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Cover: After fourteen years, Colin G. Campbell retired as president of The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation this month, succeeded by Mitchell B. Reiss. As trustee, chairman of the board, and president and CEO, Campbell—along with his wife, Nancy—has served the foundation for more than twenty-five years, guiding the organization through changes in tourism, the economy, and the ways in which the restored eighteenth-century capital of Virginia presents itself to the public, here in Williamsburg and across the country. Chairman of the board Thomas F. Farrell II looks back at the Campbell years, starting on page 24.
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That the Future
May Learn from the Past

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Rockefeller and Zinni Join Board

The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation board of trustees has elected two new members, U.S. Senator John (Jay) D. Rockefeller IV of West Virginia and retired U.S. Marine Corps General Anthony C. Zinni. Rockefeller will join the board in 2015, after finishing his final term in the Senate, and Zinni joins immediately.

“We are delighted and honored that Sen. Rockefeller will bring his fifty years of public service and national leadership to the board of trustees, continuing the work of the foundation begun by his grandfather,” said Colin G. Campbell, former president and CEO of Colonial Williamsburg. “Gen. Zinni brings to the board a lifetime of experience and leadership in public service, the military, diplomacy, business, and academia.”

Sen. Jay Rockefeller, grandson of Colonial Williamsburg co-founder John D. Rockefeller Jr., served two terms as governor of West Virginia and, after 2015, will have served five terms in the U.S. Senate. In addition to those two offices, Rockefeller was president of West Virginia Wesleyan College, West Virginia secretary of state, and a member of that state’s House of Delegates. Sharon Rockefeller, his wife, was a Colonial Williamsburg board member from 2001 to 2013.

Gen. Zinni was commander in chief of U.S. Central Command, commanding general of the First Marine Expeditionary Force, deputy operations officer of the U.S. European Command, and an infantry battalion advisor during the Vietnam War. The Navy Commendation Medal, the Distinguished Service Medal, and Purple Hearts are among his military honors. He has taught at many institutions, including the College of William and Mary, is a distinguished senior advisor to the Center for Strategic and International Studies, and serves on a number of corporate, policy, and military boards.
Correction

O n page 44 of “African Americans and the Restoration of Williamsburg” in the summer issue, Albert Hitchens’s store was listed among black-owned businesses of that era, but Hitchens was in fact white. The journal regrets the error.

University of North Carolina Partnership

A partnership between the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation and the University of North Carolina–Chapel Hill will bring museum skills into the classroom. LEARN NC—an outreach program of the university’s school of education—and the foundation developed an online course for teachers, “Using Artifacts as a Bridge to the Past,” to help them train students in...
the interpretation and analysis of artifacts through videos, readings, discussions, and digital content.

Teachers will build an archive of classroom resources, earning continuing education credits at the same time. More information about Colonial Williamsburg’s distance learning programs for teachers at history.org/History/teaching/distancelearning/index.cfm.

Turn the pages of White House History!

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Journal Index

An updated index of the journal is available online at history.org/foundation/journal/images/index2014.pdf.
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We are Favoured

Colonial Williamsburg Teacher Institute

Many of the 400 educators who attended workshops at Colonial Williamsburg this summer were young students a quarter-century ago. Back during those formative years, some kernel of inspiration took root in them—the power of a poignant verse perhaps or a particular teacher's passion for his or her craft.

About that same time, the Colonial Williamsburg Teacher Institute began, in 1990, with a group of seventy-two instructors from California. Today more than five times that many come to the Revolutionary City each summer to learn novel “hands-on” methods for delivering history lessons.

Since the Teacher Institute's beginning, more than 8,000 educators have attended, reaching upward of three-and-a-half-million children. Over a thousand gifts large and small have made twenty-five years of the Colonial Williamsburg Teacher Institute possible.

Teachers have already taken those lessons back to classrooms in all fifty states and several foreign countries. There, they used what they learned at the Institute to ignite the same spark in students that once inspired them.

Teresa Potter, a twenty-four-year classroom veteran and recipient of the 2012 Oklahoma Medal for Excellence in Elementary Education, attended the Teacher Institute in 2000. She has returned most summers as a peer facilitator to help lead workshops and share ideas with colleagues attending for the first time. “You can tell children about something that happened,” says Potter. “But when you put an artifact in their hands, it gives history so much more meaning.”

The gifts that have sustained the Teacher Institute have proved an investment like no other, according to Potter: “I often hear that the Teacher Institute was a life-changing experience.”

Literacy is Central to Lifelong Education, no matter the subject. Much to students’ delight, we have come a long way since the days when reading about history meant a tough slog through a bone-dry textbook. Instead, decades of research have proven that innovative educational techniques can hook even the most reluctant reader.

In July, twenty teachers from New York came to Colonial Williamsburg to learn creative ways to integrate history and literacy instruction in classrooms. The six-day Institute in American History and Content Area Literacy was the beginning of a partnership between The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation and Teachers College, Columbia University.

This six-year-long initiative includes on-site, interactive lessons in Williamsburg and in New York, as well as face-to-face and online components. Funding has been made possible by the generous support of the Education Initiative for New York Schools.

New York teachers came to the Historic Area for a history and literacy education program that launched in July.
Children in the Museums

Families sit together at tables, huddled around a soup can–sized cipher wheel, decoding an encrypted message. They turn each disc on the spindle, the parents just as eager as their children to make sense of the random string of letters on the sheet before them. After all that work, a eureka moment. The solution appears: “Example, whether it be good or bad, has a powerful influence.” A wise bit of advice from none other than the Father of His Country.

“Spycraft: The Cipher Wheel” is one of several drop-in activities offered many afternoons in the Susan Goode Education Gallery in Colonial Williamsburg’s art museums. Although a museum classroom might at first seem an unlikely work space for a program like “Spycraft,” a studio devoted to art education, on closer inspection, is a natural fit.

