Book Reviews


In his introduction to Charles Belfoure’s new biography of architect Edmund Lind (1829–1909), Calder Loth writes that the historiography of American architecture has often determined our appreciation for past architects and their work. What Loth calls “a reflection of changing tastes and prejudices” (vii) has seen certain historical narratives preferred to others, so that our knowledge about our architectural legacy may tell us more about recent theoretical debates than about the available historical record. Belfoure’s book is, on the other hand, a careful attempt to document thoroughly the work of an architect who is celebrated locally for a single building, but whose wider influence remains little known.

It is, therefore, no small irony that “a reflection of changing tastes” describes Lind’s own architectural output. Working easily in styles as different as the Gothic Revival and the “Queen Anne,” Lind exemplified his period’s professional ethos, which sought to join technical innovation to increasing aesthetic eclecticism. Lind’s greatest work, the brilliant library of Baltimore’s Peabody Institute, illustrates both trends in conception and in detail. Tiers of finely-detailed, cast-iron-clad columns flank the library’s top-lit reading room, and elaborate metal railings surround the room on five levels. The effusiveness of Lind’s ornament is unforgettable and is, too, a direct result of the architect’s recourse to new material methods. And so, in this as in other things, Lind’s professional biography well embodied his times.

Born, raised, and trained in London, Lind came to the United States at the age of twenty-six. After an early clerkship in a law office and inspired by evening classes at London’s Government School of Design, Lind chose to enter a “pupillage” with architect John Blore for a period of three years. After this training, Lind found employment with another London architect before moving north to the industrial city of Sheffield. Within the year, however, Lind began to consider emigration, and the fall of 1855 saw Lind’s leaving for New York. Although his motivation to do so remains a matter of speculation, this book’s account of Lind’s life in England is otherwise greatly enriched by Belfoure’s extensive reference to a personal diary, still in the possession of Lind’s descendants.

Lind’s career in Baltimore began no more than two weeks after his arrival in New York. An opportunity for employment with Norris Starkweather, architect of a Gothic-revival design for Baltimore’s First Presbyterian Church, drew Lind to the city as Starkweather’s local agent for that project. Within five months Lind left to establish his own firm in partnership with another young architect. Almost
immediately, therefore, Lind had the opportunity to leave his mark on Baltimore’s developing commercial and institutional architecture.

The author brackets the story of Lind’s career between the architect’s two designs for the Peabody Institute. Lind’s successful 1857 competition entry for that project and the completion of its first phase marked the watershed of Lind’s early career. The construction, almost twenty years later, of the Peabody’s second phase (including the library) heralded the end of Lind’s most productive work in Baltimore. But Belfoure is careful to document the enormous range of projects to which Lind attended throughout this time: private homes, country residences, churches, stores, warehouses, and large hotels, among others. The locations of these projects extended far beyond Maryland’s boundaries to Delaware, Virginia, and North Carolina. In 1882, after Lind contracted tuberculosis, the architect relocated with his family to Atlanta, Georgia, which became the center of Lind’s practice for a decade. Belfoure’s description of these later buildings is especially welcome, since their example attests to the ease with which Lind’s style-based approach to design suited other regions, building traditions, and clientele.

The author also provides, as an appendix, a transcription of Lind’s own project list, which includes data about each project’s location, client, estimated cost, and present status. The list is, in a sense, the documentary core of Belfoure’s book, since this itemization of more than nine hundred projects illustrates with great clarity the actual “business of architecture,” otherwise obscured by our typical concern for design’s visual qualities. Together with Belfoure’s deliberate narrative, this information presents a rich trove of data, which anticipate the questions: What? where? and who? Yet, more importantly, this biography should afford for historians a clear roadmap toward future scholarship and its inquiry concerning another question: Why? For all readers Belfoure’s book will provide a better understanding of Lind’s legacy in Maryland and, in addition, throughout the American South.

Jeremy Kargon
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(New York: Oxford University Press, 2009. 807 pages. Illustrations, bibliography, notes, index. Cloth, $35.00.)

It will come as no surprise if Gordon Wood’s newest history of the Early Republic collects awards and accolades. While many of the themes contained in Empire of Liberty will be familiar to those who have read Wood’s other major works—Creation of the American Republic (1969) or The Radicalism of the American Revolution (1991)—Wood has provided a readable, engaging, and incisive account of the sociopolitical history of the first decades of the American nation. His main concern, and the resulting thesis driving his narrative, is the effect of the energies unleashed by the American
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Revolution into all areas of the young nation’s social life. More specifically, Wood demonstrates how the idea of liberty worked itself out in everyday life.

As in Radicalism, Wood argues that the concept of liberty changed over the course of early American history. Increasing numbers of all kinds of American citizens believed liberty to be their inheritance from the Revolution. As a result, liberty took on a more individualistic, democratic, and populist ethos, whereby Americans could pursue virtue in a personally defined manner. Liberty no longer meant freedom from corrupted authorities, as it had in the pre-Revolutionary period, so disinterested men inspired by republican ideals could rule virtuously for the good of the body politic. Appeals to deference and tradition gave way to a self-assertive, acquisitive, liberal kind of individual. In Wood’s view, this new kind of citizen was intimately connected to the emergence of a middling group of men who represented and promulgated the new democratic energy.

This democratization of politics drives Wood’s narrative and influences his rendering of the shape and character of American society. Wood’s introduction and the first half of the book take the reader through the writing and debates surrounding the Constitution, the Federalist administrations of Washington and Adams, and up to the “Revolution of 1800,” in which Jefferson and the Democratic Republicans claimed power. Wood sees the election of 1800 as a turning point in the transition of American society to a more democratic political culture.

The second half of the book is organized by topic. Within each—frontier life, law, religion, culture, reform, and slavery—Wood shows how the democratic energies of the American Revolution radically changed the orientation and outlook of that area of American life. For instance, Wood argues that as American society became more democratic, middling men brought religion and passion into popular culture. Revolutionary liberty led to the creation and historical development of antebellum popular Protestant religiosity. Democratization of religion caused various religious groups—Methodists and Baptists—who had little presence in late eighteenth-century America, to become some of the most dominant denominations by the middle of the nineteenth century.

In the case of slavery, Wood argues that Revolutionary liberty created, for the first time, a cultural atmosphere that made slavery abhorrent to some Americans. Although Wood recognizes that the new cultural milieu did not lead to immediate abolition, he argues that the Revolution accomplished something significant by placing the nation on a path toward the overthrow of slavery. Wood’s story is not completely triumphalist; he argues that the debates over slavery following the American Revolution increasingly forced southerners to rely on racial arguments to preserve the institution. So, while “liberty” put the nation on the path to abolition, it did so by giving rise to modern forms of racism.

This view of slavery in particular, and of the liberating effects of the American Revolution in general, have placed Wood at odds with historians who have seen the
legacies of the Revolution as more complicated and less freeing. Many of these historians, largely influenced by New Left historiography, see a much more conflicted story, where the promises of the Revolution led to economic, political, social, racial, and gender inequalities.

Wood’s thesis also relies upon a one-way transmission of political ideology. For him, the concept of political liberty leads directly to democratization of all areas of social life. This process may have been more dialectical than Wood allows. In the case of religion, evangelical religiosity had a logic and a sensibility of its own, empowering ordinary people toward individualism and voluntarism. Evangelicalism worked alongside Republican political ideology, but was not dependent upon it.

Wood then examines American foreign policy and the War of 1812, particularly the strategies and efforts of Jefferson and Madison, and concludes by summarizing the panoply of changes that occurred between 1789 and 1815. Invoking Rip van Winkle, Wood suggests Americans who lived through the Revolution would have found the nation unrecognizable a generation later because of the extensive social changes that unfolded in the wake of the American Revolution.

_Empire of Liberty_ is a book every historian will find useful.

NATHANIEL H. WIEWORA
University of Delaware


_American Saint_, John Wigger’s latest book, provides a long needed scholarly biography of American Methodism’s founding father. The title reflects Wigger’s belief that in the eyes of the American people, Francis Asbury’s single-minded devotion to God’s work made him a saint. Rejecting the conventional view of Asbury as a British autocrat struggling to impose order and hierarchy on American Methodists newly in love with democracy, Wigger instead paints a nuanced portrait of a man who intuitively grasped the American mind and spirit, a complicated man, authoritative and pious yet funny, born to poor parents but educated, British by birth but uniquely able to understand America’s religious needs.

The greater part of this work focuses on Asbury’s time in America, from his arrival in Philadelphia in 1771 to his death in 1816. Wigger roughly divides Asbury’s life in America into three periods: the early informal stage of Methodism; the formative years of the Methodist Episcopal Church, beginning with the denomination’s creation in 1784; and Asbury’s later years, as he slipped into irrelevancy, largely because of ill health and his difficulty traveling. Woven through the biography are important themes in the history of Methodism: the triumph of rural, southern-style Methodism over its earlier elite, urban form; the relationship between John Wesley, Thomas Coke, and the American church; the reasons behind the many schisms of the 1790s;
the struggle to maintain an unmarried and focused itinerant clergy; and the issues of slavery and racism within the church.

Wigger’s aim in this book is to refute the common image of Asbury as an “iron-fisted autocrat” and to recast him as a man who “redefined the religious landscape of America” (417). He retells the story of the first half-century of American Methodism and the foundation of the Methodist Episcopal Church from Asbury’s perspective. Early in his life, Asbury was apprenticed to a series of local metal workers, which immersed him into the world of small artisans, a “workshop culture that required flexibility and innovation for success.” It was a background that, Wigger suggests, prepared him to transform John Wesley’s British Methodism into a faith that appealed to post-revolutionary Americans (20). That flexibility, combined with Asbury’s unique sensitivity to the shifting American religious landscape, led him to develop an organizational vision that would govern America’s most popular church in the decades to come. Wigger argues that Asbury’s dominant role in the shaping of the Methodist Episcopal Church made it stronger, more popular, and purer than it otherwise might have been. Yet by the time of his death, worldliness and a search for refinement had crept in through married clergy and wealthy members, causing a spiritual decline. Perhaps most tragically, the church had abandoned any meaningful attempt to deal with the question of slavery, despite Asbury’s decades of struggles to persuade Methodists to see the evils for both master and slave.

Among the book’s unexpected contributions are its brief biographies of the itinerants who surrounded Asbury, which give the reader insight into the cast of characters that influenced early American Methodism. Through their interactions with Asbury, the reader learns much about the lives of influential figures like Nicholas Snethen and Ezekiel Cooper as well as many less well-known but nevertheless important men. Collectively, these portraits contribute to a greater understanding of the development of the church and the significant challenges Asbury faced.

The greatest strength of this work comes from Wigger’s insightful reframing of the Methodist story as seen through Asbury’s eyes, thereby explaining seeming paradoxes in Asbury’s behavior and the church’s development. When discussing Asbury’s decision to choose to be elected as a superintendent, rather than merely accepting Wesley’s appointment, he points to Asbury’s early understanding of the “democratic context of the post-revolutionary years,” something fellow bishop Thomas Coke failed to grasp (144). He explains Asbury’s puzzling decision to support the creation of Cokesbury College, despite his opposition to an educated clergy, as an attempt to “vicariously atone for his shortcomings” compared to Wesley and Coke (175). He also acknowledges some of Asbury’s failings, including his lack of skill as a preacher and his limited theological background. Yet at times Wigger’s understandable sympathy for his subject leaves him less than objective when discussing Asbury’s many critics and opponents. Although he adds a welcome complexity to Asbury’s motives, he tends to depict his many critics less sympathetically, for example writing that James
O’Kelly “craved personal recognition,” and labeling William Hammet “unstable” (215, 211). Rather than seriously considering the arguments made by Asbury’s opponents, he tends to accept uncritically Asbury’s belief that most of them leveled false accusations in an attempt to remain in a particular station or office within the church, a practice Asbury consistently sought to repress.

Asbury’s role in America’s religious development is often neglected by scholars outside the field of Methodist history, but as Wigger reminds his readers, in the post-revolutionary world more Americans had seen or come into contact with Asbury than they had with Thomas Jefferson or George Washington. This work provides far more than a solid, long overdue biography of an important Methodist. Specialists and general readers alike will appreciate this engaging examination of Asbury’s life and the rise of American Methodism in the broader context of post-revolutionary America.

Elizabeth A. Georgian
University of Delaware


Studies of migration in America, argues S. Scott Rohrer, tend to focus on economic, social, political, and demographic forces to the exclusion of religion as a central motivating factor for those who dared venture into the frontier. With this book, Rohrer, an independent historian, seeks to fill what he believes is a glaring gap in the historiography of American migration. Though he admits that religion was not the lone motivation for Protestant settlers to move within America from the early seventeenth to the mid-nineteenth centuries, the author asserts that failing to give religion due credit in spurring large migrations is to paint an incomplete picture of early settlement patterns.

Rohrer argues that two types of religious migrations characterized the period from 1630 to 1860. First was the movement of religious individuals and families—those migrants motivated by the belief that new land offered opportunities for various types of spiritual and economic fulfillment. This kind of migration tended to emphasize spiritual rebirth and was often reinforced by a strong sense of ethnic identity, as in the case of the Scots-Irish Presbyterians. The second category refers to migrations, often led by a small congregation or charismatic minister, that hoped to create utopian societies, escape persecution, or both.

To make his case, Rohrer focuses each of his eight chapters on a different denomination, all of which offer insight into the themes of Protestant migrations in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. By examining seventeenth-century Congregationalists, eighteenth-century Anglicans, Presbyterians, Moravians, Baptists,
and Methodists, and nineteenth-century Amana Inspirationists and Latter Day Saints, he skillfully uncovers the religious roots of significant American migrations. By offering insight into the religious impetuses that prompted these movements, Rohrer adds complexity and depth to the historiography of American migrations.

These sojourners’ motives distinguished their journeys as both uniquely religious and distinctly Protestant. Despite the many differences between the Protestant migrations that radiated from New England, the Mid-Atlantic, and the Carolinas, Rohrer finds that all of the movements had three things in common. First, Protestants sought salvation through their wilderness trials, and Rohrer suggests that migration presented the opportunity to embark upon a sanctifying pilgrimage that promised new life and rebirth. Second was the promise of Christian community. Whether they moved en masse like the Mormons or in smaller groups over a more extended period of time, Rohrer argues that Christian community served as a tangible aid to personal salvation. To some, a community of believers offered respite from the evils of a degenerate society, to others protection from persecution. Whether or not the group was part of a utopian movement, it is clear that these Protestant migrants were impelled by the desire to build tight-knit communities of believers. The final thread that ties these migrations together over three centuries is the profound desire for reform, which Rohrer argues was inseparable from the quest for salvation and community.

At the heart of his thesis is the connection between Protestant migrations and the dissenting tradition within American Christianity. Striking out into the wilderness was a frequent solution to ending bitter internecine feuds. To dissenters, the frontier became a place for the reform and rebirth that characterized Protestant settlement, especially after the Revolution. The combination of available land—which promised both spiritual growth and material gain—and America’s dissenting tradition offered opportunities for restless and dissatisfied Protestants to create a new life by moving and resettling with like-minded believers.

Rohrer makes a strong case for examining religion’s role in spurring migrations in America. Though he is careful to note that economic, demographic, and social factors pushed and attracted Protestants from their original settlements, Rohrer passionately argues that historians must re-examine internal migration through a religious lens in order to fully capture the complexity of movement within America. However, while he makes his case for including religion in discussions of movement and settlement patterns, he sometimes stretches his case studies too thin in order to make them fit neatly into his three categories for explaining migration. He also readily admits that it is difficult to attach significant statistics to help explain the overall significance of Protestant migrations, yet his case studies provide strong evidence that religious motivation deserves to be taken seriously in the historiography. Scholars of mid-Atlantic history will benefit specifically from Rohrer’s discussion of the Moravian journey from the Delaware Valley to the Carolinas, which included
missionary forays in the Chesapeake and Western Maryland. Overall, *Wandering Souls* is a useful introduction to Protestantism’s role in influencing population movement and a welcome addition to the historiography, one that is sure to inspire further serious investigation into religious migration.

James M. Woytek
University of Delaware


For many interested in the sundry universe of race, slavery, and freedom in nineteenth-century America, the barbershop is probably not the first institution that comes to mind. But in *Knights of the Razor*, Douglas Walter Bristol Jr. proposes that black barbers offer a window into the multilayered nature of being a free black businessman in period of slavery and emancipation. Bristol argues that studying black barbers “helps clarify the meaning of race in the nineteenth century” (1) because of their ability “to navigate the forbidding terrain of a racist country” (2). The most successful black barbers were plagued by a double consciousness—being successful black men in a white man’s world—that marked them to their white patrons as well as to other black leaders.

The early part of Bristol’s narrative traces the origins of black barbering. Bristol links black barbers to enslaved “waiting men,” or personal servants, in colonial America. During and after the Revolution, many of them found freedom through manumission. Former personal servants came to dominate the barbering trade in the new country because republican sensibilities dissuaded white men from engaging in personal service. Becoming a successful barber, however, was fraught with ambiguity. Startup required careful cultivation of support networks comprising family and influential white friends who were sometimes former masters (and not occasionally, fathers). Barbers expanded these networks by establishing an apprentice system that provided training to future generations of independent black businessmen. Some barbers built lavish “first-class” shops that served as the physical embodiments of their successes and limitations. Most barbers segregated their shops, since well-paying white men refused to share space with poorer black customers. In barbershops, often condescending patrons constructed a locus of white male public culture, discussing matters from politics to marriage, while black barbers quietly conducted their business, steadily gaining financial stability.

Over time, barbers found themselves caught between their white patrons and political changes. Antebellum developments challenged barbers’ stability. In the North, racial tensions and competition with immigrants turned many barbers toward a more exclusively black clientele. Conversely, in the Upper South black barbers
retained white customers because they faced less competition. Sectional politics, though, threatened southern barbers’ relationships with those white patrons and often forced them to demonstrate their loyalty to planter elites. After the Civil War, barbers across the country faced the quandary of whether to continue to segregate their shops or embrace newly gained political equality. Many participated openly in Republican politics, but those in the Lower South often sympathized with former planters who had supported them. Barbers generally rejected political separatism, seeing it as a forfeiture of American identity. Instead, they focused on attracting new customers, but by the end of the century, economic expansion and competition with immigrant and white, unionized barbers threatened their businesses. Ultimately, Jim Crow-era violence pushed many southern barbers out of urban centers and into segregated black neighborhoods. A trade that had once shunned black customers now found a new market, and its more entrepreneurial practitioners branched out into industries like insurance to better serve their communities.

