organized groups helped, Hutzler in a public announcement gave credit to the students "for calling attention to the situation and for accomplishing what the stores themselves had not been able to do" (120). Meier entitled his essay on these demonstrations "The Successful Sit-Ins in a Border City, A Case in Social Causation."

Meier next joined the students in their successful demonstration against the Northwood Theater, "the last bastion of exclusion" (137) in the shopping center near Morgan. He observed that this was "perhaps the most important and certainly the most intense experience" (p. 137) of his activism. In six days over a thousand students picketed the theater and 413 were arrested. Of interest were the confrontation between Dr. Meier and President Jenkins who supported the demonstrations but opposed teachers getting arrested; the ROTC students joining the picket line; the problem of raising the $95,000 bail money for jailed students; the possibility of placing a charge of conspiracy against a Morgan College professor who had acted as an adviser to the student group; the sympathetic attitude of the policemen; and the work of Attorneys Juanita Mitchell and Robert Watts. The climax came in a meeting with Mayor Philip Goodman, who was running in the primaries for reelection, that led to his announcement that the theater would open its doors if the demonstrations were ended. This was done and all charges against the demonstrators were dismissed. Meier named this essay "Case Study in Nonviolent Direct Action."

In Part II of his work, Meier includes six essays under the heading of "The Civil Rights Movement: Analyses by a Participant." All were written while teaching at Morgan except the one on Martin Luther King. Among them are "New Currents in the Civil Rights Movement, 1963"; "The Continuous Quest for Equality, 1964"; "Who are the True Believers? A Tentative Typology of the Motivations of Civil Rights Activists, 1965"; and "Dynamics of Crisis and Unity in the Southern Movement, 1964."

The essay "On the Role of Martin Luther King," was written by Meier in 1965 at Roosevelt University in Chicago, where he taught John H. Bracey, Jr.,
with whom he would later collaborate on a book, *Black Nationalism in America* (1970). Dr. Bracey, who provides the Afterword to the present work, a deserving tribute to his former mentor, and Bruce Wilcox of the University of Massachusetts Press succeeded in persuading Professor Meier to publish these essays on his early career. Professor Louis Harlan of the University of Maryland had made a similar suggestion years before but apparently to no avail.

Throughout his study Meier uses firsthand information gathered from his personal observations as a participant, interviews of students, store managers, and public officials, and his own research. This writer thinks that sampling lists of lesser known participants would enhance the work. Such lists could appear in an appendix if not throughout the work.

Overall, the book is important for shedding additional light on the civil rights movement. It furnishes a deep and wide understanding of the unfolding of that movement, especially in Maryland. It affords a source and model for others who are interested in the subject of freedom and the advancement of the human condition.

ROLAND C. McCONNELL
Morgan State University

*Small Worlds, Large Questions: Explorations in Early American Social History. 1600–1850.* By Darrett B. Rutman with Anita H. Rutman. (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1994. 316 pages. Index. $55.00 cloth, $17.95 paper.)

*Small Worlds, Large Questions* tells several stories. It works equally well as the intellectual biography of a prominent historian of early America, as a window into the changing shape of historical scholarship from 1960 to the present, and as a series of meditations on the ways in which we interpret the raw data of history. But Rutman does not simply meditate on the nature of history and the historical profession He does history, sometimes, as we shall see, with a vengeance.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the essays in this volume is their range. Readers of the *Maryland Historical Magazine* are most likely to have encountered Rutman as an historian of colonial Chesapeake society. Indeed, his classic essays on the effects of disease on Chesapeake communities are reprinted here, along with a study of town formation drawn from his best-known book, *A Place in Time: Middlesex County, Virginia, 1650–1750.* But Rutman began his career by publishing extensively on colonial New England, and in his later work Rutman continued his southward migration, a pattern reflected in his early essays on New England and later pieces focusing on the antebellum South.

Rutman displays his intellectual range not only by reaching across the continent and the centuries, but also by his dextrous use of a capacious and varied conceptual toolbox. Rutman shows this flexibility in his decades-long exploration of the nature and extent of the ties that bind people together. (This search
for "community" gives this volume an admirable thematic coherence.) For example, in "Community Study" he makes extremely effective use of network theory, which is essentially a simple metaphor (networks = webs) given analytical vigor and even quantified by geographers and sociologists. But in a very different direction, in "Magic, Christianity, and Church in Early Virginia," Rutman wields an ethnographic concept of "culture," displaying an acute awareness of the rich variety of anthropological theory (something very few historians have bothered to do). At other points he displays a penchant for the literary turn.

Unfortunately, Rutman's style of addressing his readers may alienate them, thus preventing them from appreciating the substance of what he has to say. He has forged an impressive career for himself by challenging received wisdom and conventional interpretations. The essays in Small Worlds illustrate his general approach: he identifies a mature historical interpretation, preferably one so commonly accepted that it has begun to find its way into the textbooks. He then burrows into the archives, finds evidence that contradicts received wisdom, and supplements his argument by pointing out the logical inconsistencies within that interpretation. So far, so good. All the better when it contributes to the formation of a new, more empirically-founded thesis, as Rutman's essays so often do. However, the very passion for the plain truth that makes Rutman so effective at debunking leads him to oversimplify the work of other historians, to attack a theoretical position in one passage and then embody it in the next (most notably in his treatment of poststructuralism), and to tilt at windmills that fell into disrepair years ago and were never so prominent on the landscape as he believed (most notably "Marxism"). Rutman's hectoring tone will alienate more readers than it will enlighten.

This proclivity seems related to a more general tendency: apart from the occasional burst of literary, even poetic sensibilities, Rutman misses key opportunities to make his bold reinterpretations meaningful to his readers. His attacks on fellow scholars seem to divert him from the more constructive task of reflecting on the meaning of his often startling empirical findings. One suspects that Rutman reflects on such issues more often than his written work would suggest, but that is all that most of us have to go on. Rutman may be right about one eternal feature of human nature; perhaps all social behavior is no more than a "collective survival enterprise" (302). But in many times and places, including here and now, the search for survival is rivaled by the search for meaning. Historians have little to offer humanity in its search for survival, but much to offer in the search for meaning. It is unfortunate that Rutman does not put on paper all that he has to contribute to the latter endeavor. Nevertheless, readers who focus on the substantive essays that form the core of this volume will find a treasure trove of historical knowledge, just waiting for the thoughtful reader to meditate upon its meaning.