Teasing layers of meaning out of works of art requires the power of observation. Take, for instance, a remarkable piece that hangs in the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Museum: a portrait of George Washington by Charles Willson Peale. Details in the background say as much about Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army as Peale’s mastery of his craft. A British flag that has fallen to the ground reflects confidence in Washington’s ability to defeat his adversaries. A cannon on which the life-sized Washington leans tells of artillery that helped Americans achieve victory at the Battle of Princeton.

“Spycraft” encourages participants to seek out this and other depictions of Washington that hang in the gallery and investigate those elements that make them intriguing. Other, similar programs offer engaging lessons on art’s rich texture: “Create!” allows families to make works of art inspired by Colonial Williamsburg’s exhibits; “The Artful Animal” encourages children to find creatures in art and try their hand at duplicating those concepts.

Thanks to a gift from Susan and David Goode of Norfolk, Virginia, Colonial Williamsburg now has a permanent home where families can learn to appreciate art by engaging in absorbing activities that make that possible.

—Ben Swenson

Colonial Williamsburg, Autumn 2014
THREE DOZEN WOMEN AND GIRLS FROM RICHMOND, Virginia’s Leigh Street Baptist Church made this album quilt in 1857. Nearly nine feet square, it was a gift for their minister, Edward J. Willis. All thirty-six squares bear inscriptions. Each quilter added her name to the block she made, and several dated their work. Most also incorporated Bible verses. Twelve-year-old Emma Woodfin’s block was inscribed in part, “Suffer little Children to come unto me.” Several dedicatory notes were included as well. Sarah Starke’s square was simply addressed, “To Her Pastor,” while Sylvia Libby’s was offered “As a token of respect . . .” Clearly produced in a spirit of generosity and affection, the quilt must have been prized by the Willis family, since it exhibits little evidence of wear. Still brilliant today, the textile was carefully handed down through the family for a century and a half until it entered the Colonial Williamsburg collection in 2013.

—Ron Hurst
Between the Scenes

An evening at the theater in the eighteenth century often included entr’actes: songs or musical interludes or dance—in operas of the time, usually a ballet—or “feats of manly activity.” They were put on to keep audiences entertained while the scenery changed between acts, “entre les actes.” In the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern this fall, watch and listen to the amusements playgoers would have witnessed at the theater. Colonial Williamsburg admission ticket required.

Behind the Scenes

If the Historic Area is the public face of Colonial Williamsburg, then the Bruton Heights Education Center is the private one. It is the laboratory, the library, the schoolroom that supports the presentation of colonial life. Behind-the-scenes tours introduce guests to the conservation efforts, the ongoing research, and the educational outreach that make the restored capital of colonial Virginia both accurate and immediate. Colonial Williamsburg admission with free event ticket required.

Grand Illumination

Lights in Historic Area windows announce the holiday season, but the brightest ones are the fireworks of Grand Illumination, the annual celebration on the first Sunday of December. Long a Colonial Williamsburg tradition, Grand Illumination brings thousands to listen to live music and see fireworks launch from three staging areas around the eighteenth-century town. No ticket required.

—Douglas Featherstone
To Be Seen

CUPBOARDS AND CHAIRS AND CHESTS

Curators are always searching for objects that can contribute to the stories we tell at Colonial Williamsburg. A new display in the Blagojevich Gallery in the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Museum highlights twenty pieces of furniture that do just yet. Acquired within the past few years, these chairs, tables, chests, and corner cupboards reveal details about past makers and owners and show a range of styles and influences that appealed to consumers in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Several of the pieces have descended with histories of ownership, which makes it possible to learn more about the way homes were furnished in the period.

TRADESMEN FRAKTUR

Among the American folk art that Abby Aldrich Rockefeller collected were frakturs—whose commonest forms were birth, baptismal, and marriage certificates created by people of German-speaking descent—a collection that has grown over time. One of the most recent pieces, given to the museum by Juli Grainger and displayed for the first time, is a charming contrast. Called The Four Tradesmen, the ca. 1815 watercolor reads in cartoon-like fashion, showing four distinctive tradesmen pursuing their livelihoods: a blacksmith, a shoemaker, a baker, and an innkeeper. The lively banter in the wording suggests that each thinks he has the best, most lucrative profession.

SCHOOLGIRL SAMPLERS

Children are back in school now, some just learning to read and write. On display in the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Museum are examples of one product of nineteenth-century education—the schoolgirl sampler. More than thirty samplers and embroidered pieces demonstrate the needle skills of girls as young as six or seven. By working a sampler, they learned the marking stitch as well as the alphabet. Some samplers featured a combination of verses from popular hymns, family genealogical information, and motifs such as houses, birds, or flowers. Girls also learned geography by stitching detailed maps.

—Jan Gilliam
A Sampler of Gift Opportunities

Colonial Williamsburg: The Official Guide

The first new edition of the Colonial Williamsburg guidebook since 1985 is now in development. Designed to enhance appreciation of Revolutionary City programs, the book will feature extensive new photography and an all-new history of Williamsburg during the Revolution. Also included are descriptions of homes, trade sites, and public buildings in the Historic Area, as well as the momentous events that took place in them. Funds needed: $60,000 for development; gifts of any size are welcomed.

Historic Area Painting

Preserving and maintaining Colonial Williamsburg’s collection of restored and reconstructed buildings are central to telling America’s story. Among the buildings to be repainted in 2014 are two on the Nicolson property, eighteenth-century home to one of Williamsburg’s many tailors. To be painted are: the Store, $15,000; and Shop, $10,000. The cost of painting both of the Nicolson structures totals $25,000; gifts of any size are welcomed.