The history of black barbers leads Bristol to a thoughtful reflection on the nuances of nineteenth-century black activism. Prominent barbers, especially in the North and Upper South, found an uneasy place among black leaders, facing sharp criticism from their peers as much as they did condescension from their customers. For example, David Walker and Frederick Douglass railed against barbering because it smacked of dependence on white benefaction, which compromised black manhood and “racial uplift.” For their part, barbers held a pessimistic view of race relations, causing them to believe that self-help and the accumulation of wealth led to advancement. During Reconstruction, barbers continued to face condemnation for operating segregated shops, but Bristol suggests that such reproach owed more to the critics’ newfound class standing, complete with access to Republican politics, than it did to their antipathy toward racism. In discussing critiques of black barbers, Bristol compellingly assesses the concept of historical “agency” that figures so heavily in most historical writing. Pointing out that uplift ideology and respectability failed to achieve equality, he cautions that “to judge [barbers] harshly ignores how limited their choices were” (6). In pursuing economic independence, barbers were forced to serve men who thought very little of them.

This complicated analysis is, of course, not without flaws. Bristol often struggles to square the individuality of black barbers with assertions of their unified “fraternity.” Despite referring frequently to “knights of the razor” as an ordering principle used by barbers, he provides only one instance of its usage and fails to reconcile this theme with geographical variations. Typicality is another question Bristol leaves unresolved. Given his main sources—autobiographical material, diaries, and letters—it is clear that he is dealing primarily with barbers who operated “first class” shops, but it is unclear how representative this group was. Readers will also notice that the Upper South all but disappears from his narrative following the Civil War.

Nevertheless, Bristol has crafted a profoundly complex study that depicts an
overlooked class of black men traversing the muddy terrain of slavery and freedom in nineteenth-century America. As he notes, barbers often struggled with their ambiguous social position. As Mobile barber John Rapier Sr. wrote to his son in 1857, “To tell the truth, I hate the name barber” (90). Knights is a well-written, tightly packed history that confronts pressing questions and will appeal to readers interested in African American history, race, and slavery as well as those concerned with the larger implications of practicing social history.

Thomas H. Sheeler
York College of Pennsylvania


On September 3, 1838, a young slave in Baltimore named Frederick Augustus Bailey borrowed another slave’s pass and boarded a train bound for New York, escaping slavery and entering recorded history. Many readers will be familiar with this incident. Far fewer will know the circumstances of Bailey’s arrival in New York City. Disoriented, alone, and afraid, Bailey wandered the streets trying to avoid slave catchers and find a man named David Ruggles. Before long, Ruggles located Bailey, took him home, and after a week sent him to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where he adopted the name Frederick Douglass.

Douglass was only the most famous of the many fugitives aided by Ruggles, the subject of Graham Russell Gao Hodges’s welcome new biography of a man whose short but furious career has been largely overlooked by historians. Born free in 1810 to a relatively prosperous black family near Norwich, Connecticut, Ruggles moved to New York City at the age of seventeen. Working at various points as a mariner, printer, bookseller, grocer, and doctor, Ruggles soon became a prominent abolitionist editor and orator, Underground Railroad conductor, and political organizer. Fueled by a seemingly limitless reserve of energy, Ruggles devoted himself to the cause of antislavery, involving himself to the point of exhaustion until he died—infirm and nearly blind—at the age of thirty-nine.

The extent of Ruggles’s activism alone warrants an attempt to recapture his remarkable life from obscurity. Coming of age in the tumultuous New York of the 1830s, by the age of twenty-four Ruggles had joined a plethora of reform movements, from temperance to Free Produce, and had even opened the first African American lending library out of the small apartment above his bookshop. Yet Ruggles devoted most of his energy to aiding fugitive slaves and protecting New York’s free black population from kidnapping, a practice that had reached new heights by the mid-1830s. In addition to writing pamphlets and editorials advocating civil disobedience and publishing the names of known slave traders and kidnappers, Ruggles was the most
visible member of the New York Committee of Vigilance, a grass-roots, self-defense organization he helped found in 1835. The Committee helped galvanize black and white New Yorkers against kidnapping while also directing fugitives like Douglass to Underground Railroad stations upstate and in Massachusetts. By the time Ruggles was ousted over charges of embezzlement and a heated dispute with his former mentor, the prominent black editor Samuel Cornish, the committee had assisted nearly six hundred fugitives and laid the groundwork for the more militant resistance of later black abolitionists like Henry Highland Garnet and Martin Delany.

Hodges, the author of an essential history of slavery and black activism in New York and New Jersey, does a fine job detailing Ruggles’s accomplishments and the fervor with which he pursued them. Hodges portrays Ruggles as a man who—as Garrison eulogized him—“proves the power of individual intellect and energy in making their way under the most trying disadvantages of race and position” (200). Yet Hodges also sees Ruggles as far more, a means of emphasizing the contribution of black men and women to abolitionism, of highlighting the growing importance of print media to social reform, of reevaluating the place of religion in radical black thought, and of complicating conventional wisdom on gender divides within ante-bellum black communities.

That Ruggles’s career can be used to touch on so many key questions of the period makes him a compelling subject. Yet Hodges’s engagement with these subjects in a slim volume of barely two hundred pages often causes him to lose sight of Ruggles himself. The fact that Ruggles’s papers no longer exist only exacerbates this problem, forcing Hodges to work mostly from printed sources and legal records. Although Hodges has done prodigious research to flesh out far more of Ruggles’s story than any previous scholar, he devotes perhaps too much of his book to an exegesis of Ruggles’s writings and occasionally engages in unwarranted speculation about such details as the “resentment in the stroke” of Ruggles’s signature (128).

Hodges has done the historical community a great service in asserting the importance of a man whose influence deserves far more attention than he has hitherto received. His book reveals the advantages and pitfalls in using biography to stretch our understanding of ante-bellum abolition and reform. Hodges’s study makes clear the need for a more nuanced understanding of the contribution made to anti-slavery by men and women like Ruggles, reformers who defy the neat categorization of earlier historians of abolition like Aileen S. Kraditor and James Brewer Stewart. Yet Hodges’s book ought to be seen more as an opening than an answer, and we should all hope that other historians pick up the threads that he, like Ruggles, has only begun.

Matt Spooner
Columbia University

Nearly 150 years after the close of the Civil War, Scarlett O’Hara and her Tara mansion remain the most prominent (if fictitious) example of female ideology and behavior during the mid-nineteenth century. Scarlett’s long-standing legacy is emblematic of the fact that southern women continue to hold a more prominent place than their northern counterparts in the popular history of gender roles during and after the war. Nina Silber seeks to correct this stereotype in Gender and the Sectional Conflict. Based on her contribution to the Steven and Janice Brose Distinguished Lecture Series in the Civil War Era at Pennsylvania State University, Silber takes a comparative approach to northern and southern gender ideologies, arguing that each side had distinctive constructions of masculinity and femininity. In three concise essays, Silber investigates how these differing gender conceptions influenced the ways in which Unionists and Confederates thought about war, participated in the war effort, and, ultimately, how they remembered the conflict.

In her first essay, Silber demonstrates that although gender was central to each side’s conception of why and how they fought, northerners and southerners had very different ideas about women’s roles in the war effort. The culture of separate spheres primarily influenced Unionists. Northern soldiers differentiated between their family’s present welfare and the future happiness they could find under a stable American state; northern men primarily fought for the latter. By contrast, Confederates tended to blend the cause of home and country, arguing that country meant nothing without a safe and stable home life. Soldiers’ letters reflected this sectional difference. Southerners often directly referenced the relationship between their domestic responsibilities and patriotism, while northerners tended to disavow any immediate obligations to their home life.

The contrast between northern and southern gender conceptions also had a tremendous impact on the ways in which women could express their patriotism. In her second essay, Silber argues that because Civil War battlefields were primarily south of the Mason-Dixon line, northern women’s sacrifices for the Union cause were more difficult to quantify. Consequently, northern women were forced to find different ways to express their commitment to their country. As the war progressed, Unionists began to place a premium on women’s political autonomy in independent expressions of ideological principles. Conversely, southern women lacked a strong foundation for endorsing the Confederate venture outside the protection of home and families. Unlike their northern counterparts, southern women were never forced to grapple with the political entity of the Confederacy. In describing this contrast, Silber offers a different and compelling explanation for why southern women began to lose faith in the Confederate cause.

If part of the war’s legacy for northern women was an increasing sense of invest-
ment in their own ideological and political beliefs, the Confederate war effort did little to advance the civic identity of southern women. So why did southern women play a more prominent role in commemorating the Civil War? Silber argues in her third essay that, in addition to traditional explanations of southern women’s activism, postwar female worship in the South represented an extension of the antebellum tradition that melded home and country. Southern women emphasized domestic life in remembering the Confederacy, arguing that men had fought for their homes and families rather than slavery. Women in the North were comparatively silent and unseen, in part because of their distance from the battlefield. Yet, northern women did form similar commemorative organizations, they just did not necessarily prioritize the legacy of female participation in the war effort. Instead, groups like the Women’s Relief Corps (WRC) focused their efforts on more tangible issues, such as monetary compensation for female nurses. Others used their experience in the war as a stepping-stone for more partisan political involvement.

A pioneer in Civil War gender history, Silber offers yet another compelling contribution to understanding the complex relationships between men and women in the mid-nineteenth century. Gender and the Sectional Conflict skillfully integrates much recent Civil War historiography on topics ranging from soldiers and domestic life to slavery and memory, while providing a concise, readable narrative suitable for undergraduate classrooms. Silber also moves beyond the tired debate over why the Union won and the Confederacy lost, instead focusing on how gender influenced the conduct and legacy of the war. Still, the book is not without shortcomings. Silber strives to be inclusive of the female African American experience during the war, yet most of these references feel like afterthoughts. Similarly, while she acknowledges that her work is more representative of the “typical” northern and southern ideology rather than the experience of women on the border, the book does lack some spatial and socio-economic complexity. One wonders, for example, whether Pennsylvania women might have faced similar ideological challenges to their counterparts in Virginia. Yet, these omissions may ultimately prove one of the book’s greatest strengths: rather than closing the book on Civil War gender studies, Silber provides a number of openings for new scholarship on the complex relationship between women and men throughout the Union and Confederacy.

Rachel A. Shelden
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American Cicero: The Life of Charles Carroll, the latest in a series of biographies about the founding fathers, seeks to recapture the life and importance of a “forgotten founder.” Beginning with Carroll’s illegitimate birth and continuing through his death and the public amnesia with regard to his career, Bradley J. Birzer examines this founder’s life as well as his writings and thought. Arguing for his importance as an early advocate for independence, Birzer also notes his anomalous Catholicism. Despite his revolutionary views, like most of the founders Carroll feared total democracy and Birzer writes that the U.S. Senate was created, in part, as a tribute to this great fan of imperial Rome.

ISI Books, cloth, $25.00

As he did with Federal volunteers in Faces of the Civil War: An Album of Union Soldiers and Their Stories, Ronald S. Coddington has delved into the lives of men who had their *cartes de visite* made before leaving home to fight for the South. The seventy-seven men in Faces of the Confederacy: An Album of Southern Soldiers and Their Stories hail from across the Confederacy. Coddington includes brief biographical entries for each, and quotes from personal letters and journals whenever possible, permitting a window into the lives and experiences of ordinary southern fighting men.

The Johns Hopkins University Press, cloth, $29.95

In Patapsco: Life Along Maryland’s Historic River Valley, writer Alison Kahn and photographer Peggy Fox have produced an oversized, movingly illustrated series of community portraits based upon the recollections of long-time inhabitants of Oella, Ellicott City, Elkridge, Relay, and the no longer extant Daniels. This is regional history seen through the eyes of those who have lived in a once booming industrial region at the mercy of an unpredictable and at times dangerous river.

University Press of Virginia, cloth $50.00; paper $30.00

Another lavishly illustrated, over-sized book, Baltimore County: Celebrating a Legacy, 1659–2009, marks the 350th anniversary of Baltimore County. Barry A. Lanman examines the county’s history in thematic chapters, each of which proceeds in chronological order. With photographs, maps, and printed images, the book puts the county’s historic importance in a contemporary context for an interested, if non-professional, audience.

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Further inquiries may be addressed to: Prof. Kriste Lindenmeyer, lindenme@umbc.edu, 410-455-2047.

Submission Deadline:
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Cross-Class Alliances and the Birth of Modern Liberalism

Maryland’s Workers, 1865–1916

George B. Du Bois, Jr.

Cross-Class Alliances and the Birth of Modern Liberalism is a well-researched, insightful contribution to our understanding of organized labor’s relation to Progressive reform. Acting as social liberals Maryland workers forged alliances across class lines to win reforms such as the secret ballot, health and safety and anti-sweatshop legislation, and workmen’s compensation. By the end of this important work, Du Bois convincingly demonstrates that Maryland’s organized workers were a key force in the forging of modern liberal politics.

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—Grace Palladino, The Samuel Gompers Papers, University of Maryland

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The Maryland Historical Society (MdHS) is committed to publishing the finest new work on Maryland history. In late 2005, the Publications Committee, with the advice and support of the development staff, launched the Friends of the Press, an effort dedicated to raising money used solely for bringing new titles into print. Response has been enthusiastic and generous and we thank you.

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Cover: Tudor Hall, Harford County, after 1847.
In 1822, Junius Brutus Booth (1796–1852) bought 137 acres in Harford County. The renowned Shakespearean actor and his family added rooms to the original log structure for almost three decades and named the grand home Tudor Hall. Booth and his second wife, Mary Ann Holmes (1802–1885) raised ten children in this house, among them John Wilkes Booth (1838–1865), who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865.
James Ryder Randall and
“Maryland, My Maryland”

ROBERT H. JOHNSON JR., M.D.

“A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.”

On September 8, 1974, the Baltimore Sunday Sun published a chrestomathy titled “Menken’s Baltimore.” The thirty-nine-page pamphlet, culled from several of H. L. Mencken’s books and various Sun columns, contained a vignette on James Ryder Randall (1839–1908), the author of “Maryland, My Maryland.” Mencken’s account of his time with Randall first appeared in the Evening Sun, February 25, 1929:

Another Baltimorean who, if [he] had lived anywhere else, would have had a monument long ago, is James Ryder Randall. He was one of the worst poets ever heard of—but he wrote Maryland, My Maryland. Is it as bad as “The Star Spangled Banner”? Probably not. But good or bad, it met a great situation superbly, and promises to live for many years. . . . there is no movement to erect a monument to Randall, or even, indeed, to mark his grave. Where he lies I don’t know.2

The sage of Baltimore clearly bemoaned the fact that the Monumental City had not built a monument in Randall’s honor. Nor did Mencken know where the poet was buried. There is, however, a statue of James Ryder Randall and a monument standing in his adopted city and final resting place, Augusta, Georgia. Additionally, two Georgia historical markers in Augusta bear his name.

James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore on January 1, 1839, and spent his

Dr. Johnson, retired Professor of Surgical Oncology at the Medical College of Georgia and a native Eastern Shoreman, lives in Augusta.
early years in the city with his mother. He entered the Preparatory Department of
Georgetown College in 1848, at age nine, and earned the nickname “Little Buster.”
Under the watchful eyes of the Jesuits, including their Spartan discipline or perhaps
because of it, he excelled as a student and became known as the poet of the college.
In 1856 a near fatal case of pneumonia forced him to leave a year before completing
his degree. Following recovery from his illness, Randall wandered through warmer
climes, presumably for his health. First to Rio de Janeiro, then back to Baltimore
briefly, then to Florida. Finally, after a short sojourn in New Orleans, he settled in
Pointe Coupée Parish, Louisiana, where he became Professor of English and the
Classics at Poydras College, then a flourishing Creole institution.3

“My Maryland”
Randall read of the April 19, 1861, Baltimore riot in the New Orleans Delta. The 6th
Massachusetts Infantry Regiment was en route from the President Street Station
down Pratt Street for ten blocks to Camden Station when a mob of pro-Confederate
sympathizers attacked them. Four soldiers and twelve citizens died, and scores were
wounded.4 Randall first thought his close friend and former college roommate, Fran-
cis Xavier Ward, was one of the citizens killed, and his anger drove him to write.

Distraught, unable to sleep, he worked rapidly by candlelight in a single sitting,
“not . . . in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses,
if not inspiration of the intellect.” His disturbed state of mind, sadness over the
supposed loss of a dear friend, his youth, the historical setting, and his Southern
proclivity clearly influenced his passionate choice of language. Randall read his poem,
entitled “My Maryland,” to his class the following morning and on their advice sent
it to the New Orleans Delta, where it first appeared in print on April 26, 1861, a week
after the riot. Dozens of southern papers quickly picked it up. The poem arrived in
Baltimore, where it appeared in The South on May 31.5

Wilson Miles Cary’s home was already a gathering place for socially prominent
Baltimoreans with Southern sympathies, and two of Cary’s daughters, Jennie and
Hetty, promptly set the poem to music. They and their glee club friends knew the
traditional German folk melody to which many lyrics had been attached, including a
familiar student song, Lauriger Horatius. Hetty Cary adapted the music to the poem,
and Jennie sang the song—which was an instant success.

Hetty later wrote, “When her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain
rolled from every voice present without pause or preparation, and the enthusiasm
communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open win-
dows as to endanger the liberties of the party.” Jennie also added the words, “My
Maryland,” where the single word “Maryland” appeared in the second and fourth lines
in each of the nine stanzas, to preserve the meter of the tune. This “musical necessity
came to me as a sort of inspiration” and provided additional dramatic emphasis.
Shortly thereafter, Charles Wolfgang Amadeus Ellerbrock, a musician who worked
for the Miles Beecham publishing company, created a printed version of the song, setting it to the statelier \textit{O, Tannenbaum}. The song quickly gained popularity and was soon known as “The Marseillaise of the Confederate Cause.”