JIM RICE
Central Washington University
Chesapeake Bay in the Civil War. By Eric Mills. (Centreville: Tidewater Publishers, 1996. 326 pages, 96 illustrations. Notes, bibliography, index. $29.95.)

Among publishers it is a received truth that readers never tire of books about Abraham Lincoln, doctors, and dogs—so that a surefire bestseller would be a book about Lincoln's doctor's dog. Likewise, Marylanders never weary of reading about the Chesapeake Bay and the Civil War, so Eric Mills's book should find a ready reception here. It deserves to. Indeed, the appeal of this lively and readable new book should extend beyond the Chesapeake Bay region.

In his preface Mills writes, "For those of us fascinated by the Civil War as well as by the lore and history of the Chesapeake Bay, there has been a gap where the two great fields of interest meet. . . . Nowhere could I find a volume that specifically set its sights on the Chesapeake country as the geographic focus for a Civil War study. The more I looked, the more I realized that it was a story that wanted telling."

Chesapeake Bay in the Civil War is much more a story—or rather a collection of stories—than a work of history. It does not add appreciably to our knowledge of the War between the States. But Mills writes well, and his stories, many of them familiar to Civil War buffs, are engagingly told. He frames his book with Franklin Buchanan, an Eastern Shore aristocrat, grandson of a Declaration signer, seafaring legend, first superintendent of the U.S. Naval Academy, commander of Washington's main arsenal on the tense eve of Lincoln's inauguration. It is Buchanan who, gone over to the Confederacy, commands the ironclad CSS Virginia (née USS Merrimack), which terrorized Union shipping until fought to a draw by the Monitor in Hampton Roads. And it is with a war-weary Buchanan that the saga ends, Buchanan a prisoner-of-war paroled upon his oath never again to take up arms against the United States.

Within this frame Mills has packed plenty of vignettes, anecdotes, battle accounts, and tales colorful, comical, and grisly. Smuggler Levi White eluding the Potomac Flotilla time and again, running to Richmond his cargoes of potassium, tin, and gutta percha, all readily available in New York, and oysters picked up en route through the Bay. The Baltimore delegation to the Maryland legislature being locked into Fort McHenry to keep them from voting for secession. Colonel Richard Thomas Zarvona, twenty-one and with a shaved pate, outfitting his Maryland Zouave troops in "wild red uniforms" and throwing off his own disguise as a flirtatious French lady to brandish cutlass and pistol. Baltimore's notorious mobs assembling to heckle Union troops, riot against secession, and intimidate voters with bricks and clubs.

Mills's storytelling is at its best in his derring-do accounts of raiders in small boats boarding and seizing and often burning much larger vessels. There was John Taylor Woods, whose small force of Confederate officers and men put their boats on wheels and hauled them overland from point to point along the shore to strike suddenly in storm and by night, then to disappear back up
on shore. Taylor was cursed by the Potomac Flotilla but lauded as a hero in Richmond. And there was John Yates Beall, a twenty-year-old Virginia law graduate, who with twenty men and two small cutters named Raven and Swan captured upward of a dozen Union freight schooners before leaving the Bay for Lake Erie where he was captured and hanged as a pirate.

If some of the stories in *Chesapeake Bay in the Civil War* are familiar to historians and Civil War aficionados, other readers who, thanks to television and film, know about Andersonville and its horrors, may not yet realize that the Union counterpart of that death camp was in Maryland. On Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, the U.S. built its main facility for holding Confederate prisoners-of-war. Intended for a maximum of 10,000, it eventually held twice that number. Mills describes it as "a filthy hell, a cramped cesspool fecund with disease." The water reeked. Chronic diarrhea, scurvy, fever, pneumonia, and smallpox thrived in the miasma. Men were shot to death on the spot for urinating anywhere but in sinks provided for the purpose, and, a sanitary commission reported, "They live, eat, and sleep in their own filth." No wonder, then, that the flag-of-truce steamer *New York* was known as the "ship of salvation," for it shuttled between North and South with exchanges of prisoners, usually the wounded, starved, maimed, and dying. When there was an excess of prisoners for exchange by one side or the other, they were often paroled upon swearing that they would not take up arms until a like number of prisoners from the other side had been paroled.

Readable as it is, *Chesapeake Bay in the Civil War* is not free of shortcomings. It is so full of trees that the overview of the forest is lost; and while a book should not be criticized for failing to be what it does not intend to be—in this case a history of the Civil War—Mills’s book would have benefited from being provided with some broader context, references to what was going on in the war simultaneously with the events playing out in and around the Chesapeake Bay. To be sure, Grant and Lee, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg are mentioned, but only rarely and fleetingly.

Mills relied heavily on the *Official Records*, both army and navy, for his research, but his bibliography includes some eighty other sources. Notes on the chapters are at the back of the book and are nicely narrative, using boldface type rather than page numbers to flag items cited. A better, more detailed map of the Chesapeake Bay region would have been helpful, as would a list in the front matter of the nearly one hundred illustrations. Finally, a more analytical index would have enhanced the book: "Baltimore," for example, appears as a single clump of thirty-seven entries.

But no book is flawless, and Eric Mills has given us a welcome addition to the extensive literature on the Civil War and the Chesapeake Bay—and, if he is right, the first book on the intersection thereof.

*Maryland Historical Magazine*

Jack G. Goellner

Baltimore

Ninety years ago Rudyard Kipling, of all people, forecast the fate of men like Adlai Stevenson:

Then there arose . . . a masterless man . . . who had no special virtues but who was afflicted—that is the phrase—with the magic of the necessary word . . . the words “became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers.” Thereupon, [they] took and killed him. But later, they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man.

Stevenson’s own history does seem melancholy. The eloquent visionary candidate of the 1950s, he was twice mercilessly buried on an otherwise gleaming path to the White House. Today’s presidential runners still seem stunned by the message. Routinely they shun both eloquence and vision like twin mad cows.

Bill Clinton speaks warmly of being a “New Democrat,” whatever that is. Bob Dole admires “character”: who doesn’t? So here we are in 1996, stranded in a political desert baked dry of elevated thought, of soaring phrase, of wit and polish and grace. These were the Stevenson specialties, now deemed leprous hence fearfully expunged. Alas, poor Adlai. What wry chuckles you would have to call up to put in perspective the current dismissal of your shining hour now forty years gone.