Animal Feed and Bedding

Colonial Williamsburg’s animals need feed and bedding—from Nankin and Dominique chickens in the poultry yards, to the horses and sheep in our stables, to the Ossabaw pigs at Great Hopes Plantation. Funds needed: $50,000 annual cost; gifts of any size are welcomed.

Online Collection Kiosks

eMuseum—an online collections database—allows online visitors to explore a cross-section of Colonial Williamsburg’s world-class collections and learn more about several thousand objects presented in the database, including histories, images, descriptions, and more. Six eMuseum kiosks will give visitors to the Art Museums of Colonial Williamsburg access to the online database as they walk through and experience exhibitions on-site. Funds needed: $1,131 per kiosk; $6,786 total.

Costuming the Revolutionary Community

Colonial Williamsburg’s Revolutionary Community consists of historical figures who were Williamsburg residents or frequent visitors to the city between 1775 and 1781—including James Madison and James Monroe, fourth and fifth presidents, respectively, of the United States. Portraying Madison and Monroe well means costuming them in historically accurate garments. Funds needed: $5,000 for the production of two suits of clothing—coat, waistcoat, and breeches—for each man.

For more information on supporting The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, visit history.org/specialgifts, telephone 1-888-CWF-1776 to speak to a gift officer, or email gifts@cwf.org.
Raised in 1723, the Brafferton is a five-bay Georgian brick building on the College of William and Mary campus, 52 feet long and 34 feet deep. The most original colonial structure on the grounds—the Wren having burned and risen three times—it contains two main floors and a finished attic and has been variously incarnated over the centuries as classrooms, a dining hall, and a professor’s residence, but it began life as a school for Indians.

Like its English cousins, the College of William and Mary schooled young men in the ways of the Lord as well as those of the world, producing clergymen and missionaries in addition to scholars and gentlemen. The college’s 1693 charter charged it with training young Native Americans to bring the Anglican religion to their people, a task underwritten in 1697 by income from the estate of English natural philosopher Robert Boyle, whose manor in Yorkshire was named Brafferton. The new home for the Indian school provided classroom space and quarters for the master, but it was a wavering project, with few students. In 1785, Thomas Jefferson recommended that it be abandoned.

Perry, Shaw, and Hepburn, the Restoration’s architects, guided renovation of the building in 1931–32, with minor changes to the original third-floor plan and new framing and steel girders to replace the building’s rotting superstructure. It functions as office space for the college.

—Lawrence Solomon
It’s a group of farmers mostly. Brought together by a patriotic mission that would change the course of history and the lives of every single American citizen forever after.

These men, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Patrick Henry . . . and many others, came to Williamsburg to declare their rights and independence.

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Editor’s note: An installment in a series of first person, question-and-answer interviews with historic figures interpreted in Colonial Williamsburg’s Historic Area.

Ambitious young men in colonial Virginia knew that toil and self-control were not enough to succeed on a grand scale. That required patronage. Nothing fueled advancement like the help of an influential older gentleman. No eighteenth-century figure better illustrates this than Williamsburg attorney Benjamin Waller, who had an unlikely start. Phil Shultz portrays Waller in Colonial Williamsburg’s Historic Area, where a street bears his name. Here, speaking as Waller might have at age sixty-five in 1781, Shultz reveals the facts about acquiring fame and fortune in the 1700s.

Judge Waller, to what do you attribute your success? I owe everything to my father, Colonel John Waller, and Mr. John Carter. My father taught me the benefits of hard work and discipline, and Mr. Carter opened doors that might otherwise have been closed.

How did Mr. Carter help you? Mr. Carter was one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. He took an interest in me when I was a boy and vigorously advanced my interests. He offered advice and encouragement. He sent me to grammar school in Williamsburg, and to the College of William and Mary. He arranged for me to become a clerk of the court and to read law. His assistance started me on the path to important appointments and positions, which included clerk and burgess for James City County, vestryman of Bruton
Parish Church, and my present position, judge of the Court of Admiralty. I am grateful for all he did and consider myself profoundly blessed.

How did you meet Mr. Carter? By chance. I was ten. Our introduction was so unusual that I would hardly believe it had occurred if it not happened to me. Mr. Carter was on a trip that would take him across the Mattaponi River. Because it was swollen, he spent the night at my father's home, which was near a crossing. Mr. Carter talked with me extensively, especially about my schooling. He announced to my parents that I was bright and deserved the best education possible. He told them that on his return trip he would take me to his Williamsburg home and enroll me in school there.

How did your parents react? After he left, they discussed the offer. They were reluctant to let me go and, perhaps, did not take Mr. Carter seriously. That was a mistake. In those days, it was impossible to say no to a man of his position. When he returned, he was surprised to find me unready to travel. He became angry, told them I would go as I was, put me in the carriage, and off we went.

Without Mr. Carter, would you have achieved so much? That is hard to say. Certainly, without him my life would have been very different. Much of my success in public life probably would not have happened. I also doubt that so many opportunities would have come way.

It sounds as if a powerful patron makes a man's fortune. No, not true. A patron can aid your advancement. You still must prove yourself. You have to demonstrate competence and dedication in every post you hold. You absolutely must build a reputation for honesty and good character. You have an obligation to justify your benefactor's belief in you. From the start, I believed that I had to protect my good name and Mr. Carter's. I never forgot that this was the most important debt I owed him.

Is your experience often repeated? Patronage is not uncommon. Consider the case of Edmund Pendleton, one of our most distinguished judges and ablest attorneys. He was fourteen and the seventh son of a widow when Colonel Benjamin Robinson saw his potential and decided to help the boy become a lawyer. The result speaks for itself. Many men privileged by a fortunate accident of birth believe that they should help others who lack their advantages. This simply is part of their moral code.