A group of young Baltimore ladies, including Hetty and Jennie Cary, met frequently at the Monument Street home of James Maccubbin Carroll Jr. (1791–1873), scion of the illustrious Carroll family. The women, who became known as the “Monument Street Girls,” sewed uniforms and clothing for Confederate soldiers and then smuggled the goods across the Potomac River. At one point, when delivery became problematic, the Cary sisters and their brother gathered several trunks of clothing and had friends escort them to the Potomac River, which they managed to cross safely. In a mule- or ox-drawn wagon, flying a Maryland state flag that Hetty had brought along and singing “Maryland, My Maryland,” they made their way to the Confederate headquarters of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard at Fairfax, Virginia, where a regiment from New Orleans greeted them with cheers.

As their notoriety increased, the young women found it necessary to leave Baltimore for Richmond, Virginia, where they lived with a cousin, Constance Cary. Confederate generals Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, and Earl Van Dorn asked the Carys to sew the new Confederate battle flag, and the women became known as “The Cary Invincibles.”

Randall arrived in Augusta, Georgia, in 1864 to join the staff of a local newspaper, \textit{The Constitutionalist}, of which he became editor. When that paper merged with the \textit{Chronicle} he served he served as co-editor from 1877 to 1887. Some remembered Randall’s work on the newspaper as “often brilliant, . . . worthwhile and had lasting effect.” Others described him as “a brilliant editor and effective editorial writer.” He had wider interests as well and sought public office twice but lost both elections. Randall worked for Senator Joseph E. Brown from 1880 to 1891 and later gained an appointment to serve in a position under the Sergeant of Arms in the United States Senate. He also worked for years as a secretary to William Henry Fleming during his tenure in the House of Representatives, 1897–1903. While serving in these positions he contributed frequently to the \textit{Augusta Chronicle} as the paper’s Washington correspondent.

Despite his work as a respected journalist, a useful citizen, and a public servant, Randall resigned from the \textit{Augusta Chronicle} in 1896 and left to take the editor’s job at the \textit{Daily Hot Blast} (established 1883, now the \textit{Anniston Star}) in the boom town of Anniston, Alabama. His employment lasted just one year perhaps, as he was hired “to polish pig iron with his pen.” As the Macon, Georgia, \textit{Telegraph}, observed, “For Randall to be at the head of a journal devoted to such hard facts as pig iron looks to us like putting Saladin to carving gate-posts with a scimitar.” The editor of the \textit{Augusta Chronicle} wrote enigmatically that at about this time Randall “gradually . . . became unappreciated.” His decline in fortunes may have included a financial component as well. The South remained impoverished for decades after the war, which
undoubtedly placed a strain on those of modest means who were trying to support families. Over his lifetime, the Baltimore-born poet received only one hundred dollars, in Confederate currency, for “My Maryland.”

Randall left Anniston for Baltimore, where he worked briefly as an editorial writer for The Baltimore American and the Baltimore Catholic Mirror. He then lived in New Orleans from 1905 to 1908 and edited The Morning Star, a now-defunct weekly newspaper. Thus, the last several years of his life were partly spent in religious journalism.

Following these peregrinations, or perhaps because of them, Randall finally returned to Augusta, his adopted home. One memorialist later wrote, “Though he twice cast his lot among others than Augustans, he felt he was of Augusta and his people were Augustans,” and, “As Mr. Randall loved Augusta just as Augusta loved him.” It was in this city where his eight children were born and four were buried that he spent his final days.

James Ryder Randall died at his home at 1228 Ellis Street on January 14, 1908, of “congestion of the lungs and attendant complications.” His final illness apparently had begun about a month earlier when he was a guest of honor of the State of Maryland at a Maryland Day function in Baltimore during the Jamestown Exposition. He developed what was thought to be merely a cold after spending an evening in a “poorly heated public hall during which time he became thoroughly chilled.”

In a letter written the night before he died, Randall mentioned “the very serious cold that I contracted in blizzard weather there.” His symptoms became more pronounced when he returned home but apparently caused him no great concern. As he had done for most of his life, particularly his later years, he continued his daily habit of attending early morning mass at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, a short walk from his home. The Augusta Chronicle suggested that this early morning exposure “superinduced the complications which developed from the heavy cold.” When he retired at about 11:00 P.M. on the night before his death, his health appeared to be as it had been for many days, yet when he did not arise the next day at 8:00 A.M., as was his custom, he was discovered in bed unconscious. His physician, Dr. H. H. Malone, found “congestion of the lungs.” Randall died at 4:00 P.M. without regaining consciousness.

Pallbearers escorted the poet’s body from his residence to Sacred Heart Church, where Father Renatus Mcready, S.J., sang the requiem mass and Reverend John Kenny, S.J., delivered a glowing eulogy, later printed in its entirety in the Augusta Chronicle.

After the requiem mass, the funeral cortège proceeded to City Cemetery, now known as Magnolia Cemetery, two miles from the church. A brief funeral service followed at the grave site, and as the casket was lowered into the ground the eleven-man Y.M.C.A. Glee Club sang “Maryland, My Maryland.” The ceremony ended on
a more ecclesiastical note with *Still, Still With Thee*. Interestingly, the words to this Christian hymn were written by another influential Civil War literary figure, Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811–1896).\(^{13}\)

Randall’s grave marker is well preserved and his full name, place, and years of birth and death are quite legible. A cross tilting to the left, intertwined with what appears to be thistles, is carved on the face with the inscription “Author of My Maryland.” On the other side of the marker is carved the sixth and last stanza of his poem, *After A Little While*:

> After a little while  
> The cross will glisten and the thistles wave  
> Above my grave,  
> And planets smile;  
> Sweet Lord! then pillowed on Thy gentle breast  
> I fain would rest,  
> After a little while.

As one might expect, the *Augusta Chronicle* devoted much space to the details of Randall’s death and funeral arrangements in the form of articles, letters, eulogies, and editorials. Condolences poured in from newspaper editors and public figures from New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Atlanta, Savannah, Knoxville, New Orleans, Mobile, and Chattanooga as well as from several smaller Georgia and South Carolina cities. There were many personal accolades from private citizens. Among these is a statement in the *Baltimore Sun*, reprinted in the *Augusta Chronicle*, by Dr. William Hand Browne, Professor of English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University, who wrote, “As a literary composition *Maryland, My Maryland* is far superior to the *Star-Spangled Banner*.” Randall’s friend and admirer Oliver Wendell Holmes commented on the merits of the song “and only regretted that I could not write a ‘Massachusetts, My Massachusetts’ that would be at once as musical and as effective on what was for me the right side in the armed controversy.”\(^{14}\)

“Maryland, My Maryland” was mentioned many times with due respect, but great and specific homage was also paid to Randall’s writing ability and to his character. Laudatory words such as “lofty character,” “noblest ideals,” “lovable,” “cultured,” “model Christian,” “deeply religious,” “earnest,” and “sincere” appeared repeatedly. One memorialist wrote: “There was no place he was loved more than Augusta.” Another measure of affection is that at some point he acquired the honorary title of “Colonel,” a custom not unheard of in the South. A more substantial and noteworthy credential also came forth—an honorary degree in law from the University of Notre Dame, awarded on the occasion of the school’s Golden Jubilee, June 11, 1895. It seems likely that this was in recognition of his piety and contributions to Catholic journalism as much as it was for his poetry.\(^{15}\)
An interesting posting came in from Baltimore, reporting that two bills had been introduced in the Maryland General Assembly to provide $25,000 for a suitable monument to Randall’s memory and for a commissioned portrait to hang in the Senate Chamber at the State House in Annapolis. In addition, the legislature considered a proposal to bring Randall’s remains to Baltimore for reburial in Loudon Park Cemetery next to Edgar Allan Poe, whose bones would be re-interred from his grave in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Baltimore.16
Maryland never built Randall’s monument and the remains of both poets stayed in their original graves, but in 1910 Katherine Walton painted the portrait that hangs in the Maryland State House.

Additionally, the State of Maryland awarded a six-hundred-dollar annuity to his wife of forty-three years, Katherine Spann Hammond Randall. After her husband’s death she continued to live in Augusta until 1914 when she moved to a modest home across the Savannah River in North Augusta, South Carolina. She died the same year of “Oedema of the lungs.” Her home, which still stands, is now known as the Katherine Randall Home and is one of several featured on the Heritage Council of North Augusta Home Tour.17

Katherine Randall (1843–1914) is buried in the Randall family plot in Magnolia Cemetery, along with her husband and seven of their eight children, four of whom died young. Three of the children’s markers give no dates and only the names, James Hammond, Aubrey D. Randall, and Henry Campbell, the last two on a single stone. Cemetery records show that that the latter child was born and died on the same day, August 26, 1884, of “asphyxia.” Lizette Randall Robinson (1886–1906) also died young, at twenty years of age. She left a child, Ruth Robinson, indicating that her death may have been at childbirth. Later, three of the Randall children who lived to maturity were buried next to their parents, Ruth Marie Randall (1875–1952), Marcus H. Randall (1870–1929) and Maryland Randall (1879–1948). The fate of the Randall’s eighth child is unknown, but her married name was Mrs. H. C. Adams.18

Memorials

A statue of Randall was erected—but in Augusta, Georgia, on May 28, 1936, by the Randall Memorial Committee of Chapter “A,” of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The statue stands in front of the Sacred Heart Cultural Center at 1301 Green Street in a small park-like area by an elevated expressway. It depicts a slim, dapper, well-dressed man with a mustache, his hand on a manuscript scroll and with his head bowed, possibly reflecting, possibly praying. Appropriately, four lines from his poem are engraved in the pedestal:

> BETTER THE FIRE UPON THEE ROLL.
> BETTER THE BLADE, THE SHOT, THE BOWL,
> THAN CRUCIFIXION OF THE SOUL.
> MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

The statue is located in a proper and conspicuous place in his residential neighborhood, in front of the former church where he attended daily mass and from whence he was buried.

The Poets Monument in Augusta is dedicated in part to Randall. This is a large, pillared, rectangular block of granite that honors four poets with Georgia con-
nections: Father Abram J. Ryan (1842–1886), a friend and journalistic colleague of Randall’s; Paul Hayne (1830–1886), Sidney Lanier (1842–1886), and James R. Randall (1839–1908). Each side of the monument is dedicated to one of the poets, and each contains a quote from his poetry. Randall’s is the same as the one on the pedestal of his statue. This monument was a gift to the City of Augusta in 1913 by Anna Russell Cole, widow of a prominent entrepreneur, financier, and philanthropist, Edmund “King” Cole (1827–1899).
Lastly, Randall’s name appears on a Georgia historical marker located at the main entrance to Magnolia Cemetery that records the history of the cemetery and the names of the famous people laid to rest in its grounds. Four sites in Augusta present vignettes of Randall’s life in his adopted city.

State Song

On April 29, 1939, seventy years after Randall penned its words, the Maryland General Assembly formally approved “Maryland, My Maryland” as the official state song. By 1970, as Civil Rights activists protested discrimination, articles, letters, and editorials appeared in local newspapers urging that the anthem be replaced. Opponents found the inflammatory lyrics and its origins in support of succession and the Confederacy particularly offensive and have worked unsuccessfully to change the state song since 1980.20

Early in the 1980s, for example, Republican state senator Howard H. Denis of Montgomery County led the motion to replace the state anthem but gave up the plan when he received death threats. The most recent bill, introduced (February 2009) by State Senator Jennie Forehand, D-Montgomery, is to replace Randall’s song with that of John T. White’s 1894 revised lyrics. Although White’s version had the same title as Randall’s and was sung to the same tune, it celebrated Maryland’s natural beauty, not its call to arms for violent overthrow of the government. As Senator Forehand said, “It fits in with the times.” White’s words are as follows:21

I
We dedicate our song to thee,
Maryland, My Maryland.
The home of light and liberty,
Maryland, My Maryland.
We love thy streams and wooded hills,
Thy mountains with their gushing rills,
Thy scenes—our heart with rapture fills—
Maryland, My Maryland.

II
In twain the Chesapeake divides,
Maryland, My Maryland.
While oceanward its water glides,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Yet we in thought and purpose one,
Pursue the work so well begun,
And may our state be ne’er outdone,
Maryland, My Maryland.
III
Proud sons and daughters boast of thee,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Thine is a precious history,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Brave hearts have held thy honor dear,
Have met the foeman far and near,
But victory has furnished cheer,
Maryland, My Maryland.

IV
“Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!”
Maryland, My Maryland.
May we, thy children, make thee great,
Maryland, My Maryland.
May gratitude our hearts possess,
And boldly we thy claims express,
And bow in loving thankfulness,
Maryland, My Maryland.

The attempts of Maryland citizens and legislators to change the song paralleled efforts elsewhere in the South to eliminate vestiges of plantation days, slavery, and the Civil War from public places. State songs have been modified or eliminated as in Virginia and Florida, and the state flag has been redesigned in Georgia. “Dixie” is no longer played at football games at the Universities of Georgia and Mississippi. The debate on where to display the Confederate battle flag continues in South Carolina, as does the effort to relocate to museums statues and monuments dedicated to Confederate soldiers and their cause. In Maryland, traditionalists have soundly rejected all efforts to replace the official state song, charging opponents with attempting to “white-wash history,” “reject a precious artifact,” and “rewrite history with an eraser.”

An editorial in a South Carolina newspaper, *The State*, and reprinted in the *Augusta Chronicle* at the time of Randall’s death in 1908, foreshadowed the controversy: “Randall was not of this day.” The writer went on to explain that the poet must be judged in the context of his time and not by contemporary standards.

As Mencken mentioned long ago in 1929, the memory of James Ryder Randall has almost faded in the Old Line State and is now most visible in the official state song. In Augusta, Georgia, though, the Baltimore poet is memorialized in the form of his statue and his monument, and the two Georgia historical markers will last as long as the vagaries of the Georgia sun, wind, and rain will permit.
NOTES

2. Baltimore Evening Sun, February 25, 1929. “His last years were spent in Baltimore, and it was my fortune at that time to come in close contact with him. He had written his memoirs and came into the office of the Sunpaper, where I was in charge of the Sunday supplement, to hawk the manuscript. The money paid for it saved him from serious embarrassment, for he was too old to ply his sad trade of newspaperman, and had little regular income. A few old friends, notably Governor Whyte, remembered him, but to most Baltimoreans he was quite unknown. His memoirs, printed serially in the Sunday Sunpaper, attracted no attention, and he could never find a publisher willing to print them as a book. He died in 1908. Randall felt his neglect keenly, for, being a poet, he was naturally no shrinking violet. When he came back to Baltimore from New Orleans, a year or so before his death, he expected to get some attention, but, save for Governor Whyte and one or two others, nobody paid any heed to him. Often, after he had hung around the Sun office all morning, talking of old newspaper days, I walked up Charles Street with him. Not a soul recognized him. He was as completely obscure as a former City Councilman. I tried to console him by predicting that, in the years to come, there would be a handsome monument to him at some conspicuous place, with the words of his song engraved on the pedestal, and the neck of a Yankee soldier under his foot. But he was doubtful about it, and he was right.”
5. Cambridge History of English and American Literature in 18 Volumes, vol. 16, bk 3, Mims, Poets of the Civil War; “When, Where and How ’Maryland, My Maryland’ Was Written,” Augusta Chronicle, January 15, 1908. Randall later recalled that he based the meter on James Clarence Mangan (1803–1849), Karamanian Exile. J. Webster Jones, “Origin of the Maryland Anthem, ‘Maryland, My Maryland,’” Chronicles of St. Mary’s: Monthly Bulletin of the St. Mary’s County Historical Society, 8 (March 1960): 27–29. Ironically, he later learned that Ward had not been killed but had been wounded by a soldier’s bullet that passed through the soft tissue of his hip and killed a man behind him. Ward was the first to fall, however. He fully recovered and later served in the Confederate army. He died in 1914, fifty-three years after his injury and six years after Randall’s death.
6. Andrews, Poems of James Ryder Randall, 11–16. The Cary sisters’ support for the Southern cause did not end by setting Randall’s poem to music. Once while Federal troops were passing through Baltimore, Hetty waved a contraband Confederate flag at them from a second story window. When an officer of the passing regiment asked his colonel, “Shall I have her arrested?” The reply was, “No, she is beautiful enough to do as she pleases.” Such was her
reputation. Henry Kyd Douglas (1838–1903) called her “altogether the most beautiful woman I ever saw in any land” and “the most beautiful woman of her day and generation.” Henry Kyd Douglas, I Rode with Stonewall (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1968), 271, 325.


8. His partner and co-editor, Patrick Walsh, became an intimate and great friend. A Georgia historical marker located on 5th Street between Broad and Ellis Streets documents the evolution of the Augusta Chronicle and mentions the roles of both men. In 1877 that newspaper was absorbed by the century-old Chronicle. The new masthead became The Constitutionalist and Chronicle which became simply The Augusta Chronicle in 1885, as it is today. See Augusta Chronicle, “The Death of Hon. James R. Randall,” January 15, 1908. One of these men was to fill the seat of Alexander H. Stephens in the House of Representatives. The former vice president of the Confederate States of America resigned this position in 1882 to become governor of Georgia. Randall was not elected and would never again run for public office.


11. “Mr. James Ryder Randall Author of ‘My Maryland’ Died At 4 P.M. Yesterday,” Augusta Chronicle, January 15, 1908. The house no longer exists and the neighborhood is no longer a residential area.

12. Ibid.; “Remains of J. R. Randall Tenderly Placed in Grave,” Augusta Chronicle, January 17, 1908. The Sacred Heart Church where Randall’s requiem mass was sung was and still is a prominent city landmark. It was planned, organized and managed by the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits. Among the laymen, Patrick Walsh was one of the leading guiding hands. The first brick was laid in 1897 and the initial mass was celebrated on December 2, 1900. The last mass was held on July 3, 1971, and the church was soon deconsecrated. The building was renovated and reopened in 1987 as the Sacred Heart Cultural Center. See Sacred Heart Cultural Center (n.d.), “Celebrating history, art and architecture,” retrieved December 31, 2008, http://www.sacredheartaugusta.org.


17. The Baltimore Literary Heritage Project: James Ryder Randall January 1, 1839–January 15,

18. Family Tree Web Pages. Database owner Jeanette Wilson Cuthriell, February 26, 2009, http://homepages.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~jeanette/index.htm. The latter’s marker records her as above but cemetery documents refer to her as Mrs. Maryland Randall. She was married to Harry M. Wall. His genealogy shows that he had a second wife, so a divorce seems evident. Marcus was named after his maternal grandfather.