In The Stevensons: A Biography of an American Family, Jean Baker does more than chuckle. Touch by professional touch—she is a professor of history at Goucher—she brings Adlai Stevenson surging back to life, radiant once again as the progressive darling of an elite college-bred generation—the “Shakespeare voters.” As of old he dreams, he illuminates. He twinkles and charms. Ironically, he teases and amuses. He walks with the same plump waddle—Jean Baker is very objective—but mainly he talks, as four decades of cloud melt away. A man of high principle emerges, a man phenomenally gifted with the language to make his principles march. Or did they?

He once explained to an audience of American Legionnaires, hungry for a little political slam-banging, that: “The road we travel is long, but at the end lies the grail of peace. And in the valley of peace, we see the outlines of a new world, fertile and strong. It is odd that one of the keys to abundance should have been handed to civilization on a platter of destruction. But the power of the atom to work evil only gives the merest hint of its power for good.” Harvard might have liked this. The Legionnaires were unsympathetic.

Later, after being mowed down a second time by the hugely popular (“I like Ike!”) Eisenhower, Stevenson found it in himself to say farewell to his followers:

. . . with a full heart and a fervent prayer that we will meet again often in the liberals’ everlasting battle against ignorance, poverty,
misery and war. Be of good cheer and remember, my dear friends, what a wise man said—"A merry heart doeth good like medicine, but a broken spirit dryeth the bones." As for me, let there be no tears. I have lost an election but won a grandchild.

Stevenson is commonly remembered as a gallant, principled failure—he won only one election, as governor of Illinois—and not as the sturdy, all-weather national leader he aspired to be.

Jean Baker is unsparing in her analysis. Stevenson's hesitation and ambiguity too often lurked out back, blurring the shining phrases up front. He could be aloof, irritating earthier men holding actual power; privately, they sneered. While right, he was ahead of his time on Cuba—right on softening of the Soviet Union, right in the civil essence of the war in Vietnam. Hardliners unfairly called him "pink"; he wasn't but the name stuck and belittled him in a Cold War age.

Now and then, it came to him that his perceptions flew directly over his audience's head. Once after a Florida address on foreign affairs he held a news conference, only to lament that: "When I tried to interest them in the future of Eastern Europe, all they wanted to hear was the future of the Mediterranean fruit fly."

His final years as United States spokesman at the United Nations furnished him at last the vast, attentive audience he had always longed for. Even here, however, an unwelcome reality closed in. It was the White House which pulled his strings, wrote his official line, smothered Stevenson's own keen insights. He was edged out of the loop, just as his grandfather had been. John Kennedy thought him windy and weak. Lyndon Johnson snickered. The Stevenson glow of the fifties faded, to what?

Jean Baker leaves to Archibald MacLeish a final appraisal of this complex, private man: "His great achievement was the enrichment of his time by the nature of his relationship with his time," an observation Professor Baker archly labels "laden with Stevensonian ambiguity."

This story neither begins nor ends with Adlai Stevenson, at least not this one. He is the central star, perhaps the family's only real star, but an earlier Adlai and a later one—grandfather and son—are meticulously set before the reader. The title does promise "A Biography of an American Family," namely Stevensons chronicled backward 280 years to Scotland, then West to America, ultimately forward to the United States Senate seat held with only flickering distinction by Adlai Stevenson III.

Adlai the grandfather, though vice president under Grover Cleveland, is here written off lightly as "a story teller," a gregarious country office-seeker whose aspirations outran his capacities. In 1892 an Illinois congressman, the vice-presidency came to him, Cleveland's third choice, in a simple ticket balancing deal. Once elevated in Washington, or vice-elevated, he seldom troubled presidential waters. His maneuvers toward the White House sagged sadly.

And yet, this elder Adlai was an essential part of the political structure on
which his grandson would set forth sixty years later. He gave the family its first
taste of position, of class. Earlier Stevensons were simple country folk, raisers
of wheat and corn, breeders of cattle and pigs. Anxious Presbyterians, they had
come to America early in the 1700s, refugees from hard times in Scotland,
then Ireland. They first set foot in Pennsylvania, then via Maryland to North
Carolina, followed by Kentucky and, in 1852, Bloomington, Illinois. They
traveled as a close-knit clan.

Diligently Jean Baker explores these wanderings, setting forth in detail the
clan’s peregrinations on its way to the then-new American Middle West. An
engrossing technique is the wealth of circumstances—terrain, weather, fi-
nance, agriculture, social nuances—brought forth to backlight and deepen
each turn of the family’s move forward. What emerges is a historical tapestry
about a not untypical family as it rises from miserable European refugees, to
New World security, to modest affluence, to national prominence.

It was grandfather Adlai, almost absent-mindedly picked up by Cleveland,
who broke the Stevensons out of a humdrum prairie existence. His son, Lewis
Stevenson, had little significance after fathering Adlai II, this book’s focal
point. Thereafter Adlai III comes on stage, apparently to demonstrate that the
political luminosity which wreathed his father could not, when briefly offered
to him, easily be re-lighted. He soon turned to making money. His two broth-
ers showed little ambition for public life.

An important side of Adlai II’s life was women. Ellen Borden, his social but
neurotic wife; Marietta Tree, in whose loving arms he died; an aunt-ish sister
Buffie, were more influential than commonly known. Jean Baker cites his need
of these women, and others, and their warm response to him as evidence to
counter political opponents’ improbable taunts of homosexuality. He was
whimsical and elegant, we gather. His masculine posture was intact.

All this Jean Baker gives us with cool authority, unswayed either by tender-
ness or by sneaking hostility. It’s a fair portrait. Adlai and his family step for-
ward as altogether credible humans caught up in the unfolding story of their
country and destined, with their flaws, to stand out from the crowd. The book
is as magnetic as it is instructive. American history gains a fresh new chapter.

BRADFORD JACOBS
Baltimore

A Guide to the Acadians in Maryland in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centu-
ries. By Gregory A. Wood. (Baltimore: Gateway Press, 1995. 400 pages. Illus-
trations, index. $30.00.)

Of all the punishments the victors in war have devised for the vanquished,
perhaps the most hellish is exile from the homeland. The Jews were taken into
captivity in Babylon. African Americans were taken to a new continent in
chains. The Creek, Choctaw, and Cherokee Indians were forced to relocate in a long forced march that has sometimes been called the Trail of Tears. Millions of Europeans were driven from their homeland in the twentieth century.