This system of advancement seems arbitrary. Yes, it is arbitrary, but so is life. Life reveals itself one day at a time, and none of us really knows where we will be tomorrow. Remember, some men seek a patron through their actions and demeanor. Some succeed at this; others fail. Some are born into powerful families only to squander all their advantages. Uncertainties abound. The key is to seize opportunity when it comes your way and to do your best when fortune favors you.

—INTERVIEW CONDUCTED, CONDENSED, AND EDITED BY ED CREWS

Colonial Williamsburg, Autumn 2014
Charles Lucien Bonaparte was a naturalist and the nephew of the French emperor Napoleon. In 1823, with his wife, Zénaïde, he left Italy for America, where they lived with her uncle Joseph, former king of Naples and Spain. At his father-in-law’s estate, Point Breeze on the Delaware River, Bonaparte pursued his interest in ornithology and frequently traveled to Philadelphia, where he met and befriended some of the most eminent naturalists in America, including Thomas Say and George Ord. He was soon made a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

Bonaparte’s great work in America was to continue Alexander Wilson’s *American Ornithology*. Over the course of eight years, Bonaparte produced four volumes cataloging the birds discovered in America since Wilson’s death in 1813. Shown here is a plate depicting a pair of wild turkeys, engraved by Alexander Lawson after a drawing by Titian Ramsay Peale. A gift of Mrs. John R. Opel, Bonaparte’s *American Ornithology* is in the John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Library’s special collections.

—Doug Mayo
You usually find this space occupied by the thoughts of Colonial Williamsburg’s president, but it has been appropriated for good cause. This fall Colin Campbell achieved the high status of president emeritus of Colonial Williamsburg and his successor, Mitchell B. Reiss, has now assumed office as our eighth president and CEO.

A new era begins.

But we are not quite ready to bid adieu to the prior, most eventful era, as you will see. This issue celebrates Colin’s quarter-century of service to Colonial Williamsburg and his extremely valuable legacy.

As an institution, Colonial Williamsburg occupies a singular space. In law school, they teach the meaning of sui generis—one of a kind—and that definitely applies to this place.

Look at it this way: A rapid, insisting pace of change has characterized American culture since the guns fell quiet at Yorktown. At that moment, we began the American experiment in representative democracy, and it has been hang-on-to-your-hat ever since.

Each generation sorts out its ambitions and differences while also trying to safely and prosperously manage the nation’s place in the world. The overwhelming tendency, therefore, is to fix on what happens to be rushing at us, not at what has been left behind.

It was the genius of Colonial Williamsburg’s founders—the Reverend Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin and John D. Rockefeller Jr.—to say, in so many words, whoa. An ignorance of the past—an ignorance that easily leads to the abandonment of the nation’s artifacts and threatens erosion of its founding values—does America no good.

Ever since its founding, then, The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation has endeavored to preserve the physical and restored remains of an eighteenth-century Virginia community—a community that staged political discourse and events fundamental to the formation of the nation—and learn from it.

To do that successfully, a growing recognition took hold that an ethic of willing, rigorous, and constant reexamination had to infuse the foundation’s working organization. In a sense, we were undertaking an experiment in preservation in order to better understand what we still call an experiment in democracy, namely America.

No one in Colonial Williamsburg’s long institutional history—eighty-eight years and counting—embraced that ethic more than Colin Campbell. We aimed to test our assumptions, not to part from our core purposes, Colin emphasized, and to ensure that we were reaching people in the most effective and intelligent ways possible.

That led to a lot of changes in interpretative technique, storytelling, and use of resources. In this issue of the journal, we go into detail about the great value of Colin’s service to the foundation. I invite you to take a look.

Mitchell B. Reiss brings a formidable intellect, engaging enthusiasm, and a wealth of valuable experience to the crucial role of leadership. The board’s expectations are high.

So is its collective awareness that many new challenges lie ahead. The board is resolved to tackle them all. The reexamination ethic will endure, and a national asset—Colonial Williamsburg—will continue to demonstrate the value of history to the American experience.

—Thomas F. Farrell II  
Chairman, Colonial Williamsburg Board of Trustees
Colonial Williamsburg celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary less than a year after Colin G. Campbell took on the job of president and chief executive officer at the age of sixty-five. Over the years ahead, Colin would engage our exceptional foundation. It represented a huge challenge, as circumstances would oblige Colin to test the foundation, and the foundation would also profoundly test Colin.

In retrospect, as Colin departs his fourteen-year post, we were doubly fortunate. We got Colin—with his matchless background in academe and philanthropy—as well as his most able mate in life, Nancy, one of America’s most prominent preservationists.

Together, Colin and Nancy were the right people at the right time in the right place.

A living museum, organized for the express purpose of preserving history and drawing lessons from it, might not be best suited for change. The two ideas—preservation of the past and preparation for the future—tend to bump up against each other.

Yet as the contours of the path ahead took on sharper edges, Colonial Williamsburg had to take action. Granted, we faced the future with considerable resources, deeply committed donors, and virtually unique cultural standing. There is just no other place like Colonial Williamsburg.

But as Colin sank his teeth into the development, operations, and management of Colonial Williamsburg, there was no way to get around it. Heritage tourism—a key pillar of the foundation’s
One Foundation, an initiative promoted by Campbell—standing in the center of the photo—to bring together staff and resources from across the institution to work efficiently and effectively in carrying out the foundation’s goals.

Colonial Williamsburg’s basic proposition remained unassailable. Chaotic, politicized eighteenth-century Williamsburg had plenty to teach chaotic, politicized twenty-first-century America. Out of the nation’s founding emerged the values and political structure upon which we rely to this day. Insights derived from that formative era—insights which Colonial Williamsburg provides better than any institution in America—have not lost their worth.