21. Maryland General Assembly, Senate Bill 892. White was a principal and superintendent of Maryland Schools for over twenty years and was a well-respected educator of the nineteenth century.


The Great Ransom
Train Wreck of 1905

JAMES RADA JR.

At 4:25 p.m. on Saturday, June 17, 1905, flagman George Lynch and the crew of a Western Maryland Railway freight, pulled onto a siding at Gorsuch, Maryland. Their eastbound train had to let three westbound trains to pass. “We all got down from the train and sat on a pile of ties near the track,” he recalled. “The two engineers and the conductors had their time cards and schedules and we talked for awhile about the time we were making, how long we had to wait for No. 5 and where we would run to after she passed.”

Lynch’s eighteen-car freight, drawn by Engines 41 and 43, was heavily laden with coal. Once the three westbound trains had gone by, the line would be open to Baltimore, but with only one set of tracks, someone had to wait, and the other trains had priority. The crew sat for “considerably” more than an hour. The Union Bridge Accommodation, No. 17, passed on time, as did the No. 11 Blue Mountain Express, also on time for its first trip of the season.

Lynch described what happened next to a newspaper reporter. With a few minutes left before the third westbound train, the No. 5 Thurmont Express, was scheduled to pass, Lynch left the group to get some water at a nearby spring. When he returned, the engineers were in their respective engines, and the firemen were shoveling coal into the fires to build up steam. “Jump on board if you’re going,” one of the engineers called. The flagman looked at his watch once again. By his reckoning they had a few more minutes before the train could leave but, not wanting to be left behind, Lynch grabbed a handrail and pulled himself aboard as the train began to roll. He asked the fireman where they would pass the No. 5. “At Lawndale,” was the answer he thought he heard over the noise of the engine as the freight gathered speed. The flagman instantly realized they did not have time to reach Lawndale and shouted, “For God’s sake, look at your watch!” The fireman waved his hand as if nothing was wrong, prompting Lynch to think that his own watch needed adjustment. “There were two engineers, the two conductors, and the fireman, five in all, who had the time and knew the schedules as well as I did,” he said later. Thurmont historian and train enthusiast George Wireman believes that the engineers or conductors did not know how many trains had already passed, “But how they could get so mixed up about ordinary work has been a question mark for years.”

James Rada, a Baltimore native, is a novelist and freelance who writes extensively on Maryland history.
The Washington Post later suggested “that a new schedule goes into effect tomorrow [and] may have caused some confusion.”\textsuperscript{4} The new schedule included a stop in Glyndon, and added nine minutes to the time the No. 5 had previously taken to reach Westminster. If the freight crew thought they were using the new schedule, the No. 5 would have been 4.5 miles farther east, giving them enough time to reach the Lawndale siding safely. Another possibility is that the crew of the freight was unaware that the Blue Mountain Express was making its first run of the season and were expecting two trains, not three. Yet according to Lynch’s version of events, the crew knew a third train was coming and still thought they had time to pull onto the siding at Lawndale. Concerned about the time, Lynch also said he considered pulling down the air brakes but deferred to the greater experience of the other crewmen.\textsuperscript{5}

The No. 5, with approximately one hundred passengers on board, drew away from Hillen Station in Baltimore at 5 p.m. as scheduled. Hauling three passenger coaches and a baggage combination car, it traveled at thirty miles per hour. A group of railroad workers, many of whom lived in Thurmont and Catoctin Furnace, rode in the last car. They had boarded the train at Mount Hope where they had been working to repair the damage from a small freight wreck the previous week. Overcrowding forced some to sit on the bumpers between the baggage car and the engine tender and between the baggage car and the first passenger car.\textsuperscript{6}

The Collision

On the afternoon of June 17, 1905, thirteen-year-old Emil A. Caple was walking near the tracks on his way to the Patapsco post office and general store. He was expecting to see the Blue Mountain Express pass him heading west, not an eastbound freight. “We thought it was strange to see the freight train passing through Patapsco, knowing it was almost time for the passenger train to arrive from Baltimore. But there was a siding in Lawndale where the telegraph operator in Westminster could have informed the passenger train operator to wait since the telegraph dispatchers were supposed to know the whereabouts of all trains at all times,” Caple said.\textsuperscript{7} At about 5:55 p.m., near Ransom, a little village southeast of Patapsco in Carroll County, the No. 5 and the freight train met head-on. “Just west of the bridge, they came together with terrific force, the three engines being piled one upon another, fortunately in such a manner that sufficient steam connections were broken, to relieve the boilers, and thus prevent the further horror of one or more explosions,” the Washington Post reported. “After the freight train whizzed past Patapsco, it was only a couple of minutes and it sounded like the whole train rolled down the track,” Caple remembered. “The noise was terrific! I never heard such an awful noise like that!”\textsuperscript{8}

George C. Buckingham was a conductor on the eastbound freight. He had just looked at his pocket watch and thought the train would be able to make up the five minutes it was running behind. As he put his watch back in his pocket, he felt “the awful plunging jar, crash and grind of wood and steel. . . . There was no time
Map of the Western Maryland Railway showing the site of the collision. (Courtesy, Western Maryland Railway Historical Society.)

Detail from map above.
to move. The man ahead of me, a Washington doctor, dived out of his window; we were two seats from the front of the first coach, and I sprang to my feet and amid the groans and shrieks of the injured, I made my way out,” Buckingham told the Hagerstown Daily Mail.9

The Frederick Daily News reported that the railroad men who were sitting on the bumper suffered the worst. “The more fortunate, who were on the engine, jumped or were thrown from the train and were only injured. Those in the baggage car were terribly mangled, and the crews of all three engines were killed. Their bodies all believed to be under the wreckage of the engines,” reported The New York Times. Lynch, at the back of the train at the time of the collision, was the only survivor among the nine crew members on the three engines, “There was a jar and then a succession of bumps, but I was not thrown down,” he said. “The three steam monsters were reduced to scrap iron,” yet none of the passenger coaches derailed. With the exception of minor cuts and bruises, all of the travelers in the coaches survived uninjured.10

Caple said that everyone who had heard the collision came running. “I ran right along with them as fast as my legs could carry me. On the way down, we passed a man with a railroad flag in his hand running towards the Patapsco store. Somebody asked him, ‘What happened?’ He said, ‘My God, I don’t know.’ He ran up the track to telephone Westminster.” When Caple arrived at Ransom, it was hard for him to see the actual wreck for all the steam escaping from mangled engines. What he did see, he wished he hadn’t:

People were crawling from the wreck scalded. Some were laying with arms and legs chopped off and screaming and crying were terrible. Carloads of lard in wooden barrels had burst open and many passengers were covered with it and rescue crews had to work in it up to the knees to pull people out.
Photographs of the wreckage and repair efforts following the collision just east of Ransom. (Western Maryland Railway Historical Society.)
They told all of us to either help or we would have to leave. So no matter what age, every one of us pitched in to help.

I helped pick up arms and legs. No one knew for sure who they belonged to, so they told us to give them to anybody who didn’t have one that it looked like they belonged to. I helped another man who was scalded. He kept crying that he was so cold, so I got a coat and put [it] over him. They said he had been scalded inside and I believe he died. The whole bottom just west of the Patapsco River was strewn with wreckage and bodies and people calling for help.11

Buckingham joined the other men working to remove the injured and dead from the wreckage. “We lifted and carried away all who lay about, trying to identify them through the blood and coal dirt, asking them their names and endeavoring to ascertain the extent of the damage.”12

Buckingham found the engineer on Engine 41, L. D. Rice, who was trapped because his feet were caught in twisted metal. “Shake my hand,” Rice said, “for good bye, Captain, I am going fast.” Buckingham told him to “Take that off your mind. We are going to get you out all right.” By all appearances, Rice was not worried. Buckingham said he had a sad, but resigned expression on his face. “I know what I can stand. Why man, I am cooked, cooked in the steam.” Rice must have been in shock by that point, and not reacting to the pain. However, with horror Buckingham noted that “When I released my hand from his flesh, it came from the bone with mine.”13
Westminster learned of the crash minutes after it happened. Captain H. Clay Eby, formerly a conductor on one of the trains involved, lived near the site. Though he could not see the collision, he recognized the sound and what it meant. He had a telephone in his house and called E. O. Grimes, the railroad agent in Westminster, with the news. Grimes and his team sent out a relief train to take the injured to a hospital in Baltimore. “Just before the first relief train taking the injured to the hospitals of Baltimore left the wreckage began to burn.”\textsuperscript{14} Ambulances hurried to the scene, and an express train following the freight provided transportation for those on the other side. Passengers on both trains gave all possible aid to the victims.

Dr. M. L. Bott of Westminster described one wounded passenger who told him, “Doctor, don’t bother with me, I am fatally hurt and will die. Go to others whom you can save.” Indeed, the man did die a short time later.\textsuperscript{15} George Stimmel, a laborer from Thurmont, was one of those who was removed from the wreck alive. While aboard the relief train bound for Westminster, he offered “a touching and pathetic prayer for his wife and children, pleading earnestly that they might be supported by Almighty God and that the wife might be enabled to train up the children in the
paths of Christianity and righteousness.”16 Rescuers took him to the Hotel Albion in Westminster, where he died the next morning. C. D. Miller, who worked in the Westminster post office and whose legs were crushed in the crash insisted despite his pain on keeping the mail pouches under his head until Charles Thomson, clerk at the post office, arrived and took possession of them.

About seventy-five men from the Western Maryland and Northern Central railroads used two steam cranes to clear away the wreckage. The Catoctin Clarion reported that “With two great steam cranes the three engines were righted and placed upon the tracks, then slowly towed down to the siding near Lawndale. The overturned cars, the broken and twisted axles and machinery were hauled out of the way, and watches, pocketbooks, bank books and other effects belonging to the victims of the wreck were collected.”17

Burying the Dead

The first report to reach Thurmont that same Saturday stated that forty to sixty people had been killed. In fact, twenty-six people died and eleven suffered injuries in what remains the worst accident in the history of the Western Maryland Railway. “The scenes of agony and distress at the homes of dead victims of the accident cannot be described. They were harrowing in the extreme, and those who witnessed them will never forget the wails of widowed women, orphaned children and relatives of the dead.”18 Yet the loss of life could have been far worse. Though he himself did not survive, reports credit Engineer George Covell of the No. 5 with preventing a larger number of casualties by applying the emergency air brakes as soon as he recognized the danger. Because the track curved at the collision point, “the force of the impact was much less upon the coaches than it would have been in a direct line. Railroad men say it is extremely probable that if the collision had occurred on a straight track the coaches would have been telescoped and the passengers subjected to frightful loss of life.”19

The towns of Thurmont and Catoctin Furnace suffered the worst—seventeen killed and seven injured, leaving thirteen women widowed and thirty-eight children fatherless.20 “Close family ties and friendships existed among these people. No one was untouched by the tragedy which left a number of widows and fatherless children and dominated thinking in the village of Catoctin Furnace for years,” Elizabeth Anderson wrote in Faith in the Furnace.21 Not surprisingly, many of the dead in this small community were related. McClellan Sweeney was the father of Frank and William Sweeney and brother of Harry. Charles Miller and Charles Kelly were brothers-in-law, and E. M. Miller was Charles Miller’s son.

E. M. Miller, who escaped injury, helped reporters identify many of the dead and would accept no payment for the service. According to the Carroll County American Sentinel, when he had finished, he turned to them and said, “My father, Charles T. Miller, and my uncle, Charles Kelly, are both in the wreck and I am sure they are both
dead.” He said it with dry eyes, but the newspaper report noted that it was apparent he was “stunned and dazed by the magnitude of the calamity.”

That terrible Saturday night, townspeople gathered at their train station in a macabre replay of a ritual they usually performed every Wednesday, when “Many of the locals would go to the Thurmont station . . . and take baskets with good things to eat,” Wireman notes. “They sent them down the line to their family who were working on the railroad.” On this June night, food was far from their thoughts as residents gathered to await word of whether their sons, fathers, and brothers were among the casualties. Some survivors arrived after midnight, bringing more accurate and horrifying accounts. On Sunday, June 18, word spread that a train would arrive with the dead at 7:00 P.M. It did not arrive until about 12:30 A.M. Monday, but families waited, as did Clarence Creager and Elmer Black with their hearse:

During that whole of Sunday great throngs of people were at the station waiting for the train that should bring home the silent disfigured forms of those who had gone forth strong and well. It was about 12:30 A.M. when the first shipment of bodies arrived and then came the long procession of hearses and wagons through the town and in the peaceful moon light wended their way to the Catoctin grief stricken homes where the majority of the dead men lived in life.

Seventeen funerals were held in Thurmont over the next two days. Out of respect for the town’s loss, all of the local businesses closed Monday during the funerals:

Thurmont is an old town and in her long existence has passed through many and varied experiences but never in all her history has she felt such a blow as fell upon her Saturday evening last when the inexpressibly shocking disaster on the WMRR meant so much to her homes and people. Almost three-fourths of the victims of that ill-fated wreck resided in Thurmont and Catoctin; hard-working industrious men, fathers and sons, wage earners and the support, in many instances, of large families.

Because all of the dead worked for the Western Maryland Railway, it quickly became apparent that the company had no relief plan for the victims’ families. “If there had been, these unfortunate men would have under that system, provided for their families in case of death,” the Catoctin Clarion editorialized.

The accident did not tear up track but the wreckage had to be removed. According to the Western Maryland Railway Historical Society, Engines No. 41 and 43 were taken to Union Bridge, where they were rebuilt and returned to service. Engine No. 94 was too badly damaged and was scrapped. Engines 41 and 43 were refurbished for about $5,000 each, making the total cost to the railroad company $10,000. The Western Maryland Railway resumed its normal schedule two days after the accident,
the same day that families in Thurmont and Catoctin Furnace buried their dead. For the company, business would go on as usual. Authorities in Carroll County were criticized for not holding an inquest after the state’s attorney determined it would be an unnecessary procedure; all knew the cause of the accident, and those responsible had been killed in the collision.26

**Names of the Dead and Injured, June 17, 1905, compiled from the American Sentinel, June 23, 1905**

Calvin Brenner, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
James Brenner, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
George B. Covell, Hagerstown, engineer on the #5, killed  
John Crouse, Taneytown, engineer on the #43, killed  
John Davis, Thurmont, laborer, injured  
V. O. Derr, Hagerstown, conductor on freight train, killed  
Nelson Fraley, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
Peter Frehart, Union Bridge, injured  
Emanuel Fuss, Thurmont, laborer, injured  
Charles Grable, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
James Grushon, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
W. Thomas Hahn, Thurmont, laborer, injured  
Charles Kelly, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
Guy Lynn, Middleburg, laborer, injured  
Edward Martin, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
O. L. Knipple, Hagerstown, fireman of the #41, killed  
Charles Miller, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
Clagett D. Miller, Hagerstown, postal clerk, injured  
Elmer Miller, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
W. H. McNamee, Hagerstown, fireman of the #43, killed  
Daniel Meyers, Highfield, laborer, killed  
L. D. Rice, Hagerstown, engineer on the #41, killed  
John J. St. Leger, Baltimore, fireman on the #5, killed  
E. R. Scott, Hagerstown, substitute fireman, killed  
J. M. Shuff, Catoctin Furnace, killed  
William Shuff, Thurmont, laborer, injured  
Milton Stambaugh, Double Pipe Creek, laborer, injured  
George Stimmel, Thurmont, laborer, killed  
Joseph Stitely, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
Frank Sweeney, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
Harry Sweeney, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
McClellan Sweeney, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
William Sweeney, Catoctin Furnace, laborer, killed  
Frank Tierney, Hagerstown, laborer, injured  
Clayton Troxell, Rocky Ridge, injured  
John Whitmore, Thurmont, laborer, injured  
A. M. Williard[d], Thurmont, laborer, injured  
John Williard, Thurmont, laborer, killed
NOTES

1. *New York Times*, June 18, 1905; *Catoctin Clarion*, June 22, 1905. The Western Maryland Railway began as the Baltimore, Carroll and Frederick Rail Road in 1852. It started in Baltimore and was built westward, eventually reaching Hagerstown, Md., in 1872. Within a year after its founding, the company became the Western Maryland Rail Road Company and then later still, the Western Maryland Railway Company. The company built an extension into Pennsylvania in 1881 and connected to the Harrisburg and Potomac Rail Road in 1886. Next, the Western Maryland Rail Road connected to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Cherry Run, W. Va., in 1892. This connection improved freight traffic on the railroad. An extension that ran to Cumberland, Md., was completed in 1906. From there, the railroad would extend to Connellsville, Pa., and south into West Virginia. As passenger service declined in the 1950s, the Western Maryland discontinued it altogether in 1959. By 1973, the Western Maryland Railway became part of the Chessie System, which in turn became CSX Transportation in 1987.


6. Elizabeth Y. Anderson, *Faith in the Furnace: A History of Harriet Chapel Catoctin Furnace, Maryland* (Self-Published, 1984), 60. These railroad workers were called “floaters” because they traveled to wherever they were needed to work.

7. *Neighborhoods of West Carroll*, June 15, 1993; Emil A. Caple as told to his daughter Rose Marie (Caple) von Gunten in June 1977, one month before his death.


13. Ibid.


16. Ibid.


19. Ibid.


24. Ibid.


Maryland History Bibliography, 2009: A Selected List

ANNE S. K. TURKOS AND JEFF KORMAN, COMPILERS

From 1975 on, the *Maryland Historical Magazine* has published regular compilations of books, articles, and doctoral dissertations relating to Maryland history. The following list includes materials published during 2009, as well as earlier works that have been brought to our attention.

Bibliographers must live with the fact that their work is never finished. Please notify us 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
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College Park, Maryland, 20742

Previous years’ installments of the Maryland History Bibliography are now searchable online. Please visit http://www.lib.umd.edu/dct/collections/mdhc/?pid=umd:16719 for more information about this database and to search for older titles on Maryland history and culture.

**General**


**African American**


Brown, Carolynne Hitter. “Singing Through Struggle: Music as a Mode of Cul-
tural Exchange in African American Border City Churches after Emancipation, 1862–1890.” Th.D. diss., Boston University, School of Theology, 2009.