People living in the last quarter of the twentieth century tend to have forgotten many of these terrible events in human history and to believe that only the wars and civil wars of this century have created large numbers of refugees (displaced persons, or exiles). We forget that earlier upheavals in Europe and our own colonial period have also seen large numbers of people uprooted from their homes and transported against their wills to foreign shores, where they met with distrust, dislike, and even open enmity from English colonists who feared the arrival of people who were poor, could not speak English, and were of a different religion.

In the eighteenth century the English government instituted just such a policy against a group of Catholic settlers in Nova Scotia. They were the Acadians: settlers of French birth and descent, who were forced to leave their homes and settle first in Maryland and then in Louisiana.

Gregory A. Wood has traced the trials and travels of these hapless people and in doing so has created a fascinating book that tells of individuals overcoming hardship, working diligently to support themselves, and finally achieving assimilation into the mainstream of American society. To be sure, many of them left the "Land of Pleasant Living" and migrated farther south, to Louisiana, where they were welcomed by Spanish colonial officials. Some remained in Maryland.

Chapter 1 tells the story of the exile from Canada, the journey and arrival in Maryland, and their reception here. Wood uses letters, newspaper accounts, petitions, and official documents to recreate the story. Chapter 2 is an analysis of the 1763 census of Acadians in Maryland and gives the names and biographical data on each member of the many families that settled in Baltimore, Annapolis, and on the Eastern Shore. Later chapters discuss individual Acadians in Maryland records, 1756–1757; excerpts from the journals of Jesuit missionaries; how the Acadians acquired land (in Baltimore from 1773 to 1790) and citizenship; and how they appeared in tax records. Two chapters deal with marriages and baptisms. Other chapters deal with participation in the War of 1812, survival of the Acadian community down to 1820, deaths and interments, and wills.

To assist the reader there is a spelling guide to names and indices to chapters 1 and 2 (material in the other chapters is usually arranged alphabetically).

This is a well-written, well documented work that illuminates a portion of local history that has heretofore received little attention. The reviewer highly recommends it to anyone of Acadian descent and to general readers of Maryland history. (Copies may be ordered from Maryland Acadian Studies, 11725 Kingtree Street, Wheaton, MD 20902.)

Robert Barnes
Perry Hall
Neither Japanese kamikaze attacks nor Pacific typhoons could stop the most famous World War II battleship of them all, but a submerged sandbank near Hampton Roads, Virginia, did the unthinkable on a January day in 1950 when the USS Missouri plowed 2,500 feet into the bank at a speed slightly over twelve knots. What followed was a fortnight of humiliation for the U.S. Navy along with several celebrated attempts at freeing the stranded 888-foot battleship that weighed 57,000 tons (and carried a crew of 1,500) from its sandy captor in the Thimble Shoal channel, the curving route that leads from Hampton Roads to the Virginia Capes.

John A. Butler, a former naval reservist and American Export and United States Lines deck officer who is currently president of a Bethesda consulting firm, has resurrected this incident that altered careers and provided insight into the Navy's postwar personnel problems. He has written a fascinating tale that takes the reader aboard ship and into the court of inquiry that investigated what has become known as the "Infamy of Thimble Shoal."

On January 17, 1950, after a refurbishment at Norfolk, the Missouri, which was President Harry Truman's favorite vessel and on whose decks the Japanese had signed their formal surrender on September 2, 1945, put to sea for a midwinter cruise to Guantanamo Bay and participation in the spring in maneuvers with the Army, Navy, and Air Force. The vessel was under the command of Captain William Dane Brown, a 1924 graduate of the Naval Academy who had been assigned to the Missouri in December 1949. The battleship ran aground while trying to run a secret electronic range between shallow water and the main channel when confusion arose over the actual position of the ship and nearby buoys.

Captain Brown, standing with his navigator, the operations officer, and the officer of the deck: "Does anyone know if the spar buoys and this buoy are part of the range?" Moments later, Brown tells the operations officer, "The navigator does not know where he is; go find out." In the final desperate moments before the inevitable, the captain orders "Right fifteen degrees rudder . . . right full rudder . . . stop starboard engine . . . starboard engine back two-thirds . . . all engines back two-thirds . . . all engines full astern." But it's too late and the Missouri becomes imprisoned on the sandbank. Rear Admiral Allan E. "Hoke" Smith, sitting in his headquarters office in Norfolk, receives a call about the Missouri going aground and goes to his window. He has trouble believing what he is seeing. Turning to his staff, he says, "Gentlemen, the USS Missouri has just gone half mile inland." Mr. Butler's account takes it title from the two flags of blue and white—swallowtailed Able and blue Peter—which is the signal that a vessel has grounded.
Newspaper pundits had a field day. The ship was called the “USS Misery,” “Once Mighty Mo,” and the “General Mud,” and only the $1.5 million Brink’s robbery in Boston was news enough to divert the public’s attention from the agonies of the *Missouri* and the embarrassment of the Navy. The ensuing salvage operation, eclipsed in naval annals only by the cleanup after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, was likened to moving New York’s RCA Building (which was as high as the *Missouri* was long), with all its people and furnishings, a half-mile from Rockefeller Center.

The rescue of the *Missouri* is recounted here in interesting detail. After four frustrating pull-off attempts, the ship was lightened by off-loading thousands of pounds of provisions and oil and a channel was dredged around its hull. Finally, on February 1, 1950, a higher than expected tide combined with an armada of tugs and salvage vessels to free the giant ship from its watery prison. As the ship was towed back to Norfolk for drydocking and inspection, the ship’s band struck up “The Missouri Waltz,” “Anchors Aweigh,” and “Nobody Knows the Trouble I’ve Seen.”

The book concludes with an account of the dramatic court-martial proceedings that followed the incident. “Brown became a tragic hero, forgiven for his errors, admired for his honesty, lamented for the uncertain career he faced,” writes Mr. Butler.

The *Missouri* was struck from the Naval Register, along with sister battleships *Iowa*, *New Jersey*, and *Wisconsin*, in January 1995 and today rests in Bremerton, Washington, far away from the tribulations that beset it and its officers and crew forty-six years ago in the lower Chesapeake Bay.

**Frederick N. Rasmussen**

*Towson*
Books in Brief

Since its first edition in 1963, *Maryland's Way: The Hammond-Harwood House Cook Book* has become a staple for the Maryland cook. Now in its fourteenth printing, this guide to preparing “the fruits of the bay, field and forest into Maryland’s way” is as enticing as ever. Mrs. Lewis R. Andrews and Mrs. J. Reaney Kelly collected early recipes from across Maryland, but focused especially on the manner in which certain Annapolitans enjoyed their meals. Throughout this hardcover volume can be found the work of some of Maryland’s best photographers as well. *Maryland’s Way* is available through the gift shop at the Hammond-Harwood House in Annapolis (410-269-1714).