That role—true to the foundation’s origins and closest to Colin’s heart—is essentially educational. Colonial Williamsburg exists to do more than preserve Virginia’s revolutionary city. Our job is to examine, dissect, and understand Williamsburg’s role in the nation’s seminal years and enlist those insights in the cause of the future.

But the techniques, methods, and means we employ had to be reexamined in the context of modern tastes, habits, and travel inclinations. That was the part Colin grasped so well.

He was hands-on from day one. “Colin was the first president who pulled a chair up to the table and asked to be dealt into the game,” said Cary Carson, who retired a few years ago as vice president of the research division after a thirty-year career with Colonial Williamsburg. “He became the key preservationist, [and] it was tremendously liberating.”

What an ally Colin brought with him. Nancy Campbell, former chair of the National Trust for Historic Preservation and a native Virginian, understood the foundation’s mission “from the inside out,” Carson said. “She was a colleague.”
Together, the Campbells prepared an agenda for moving Colonial Williamsburg forward and making it, in a word favored by our times, “sustainable.” They would meet the challenge on multiple levels.

**The REVOLUTIONARY CITY**

Lessons come in many, varied forms, some more effective than others and some more inspiring than others.

“We could not just keep doing history for history’s sake,” said Harvey Bakari, a veteran interpreter and manager of the foundation’s African American initiative. “We had to be relevant; we had to attract new audiences.”

Colin wholeheartedly agreed. We can hardly convey the power and nature of democracy without exploring the humanity that gives it reality. The Williamsburg of the eighteenth century may have been the most politicized community in the colonies (though Boston and Philadelphia were certainly in the running). The time had come to get the American Revolution out of the books and into the streets from which it arose.

The Revolutionary City was the answer.

In 2005—for the first time since the 1926 Restoration began—Colonial Williamsburg expanded its focus in the Historic Area beyond the prewar year of 1774. We would examine and interpret the period of the American Revolution right up to the siege of Yorktown in 1781.

The Revolutionary City would establish a new cornerstone for historical programming, with street-theater performances depicting the political, social, and economic conflicts endured by real people.

“Colin allowed us to make the commitment in resources and time,” a programming manager said. “That’s a big step of faith when you’re talking about thirty new employees.”

Guests now gather daily for scenes that include, for instance, a confrontation with Lord Dunmore by colonists over the dead-of-night disappearance of gunpowder from the Magazine in 1775, and a Continental Army colonel’s plea for reenlistments during the war, as well as the 1781 departure of troops with the Marquis de Lafayette from the Market Square for Yorktown and victory.

We encourage participation. Actor-interpreters join the scene from within the crowd, getting visitors involved in the debate. “Even a person who’s completely ignorant of politics could walk into a Revolutionary City event and see the direct relevance to the debates we have today,” one foundation employee said.

The Revolutionary City opened up new possibilities, including further explorations of the lives of slaves in the colonies. “We needed a new approach to exam-
The Native American initiative, chronicling the colony’s early relationship with Native tribes, began under Campbell.

In the Historic Area, Campbell meets with some of the foundation’s actor-interpreters in the Nation Builders program.
ine the concept of freedom in that era,” Bakari said. “Now we had an opportunity to explore the paradox of slavery and freedom in a way that we weren’t able to before. It removed the restrictive boundaries and let us examine it even more than called for by the mission statement.”

Likewise, Colin’s tenure saw the launch of the foundation’s American Indian initiative and expanded dramatic examinations of Native experiences during the colonial era.

The push for direct audience engagement invariably involved technology, with the foundation websites typically drawing more than eight million visits a year, and steadily increasing its reach through Facebook, Twitter, and other social media channels.

The foundation launched its online engagement in 2011: the online and on-site role-playing game Rev-Quest: Save the Revolution! Each year online spies confront a different challenge to collect clues in aid of the rebellion against the crown. They are then rewarded with free access to the on-site portion of the game when they visit. More than 113,000 players have taken the spy challenge to date.

Colin “was keen to encourage new ideas to bring out the relevance of the history we portray by focusing on the American Revolution and on the Revolutionary City,” said Jim Horn, Colonial Williamsburg’s vice president for Research and Historical Interpretation.

“I have little doubt that without his vision, guidance, and leadership a transition of that magnitude would not have happened,” Horn said.

TRUE to the CAUSE of EDUCATION

“That the future may learn from the past”

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR. MAY HAVE FIRST uttered these familiar words in conjunction with Colonial Williamsburg, but Colin Campbell probably said them more often. He never missed a chance to drive the point home.

All you had to do was tug on Colin’s sleeve and he would tell you, in detail, that Colonial Williamsburg tells the story of America—an epic tale of human aspiration, violent revolution, and the birth of the world’s most enduring representative democracy.
He had good reason to do so. In a dynamic, media-driven world, where public interests wax and wane from day to day, clarity of intent is an essential institutional characteristic.

Even so, in more recent years, the word “relevance” kept entering our ongoing conversation about purposes, intents, and results. A tough balancing act was shaping up.

Solid, uncompromising stewardship of the physical Historic Area, including the facilities which support it, will always remain a central obligation. Of equal importance, however, was what we did with the Historic Area. Telling the tale of Williamsburg had to connect to thoroughly modern, “wired” visitors.

Colin’s approach to the task was nothing if not holistic. In the first year of his presidency, he restructured the foundation’s outreach and education missions under a new Productions, Publications, and Learning Ventures division. In turn, heightened support for the foundation’s Emmy-winning Electronic Field Trips broadened its reach to more than six million American children a year, and in 2012, a single EFT, *The Will of the People*, was seen by more than one million students across the nation.

In 2010, Colonial Williamsburg launched “The Idea of America,” an interactive online program in which students examine individual case studies from U.S. history and weigh the larger ideals in conflict in each.