**Agriculture**


**Archaeology**


Thompson, Bruce F. “The Keelson from the Earle Cove Wreck Site (18AU612), Queen Anne’s County, Maryland.” *Maryland Archeology*, 44 (September 2008): 5–11.


**Architecture and Historic Preservation**


**Biography, Autobiography, and Reminiscences**


**County and Local History**


Economic, Business, and Labor


Education

Environment

Fine and Decorative Arts

Geography and Cartography

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


**Transportation and Communication**


Jindrich, Jason Bryan. “Establishing the Diversity of Late Nineteenth-Century Sub-

Women
“Necrology: Mary Catherine Sterling Bell.” Chronicles of St. Mary’s, 56 (Spring 2009): 592.
“What Manner of Woman Our Female Editor May Be”:
Eliza Crawford Anderson and the Baltimore Observer, 1806–1807

NATALIE WEXLER

In February 1807, under the heading “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget,” a fledgling Baltimore magazine published the following intriguing announcement:

As our able predecessors have always made it a point to let the public in some measure, into the secret of who and what kind of personages it might be, who took upon themselves the office of enlightening and amusing them, we cannot be in this respect less complaisant, than those in whose steps we humbly attempt to follow: and nothing doubting that much curiosity had been excited to know, what manner of woman our female editor may be, we shall proceed without farther delay, to satisfy our readers on this important question.1

What manner of woman, indeed? Surely readers in Baltimore, or elsewhere, were not accustomed to the idea of a “female editor.” In fact, the female editor who wrote these lines—Eliza Crawford Anderson, later Eliza Godefroy—may well have been the first woman to edit a magazine in the United States.

Despite her historical significance, Anderson has been largely forgotten in recent years. Maryland Historical Magazine has published three articles about her, but the most recent of these appeared in 1957, and none attempted to locate her in the general context of nineteenth-century women editors. More recent secondary sources on women editors omit any mention of her and generally identify other women who came later as the first to edit a magazine.2 First or not, she was certainly a pioneer in the field.

Several things set her apart from other women editors of the period and many who came after her. Unlike most early female editors and publishers of magazines and newspapers, Anderson founded a publication herself rather than inheriting it from a deceased husband or father. And unlike other women editors, she did not attempt to

Natalie Wexler is an independent historian and the author of A More Obedient Wife: A Novel of the Early Supreme Court.
Eliza Crawford Anderson and the Baltimore Observer, 1806–1807

justify her foray into this male domain on the grounds that it was necessary in order to support her family.3 Perhaps most striking, in contrast to virtually all other female editors of the early nineteenth century, she edited publications—The Companion and Weekly Miscellany and The Observer—that were not aimed at women readers. Although women appear to have read and contributed to these two magazines, both clearly were directed to a general audience. Moreover, Anderson referred to herself as “editor,” eschewing the gendered term “editress” that others favored.

Like other nineteenth-century women editors, Anderson crossed the boundary between the feminine “private” and male “public” sphere, but unlike the others she did not clothe herself in the protective mantle of a woman speaking to other women about things of interest primarily to women. On the contrary, she boldly asserted her right to critique any subject she pleased in an effort to raise what she regarded as the sadly deficient level of culture in the young and raw city of Baltimore. As others would later discover, although society generally accepted and sometimes even courted women editors, those who attempted to trespass on male turf frequently met with intense hostility.4

When Eliza Anderson is remembered at all, it is often as friend and traveling companion to the better known Elizabeth (Betsy) Patterson Bonaparte, the local heiress who married Napoleon Bonaparte’s youngest brother, Jerome, in Baltimore in 1803. In 1805, when Betsy decided to travel across the Atlantic with Jerome in an attempt to reconcile Napoleon to their marriage, she took Anderson along. Upon arriving in Lisbon, the party discovered that Napoleon had issued orders forbidding Betsy, now six months pregnant, from landing in any country under his control.
THE OBSERVER,
AND REPERTORY OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ESSAYS,
IN VERSE & PROSE, ON TOPICS OF POLITE LITERATURE,
&c.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.


PROSPECTUS.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity which the completion of the second volume of the Companion presents, to announce to the public some changes which are projected in the work.

The most patriotic and disinterested motives had prompted the late Editor to undertake the direction of that paper, but as the time and attention it required were incompatible with his professional pursuits, he found it necessary to engage an associate in his literary labours, and to this associate he has ultimately deemed it proper to relinquish the whole management of the work.

The present Proprietor has long felt the necessity of some alterations in the plan and management of the paper, in order to render it more generally acceptable.

Variety is the essence of amusement, hence we abandon the smooth and unbroken plain, however productive of the most useful harvests, to ramble amidst scenes, where nature exhibits her more varied, picturesque and fantastic forms. We find this quality eminently essential in a periodical paper—the repeated failure of works of this nature where the plan on which they have been conducted has confined them merely to literary subjects, sufficiently proves that these alone will not interest the public.

To merit general attention, a publication of this kind must display a spirited versatility; it must treat by turns of morals, politics, and fashions;

Must move from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the sage’s, now the trifler’s part.

Having then resolved no longer to confine our fellow labourers within the limits prescribed by the regulations of the Compan...
Jerome therefore disembarked alone, promising that he would secure his brother’s approval of the marriage.

Betsy and her retinue eventually landed in England, where she gave birth to a son and waited, fruitlessly, as it turned out, for encouraging word from Jerome. In a letter to her father written shortly after the birth, she said, “Mrs. Anderson is extremely anxious to return to America, and, as she will be no material loss, she takes her departure in the Robert.” This passing reference to “Mrs. Anderson” has given rise to misconceptions about its subject in the various historical novels and fictionalized biographies that have been written about Betsy Bonaparte. A 1928 novel, for example, describes “Mrs. Anderson” as “a pleasant woman fitted by inclination and experience to preside at births.” Another published nine years later refers to her as “a widow and an old acquaintance of the family.”

In fact, in 1805 “Mrs. Anderson” was only twenty-five, merely five years older than Betsy, and no widow. Her only experience of childbearing was most likely her own, some five years before, when she gave birth to a daughter whom she had left behind in Baltimore in order to travel with the Bonapartes (and who may have been the cause of her anxiousness to return there). This daughter was born of a 1799 marriage between nineteen-year-old Eliza Crawford and a merchant named Henry Anderson, who had apparently abandoned the family by 1801. Such a misfortune might well have rendered Eliza Anderson a marginal figure, but she was also the daughter of a respected local doctor, John Crawford. Although the Crawfords appear to have been far from rich, they had connections to wealthy and powerful members of Baltimore society. Thus, Eliza Anderson was able to maintain close friendships not only with Betsy Bonaparte, whose father, Baltimore merchant William Patterson, was (according to Thomas Jefferson) the second wealthiest man in Maryland, but also with the granddaughters of the wealthiest, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Anderson has remained largely in Betsy Bonaparte’s shadow, certainly as far as historical novels are concerned, yet her editorial and literary endeavors arguably make her the more historically significant figure. The first publication with which she was connected, The Companion and Weekly Miscellany, ran from November 1804 until October 1806. One chronicler of Eliza Anderson’s life has dubbed her “associate editor” of The Companion, but a later commentator has pointed out that she certainly could not have been active in the publication from March to November of 1805, when she was in Europe with Betsy Bonaparte. Nor is there any indication that she was involved in launching the publication. Judging from accounts in the Companion, the magazine was the brainchild of a group that called itself the “Easy Club.” This may have been a circle of young men, possibly affiliated with or alumni of the recently established St. Mary’s College, who gathered for conversation and shared books, letters, and their own writing. The fictional (or at least semi-fictional) figurehead of The Companion was one “Edward Easy,” supposedly a Quaker gentleman from Philadelphia. In the magazine’s second issue, “Easy” introduced a cast
of “friends” who bore pseudonyms such as “Nathan Scruple” and assisted him in providing copy for the magazine. Given the nineteenth-century convention of using pen names, it is difficult to be certain that no women were involved in this group. The pseudonyms, at least, are entirely male.8

Whatever its membership, the Easy Club welcomed outside contributions. As early as December 1804, readers learned that they could submit articles by leaving them in a letter-box “affixed to Messrs. Bonsal’s window, on Market-Street.” A number of these contributors seem to have been women. Pseudonyms such as Flavia, Biddy Fidget, and Jemima appeared in the Companion throughout its publishing history. Some articles discussed topics presumably of interest to women, such as women’s character and proper education. In one issue, “Tibullus” complained, “There exists not an instance on record of one noble discovery being added to human science, through the exertions of a female. . . . Vanity holds so predominant a sway in the breast of woman, and is so prone to distend itself at every increase of knowledge, that science becomes with her a most pernicious acquisition.” Woman, Tibullus opined, should confine herself to “sprightly flourishes of the mind,” for “when she attempts the critic and philosopher, nature is outraged; man revolts at a monster so unnatural in the creation.” Tibullus ends with a Latin quotation translated as, “From a learned wife, ye Gods deliver me.” This article brought an answer the following week from “A.B.C. Darian,” apparently also a man, who argued that if women had not excelled as scholars, it was only because men had limited their opportunities: “It is we who. . . . circumscribe their endeavors. What parent thinks of giving to a daughter the education of a son?”9

Then, suddenly, in The Companion of October 4, 1806, an editorial note addressed to “Readers and Correspondents” referred to the editor as “she”—despite the fact that a month before, in a similar note, the editor had referred to himself as “he.” Sometime during the month of September 1806, a woman, most likely Eliza Anderson, had become an, if not the, editor of The Companion. Members of the Easy Club apparently no longer had time to perform editorial duties.10 The October 4 editorial note not only identified the editor as “she” but sounded a complaint that had been voiced in almost identical terms in the issue of September 20 and which bears a marked similarity in tone to Anderson’s later editorial notes in The Observer under the pseudonym “Beatrice Ironside”:

When it is considered that the entire arrangement of the Companion depends on one alone, and whether the editor is grave or gay, whether visions of hope and pleasure play before her imagination, or she is sunk into despondence and beset with a whole legion of blue devils, the printer, like her evil genius, still pursues her at the stated period, and the selections must be made, and the proofs corrected, and of consequence, “The Safe Companion and Easy Friend,” must sometimes as well as safe and easy be sad and soporific—however, we propose shortly making some alterations in our plan.
The “alterations,” the editor went on to say, involved “assurances of ample assistance” from “a multitude of counselors” and “a bright constellation of belle esprits.” In fact, the change consisted of more than alterations to *The Companion*. On October 25 the magazine ceased publication, and the prospectus for *The Observer*, also edited by Anderson, appeared on November 29.

Before plunging into the history of *The Observer*, published from January to December 1807, it might be well to consider the evidence that Beatrice Ironside and Eliza Anderson were one and the same, for nowhere in either publication does the name Eliza Anderson appear. Perhaps the most telling piece of evidence is a note by the architect Benjamin Latrobe, in the flyleaf of a journal that begins in October 1806. “‘No. 1. Ideas on the encouragement of the Fine Arts in America,’” the note reads, “written at the instance of some friends in Baltimore for the paper edited by Mrs. Anderson.” The text that follows the note corresponds exactly to an article, signed “B,” that appeared in the prospectus of *The Observer*. (The second installment appeared a few weeks later in the first issue.) Another persuasive indication that Eliza Anderson edited *The Observer* is an article in the *Federal Gazette and Baltimore Daily Advertiser* approximately a year later, identifying “Mrs. E.A.” as “the fierce FURY who edits the ‘Observer.’” The same article referred to her as “the phenomenon in Hanover-street.” Anderson lived at the corner of Hanover and German Streets with her father and daughter. There is more circumstantial evidence of the editor’s identity in *The Observer*. Anderson’s father, Dr. John Crawford, and her future husband, Maximilian Godefroy, contributed articles. The pseudonym “Beatrice Ironside” did not appear in the earliest issues of *The Observer*. Indeed, despite the fact that Anderson unmasked herself as female in the last issues of *The Companion* that its editor was male, Latrobe himself—who clearly knew the editor was female—addressed the first installment of his article on fine arts to “Mr. Editor,” and the second to “Dear Sir.” Neither the prospectus nor the first issue gave any indication of the editor’s gender, although the lead article in the second issue, “The Lucubrations of Benjamin Bickerstaff, Esquire,” referred to the editor as “he.”

This very article, in which Bickerstaff made passing complimentary remarks about Baltimore’s female population, led to the revelation of the editor’s true gender and the emergence of Beatrice Ironside. The following week, under the heading “The Lucubrations of Benjamin Bickerstaff, Esquire,” there appeared a letter to Bickerstaff, signed “Tabitha Simple,” in place of Bickerstaff’s column. Although “Simple” declared herself charmed by Bickerstaff’s comments on women, she also urged him to use “the vivacious strokes of playful wit . . . to laugh them out of their follies, and while you amuse them, improve them.” She then proceeded to undertake that task herself, ridiculing feminine affectation by giving various examples such as the following:

“I saw a lovely creature the other evening at the assembly, whom, if contented
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with what nature had done for her, would have been grace and captivation personified. . . . But no; she was resolved to owe the number of her conquests to the ingenuity of her machinations, and every word and every look, was marshalled to execute. She turned and twisted her head like a Chinese Mandarin, by way of not suffering a blue vein or a contour to escape her victims, and for the purpose of displaying the perfect symmetry of her form, she writhed her person about like an eel in the ruthless gripe of a cook.14

Bickerstaff responded and agreed that affectation “is a folly which the prudent avoid and the sensible despise,” but he cautioned that “satire to be useful must be general.” Apparently there had been much speculation about which young ladies Tabitha Simple had been targeting, and Bickerstaff rose indignantly in defense of them all, writing that his “aged eyes . . . cannot contemplate a charge of affectation against them but with the glance of incredulity.” Tabitha Simple, he asserted, must really be a man, “for I am satisfied that no woman could have written such a letter.” At the same time, he revealed the gender of The Observer’s editor: “The subject of this lucubration may probably be unpleasant to the Editor of this miscellany, but I am compelled to declare, that I have suffered more pain than she can possibly experience.” He also announced that “nothing shall hereafter, appear in the Observer, EITHER FROM THE PEN OR UNDER THE NAME OF BENJAMIN BICKERSTAFF.”15

In the same issue, an unsigned editorial note headed “To Readers and Correspondents” appeared in response to Bickerstaff. The editor apologized for inserting the Tabitha Simple letter in Bickerstaff’s usual space but defended the action. “The press stood still for a number which in this unfortunate epistle was supplied,” she wrote, implying that she’d had to publish the Simple letter because Bickerstaff had failed to turn in his column on time. The editor went on to explain that Simple “is prevented, by imperious circumstances, from appearing at present in her own defence,” but that she has asked the editor to “take up her cause.” It seems rather obvious from this ruse that Anderson actually was Tabitha Simple. The editor (Anderson) denied that Simple had any particular individuals in mind, and certainly not the individual Bickerstaff assumed she meant, whom he described as “a lovely and unoffending female.” Anderson insisted that if she was thinking of anyone, it was of a young woman who was now in a “cold and silent grave,” a dubious defense, given that in the letter she purported to have observed the woman’s behavior just “the other evening.” Then, under the guise of appeasing the “unoffending female’s” wounded feelings, Anderson twisted the knife further, protesting that the presumed target of her mockery was but “a twinkling star” when compared to the dead woman’s “resplendent sun . . . . If ever this little personage fixed the attention of Mistress Tabitha for a moment, it was to regret that any thing so pretty should be so insipid.”16 Anderson’s acid tongue and penchant for take-no-prisoners satire became a recurrent, and sometimes troublesome, feature of The Observer.
This same issue was the first to carry the phrase “by Beatrice Ironside” under the title, along with the motto “The friend of Socrates – the friend of Plato. But above all, the friend of Truth,” confirming Bickerstaff’s allusion to the editor’s true gender. The following week the pseudonym appeared in the body of the magazine. Again under the heading “To Readers and Correspondents,” the editor referred to herself in the third person: “Beatrice Ironside pretends to no party. . . . She has never so much attended to the subject of politics as to entitle her to an opinion.” Although Anderson seemed to be relegating herself to the traditional apolitical female role, she also made it clear that her magazine would delve into political subjects: “All political communications written well and with temper will be cordially received.” The editorial was essentially an open letter to past and potential contributors, thanking and encouraging some and discouraging others, including one who “has sent us two or three pages that must be the production of some moon-struck brain. . . . We beg this gentleman henceforth to address us only in his lucid intervals.” Anderson clearly envisioned the magazine as a general interest publication that included articles on the arts, history, and politics, as well as poetry and other literary efforts—a typical format of the numerous, and often short-lived, “literary miscellanies” of the day.

*The Observer* also shared a number of other characteristics with its fellow early nineteenth-century publications. Anderson relied on the contributions of amateurs, not professional writers or journalists. The typical contributor was a gentleman (or gentlewoman) scholar who “never wrote for money, never put his name on what he wrote, and rarely even condescended to put what he wrote in print.” This system clearly put a great deal of pressure on the editor, who, as Anderson often complained, sometimes had to plow through badly written or otherwise unsuitable submissions and at other times had to scrounge for articles or supply the deficiency with his or her own pen. Even Joseph Dennie, editor of the period’s pre-eminent magazine, the *Port Folio*, occasionally apologized to his readers for a delayed issue. Similar problems plagued *The Observer*, although Anderson blamed them on the printer. After ten months of publication she announced that “in consequence of a change of Printer, the paper will after this week appear regularly every Saturday.” Anderson also apologized for problems with distribution, promising in March 1807 to supply missing back issues to subscribers. “We must hope for the indulgence of our readers in this respect,” she pleaded, “as we have found it extremely difficult to meet with such carriers as might be depended on; and the papers sent by the post, have in some way or other frequently miscarried.” The editor also found herself apologizing to contributors whose submissions she had misplaced, though it is unclear whether overwork or disorganization created this problem.

Like Dennie, Anderson complained of the “vast” number of subscribers who failed to pay. Unfortunately, *The Observer* never published a list of subscribers, and as a result information about the number and demographic make-up of its readership is limited. The prospectus, however, announced that publication would be under-
taken if the number of subscribers reached five hundred. With a subscription rate of five dollars per year, “payable half yearly in advance,” she had an annual budget of approximately $2,500, if subscribers actually paid. Although contributors were not compensated, Anderson did have to pay for printing and distribution, as well as postage due on submissions. “Already our postage expenses have been considerable,” she wrote in February 1807, “from bulky communications from several distant
places, which have immediately found their way from our fingers to the fire. . . . We beg our distant correspondents to remember, that such fuel is very expensive, and although we would readily and cheerfully pay postage for valuable pieces, we cannot agree to purchase nonsense at so high a price.”