Hammond-Harwood House Association, $22.00

Solomons, located at the southern tip of Calvert County where the Patuxent River joins the Chesapeake Bay, has a unique history that draws more yachtsmen and tourists year after year. Calvert Marine Museum staff members, in a collaborative effort with museum volunteers and long-time residents of Solomons, have compiled a guidebook to their home town. *Solomons Island and Vicinity: An Illustrated History and Walking Tour* is an eighty-page paperback which relates the stories behind more than ninety historic sites in and around Solomons Island proper. This guide uses images, oral histories, and old news accounts from the museum collections and is available through the Calvert Marine Museum gift shop (410-326-2750).

Calvert Marine Museum, $4.95

*Maryland’s Catoctin Mountain Parks: An Interpretive Guide to Catoctin Mountain Park and Cunningham Falls State Park* is the latest addition to the “Guides to the American Landscape” series of the McDonald and Woodward Publishing Company (6414 Riverland Drive, Fort Pierce, Florida 34982). In one slim volume author Johns Means provides an account of the “natural and human history” of this region in western Maryland, discussing the geology of the region, how land and water resources are maintained, and how human presence has changed the parklands. Guides to hiking trails and driving tours, as well as an extensive list of sources of additional information on Maryland’s wilderness areas, enhance the usefulness of this work to Marylanders.

McDonald and Woodward, $14.95

Ryan Place Publishers, Inc. (2525 Arapahoe Avenue, Suite E4-231, Boulder, Colorado 80302-6720) is pleased to announce the publication of *Death in September: The Antietam Campaign*, the latest addition to its “Civil War Campaigns and Commanders” series. Author Perry D. Jamieson has written a
concise, hour-by-hour overview of this battle. With clear and interesting maps as well as short biographies of the principal figures, the 155-page volume is an effective review prior to touring this Maryland battlefield. The extensive bibliography and organizational tables for the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia are also valuable tools for the Civil War enthusiast.

Ryan Place Publishers, $11.95

Letha Alice Grossnickel Wiles was born near Myersville, Maryland, in 1899. Over the years she entertained her many children with tales of her own childhood and those of her ancestors. Her tenth child, Yvonne Fay Wiles Georg, undertook the challenge of writing these stories down for others to enjoy. The result of her efforts is So Many Mornings: Remembrances from the Life of Letha Alice Grossnickel Wiles Including True Civil War Stories and Life in the Early 1900's, a gently rolling series of narratives told from Letha's perspective. This hardcover volume is rich with details of how she experienced rural Maryland during the past ninety-five years. Those interested in this book should write to DYG Incorporated, 12428 LaPlata Street, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904.

Privately Published, $22.75

At one time in the United States almost everyone was directly involved in food production. Although today only 1.5 percent of the U.S. workforce is in production agriculture, Hiram M. Drache argues that agriculture in the United States has been a distinctly successful enterprise. In Legacy of the Land: Agriculture's Story to the Present Drache studies the history of agriculture through the ways that it has changed over the years. Topics of discussion include Native American farming, labor issues, the mechanization of farming, soil conservation, the timber industry, and the continuing growth of agribusiness. This title is available through Interstate Publishers (P.O. Box 50, Danville, Illinois 61834-0050).

Interstate Publishers, $18.70

Benjamin Lincoln has been harshly labeled as dishonest and lethargic by historians. David B. Mattern's latest study, however, uses Lincoln's own voluminous papers to produce a fuller picture of this man in context with his times. According to Mattern, Lincoln was a gentleman farmer in Massachusetts and was admired by his contemporaries for roles as Washington's second-in-command at Yorktown and as secretary of war from 1781 to 1783. In Benjamin Lincoln and the American Revolution, his life experiences both during and after the American Revolution are examined through the lens of the tumultuous, dynamic era in which he lived.

University of South Carolina Press, $39.95
Documentary History of the First Federal Congress, Volume XIV: Debates in the House of Representatives, Third Session, December 1790–March 1791, is a valuable resource for a number of reasons. Although the main portion of the text is made up of different contemporary journal reports on these debates, the volume also provides “Biographies of Members of the First Federal Congress.” This section contains information on each man attending the First Federal Congress, and includes details on political activities and leanings. The brief biographies also guide the reader to institutions holding collections of papers or any likenesses of these men.

Johns Hopkins University Press, $75.00

Creighton Lee Calhoun Jr. is a North Carolina resident and owner of a tree nursery specializing in hard-to-find varieties of southern apples. In Old Southern Apples, Calhoun presents a history of apple culture in the southern United States. A compilation of all known apple varieties grown in the South before 1928 makes the volume a wonderful source of information on extinct and rare specimens of this fruit. This catalogue is further improved by Calhoun’s discussion of how apple crops were used year-round by southerners in the past. Color plates and line drawings, as well as a bibliography and a directory of nurseries selling old apple varieties, complement the text.

McDonald and Woodward, $39.95

In Tracing Your Donegal Ancestors, author Godfrey F. Duffy outlines the records available for genealogists whose family history leads them to this part of the world. Since this county remained “administratively remote” from the rest of Ireland, its records are fewer and often not as easily accessible as those of other counties. This book, however, guides the researcher to the church, civil, and land records that are available to shed light on Donegal family history. It is published by Flyleaf Press (4 Spencer Villas, Glengeary, County Dublin, Ireland), which publishes many sourcebooks for Irish family history.

Flyleaf Press, $18.50

Dr. Sam Meyer, who by the evidence of his book Paradoxes of Fame: The Francis Scott Key Story must be a colorful and engaging teacher, has rounded up in a brief book (126 pages) virtually all that is known about Key both before and after his 1814 hymn. Chapter 2, “Religion, Patriotism, and Poetry” appeared in this magazine in 1989. The book is well illustrated and appealingly written.

Eastwind Publishing, $15.95

J.M.P.
In the Mail

Editor:

Thank you for reprinting Louise Malloy’s “A Forgotten Love Story” (1922), about Charles Calvert II and Mary Delany, in the Spring 1996 issue of the *Maryland Historical Magazine*. Gay/lesbian historians today might well interpret the whole episode rather differently.

For instance, Malloy quoted Delany’s final reference to Calvert in a letter of January 1751, “I fear his poor children have been sadly neglected.” But, perhaps significantly, Malloy did not add Delany’s reason: “I suppose he suspects they are not his own,” possibly due to the man’s homosexual inclinations.