Three years later the foundation expanded on the concept and issued *The Idea of America* textbook for use in high-school curricula. It joined other award-winning PPLV publications in use nationwide, including the Scott-Foresman History–Social Studies textbook series.

This year the Colonial Williamsburg Teacher Institute marked its twenty-fifth year of summer sessions that expose teachers directly to the foundation’s historic sites, interpretation, and primary sources.

The efforts have demonstrated to the nation “that CW is more than a pretty place and more than eighteenth-century history,” said Bill White, the Royce R. and Kathryn M. Baker Vice President of PPLV.

In due course, Colin began to refer to Colonial Williamsburg as a center for history and citizenship. By this approach, Colin sought to convey that we study American history in order to strengthen our citizenship—an ideal that would doubtless receive Thomas Jefferson’s approval. A healthy democracy requires informed, engaged citizens—and, with that as his purpose, Colin realigned Colonial Williamsburg’s focus.

“Twenty years ago I saw Colonial Williamsburg as an outdoor museum—and one of the best in the world—with an education component attached. Now, I see the opposite,” said Clyde Haulman, a longtime College of William and Mary economics professor and the mayor of Williamsburg.

**STEWARDSHIP and INFRASTRUCTURE**

*President of Wesleyan University* from 1970 to 1988, Colin appreciated the imperative of capital improvements and institutional efficiency. He also knew how tough those would be to get done. He did not flinch.
Already in the works when Colin’s leadership began, the 300-room Woodlands Hotel & Suites opened in 2001 adjacent to the Visitor Center.

Next in line was the jewel in the hospitality crown. Opened in 1937, the Williamsburg Inn went through extensive renovations in 2000 and 2001. Guests’ expectations at this storied hotel—host to Sir Winston Churchill, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, the emperor of Japan, and the queen of England (not once, but twice)—would be exceeded, not just fulfilled.

Recognition followed, including the induction in 2006 of the Inn's Regency Room into the Nation's Restaurant News Fine Dining Hall of Fame, the Inn's inclusion in 2012 on Condé Nast Traveler's Gold List of the best places in the world to stay and Trip Advisor’s 2014 Certificate of Excellence.

An essential facility since it opened in 1939, the Williamsburg Lodge underwent replacement and restoration in 2006. When it was finished, the 323-room facility also included a new 45,000-square-foot conference center. The luxurious Spa of Colonial Williamsburg opened opposite the Lodge on South England Street a year later.

Other projects included an expansion of the foundation's Regional Visitor Center and construction of the Bridge to the Past, a walkway that connects the Visitor Center to the Historic Area.

“The entire nonhistorical infrastructure of the foundation was really rebuilt,” said former Colonial Williamsburg Foundation chairman Richard G. Tilghman.

All the while, under Colin's leadership, Colonial Williamsburg took quiet but consequential steps in another area central to its mission: preservation of historic sites and vistas for future generations, as well as commercial development faithful to the aesthetics of eighteenth-century Virginia.

In 2002, the Williamsburg City Council approved a foundation request and rezoned 128 acres in and around downtown in the Bassett Hall neighborhood and to the west in Peacock Hill, expanding protected historic areas from 173 acres to 301. The designation serves to protect the landscape in and around the original Historic Area.

A year later, Colin commissioned respected English architecture firm Quinlan Terry to oversee the elegant period design of the new structure at the northeast point of College Corner, one of the last remaining buildable lots in Merchants Square.

In 2007, the foundation placed a historic preservation and conservation easement on Carter's Grove to protect the property and prohibit future development of the land.

Then in 2008, Colonial Williamsburg placed the second of two conservation easements protecting 200 acres bordering state Route 132 between Interstate 64 and the City of Williamsburg.

**FUNDING the FUTURE:**

Remarkably, there was a time when Colonial Williamsburg managed its work without a program for financial support. Today the viability of nonprofit institutions of all descriptions—museums, universities, art centers, you name it—rests upon their capacity for inspiration.
The work cannot be objectively valuable alone. It must be obviously and compellingly valuable by touching people intellectually and emotionally. On the basis of such connections, institutions such as Colonial Williamsburg endure.

As president, Colin understood that central truth perhaps better than anyone who ever held the job. Bringing to the task the full range of talent and experience he acquired over his eighteen-year presidency of Wesleyan University and twelve years directing the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, he was a man on a mission.

“Colin embraced fund-raising,” said Michael Rierson, Colonial Williamsburg’s vice president of Development, “because he saw the nobility of the place and its purpose.”

The purpose of course, as Colin passionately conveyed to anyone who would listen, was no less than preserving the ideals of American representative democracy. He frequently reminded audiences that America’s founders often referred to the newly hatched Republic as an “experiment.” Colin then told them we were all still in the lab trying to make it work.

Noble purposes require resolution, and Colin never disappointed. From 2000 through the end of 2013, the foundation raised a total of $687 million from 1.7 million individual donors.

Total planned gift expectations tripled from $93 million to $298 million.

In part, Colin’s success derived from the superb team he assembled to do the foundation’s work. But it was also due, in no small measure, to Colin’s tireless...
personal efforts to reach anyone and everyone with the importance of the foundation’s work. “It was astounding to see the powerful embrace he put forward on behalf of Colonial Williamsburg,” said Rierson.

Most impressive, Colin’s embrace extended to all, without regard to net worth. “Colin is a kind of throwback to an era when graciousness and accessibility was extended to everyone,” said former Shell Oil Company chairman and CEO Steve Miller, who also serves on the Colonial Williamsburg board of trustees.