Anderson shared with some other nineteenth-century editors a desire to elevate the cultural tone of her community. Many Americans felt a “palpable desire . . . to escape from post-revolutionary provinciality,” a desire that served as an impetus for the formation of clubs of educated young men in the 1790s, some of which produced publications similar to The Companion and The Observer. These groups aspired to become part of a national, or even international, culture, and “arch rejection of coarse tastes and of the judgments of the crowd” marked their literary productions.

In setting out her goals for The Observer, Anderson invoked British models such as Samuel Johnson and Joseph Addison, while the pseudonym of her short-lived contributor, Benjamin Bickerstaff, was an allusion to the “Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff,” a column by Richard Steele that appeared in the early eighteenth-century publication The Tatler. Like these illustrious predecessors, Anderson announced, she would publish essays “on men and manners” that she hoped would also have the effect of “ameliorating manners, establishing the decencies of life, and forming a correct taste in literature.” Through the reading of periodicals, she noted, “a great and commercial people”—i.e., the British—“have become readers, chaste in manners and correct in criticism.”

The reference to a “commercial people” is significant, since at the time Baltimore was a relatively young city with a merchant-dominated elite. Later articles in The Observer were clearly aimed at refining, or sometimes ridiculing, the sensibility of the city’s nouveau riche. For example, in applauding Benjamin Latrobe’s article on “the Fine Arts” in an early issue, Anderson anticipated further contributions on the subject of architecture:

As our flourishing city encreases in opulence . . . and our public bodies, as well as private citizens are daily erecting costly buildings, it is of importance, to awaken taste . . . in order that our stately edifices may not shock the eye of science, and remain lasting monuments of self sufficiency and barbarism.

Indeed, two weeks later another article on architecture, possibly written by Latrobe, lamented that the United States was a country where people were interested only in “the wharves, the banks, and the markets,” and where “cheapness was the only thing considered.” The author went on to ridicule a builder who had admired “the pretty Gothic chapel at the College of St. Mary’s” and wanted to replicate it but said “that he would not have pointed windows.” The author scoffed at this ignorance of basic architectural form—“As well might they say, they would have Ionic columns without volutes, or Corinthian pillars, without acanthus leaves”—but concluded that
in Baltimore one must expect to “see columns placed in niches like statues” and “fine houses with steps like a hay loft.” Anderson herself returned to this theme months later, ridiculing a number of specific buildings, including the “Gothic” edifice whose builders “very profoundly resolved not to have pointed arches.”

Anderson also weighed in on Baltimore’s deficiencies in other branches of “the fine arts,” eventually writing reviews of musical performances and art exhibits on a regular basis. She frequently denounced Baltimore’s lack of appreciation for the arts and artists in vehement terms, repeatedly characterizing the city’s apathy in this department as “Vandalism” and terming it “the very Siberia of the arts.” While praising a German violinist named Nenninger, she lamented that his skill would undoubtedly “be buried like that of so many other Europeans, who vegetate here already, to our shame and our detriment,” and that in order to support himself he would be reduced to “the hateful, the killing task, which is death to all genius, of teaching brats without ear or attention.” Like some other writers of her era, she bemoaned the blurring of the distinction between artists and mechanics in the United States, a byproduct of the country’s democratic principles. Responding to what she termed the indignation that had greeted her comments about Baltimore’s “Vandalism,” she took an unabashedly elitist position:

We regret . . . to announce to these levellers, who would place in the same rank, the engineer with the labourer who carries the mortar, and the poet with the manufacturer of the paper on which he writes the productions of his genius, that in Parnassus, this equality, which can only reign in taverns on electioneering days, but at no other time, does not exist—the Muses are rather saucy, and do not admit workmen to their levees.

In June, when an exhibit of the work of two artists, William Groombridge and Francis Guy, opened in “Mr. Cole’s store,” Anderson had further occasion to expound on the distinction between a trained artist and a talented but self-taught “mechanic.” Groombridge had emigrated from England and been a member of Charles Willson Peale’s short-lived “Columbianum” in Philadelphia. Guy, while also from England, worked as a tailor and dyer and, when unable to make a living at his trade, “boldly undertook to be an artist, although he did not know how to draw.” Writing in The Observer, Anderson praised the work of both men and lamented that they were reduced to the indignity of selling their paintings through the medium of a lottery. But she also remarked that “the genius of Mr. Guy is a wild plant,” and that “from want of encouragement reduced to the necessity of making coats and pantaloons, he has not had it in his power to cultivate his talent, nor has he made a single striking step in the art.” His paintings, she wrote, “very far from being original, are only a sort of Mosaic, drawn from compositions well known and even engraved, of several celebrated painters of landscapes and sea-
views.” Groombridge, on the other hand, “views nature with an artist’s eye” and “is familiar with good schools.”

Although Anderson shared many of the challenges and aspirations of other editors of the period she differed in one respect: she was a woman. Her gender raised special problems, not least of which was the difficulty of conducting business in her own name. As a married woman with “feme covert” legal status, Anderson would have been barred from entering into contracts. She left no discussion of how she maneuvered around this disability, but presumably she did not rely on her absent husband for assistance. More likely her father, Dr. John Crawford, signed contracts for her. Crawford, who contributed articles to *The Observer* on medical subjects, never presented himself as its editor, but there is an indication in the magazine’s last issue that he had a proprietary interest. In the last installment of a series on medical theories Crawford wrote that he had intended “a review of all the authors who have in any respect favoured my opinions,” but he had “clearly ascertained the impossibility of carrying on the Observer farther than the engagement made with the subscribers . . . and therefore was obliged to relinquish my design.”

Historians have noted that early nineteenth-century women editors often adopted a more personal, intimate tone with their readers. Mary Clarke, editor of Philadelphia’s *Intellectual Regale, or Ladies’ Tea Tray*, recounted her publishing difficulties in such a way that, as historian Susan Branson has observed, her readers “understood that she depended entirely on their sympathy to support her not only economically but emotionally as well.” Anderson certainly alluded to similar difficulties, but her authorial tone remained aloof by comparison. In her column, “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget,” she was more likely to rail against her critics, of which there were an increasing number, than to appeal to her readers for sympathy. Moreover, though she might begin a column with a personal reference—remarking, for example, that a friend “stepped in to pay me a visit this evening, just as I had taken up the pen to furnish my weekly budget”—she would soon move on to ruminations about some more general topic, such as the vice of gambling. This difference in tone may well have been a function of Anderson’s awareness that, unlike Mary Clarke or Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of two prominent nineteenth-century women’s magazines, she was not speaking only, or even primarily, to other women. Anderson wanted to be taken seriously by her male readers, and a display of feminine weakness in print might have undercut that goal.

Indeed, when Anderson wrote about women she was less likely to praise or confide in them than to criticize them, as she did when writing in the guise of Tabitha Simple. Even as she implicitly challenged contemporary notions of the proper feminine role by assuming the position of editor, on occasion Anderson seemed to endorse those very notions in *The Observer*. In one issue, she published one of those “amusing” bon mots that editors of the period often used to fill space: “Bayle
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has smartly said of the age of ladies . . . that this is the only thing they can keep in profound secrecy.” Describing a student exhibition at a local girls’ school, Anderson praised the “progress which these young ladies have made in all the elegant attainments,” but then wondered if this “method of public display tends to awaken the very worst passions to which the human breast is accessible, and above all, those most inimical to the happiness of woman.” Such competitions, she warned, endangered “modesty, the sweetest ornament of the sex.” Noting that she herself was a mother, she worried that her daughter might, as a result of the “public acknowledgment of her merits . . . become insolent, forward, and presuming.” Would Anderson have had similar concerns, one wonders, if her child had been male? Anderson also seemed not to acknowledge that, to her critics, she herself most likely appeared “insolent, forward, and presuming.”

Anderson’s concern for feminine modesty is also apparent in her decision to discontinue publication, in serial form, of a translation of a French novel entitled Adelaide; Or, A Lesson for Lovers. Once she had seen the novel in its entirety, she explained, she discovered that it was “too glowing, too impure, to be presented by a female, to the chaste eye of female modesty.” This decision was made despite the clamoring of the public. “Whilst some extracts we have made, from the most valuable works, are passed by,” Anderson complained, “this love-tale excites the liveliest interest, and when its publication has been suspended for a week, the office door has not stood still a moment, for the constant, the continual enquiries that were made, to know when it would be continued.” Nevertheless, “Mistress Beatrice cannot consent, that through her means, manners or morals should receive the slightest attaint.”

At the same time, Anderson was not one of those—like Tibullus, the contributor to The Companion who prayed to be delivered from a learned wife—who believed that women’s intellectual endeavors should be limited to relatively frothy subjects, a view that was voiced by at least one female editor in the nineteenth century. Ann Stephens, editor of the Portland Magazine, protested in 1834 that women had “no wish to interfere” in the male “privilege of deep research.” “All we ask,” Stephens maintained, “is permission to use the knowledge he has scattered over the enlightened world. But poetry, fiction, and the lighter branches of the sciences are woman’s appropriate sphere, as much as the flower-garden, the drawing-room, and the nursery.” Anderson had a mind that ranged far and wide, without regard to traditional male and female preserves. In a letter to Betsy Bonaparte in 1808, Anderson urged her despondent friend to try the “metaphysical reading” in which she herself took delight, mentioning writers such as Adam Smith, Lord Kaimes, and Helvetius. She was undoubtedly a voracious reader, owning, according to Benjamin Latrobe, “four hundred books of her own” in 1812. Considering the cost of books at the time, and Anderson’s limited financial resources, that was an impressive number.

Anderson certainly refused to confine herself to “the lighter branches of the sciences” in the pages of The Observer; her columns are strewn with historical and
classical allusions, and her disquisitions on human nature reflect her interest in moral philosophy. Despite her jocular assurance to “the bucks and bloods, who abhor learned women” that any Latin and Greek quotations appearing in the magazine would be supplied by a (fictional) male contributor, “the Rev. Mr. Supple,” she sprinkled her prose with Latin phrases. The final installment of “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget” is devoted to a laudatory sketch of the life of Gabrielle Emilie de Breteuil, Marquise de Châtelet, a renowned eighteenth-century mathematician and physicist whose generosity of spirit, Anderson argued in what may have been a belated riposte to Tibullus, is “brilliant proof, that it is not always justly the female sex are reproached with vanity and pride in proportion to the attainments they make in learning and science. . . . Whole pages could I write to prove, that women are not more susceptible of those passions than men.”

In the earlier issues of The Observer, Anderson did not dwell on her anomalous status as a female editor. In the first installment of “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget,” she acknowledged that public curiosity may have been excited to know “what manner of woman our female editor may be,” but she offered no particular justification for her entry into this male preserve. Instead, rejecting the then frequent journalistic convention of adopting a fictional authorial persona, she painted for her readers what appears to be an accurate self-portrait. Perhaps in a nod to her femininity, she began with her looks: “neither ugly enough to frighten a fiery courser from his repast, nor handsome enough for the Parson of the Parish to turn aside from his discourse whilst he admires her beauty.” She hinted at her age (under thirty—she was actually twenty-six), gave an account of her experience, and described her personality. She had acquired “a knowledge of human nature which will assist her much in prosecuting this her work,” she claimed, because accident had “thrown her much more in the busy throng, than generally falls to the lot of woman.” Explaining that she was “neither a misanthrope nor an optimist,” she announced that her chief object would be “to exhibit virtue and good sense in their most pleasing colours, and to lash with the utmost force of satire she can command, the vices and follies that fall beneath her notice.”

Indeed, a belief in the effectiveness of satire, along with a desire to expand the scope of the magazine beyond “merely . . . literary subjects,” seems to have been the impetus behind the demise of The Companion and its reincarnation as The Observer. Looking back at the end of The Observer’s year-long life, Anderson wrote that the management of The Companion “had been undertaken by a philanthropist, who would not suffer any thing of a satirical nature to appear in its pages, in the fear of giving offense.” As a result, the magazine suffered from a “monotonous dullness.” In Anderson’s view, satire functioned as an essential journalistic tool. “Banish criticism, satire, and raillery,” she proclaimed, and “there will be no longer any salt in society . . . no longer will absurdities or follies be reformed. . . . The history of letters is the testimony of this truth.”
In her inaugural “Beatrice Ironside” column, Anderson put readers on notice that satire would be a feature of *The Observer*, while at the same time acknowledging—as her recent foray under the name Tabitha Simple had shown—that such a weapon might well arouse indignation in those who perceived themselves to be its targets. “If in the course of her exemplifications,” Anderson wrote, “she [i.e., Beatrice] should touch a picture with such lively strokes, that folly perceives its likeness, and is enraged at the dexterity of the artist”—well, so be it. She denied that she would direct her satire against any individual, but admitted being prepared to suffer with equanimity the slings and arrows of anyone she might inadvertently outrage:

She happens to have been luckily so constructed, that she can turn an iron-side to the ‘proud man’s contumely,’ (or woman’s either) . . . and tho’ she can return with cordial warmth the kindness and good will that may be proffered to her, yet insolence and neglect she knows how to endure with the happiest indifference. She will therefore, always take the liberty of laughing at the affected, the ridiculous and the vain, both in the lords and ladies of the creation, whenever it pleaseth her good fancy to do so; and the more fearlessly, not being very anxious about popularity.39

But Anderson soon revealed that she was not entirely indifferent to the attacks launched against her. In April she lamented that her efforts at raising the cultural tone of the city had not been appreciated. Moreover, she implied that because commerce preoccupied the male elite it fell to the women of the community to act as its cultural guardians—as she herself had done in undertaking the editorship of *The Observer*:

In a community like this, where the nobler sex are almost entirely engrossed, by parchments, pulses, or price currents, the attempt of a female to promote the cause of taste, literature and morals, by undertaking the arduous employment of editor to a weekly paper would, it should seem, have been cherished with respect, and forwarded with assistance and encouragement.

“Alas! luckless dame”—that was not the reception she received. Claiming that she could well have published only humorless “dissertations on morality” and gone out of business for lack of subscribers, she said she had preferred to use satire to enliven her pages and ridicule to combat folly—and for that she had been “torn in pieces . . . [by] merciless hounds.” Her enemies included individuals who imagined (mistakenly, she said) that she was writing about them, and authors of dull prose whose submissions she had rejected. Chief among them was her former contributor and adversary Benjamin Bickerstaff, “the gallant, the benevolent, the magnanimous Benjamin, the oracle of half the little Misses of the city, the centre of taste, science
and learning,” who had not only given up writing for The Observer but had now pronounced its doom.40

Given the generally arch tone of the magazine, it is difficult to assess the sincerity of Anderson’s expression of surprise that her efforts had not been appreciated. But as the months wore on, the number of voices taking issue with her vigorously expressed opinions only increased, and Anderson apparently reveled in joining the fray. In June, after she had published her initial observations about the difference between artists and tradesmen, she reported that she was “not a little amused with the indignation which fired some artists in stay tape and buckram, and manufacturers of leather and tallow, at the incongruity we committed, in exclaiming against the vandalism of classing an eminent musician amongst MECHANICS.” The following week, after seeing her comments refuted “in another paper,” she repeated her assertion that Baltimore was a “Siberia of the arts.” She then turned to the subject of painting, noting that “it is again to a refutation we find in another paper of some reflexions we have made, to which we think it incumbent on us to reply.” One week later, she devoted four pages of The Observer to answering a letter published in the Federal Gazette and Baltimore Daily Advertiser that had found fault with her characterization of Baltimore’s cultural scene. After quoting the letter at length, with repeated asides ridiculing the letter-writer’s arguments, Anderson protested she was “far from intending to say any thing unpleasant to the author, whose letter I have considered.”41

These journalistic jousting matches focused on Anderson’s opinions rather than on the fact that she was a woman, but she soon identified her gender as a primary cause of the hostility directed against her and The Observer. During the summer of 1807 at least two other publications sprang up in Baltimore, undertaken, she opined, “in the express view of sinking the Observer.” One of them, Moonshine, appears to have taken an even more satirical, or at least humorous, tone than The Observer. Its ostensible publishers, “the Lunarian Society,” announced their intention to admit to membership, among others, “all persons unfit for any thing else.” In the final issue of The Observer, Anderson took a dig at “a certain publication entitled Moonshine or Mooncalf, published by a certain Society of Lunarians or Lunatics in Baltimore last summer.”42

Anderson directed the brunt of her wrath at the other rival magazine, Spectacles, with which Bickerstaff himself appears to have been connected. In June or July, Spectacles published an article defending the work of Francis Guy against “a most uncharitable but impotent attempt to injure him” in The Observer—presumably a reference to Anderson’s review of his joint exhibit with Groombridge. That issue of Spectacles has not survived, but an issue from July shows the Spectacles editor fighting back with perhaps the ultimate weapon: ignoring one’s opponent. The editor explained that he was refusing to publish a submission “relative to the ‘Observer’” because “I will not fill my sheet with remarks upon so stale and so dry a subject.”
Now that the object of vindicating Guy had been effected, the editor remarked, there was “nothing in the ‘Observer’ sufficiently interesting to attract my further attention.”

The following week Anderson devoted “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget” to denouncing “a COALITION really terrible” that had “burst forth against Mistress Beatrice.” She believed that one person was behind the various attacks on her. “I recognize in the fury of his onset, in the coarseness of his language, in the affectation and folly of his images; in short, in the deformity of his various shapes, the pitiful buffoon, who had already declared, that he would annihilate The Observer with one fillip of his finger.” Given the history of animosity between Anderson and Bickerstaff, and his previous prediction that The Observer was doomed, he probably was the man in question. He may also have written the defense of Francis Guy in Spectacles.

The connection to Spectacles took the form of a thinly veiled allusion:

He [Bickerstaff] has thought proper to issue one attack, through the means of an obliging personage, who has had the kindness to give the public a pair of Spectacles, in order that they should see things in the light in which he views them. . . . I was, as yet acquainted with these obscure Spectacles, only by the noise which one of their ostensible editors had made in the street, in running from door to door to force the public to become his subscribers, much as a famished wretch demands our purse or life on the high road.