Earlier Malloy had noted a remark by Calvert, from Delany’s autobiography, just months before his socially necessitated marriage of 1730. Charles “observed how little probability of happiness there was in most of the fashionable matches where interest [necessity] and not inclination was consulted.”

Several years later, in 1739, Calvert traveled to Russia with a younger homosexual companion, Count Francesco Algarotti. A. L. Rouse, in *Homosexuals in History* (78), describes the Italian as “one of those specimens ... who combine handsome looks with so seductive a nature that people ... go down like nine-pins before them.”

On their return from Russia, the two men paid a visit to the homosexual Crown Prince of Prussia, later known as Frederick the Great. According to historian Frank Richardson’s *Mars Without Venus* (60), “Baltimore and Algarotti may have been the first pair of overtly practising homosexuals whom Frederick had encountered.”

Nancy Mitford, in her biography of the Prussian king (76), states emphatically that “they were the first people of their kind whom Frederick had ever met.” In *Gay Roots* (2:17), professor Charley Shively adds that, “upon his father’s death, Frederick went to take charge while he was in the arms of Francesco Algarotti, an Italian beauty whom he had snatched from Lord Baltimore.”

Somewhat surprisingly, the complete story of Calvert’s life, including his homosexual preference (how strong, if actual), has yet to be written. The two earliest inclusory biographies of all the Lords Baltimore, by John Morris in 1874 and Clayton Hall in 1902, offer very limited information about him. The materials for a completely honest account remain buried in the archives of various countries around the world.

Unfortunately, gay/lesbian history—like the homosexual community itself—still encounters prejudicial attitudes that deliberately falsify or outrightly suppress any information about same-sex experiences. Such persistent dishon-
esty in effect places unnecessary fig leaves onto homosexual lives by portraying them entirely in heterosexual terms.

Rev. Paul K. Thomas
Archivist for the Archdiocese of Baltimore

Editor:

I'd like to thank you for the opportunity to respond to the three letters that appeared in the Spring 1996 issue of *Maryland Historical Magazine* concerning my Winter 1995 article, "Lost in the Lost Cause: The 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.)." Even though the Civil War ended over 130 years ago, its historical legacy continues to reverberate; Maryland’s role during that conflict is not only interesting but also controversial. *MHM* is an excellent forum to examine new insights about that conflict and allow for open discussion.

The thrust of my article centered on the disbandment of the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.) in the summer of 1862 and the ramifications of that action on Maryland’s relationship with the Confederacy. George L. Sherwood, Jr.’s letter about the 1st Maryland Artillery’s turmoil in 1864 amplifies my contention that Maryland’s troops in Confederate service posed unique and often contentious problems for the Confederate War Department. Far from being “misleading,” I provided sufficient citations to assist readers interested in further information on this interesting aspect of the 1st Maryland Battery’s war. I look forward to Mr. Sherwood’s book on the 1st and 2nd Maryland Artillery as I do with Robert J. Driver’s work on the Maryland infantry and cavalry units.

My article on the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment drew upon my earlier dissertation at George Washington University on junior officers (lieutenants and captains) who served in the Maryland Line and Maryland Brigade. This dissertation, over 500 pages, goes into great detail on these men and their pre-war background and military service. Brice M. Clagett and Susan C. Soderberg criticize my article, not for its main thesis, but for rather obscure points. I did not intend to examine in detail the numbers of Marylanders who served in the Union and Confederate armies: the post-war activities of General Bradley T. Johnson (or his wife, for that matter), or the post-war commemorative efforts of the veterans.

As Mr. Clagett and Ms. Soderberg raise several issues, I feel it useful to provide some illumination. Mr. Clagett expresses concern about the number of Maryland troops who served in Southern forces as opposed to those in Northern units. Like virtually every issue dealing with numbers during the Civil War (such as troop strengths, battle casualties, number of deserters, etc.), Maryland’s participation during the war is a subject of discussion. I did not attempt to answer this question in my article as this deserves greater research and space.
My reading of Dan Hartzler’s *Marylanders in the Confederacy* (Chapter One “Comparative Strengths,” pages 1–2) indicates that “the exact number of Marylanders who served for the Confederate States of America (C.S.A.) may never be known due to the destruction of the repositories and records of the Confederate government” (1). He goes on to cite various estimates of Confederate Maryland soldiery with figures ranging from 4,580, 11,700, and extending to 25,000.

Despite an extensive roster of Marylanders who served in Southern commands (pages 74–315), Hartzler does not provide the reader with his own count of Marylanders in gray. Estimating 40 names per page (a generous allowance), it appears that Hartzler identified some 9,640 Marylanders in Confederate service throughout the course of the war. Hartzler has conducted the most thorough examination of this issue in recent times; consequently his roster may be considered the most reliable.

Hartzler then goes on to note that the number of Union troops from Maryland is also suspect (page 2). Hartzler cites the oft stated figure of 50,316 for white Marylanders in the Union army and an additional 3,925 naval personnel and 8,718 black soldiers from the state in the Northern service. This makes a total of nearly 63,000 Maryland men who fought for the North. If one accepts that this is a great exaggeration because of duplicate counting, multiple enlistments by the same man, etc., then one has to presume that the far less accurate Confederate Maryland estimates are also subject to the same discrepancies.

Mr. Clagett, in the meantime, maintains that slightly over 28,000 Marylanders served in Union ranks. Hartzler’s latest work reveals less than 10,000 Confederate Marylanders. Consequently, I believe that it is reasonable to project that whatever the actual number of Union and Confederate soldiers from Maryland, Union strength is probably still twice the number of those who served with the Confederacy.

As this appears to be a concern of Mr. Clagett’s, I urge him to undertake such a study of Union and Confederate strength and to publish his results in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*. No doubt, many readers will be interested in a meticulous examination of the issue.