Rierson has spent his career in nonprofit institutional development and did some quick calculations on Colin. “The number of letters sent out over Colin’s name may number in the millions, but I am more impressed by the hundreds of thousands he inspired to donate, many of whom have never visited Colonial Williamsburg,” he said.
When asked about his fund-raising record, Colin invariably points to Nancy, his equally committed spouse. “They developed a tremendous donor base, and it has made a great investment in Colonial Williamsburg, which is an investment in the community,” former Williamsburg mayor Jeanne Zeidler said. “That would not have happened without their ability to articulate the importance of the story we tell here.”

Just as crucial to overall success has been Colin’s decision in 2006 to engage the fund management services of Investure, a Charlottesville firm that specializes in endowment management for prestigious nonprofit institutions. Investure’s guidance has been sterling. The market collapse two years later took a heavy toll, but it could have been much worse. While U.S. endowment funds lost an average of about 30 percent, the foundation’s funds retained more than 80 percent of their value. By contrast, losses in 2008 ran from 37 percent to 53 percent in global markets.

In more recent years, Colonial Williamsburg’s investment performance ranks among the highest of all endowed institutions, ending 2013 at $780 million, up from $737 million when Investure was retained.

Financial stewardship, particularly through periods of stress and change, can make a huge difference in winning the confidence of donors—including donors who, on their own, possess the resources to make an immediate difference.

Such donors would include the foundation’s Churchill Bell recipient Forrest E. Mars Jr., whose generosity in recent years funded the most significant Historic Area construction and restoration work since the original Restoration in the 1920s and ’30s.

Inspired by the work of Colonial Williamsburg and the direction it has taken under Colin Campbell, Mars has given Colonial Williamsburg more than $11 million to reconstruct Charlton’s Coffeehouse, build Anderson’s Blacksmith Shop and Public Armoury, and erect a new Market House, now under way adjacent to the Magazine.

Colin’s fund-raising acumen also made possible the 2007 relocation of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Museum from South England Street to a space adjoining the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Museum. The foundation will pursue longstanding plans for an 8,000-square-foot expansion of the Art Museums facility, including a new entranceway on Nassau Street.

ENGAGING and ENLISTING a REGION

Colin had one overriding message for the broader Williamsburg community, which includes the leadership of the adjacent counties and historic sites: Work together.

Commemoration activities in 2007 honoring the 400th anniversary of the Jamestown settlement gave witness to what could be accomplished with unified effort. It proved a great success. Stealing a line from Patrick Henry, Colin believed the Historic Triangle could “profit from that example.”

Colin and Nancy Campbell certainly led by example. “Colin and Nancy not only recognized the importance of Colonial Williamsburg to the nation and beyond, but also its importance to the community,” said Zeidler, former Williamsburg mayor, who also served as executive director of Jamestown 2007. “They looked beyond the Historic Area and realized that everyone has to succeed for it to succeed.”

Colin formed a highly beneficial pact with Preservation Virginia in 2010 to co-manage Historic Jamestowne and support the ongoing work of the Jamestown Rediscovery under celebrated archaeologist William Kelso, who discovered the vestiges of the original James Fort.

Preservation Virginia and Colonial Williamsburg have likewise collaborated on other discoveries, including the site of the first English church in North America and breakthrough insights into the winter 1609–10 starving time.

Colin’s readiness to commit his time to both community and commonwealth was evident in his service on William and Mary’s board of visitors, the boards of Hampton Roads PBS affiliate WHRO, and the Fort Monroe Authority. Nancy chaired the board of the Williamsburg Community Health Foundation and has just recently taken on the chairmanship of the Montpelier Foundation. In 2008, the College of William and Mary honored the couple with its annual Prentis Award for service to the college and the community.

“I think that the experience, the talent of this man permeated the community, and when we approached Colin, we got the impression that he wanted to help,” said Jim Kelly, who served as an assistant to three William and Mary presidents.
The legacy of 2007—as well as Colin’s leadership—is the official, and now familiar, reconception of the Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown region as America’s Historic Triangle.

“Colin was really at the center—and Nancy was, too—so that we set the example both regionally and nationally,” said Elizabeth Kostelny, executive director of Preservation Virginia, which owns Jamestown Island’s 1607 fort site. “And there was no ego involved. It was, ‘How do we make the region shine?’”

Colin’s work to advance the interests of the region continued in the latter half of his term, most notably in his founding membership in the Hampton Roads Business Roundtable, which successfully campaigned for regional transportation appropriations totaling some $10 billion over twenty years.

“Colin was a big advocate for transportation programs and has been an important part of getting it done,” said foundation senior trustee and founding roundtable member John O. “Dubby” Wynne. “He’s not a status-quo guy; he wants to see things improve.”

Colin employed the same philosophy—meaning that more gets done with cooperation—in the creation of new and valuable partnerships.

Together with the Washington, DC–based Center for Strategic and International Studies and the College of William and Mary’s Reves Center for International Studies, the foundation launched the Williamsburg-CSIS Forum. Forum conferences to date have tackled topics ranging from the struggle for democracy in Egypt to the uncertain future of the European Union.

Colonial Williamsburg has also forged a robust partnership, born in 2006, with the Chautauqua Institution, a unique western New York State educational resort that hosts a panoply of academic, artistic, and religious programming for nine weeks each summer. Colin delivered remarks there on citizenship and gratifyingly saw the partnership blossom into a series of events combining academic discourse with remarks and performances by the foundation’s actor-interpreters.

Chautauqua President Tom Becker said that the joining of educational institutions elevates both, and delivers audiences enriched programming.

“I think what we get out of this is the best of Colonial Williamsburg, and they got what was the best of Chautauqua,” Becker said. “We saw Colonial Williamsburg bring their ‘A’ game, and we were inspired to do the same.”
**COLIN’S Extraordinary CAREER**

In 1970, Colin Campbell became Wesleyan University’s thirteenth president—and the youngest in its history—and for the next eighteen years successfully steered the school through a period of tumultuous cultural change.