Anderson then launched her first accusation that gender had provoked the attack. The editor of Spectacles, she wrote, had criticized two of the country’s leading publications, Port Folio and Salmagundi. “It may be judged then,” she continued, “if the Observer can possibly escape his indignation, when this paper has the misfortune of being edited by a WOMAN, and by a woman so impious as not to recognize his literary supremacy.” She raised the issue again when ridiculing the editor’s use of a mixed metaphor—he accused her of “having reduced the great pyramid of ancient literature to a pigmy.” This, she said, was “a flight beyond me—but it is true, I am but a woman, and I may be excused for not comprehending how a pyramid is to be reduced to a pigmy.” She then put her “enemies” on notice that “WOMAN as she is, Mistress Beatrice does not fear their logic, and that their rhetoric highly amuses her.”

It is of course possible that Anderson fought these journalistic battles with tongue largely in cheek, in order to amuse the reading public. As Anderson herself later wrote, subscriptions to the magazine reached a sustainable number only after “some strokes of satire and criticism had given zest and interest to our pages.” Nevertheless, her accusations that gender was at the core of the attacks ring with genuine indignation, as do the remonstrances of some who bore the brunt of her frequently caustic criticism.
Anderson believed these protests reflected a chauvinistic patriotism that would brook no criticism of anything in Baltimore or elsewhere in the United States. After she ridiculed some of the performances at a concert given by the violinist Nenninger and other musicians, professional and amateur, she became the object of “a virulent attack” by “C., a Grub-street critic.” She responded with a sarcastic “recantation”:

Yes, Baltimore is greater than Athens and the federal City than Rome. Our edifices, our baths, our publick gardens are delightful. What statues are more magnificent than those which adorn our squares? . . . Is this enough? Or shall I praise the yellow fever too; for this is also a production of the Country.

Around the same time, the Federal Gazette published the letter that took issue with Anderson’s characterization of Baltimore as a “Siberia of the arts.” She responded with outrage, directed partly at the author’s choice of pseudonym, “An American.”

In adopting the signature of AN AMERICAN, does this writer mean, that all those, who do not take Philadelphia for London, New York for Paris, Washington for Rome, and Baltimore for Athens, are unpatriotic citizens, and stigmatisers of Columbia!47

In October, a similar dispute spilled over onto the pages of the Federal Gazette. In an unsigned review of a theatrical performance published in The Observer, Anderson singled out for particular ridicule a local actor and singer named W. H. Webster. She had previously taken him to task in her review of Mr. Nenninger’s concert, published in June, in which she objected to the “horrible grimaces” he made while singing and his “appearance of gargling his throat with his notes.” The general effect, Anderson had written, was “of a man laboring under the operation of a strong emetic.” In October she reported that his recent performance had not changed her opinion, “When he sings, his face and figure remind of one of the melancholy spectacle of a creature in the agonies of convulsion.” Although his voice itself had potential, when “he treats us to the wretched caricature of an ape . . . it is impossible . . . to listen to him without disgust.”48

Webster evidently did not take well to criticism. Three days later, the Federal Gazette carried his signed notice to the public that linked what he called the “paltry attack” on him in The Observer to a letter he claimed to have received from “Beatrice Ironside” a week before the review appeared. The letter warned that during the theatrical season “many attempts will be made to injure you, by means of newspaper criticisms.” Ironside allegedly offered to counter these attacks in The Observer, hinting that a subscription would seal the deal. After the unflattering review of his concert, Webster realized that Ironside and “Mrs. A___” were the same person—namely, the author of the review. He said he had not subscribed, refusing to “BUY PRAISE,”
but added that Anderson was probably not sorry about that, “for no doubt she has made more by her scurrilous stuff than the five dollars she applied for—as all my enemies (with whom she seems to be so well acquainted) if not already, will soon become subscribers to the ‘Observer.’” As for the letter itself, although he purported to quote from it, Webster claimed to have regrettably mislaid it but offered to “make affidavit” swearing to its existence.49

The Federal Gazette ran a response two days later headed “Mr. Webster.” The notice was unsigned, but the writer declared that “Beatrice” had never solicited any subscriptions to The Observer and expressed mock surprise that Webster would have been so careless as to lose the alleged letter. The author then quoted from the scathing review of Webster’s performance published in June, remarking that it would be surprising if “the known and acknowledged writer of these remarks should offer to become the champion of the gentleman who was their object.” The same notice ran again on the following two days, but below it appeared a rather disingenuous response from Webster that he would not deign to answer an “anonymous” notice. On the third day the notice ran again, this time over the name “Beatrice Ironside.” Webster apparently chose not to respond, and no further mention of the dispute appears in the pages of the Federal Gazette.50

As the Webster affair unfolded, Anderson drew attention in the pages of the same paper for publishing a translation of a controversial French novel, Claire d’Albe by Sophie Cottin, under the title Dangerous Friendship, or the Letters of Clara d’Albe. Although the name of the translator appeared in the book only as “a Lady
of Baltimore,” it is clear from the Federal Gazette that many readers knew her true identity. On October 12, the day before Webster’s notice first appeared, the Gazette ran an editorial under the heading, “MISTRESS ‘E.A.” The editor defended his decision not to run an essay “intended to sell a novel translated by Mrs ‘E.A.’ which we thought [unfit] for female perusal.” This decision, he said, “armed against us the fierce FURY who edits the Observer.” Even Webster, in the course of refusing to respond to the “anonymous” notice from Beatrice Ironside, wrote that he had “open enemies enough, without encountering a hidden one, even though that one be the delicate and immaculate Translator of Clara D’Albe.”

Claire d’Albe is an epistolary novel first published in 1799 that tells the story of a young and virtuous woman, Claire, who is married to a much older man for whom she feels great respect but not true love. When her husband’s young relative, Frédéric, comes to live with the couple, the two young people develop a strong attraction that is eventually consummated in a scene which has been described as perhaps “the first depiction of female orgasm in polite fiction.”

Given Anderson’s refusal to continue serialization of another French novel, Adelaide, on the grounds that it was “too impure,” it may seem surprising that she undertook the translation of Claire d’Albe. But in a review that ran in The Observer the week Anderson’s translation appeared, the author praised the novel not only for its “beauty of style” but also for its “correctness of sentiment.” The two adulterous characters receive their punishment in due course. Claire dies in an agony of guilt, and a broken and miserable Frédéric apparently follows her to the grave not long after. Critics of the period frequently used such “moral lessons” as a basis for endorsing novels that contained titillating material. Additionally, Anderson omitted some of the French original’s more explicit passages, including part of the description of Claire’s sexual climax.

Still, Dangerous Friendship, generally referred to in the press as Clara d’Albe, raised quite a few eyebrows in the Baltimore of 1807. The editorial in the Gazette singled out the scene in the garden—the one that included Anderson’s modified description of Claire’s orgasm—as something that no “‘lady’ of any toler[able] delicacy, can read . . . with[out] being filled with disgust.” The editor then dissolved into a paroxysm of scandalized punctuation:

A once [lovely] woman, reduced to a mere skeleton, is offering up orisons at the tomb of her father; a barbarian rushes upon her—seizes the trembling dying Clara, and . . . Shame! shame! . . . let the ‘lady’ [of] delicate taste and refined feeling, who has [off]ered it to the females of Baltimore, tell [the] rest. We cannot defile these columns [by] publishing a chapter, for censoring which [we] have incurred the high displeasure of the phenomenon in Hanover-street.

Nor was the Gazette the only publication to express outrage. The now defunct
Spectacles weighed in as well, reviving itself—according to Anderson—for the sole purpose of attacking her. Spectacles argued that the book had an “improper tendency,” but Anderson retorted in The Observer that a novel must be based in reality. “[I]f perfect beings are drawn, where is the reader that would not find in his own heart the strong testimony that the writer is . . . a blockhead, who knows nothing of human nature?” She alluded to an “infamous and palpable falsehood . . . concerning the origin of Clara”—presumably a suggestion that Anderson had based the novel on her own experience. “Can any one, who has the least discrimination in the English tongue, fail to perceive in a moment, that every page stamps it as a translation?” Anderson railed. Despite the façade of anonymity, it was “easy to know that the lady who translated it was no other than the female against whom this champion and his gallant prompters, had waged a gross and indecent war.” Moreover, the French original could be seen at “Mr. Hill’s Book-store, by any one who may be curious to see attested, the degree of reliance to be placed on the veracity of the Spectacles.”

Although no explicit mention appears to have been made of it, a development in Anderson’s personal life may have fueled some of the outrage and speculation that greeted the publication of Clara d’Albe. During the course of 1807, she had become acquainted with a French architect, Maximilian Godefroy, who had come to Baltimore to teach drawing at the College of St. Mary’s. Godefroy’s lengthy article on plans for United States military fortifications ran in The Observer that summer. Although the author was semi-anonymous, when the article was published as a pamphlet in October Eliza Anderson was named as the translator. In November, writing as Beatrice Ironside, Anderson praised both the “charming Gothic Chapel” Godefroy had designed for St. Mary’s and his “vast and beautiful sketch” of the Battle of Pultowa, which had been exhibited during the spring and summer at the Baltimore Library. At some point the friendship between Anderson and Godefroy turned to romance and, after she had secured a divorce, the two married in 1808. It is unclear what Baltimore society was saying about this couple in 1807, but there was certainly gossip by June of the following year, when Anderson wrote to her friend Betsy Bonaparte from Trenton, New Jersey, where she had gone to get a divorce. “As for what the Town says of me and much I hear they say—I care not,” she told Betsy, herself the victim of gossip, and she scoffed at rumors that she had “sacrificed honor.”

As The Observer approached the close of its first year of publication in December 1807—and the expiration of its one-year subscriptions—Anderson announced her intention to discontinue the magazine. She clearly had no interest in the business side of running a publication, particularly one whose subscribers frequently refused to pay their bills. “[I]t suits not those who love and cultivate literature, to consume their time in mercantile discussions, which deaden imagination, discourage genius, and damp and destroy the best and noblest energies of the mind,” she told her readers. She devoted the bulk of her apologia, however, to defending articles she had published
that “will be one day [be] more fairly appreciated.” She also catalogued the various attacks upon her and traced her troubles to Benjamin Bickerstaff’s defection. He “set his veto upon the Observer and in quality of Grand Inquisitor of Baltimore . . . mark[ed] his prohibition of every idea which should not have originated in his own most sapient brain.” It was from this moment that “War was declared against the Observer, and every means, however underhand or contemptible, were resorted to in the hope of destroying it.” Criticism had also come from various political factions.
THE OBSERVER.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,
AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Concluded from page 342.)

In the hope that this work would have been successfully prosecuted, and anxious to awaken in the minds of its readers an interest in what so really concerns every individual, I intended to have continued a review of all the authors who have in any respect favoured my opinions. After having pursued this plan as far as number 92, I clearly ascertained the impossibility of carrying on the Observer farther than the engagement made with the subscribers rendered indispensable, and therefore was obliged to relinquish my design.

But as I am very desirous to bring the subject to such a conclusion as to give it some appearance of a finished work and not to leave my readers unacquainted with the consequences I proposed to deduce from what I have already offered, I determined to appropriate a portion of the present number to its completion.

In number 3 of this vol. p. 33, I have insisted upon the similarity of fate that must be the portion of man, as an animal, in common with every other animal, and to that number I must particularly refer. I have, in many places offered proofs that as some animals derive their sustenance from vegetables, so there are others that derive their sole support from preying on their fellow mortals... I have also shown that man is no more exempt from their depredations than he exempt such as are suitable to his nourishment. The proofs of this are so numerous, they press so much on common observation, as to leave no room for doubt. It has been shown that in a multitude of instances, the depredators are wholly unknown to those on whom they prey, and that this is a wise order of Providence to obviate the misery of which such a knowledge must be productive. Man, endued with reason is capable of making extensive discoveries respecting the assailants by which he is so numerously beset, but his researches are also limited
and from those who objected to her satire. As before, she identified her gender as the primary source of the animosity:

It was a Woman who was its Editor, this was all that was necessary to render its enemies BRAVE, and this was enough to embolden the most pusillanimous Wight to assume the garb of the Lion. It was a Woman who dared to speak the immutable language of reason and common sense . . . Could a scholar, so profound as to know the whole Greek Alphabet by heart, allow that a Woman should know her own language? Could he endure that she should venture to think and judge for herself . . . ?

Given the lack of evidence as to what was actually being said about Anderson and The Observer in the pages of Spectacles and perhaps other publications, it is difficult to evaluate her claims. Certainly her biting sarcasm, her disdain for the commerce that was the basis for much of Baltimore’s wealth, her perceived elitism and lack of patriotism—and her translation of the provocative Clara d’Albe—all provided non-gender-based grounds for hostility. Still, judging from the feud that erupted in the Federal Gazette, the fact that Anderson was a woman at least intensified the feelings against her. Defending his refusal to print a favorable review of Clara d’Albe, the paper’s editor began by alluding to Anderson’s sex. “The Editor . . . [can] never be forced into a newspaper controversy with any person. When the man’s assailant is a WOMAN, he can wage no possible war except that of defence.”

Although he adopted a posture of gallantry—he would never attack a woman—in fact he was reminding Anderson of her proper place. It was she, a woman, who had, unthinkingly, attacked him, and his objection to Clara d’Albe was not only that it was immoral and disgusting but that, as he mockingly said, a “lady’ of delicate taste and refined feeling” had translated the work. Had the translator of the novel been male, no doubt there would have been frowns and disapproval as well, but the fact that a member of the “delicate” sex had translated so shocking a book clearly magnified the controversy. It seems reasonable to assume that Anderson’s refusal to conform in other ways to contemporary conceptions of the feminine role—her spirited criticism of what she saw around her, her vigorous sparring with her critics—inspired similar feelings.

**After The Observer**

Anderson’s later years were troubled. Although Maximilian Godefroy enjoyed some success as an architect in Baltimore, designing both the Battle Monument that graces the city’s seal and the imposing First Unitarian Church that still stands at the corner of Charles and Franklin Streets, he never earned enough money to allow the couple

*Opposite: Dr. Crawford’s final column appeared on December 26, 1807. (Maryland Historical Society.)*
to live in comfort. In 1815, Edward Patterson reported to his sister, Betsy Bonaparte, that “Your friend Godfroy looks very poor (pauvre) and I am afraid that she & husband have caricatured themselves out of a living.” Two years later he reported that the situation had worsened:

Our friend Godefroy has behaved so badly of late that we have all determined to give her up—she made her appearance at two or three soirees, so much intoxicated that the hostesses were obliged to put her to bed: & at a party given by herself the other evening, she was so far gone that the company was obliged to retire. They have made themselves so many enemies that I think they will be forced to leave the place—they are almost in a state of starvation, and with difficulty keep from making a visit up the falls [i.e., to debtors’ prison].60

Eliza Anderson Godefroy’s own letters from this period reflect both her money troubles and her increasing alienation from Baltimore society. Shortly after Edward Patterson wrote the above, she wrote to Betsy Bonaparte (then in Europe) asking why she had not written for so long and worrying that their friendship was over. Indeed, no further correspondence between the two has survived. A few months later, Godefroy wrote to Baltimore merchant Robert Oliver, complaining of some unjust accusation against her and bemoaning her situation. “It is not enough to live like the birds of the air,” she writes, “unknowing to Day, where the food of tomorrow is to come from, but one’s soul must be perpetually wounded in its best and noblest feelings.” The following year, in a letter to Oliver’s brother John, she begged for a loan of two hundred dollars to enable her daughter to set herself up in business making artificial flowers.61

By 1819, the couple had decided to try their luck in Europe. They embarked for Liverpool in August, along with Mrs. Godefroy’s nineteen-year-old daughter, also named Eliza. But before they had gone far, tragedy struck. A lengthy article in the Federal Gazette, quite possibly written by Eliza Godefroy herself, recounted that when they had sailed only about four miles from the coast, young Eliza fell ill with yellow fever. Her mother desperately went ashore to seek some house that would take her in, and at last found a “miserable hut, which seemed the abode of poverty itself,” where the young woman soon died. The author lamented the “afflicting situation of her parents, the cruel circumstances which drove them to seek some more friendly asylum abroad, than had been granted to them here,” and bemoaned the fact that the girl was “their only offspring, the sweet and lovely hope of their declining years, [and] the sole object that animated their struggles through a persecuting world.”62

That sense of persecution continued after the Godefroys reached Europe. They spent seven years in England, but Maximilian Godefroy failed to establish himself there as an artist. The couple then moved to France, where he secured government
positions as an architect, first for the city of Rennes and then for the Department of Mayenne, based in the town of Laval. But these positions were ill paid and both Godefroys believed the work was beneath Maximilian’s dignity. At one point Eliza compared her husband to “a Corinthian capital, torn from its supporting column, and trodden under every careless foot.” Nevertheless, the marriage appears to have been a happy one. Writing to a friend about her husband, Eliza lamented that she had to “see so much talent wrecked, so much genius thrown into such utter darkness.” But at the same time, she said that she had “no complaint to make of fate; organized as my heart and affections are, to be the wife of such a man as Maxime, is more than my right of happiness.”

It is not clear whether Eliza, who had had a remarkably prolific year in 1807, producing not only a weekly magazine but also her translations of Clara d’Albe and Maximilian Godefroy’s pamphlet on military fortifications, continued to write. There is some slight evidence that she did. In 1808 she mentioned going to Philadelphia “to settle some literary business,” possibly another book or translation, although she may have been referring to something to do with the recently published Clara d’Albe. In 1832, Maximilian Godefroy appealed to David Baillie Warden—a sort of freelance American cultural envoy in Paris—to watch over Eliza, who had apparently gone to Paris, in the following terms:

Please, please, dear Good Sir, continue your friendly benevolence to my poor beloved, and advise her so that she won’t be taken in, either by the publishers or by their officious intermediaries, and so that no sharp Hornets may come to devour the little ray of honey that she has gathered so laboriously, as you know . . .

One commentator has suggested that Godefroy might have been referring to books that Eliza was trying to sell, but the emotional tone of the letter suggests that it was some writing of Eliza’s own. As far as can be determined though, she did not publish anything after 1807. She died in Laval on October 2, 1839, at the age of fifty-nine.