Susan C. Soderberg also expresses concern about several statements in my article—none of which are directly related to the main purpose of the article. For example, I did not mention Jane Claudia Saunders Johnson as she had little bearing on the disbandment of the regiment (aside from the fact that the regiment’s soldiers returned the battleflag to her after the breakup of the unit). Mrs. Johnson, Colonel (later General) Johnson’s wife, is, of course, honored in Confederate Maryland literature for her role in uniforming and equipping the regiment in 1861. Ms. Soderberg, who also studied with me at George Washington University, will find that I discussed Mrs. Johnson in my 1991 dissertation.
This work, Border State Warriors: Maryland's Junior Officer Corps in the Union and Confederate Armies, was available for her during the research of her master's thesis and now book, Lest We Forget: A Guide to Civil War Monuments in Maryland. Unfortunately, her work was not available when I conducted my research in 1989-1991 nor when I wrote the earliest drafts of my article on the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.). While her book was published in 1995, I first encountered it in a Washington, D.C., bookstore in March 1996. Consequently, I did not draw upon her work when I made my assertion that there are more Confederate memorials in Maryland than Union. In fact, I used Ralph W. Widener's Confederate Monuments: Enduring Symbols of the South and the War Between the States (1982) and Mildred C. Baruch and Ellen J. Beckman's Civil War Union Monuments (1978) as the basis for my statement. A review of these two works will support my claim that there are more Confederate memorials in Maryland compared to Union dedications.

As far as Southern veterans groups are concerned, there were more Confederate groups than Union organizations in Maryland after the war. I used the same Confederate Veteran article from 1893 that Ms. Soderberg cites in her letter. This article shows that there were nine different Confederate veterans groups in Maryland, ranging from the large Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland to several company or battery size groups (including the Murray Association). To my knowledge, the Union veterans all belonged to various posts affiliated with the Grand Army of the Republic, or G.A.R.

Maryland had more Confederate veterans groups as opposed to Union but not, as Ms. Soderberg states, more members. The variation in membership numbers may be related to a similar difference in the comparative wartime strengths of the two Maryland factions. Ironically, Dan Hartzler points out that there are still eight active United Daughters of the Confederacy chapters and five Sons of Confederate Veterans camps in Maryland—there are no Union genealogical societies in the state today.

I never portrayed General Johnson as a vengeful Southern partisan bent on resurrecting old war wounds. His work on behalf of Maryland's Confederate veterans is honorable, yet he wanted to maintain the memory of the Marylanders who fought for the Confederacy. In that vein, Johnson's efforts in promoting the Maryland Line coincided with similar interest in the Lost Cause throughout the South in raising monuments, writing articles, and, in general, passing on the South's heritage to a new generation.

Ms. Soderberg is correct in her observation that Colonel Johnson received a command shortly after the disbandment of the 1st Maryland. However, as she also notes, this was only a temporary command and Brigadier General John R. Jones returned to duty just before the battle of Sharpsburg. Colonel Johnson had performed valiantly at Second Manassas but then spent the next several months in limbo in the Confederate capital. As Ezra J. Warner wrote in Gener-
als in Gray, Johnson was “an able officer, recognition of his services was long in coming from Richmond. This was mainly due, it can be presumed, to the non-existence of Maryland units.”

While the new 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion (later known as the 2nd) offered its colonelcy to Johnson in the spring of 1863, he declined. Not until the early summer of 1863 did Johnson receive permission from the War Department to reform the Maryland Line. The Army of Northern Virginia’s active campaigning in mid-1863 prevented Johnson from doing so and, once again, he took temporary command of a Virginia brigade when its commander had been seriously wounded at Gettysburg. Colonel Johnson did not realize his longstanding goal of unifying the scattered Maryland units until November 1863 when he established the headquarters of the Maryland Line at Hanover Junction. Thus, Colonel Johnson waited some 14 months for a formal command following the disbandment of 1st Maryland.

Lastly, Ms. Soderberg believes that I should have mentioned the “number of companies from the 1st Maryland that remained together for the duration of the war even though the name of the company, and sometimes the commanding officer, changed.” In fact, no company from the 1st Maryland mustered directly into any other unit in the Confederate army after that regiment disbanded in August 1862. While one might cite William H. Murray’s Company A, 2nd Maryland as a direct descendant of Murray’s Company H of the 1st Maryland, that is not the case. Murray’s first company disbanded in June 1862 and he had no formal command until his second company mustered into Confederate service in late August.

While it is true that many companies of the 2nd Maryland contained men who had previously served with Colonel Johnson’s regiment, no company from the 2nd Maryland claimed unbroken service dating to the 1st Maryland. The War Department order that disbanded the regiment in 1862 also dissolved its few surviving companies.

It is important to have open dialogue about Maryland’s participation on both sides of the Civil War. Again, I thank the Maryland Historical Magazine for the opportunity to respond to the various questions concerning my article on the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.).

Kevin Conley Ruffner
Washington, D.C.
Notices

Eleventh Annual *Maryland Historical Magazine* Prize

Each year, the Publications Committee of the Maryland Historical Society offers a $350 prize for the most distinguished article to appear in *Maryland Historical Magazine* during the previous year. The prize for 1995 (Volume 90) goes to Robert W. Schoeberlein for his essay, “A Fair to Remember: Maryland Women in Aid of the Union,” which appeared in the winter issue. Mr. Schoeberein is the Curator of Prints and Photographs at the Maryland Historical Society.

In addition, three authors received honorable mention from the committee for the quality of their articles in 1995. These honors go to Kevin Zucker for “Falls and Stream Valleys: Frederick Law Olmsted and the Parks of Baltimore” (spring issue), Barry Mackintosh for “Shootout on the Old C&O Canal: The Great Parkway Controversy, 1950–1960” (summer issue), and Elizabeth Schaaf for “George Peabody: His Life and Legacy, 1795–1869” (fall issue). The judges were Dr. Richard Streiner of Washington College, Norvell E. Miller, retired Baltimore publisher, and Barbara Weeks of the MHS research staff.

Carr Receives Maryland Humanities Council Award

Dr. Lois Green Carr, an internationally known social and economic historian of the colonial Chesapeake and a long-time member of the publications committee of the Maryland Historical Society, has received the Eisenberg Prize for Excellence in the Humanities from the Maryland Humanities Council.

McPherson at Civil War Medicine Conference

The Fourth Annual Conference on Civil War Medicine will be held on August 2–4, 1996, at Hood College in Frederick. Delivering this year’s keynote address will be Pulitzer Prize-winner James M. McPherson, professor at Princeton and noted Civil War historian. For more information about the conference, please contact the National Museum of Civil War Medicine at 301-695-1864.

History Education Series

The Maryland Historical Trust hosts exciting educational events across Maryland. This year’s series includes archeological excavations at an eighteenth-century wharf near Salisbury (call 410-514-7661) as well as a number of grant-writing workshops across the state (call 410-514-7622). The season concludes with the Annual Preservation and Revitalization Conference in An-
napolis (call 410-514-7749). The Maryland Historical Trust is located at 100 Community Place, 3rd Floor, Crownsville, Maryland 21032.

Naval Institute Enlisted Essay Contest

The U. S. Naval Institute, a professional society dedicated to the advancement of knowledge of naval and sea services, announces a new annual essay contest exclusively for enlisted personnel. All active duty, reserve, or retired enlisted personnel are invited to submit their work. The contest is not restricted by service or country or subject. Submission deadline is September 1, 1996. Please call the U. S. Naval Institute at 410-268-5035 for full submission guidelines.

MHS Sets Sail for the Summer

Once again, the MHS Radcliffe Maritime Museum and Living Classrooms welcome passengers for lecture-cruises on the historic skipjack Minnie V. Trips depart from Baltimore's Inner Harbor at 6 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays throughout the summer, and guests snack while learning about the history of Maryland's waters, industry, and literature. A number of cruises, in connection with MHS's exhibition on Maryland's natural history, will focus on marine wildlife. For a full cruise schedule, please contact the Maryland Historical Society at 410-685-3750.

Summer at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum

Throughout the month of July, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michael's, Maryland, offers a full calendar of classes and events. Young participants can learn paddling or sailing or may even choose to spend the night in the Hooper Strait Lighthouse. Adults can enjoy a night of big band music and dancing under the stars. Also scheduled are decoy carving lessons, an auction, and a summer crab fest. For details of these and other summer events, please contact the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum at 410-745-2916.

Hurricane Research Inquiry

Alan Ruffman of Nova Scotia is searching for information relevant to a major hurricane that occurred in the Caribbean on August 25–September 4, 1775, and in Newfoundland on September 11–12, 1775. It is not known if this seventh-deadliest tropical cyclone was one storm or two, and Mr. Ruffman is working to establish the storm's track and gather data on the losses that resulted. To this end, he would be grateful to learn of any weather reports found in journals, diaries, or ships' logs for this time period; a reference to a sunny day on those dates is just as important as a reference to a storm. He is eager to
share with others his findings thus far. Fellow researchers can contact Alan Ruffman at Geomarine Associates Ltd. by mail (P.O. Box 41, Station M, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3J 2L4), by phone (902-422-6482), or by fax (902-422-6483).

Corrigenda

In the Spring 1995 issue (Volume 90:1) the map accompanying the excerpt from The Price of Nationhood by Jean B. Lee was incorrectly dated 1657. The map (a detail from “A New Map of Virginia, Maryland and the Improved Parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey” by F. Senex, London, 1719) was credited with the book excerpt under general permission of W. W. Norton and Company. The map is in the collection of the Maryland Historical Society.

Though the omission did not substantively affect the point of the article, the vote for John Bell in Charles County in the election of 1860 (430) might have been included in William A. Tidwell’s “Charles County: Confederate Cauldron” in the Spring 1996 issue (Volume 91:1).

We are grateful to reader Brice Clagett of Friendship, Maryland, for calling attention to this error and omission.
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. Challenge your knowledge of Eastern Shore history by identifying this Maryland site, the county, and the approximate date of this image.

The Spring 1996 Picture Puzzle depicted Otto Knabe, manager of the Federal League Baltimore Terrapins, who existed for only one year at Terrapin Park, being presented with a floral wreath for good luck at the April 10, 1915 opening game against the Newark Peppers.

Our congratulations to Raymond Martin, Percy Martin, and James T. Wollon, Jr., who correctly identified the Winter 1995 Picture Puzzle.

Please send your answers to: Picture Puzzle, Maryland Historical Society, 201 West Monument Street, Baltimore, MD 21201.
Maryland History Bibliography, 1995: A Selected List

ANNE S. K. TURKOS and JEFF KORMAN Compilers

The *Maryland Historical Magazine* publishes annually a selected list of books, articles, and doctoral dissertations pertaining to Maryland history. The list printed here is based on a master bibliography maintained continuously at the McKeldin Library, University of Maryland, College Park. As a service to readers, the *Maryland Historical Magazine* will mail a copy of the complete 1995 bibliography on receipt of name and address and 64¢ in postage. Address the Managing Editor.

The list includes materials published during 1995, as well as earlier works that have been brought to our attention. For recent publications in genealogy and family history, see the *Maryland Genealogical Society Bulletin*.

Bibliographers must live with the fact that their work is never finished. Please notify the compilers of any significant omissions so that they may be included in the next list. Send additional items to: Anne S. K. Turkos, Archives and Manuscripts Department, McKeldin Library, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742.

**General**


**African American**


**Agriculture**


**Archaeology**


———. Providence 1649. The History and Archaeology of Anne Arundel County, Maryland’s First European Settlement. Crownsville, Md.: Maryland Historical Trust Press, 1995.


Architecture and Historic Preservation


**Biography, Autobiography, and Reminiscences**


County and Local History


Ellingsworth, M. Keith. "Tracey's or Tracys Landing?" _Anne Arundel County History Notes_, 26 (July 1995): 1–2, 8–9.


Economic, Business, and Labor


Maryland History Bibliography, 1995

Education


Environment


Fine and Decorative Arts


**Geography and Cartography**


**Historical Organizations, Libraries, Reference Works**


______. "Twenty-Five Years of Local and Maritime History at CMM." *Bugeye Times*, 20 (Summer 1995): 1, 6–7.


Intellectual Life, Literature, and Publishing


Maritime


Medicine


Military


Music and Theater


Native Americans


Politics and Law


Religion


Science and Technology


Society, Social Change, and Popular Culture


Linton, Jane R. "All Saints Parish, Oakley, Maryland." Chronicles of St. Mary's, 43 (Summer 1995): 38–40.


Transportation and Communication

"After 100 Years." Glades Star, 7 (December 1995): 660 [Casselman Bridge].


**Women**


“A Lady Warrior from Prince George’s County.” *News and Notes from the Prince George’s County Historical Society*, 23 (October 1995): 2–4.


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456 pages Illustrated $45.00

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The Maryland Historical Magazine welcomes submissions from authors. All articles will be acknowledged, but only those accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be returned. Submissions should be printed or typed manuscript. Once accepted, articles should be on 3.5-inch (preferably) or 5.25-inch disks for IBM (or compatible) PCs or Macintosh. Preferred word-processing programs are Wordperfect 6.0 or Microsoft Word 5.1. Guidelines for contributors are available on request. Address the Managing Editor.