Eliza Anderson Godefroy’s literary career may have been brief, but it was spectacular. In one eventful year, she made quite a name for herself in Baltimore, then the third largest city in the country, as the editor of a weekly magazine and the translator of a scandalous French novel. Although in some ways her writing reflected contemporary attitudes concerning women’s proper role, her actions were gleefully defiant of them. The Observer lasted only a year, but in the context of literary magazines of the era, a year was a respectable period of time. In the second installment of his short-lived column in The Observer, Benjamin Bickerstaff made references to “the number of similar undertakings which have failed in this country.” In 1811, another Baltimore publication observed, “In the City of Baltimore so many abortive attempts
have been made to establish a Literary Miscellany that Experiment and Disappointment have become synonymous terms.66

It is possible that the relative success of the Observer rested on the two very things that ultimately may have caused its demise, the curious fact that its editor was a woman, and its liberal—sometimes reckless—use of mockery and satire. Although Anderson herself blamed much of the hostility on her gender, in fact it is difficult to separate that element from her prickly personality and her daring translation of Clara d’Albe. Perhaps a meeker, more accommodating woman would not have drawn so many attacks. Yet at the same time, a meeker, more accommodating woman certainly would not have produced so lively a publication, or have undertaken the editorship of a weekly magazine in the first place. As others have observed, well-behaved women seldom make history.67 History itself may not have taken much notice of Eliza Anderson, but it is abundantly clear that in asserting her right to edit a magazine of general interest despite the fact that she was a woman, history is what she made.

NOTES

The author would like to thank Charlene Boyer Lewis, Katherine Jorgensen Gray, and Mary Jeske for their encouragement and suggestions.

1. The Observer, February 21, 1807.
2. Dorothy Mackay Quynn, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” Maryland Historical Magazine, 52 (1957): 1–34 (hereinafter cited MdHM); William D. Hoyt Jr., “Eliza Godefroy: Destiny’s Football,” MdHM, 36 (1941): 10–21; Carolina V. Davison, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” MdHM, 29 (1934): 1–20. A database listing over sixty-five women who edited periodicals or served as printers in the period before 1820 does not mention Anderson, http://www.stockton.edu. Nor does Anderson’s name appear in a list of more than six hundred female editors of the nineteenth century which appears as an appendix to Patricia Okker, Our Sister Editors: Sarah J. Hale and the Tradition of Nineteenth-Century American Women Editors (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1995), 7–8, 171–220. Okker identified Mary Clarke Carr, who published the Intellectual Regale, or Ladies Tea Tray from 1814 to 1816, as probably the first female magazine editor in the country, with the possible exception of Susanna Rowson, who may have had editorial responsibilities at the Boston Weekly Magazine in 1802. Similarly, Susan Branson cites Carr as “the first American woman to edit a woman’s magazine.” See Susan Branson, Dangerous to Know: Women, Crime, and Notoriety in the Early Republic (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2008), 23. This leaves open the possibility that some other woman had previously edited a magazine directed to a general audience, as Anderson did, but the sources do not identify one. (According to Okker, the Boston Weekly Magazine, where Rowson may have been editor, was directed at women.) The assumption appears to be that women editors did not begin to edit general-interest magazines until later in the nineteenth century. Okker mentioned Frances Wright’s editorship of the New Harmony Gazette as an indication that “some women could find an audience of both women and men,” but this example dates from 1825 and was associated with a utopian socialist community in Indiana rather than a major American city. Okker, Our Sister Editors, 8.

4. Okker, Our Sister Editors, 1, 8, 13, 15–17. Okker quotes Jane Grey Swisshelm on the reaction to her undertaking the role of editor and publisher of an antislavery publication in Pittsburgh in 1848. “A woman had started a political paper! A woman! Could he [a male editor] believe his eyes! A woman!” Okker notes that the use of the term “editress” reflected the “dual role of a gendered separatism” as “both a challenge to the gendered public-private dichotomy and a defense against personal attacks.”


6. Crawford, a native of Ireland, had practiced medicine in the West Indies before arriving in Baltimore with his daughter and son Thomas in 1796 at the invitation of his deceased wife’s brother, the prominent Baltimore merchant John O’Donnell. It is also possible that the family was related to Elizabeth Bonaparte’s mother, whose maiden name was Spear (Anderson gave her daughter Spear as a middle name), and Eliza Anderson’s first husband, Henry Anderson, was a distant relation. Crawford was active in the Baltimore medical community. He introduced vaccination to Baltimore in 1800, founded a medical dispensary for the poor in 1801, and was briefly a lecturer at the University of Maryland Medical School. However, Crawford was chronically in debt and, at least after 1808, lost much of his medical practice as a result of advocating an explanation of the cause of disease, expounded in The Observer, that anticipated germ theory. Quynn, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 2–4; Davidson, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 4; John Crawford to Hugh McCalmont, John Crawford Correspondence, 1798–1805, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, Maryland Historical Society, hereinafter MdHS; Julia E. Wilson, “Dr. John Crawford, 1746–1813,” Bulletin of the School of Medicine, 25 (1940): 116–32. Jefferson mentioned William Patterson’s wealth in a letter to Robert Livingston, the United States Minister at Paris, on November 4, 1802, quoted in S. Mitchell, A Family Lawsuit: The Story of Elisabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958), 82. Anderson discussed her early friendship with the Caton sisters in a letter to Ebenezer Jackson dated November 27, 1836, and reprinted in Davison, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 15–16.


8. The Companion (Baltimore), November 3 and 10, 1804, and April 19, 1805. For background on “conversation, learning, and friendship circles,” see Kaplan, “‘He Summons Genius . . . to His Aid,’” 550–53. These circles, composed largely of young men, “found new vigor at colleges such as Harvard and Yale after the Revolution” and were crucial in providing support and readership for periodicals of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A link between The Companion and St. Mary’s College is suggested by an article entitled “An Account of the Foundation and Progress of St. Mary’s, Baltimore” that appeared on August 16, 1806. An indication that the editors of the magazine were young appears in a column by “By-Stander” in the issue of May 24, 1806, asking that readers attribute any faults in The Companion to the editors’ youth and inexperience. On the difficulty of determining the gender
of pseudonymous authors, see two examples in which the editor apologized for mistaking
the gender of a contributor, The Observer, February 7 and April 25, 1807.
9. The Companion, December 15, 1804, and May 17 and 24, 1806; for articles signed with female
pseudonyms, see also the issues of December 8, 1804, and February 2 and March 2, 1805.
10. The prospectus for The Observer claims that the “late Editor” of The Companion found
that “the time and attention it required were incompatible with his professional pursuits.”
This is presumably a reference to the editor who had preceded Anderson, since the prospec-
tus also states that this editor had “found it necessary to engage an associate in his literary
labours, and to this associate he has ultimately deemed it proper to relinquish the whole
management of the work.” The Observer, November 29, 1806. Difficulty finding editors who
had time to do the job had been a chronic problem at The Companion. An editor writing as
“By-Stander” in May 1806 wrote that he had taken over after the first editor resigned. Due to
a lack of submissions, By-Stander explained, the members of the Easy Club—consisting of
“but three”—began producing essays in rotation. But By-Stander soon found that his editorial
responsibilities were incompatible with his professional studies, and yet another new editor
would take over. It is possible that this new editor was Anderson, and that the reference to
the editor as “he” the following September was just a ruse. The Companion, May 24, 1806.
11. The Companion, October 4, 1806. “A safe companion and an easy friend,” a quotation
from Alexander Pope, ran across the first page as The Companion’s motto.
12. The Latrobe notebook is in The Papers of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, Journals, MdHS, Oc-
tober 28, 1806–January 10, 1816. The notation referring to Anderson is mentioned in Davison,
29, 1806 (in the prospectus) and January 10, 1807. See The Federal Gazette and Baltimore Daily
Advertiser, October 12, 1807, for the comments on Anderson. Her address is recorded in Wilson,
“Dr. John Crawford, 1746–1813,” 116. Godefroy’s pamphlet was serialized in The Observer on
July 18 to August 15, 1807 (the August 15 installment promises “to be continued,” but no further
installments were published). For Crawford’s contributions, see, e.g., May 23, 1807 (an install-
ment of his “Remarks on Quarantines”) and September 19, 1807 (an installment of “Doctor
Crawford’s Theory, and an application of it to the treatment of diseases”).
13. The Observer, January 17, 1807.
15. Ibid., January 31, 1807 (emphasis on the word “she” added).
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid., February 7, 1807. The prospectus also invited contributions on “those great political
questions which are alike important to all,” along with essays on men and manners, biography,
criticism, reports of important judicial decisions, short fiction, and poetry. Ibid., November 29,
1806. In terms of political writing, Anderson seems to have emulated the Port Folio in its later
incarnation, when it aspired to be “suprapolitical” rather than tied to a single party. Kaplan, “He
Summons Genius to His Aid,” 571. On the eclecticism of magazines of the period see Branson,
Dangerous to Know, 16–17; David Paul Nord, “A Republican Literature: Magazine Reading and
Readers in Late-Eighteenth–Century New York,” Cathy N. Davidson, ed., Reading in America:
Literature & Social History (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989), 125.
19. For Dennie’s publication difficulties, see Branson, Dangerous to Know, 18 and 146, n60.
The Observer, October 24, 1807, March 21 and November 21, 1807, February 7 and April 18,
1807. On Anderson’s lack of organizational skills, see Benjamin Latrobe’s letter to his wife,
Mary, dated January 5, 1812, by which date she had married Godefroy. Latrobe commented
that the Godefroys’ house, which actually belonged to Dr. Crawford, with whom they lived,
“is miserably out of sorts,” and compared Mrs. Godefroy’s housekeeping skills unfavorably to those of his wife. Quoted in Davison, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 9–10.

20. On Dennie’s problems with subscribers, see Branson, Dangerous to Know, 18. The Observer, December 19, 1807; November 29, 1806; February 7, 1807.


22. The Observer, November 29, 1806.


24. ibid., May 23 and 30, June 13 and 20, 1807; Wood, Empire of Liberty, 543–75. Although reviews and articles headed “Fine Arts” are unsigned, Anderson clearly wrote those that appeared from May 1807 until the paper went out of print at the end of the year. This is evident from her unmasking by W. H. Webster in the Federal Gazette (see note 49 and accompanying text) and the continuity of subject matter between the “Fine Arts” pieces and “Beatrice Ironside’s Budget.”


26. The Observer, June 20, 1807. Modern judgment, however, is the opposite. A twentieth-century critic has dismissed Groombridge’s landscapes as “based not on nature or any belief, but on other pictures,” while praising Guy’s originality and “wild joy.” Two of Guy’s paintings were the subject of a special exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum in 2006. James T. Flexner, “The Scope of Painting in the 1790’s,” Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, 74 (1950): 84–88; Wood, Empire of Liberty, 571–72; www.brooklynmuseum.org.

27. Until the Maryland legislature overturned the common law rule in 1898, a married woman, as elsewhere in the country, could “make no personal contracts, except where the Legislature has intervened by statute and conferred upon her power to make contracts.” Augustus C. Binswanger, Married Women in Maryland: Property and Contractual Rights (Baltimore: M. Curlander, 1903). In many jurisdictions, it was possible for a woman who had been deserted by her husband to obtain a “feme sole” trader license, which would allow her to conduct business in her own name. Branson, Dangerous to Know, 9. Anderson does not mention having obtained such a license.

29. The Observer, December 26, 1807.

30. Branson, Dangerous to Know, 18. Patricia Okker has also described what she calls the “sisterly editorial voice” characteristic of women’s magazines of the period and marked by “a relative informality and an assumed equal and personal relationship between editor and reader.” Okker, Our Sister Editors, 23.

31. The Observer, April 11, 1807.

32. For Anderson’s criticism of women’s behavior, see The Observer, March 21, 1807, wherein she agreed with the writer of a “violent philippick” condemning the “indecorous deportment of some young ladies at church on Sunday last.” Ibid., August 1 and 8, 1807. Anderson herself appears to have been a teacher of some sort, at least for a while. In a letter written in 1802, her father remarked to a friend that his daughter “is earnestly engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot, and promises to excel in that line.” John Crawford to Hugh McCalmont, December 17, 1802, John Crawford Correspondence, 1798–1805, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS.

33. The Observer, June 13, 1807.

34. Quoted in Okker, Our Sister Editors, 18.
35. Eliza Anderson to Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, June 4, 1808, Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte Papers, Section 1, Box 1, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS; Benjamin Latrobe to Mary Latrobe, January 5, 1812, quoted in Davison, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 9–10.

36. The Observer, February 7 and December 26, 1807. For an example of Anderson’s use of Latin phrases, see, e.g., February 7, 1807, in which she remarks, “Ne sutor ultra crepidam,” which she translates as “The cobler should not go beyond his last”—or in other words, she will keep to topics that she knows something about.

37. Ibid., February 21, 1807.

38. Ibid., November 29, 1806; December 19, 1807; July 4, 1807. Anderson referred to the defunct magazine she was describing as The Observer, but the context makes it clear that in fact she was describing The Companion. The shift in tone between the magazines is reflected both in the change in name and also in the change in mottoes. Instead of The Companion’s “A Safe Companion and an Easy Friend,” The Observer chose “The friend of Socrates—the friend of Plato; But above all, the friend of Truth.”

39. Ibid., February 21, 1807.

40. Ibid., April 4, 1807.

41. Ibid., June 13, 20, and 27, 1807. The author of the letter in the Federal Gazette essentially agreed with Anderson’s criticism but disassociated himself from her tone. “Do not misunderstand me, sir,” he wrote, as quoted in The Observer of June 27, “I am not about to join in the ungracious attempt to stigmatise my dear Columbia, as hostile to the arts. I will not call her sons Vandals, nor denounce this terr[i]tory as a cold Siber[i]a, where the best plants sicken and die. No, I value the intelligence of her citizens at a higher rate, and I esteem her climate and her soil, as of a kinder nature.” Anderson scoffed in response, “what has the earth to do with the spirit of the nation?”

42. Ibid., December 19 and 26, 1807. Moonshine (Baltimore), June 30, 1807. It is difficult to evaluate this claim objectively because so few copies of these rival magazines have survived.

43. Spectacles (Baltimore), July 18, 1807. The editor referred to Guy as “a man of genius.”

44. The Observer, July 25, 1807.

45. Ibid.

46. Ibid., December 19, June 20 and 27, 1807.

47. Ibid., July 4 and June 27, 1807.

48. Ibid., June 20 and October 10, 1807.

49. Federal Gazette, October 13, 1807.

50. Ibid., October 13, 15, 17, 19, 1807.

51. Ibid., October 12, 19, 1807. Because some words and letters are obscured in the microfilm of the Federal Gazette, some readings have been supplied in brackets.


53. The Observer, September 19, 1807. The review, while favorable, expressed the widely held view that novel reading is generally to be disapproved, and expressed the hope that the translator will attempt something more substantial in the future: “As it is a new thing amongst us for a lady to engage in literary pursuits, we should be happy to see her encouraged to more useful and important undertakings.” On disapproval of novel reading in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, see Cathy N. Davidson, Revolution and the Word (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986), 45–46. On titillation and moral lessons, see Wood, Empire of Liberty, 566–67.

54. Federal Gazette, October 12, 1807.
55. *The Observer*, October 10, 1807. The controversy apparently still resonated in November, when an article in *The Observer*; referring to the apparent uproar caused by comments in that publication on religion, remarked, "The spirit of the Mystic Corps is up in spiritual arms, and you, Mrs. Editor, the printer, the publisher, and even the innocent carrier, are all consigned to the bad place! . . . The publication of fifty Clara D’Albes would be only a trifle in comparison with one Impartial Observer!" Ibid., November 21, 1807.

56. In October, the article was published as a pamphlet. An advertisement for the pamphlet in the *Federal Gazette* identified the author as "Maxim ****," but said towards the bottom, "Translated by Eliza Anderson." *Federal Gazette*, October 10, 1807.

57. *The Observer*, November 7, 1807; Eliza Anderson to Elizabeth Bonaparte, June 4, 1808, Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte Collection, Section 1, Box 1, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS.


60. Edward Patterson to Elizabeth Bonaparte, December 15, 1815, and April 7, 1817, Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte Papers, Section 1, Box 3, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS. Anderson sheds light on the meaning of "a visit up the falls" in a letter she herself wrote: "If the Sheriff were here to seize our goods & carry ourselves to the Castle up the falls, believe me I would not ask you to lend me a sou to keep me out of it." Eliza Anderson Godefroy to John Oliver, November 11, 1818 (transcript), Robert Oliver Papers, Box 2, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS. Professional architects often had difficulty making a living during this era. Even Benjamin Latrobe, the country's pre-eminent architect and a one-time friend of Godefroy's, declared bankruptcy and died in poverty. Talbot Hamlin, *Benjamin Henry Latrobe* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1955), 480, 488–92, 528–29.

61. Eliza Anderson Godefroy to Elizabeth Bonaparte, May 10, 1817, Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte Papers, Section 1, Box 3; Eliza Anderson Godefroy to Robert Oliver, July 5, 1817 (transcript); and Eliza Anderson Godefroy to John Oliver, November 11, 1818 (transcript), Robert Oliver Papers, Box 2, H. Furlong Baldwin Library, MdHS. Dr. Crawford died in 1813, but had left debts that exceeded the value of his estate, which essentially consisted of his library of four hundred books. These books, reputed to be the best collection in the city, were sold to the University of Maryland, where they became the nucleus of the Medical Library, Quynn, "Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy," 21; Wilson, "John Crawford," 116, 118.

62. *Federal Gazette*, September 27, 1819. The article mentioned that Eliza was the granddaughter of "a man, who in the very year of her birth, had devoted himself, soul and body, without hope of earthly reward, to the service of the suffering poor, of this city, in this same awful disease."

63. The Godefroys’ experiences in Europe are discussed in Quynn, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” and in the letters between Eliza Godefroy and David Baillie Warden, reprinted in Hoyt, “Destiny’s Football.” Eliza’s comparison of her husband to a “corinthian capital” appears in Hoyt, 15–16. Her comment about how happy her marriage had made her appears in a letter, apparently written to Ebenezer Jackson, quoted in Davison, “Maximilian and Eliza Godefroy,” 10–11.

64. Maximilian Godefroy to David Baillie Warden, October 7, 1832, David Baillie Warden Papers, Library of Congress (translated by the author).