In 1988, Colin took on the presidency of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and over the course of twelve years he transformed a relatively small foundation with an endowment of $240 million into a complex organization with an $800 million endowment.

Colin’s service to Colonial Williamsburg covers a quarter-century and includes his membership on the board, subsequent board chairmanship, and, for the past fourteen years, his role as president.

This represents a remarkable career of public service. Colin departs his post at Colonial Williamsburg broadly admired not only for his stewardship of the foundation but also for his fulfillment of the highest ideals of America.

“Colin’s emphasis on developing good citizens for a democracy has been inspiring, and his capacity to chart a course for CW amid difficult financial times, including his willingness to make hard decisions when essential, has been striking,” said Taylor Reveley, president of the College of William and Mary.

Together, Colin and Nancy brought to Williamsburg the leadership it needed.

“The bottom line,” said Tilghman, foundation chairman emeritus, “is a profoundly better place, physically, and programmatically, after the Campbell era than it was before.”

Allow me to add a personal observation: Seldom in life do you encounter, resting within a single personality, an unwavering commitment to ideals married to the practical ability to advance them. Colin’s capacity for forming bonds of trust and common purpose mirror the finest work of nation-building that gave Williamsburg its place in history. For fourteen years as president, Colin served Colonial Williamsburg with grace and with results; over a lifetime, he served his nation with elegance and purpose. He departs with the gratitude of the board and all those who have had the good fortune to work with him.

**Thomas F. Farrell II** is chairman, president, and CEO of Dominion Resources and chairman of The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation Board of Trustees.
In 1783, with the Revolutionary War nearly over, the American dream of an independent republic almost died at the hands of the army that fought for it. While Continental Army officers waited in camp at Newburgh, New York, for negotiators to end the conflict, their long-simmering frustration with Congress finally boiled over. Anger swept through the corps from the lieutenants to the generals. These men had had enough—enough of inedible rations, inadequate clothing and supplies, and, most important, years of foregoing pay. A coup was in the making. Even the British knew it. As one of their spies reported, military contempt for congressmen meeting in Philadelphia was so fierce that the army was “ripe for annihilating them.”

Just eighteen months earlier, in October 1781, American troops and their French allies won a great victory at Yorktown, leading to peace talks in Paris. Now, a formal treaty ending the war and recognizing American independence was expected from Europe any
day. Yet, with success now tantalizingly near, the officers of army commander George Washington were flirting with mutiny. Some were eager to march on Congress in demand of their back pay. Others wanted to abandon the cause, disappear into the wilderness, and leave the bickering politicians in Philadelphia to the mercies of the British Army. Either course would bring disaster. Attack Congress and the government would collapse. Desert and the British could renew the fight and win the war. Do either and a dangerous precedent would set the military above civilian control, perhaps forever.

It was at this dangerous time that Washington decided to do something he had not done in eight years of war—address so many Continental Army leaders at one time, in one place. As he surveyed the officers before him, he saw battle-hardened veterans who had led the troops at New York, Trenton, Valley Forge, Monmouth, and Yorktown.

Still, the army's commander was troubled as he studied his audience. The men were respectful. Military courtesy demanded nothing less. Yet, on this afternoon of March 15, 1783, an air of sullenness, skepticism, and hostility pervaded the Temple of Virtue, a rough-hewn meeting hall near his headquarters in Newburgh, New York.

For Washington, the crisis was yet another hammer blow, one of thousands endured since the war began in 1775. All took their toll. He began the war as a vigorous man in his early forties. Now fifty-one, he was exhausted and, perhaps, depressed. His hair had turned gray, dental problems caused constant pain, and his eyesight was failing. In fact, he recently had ordered a pair of eyeglasses from David Rittenhouse, a Philadelphia optical expert. Before, the general was forced to borrow spectacles to read his endless paperwork.

Of the myriad problems that sapped Washington's strength arguably the worst was Congress's inability to pay the army. This had pushed the officer corps to the brink of rebellion. Congress was all but broke, and army pay was a low priority. Legally, Congress couldn't tax anyone directly. Instead, funding requests went to the states, which had almost nothing. Money from loans went first to suppliers, foreign and domestic. Financial problems plagued the American cause throughout the war.

Military pay was important because, after early enthusiasm for the war waned and the militia proved unreliable, America needed a professional army with a long-term service commitment. That required financial incentives. To attract the necessary officers, Congress in 1778 offered them wartime pay plus half-pay for seven years after the war if they stayed to the end. In 1780, to stem a flood of officer resignations, Congress sweetened the deal to half-pay for life.

Complicating the pay issue was a fight between two congressional groups. Nationalists wanted a strong central government with the power to tax. Radicals wanted power, including that of taxation, to stay with the states. Nationalists' attempts late in the war to create a 5 percent federal import tax were defeated, and odds were against the tax issue being successfully revived.
Continental officers knew all this and did not trust Congress for either back pay or postwar half-pay. They understood too that once the war ended and the army disbanded, their leverage with politicians would vanish. If demobilized without money or a firm promise of payment, some officers faced ruin. They had paid all their own costs—food, uniforms, and equipment—while on duty. Some had borrowed for their basic needs; others required cash to restart long-idled businesses and farms. Many felt cheated and fearful for the future for themselves and their families.

Washington saw trouble brewing for months. “The temper in the Army is much soured, and has become more irritable than at any period since the commencement of the war,” he wrote a congressman in December 1782. Concerned about mounting tensions, he decided against a winter furlough at Mount Vernon and stayed near the army in case trouble arose. He also worried that his men would be dismissed “without one farthing of money to carry them home.” Recently, he had revealed his concerns to his protégé and former staff officer Alexander Hamilton, now a New York congressman. “The sufferings of a complaining army, on the one hand, and the inability of Congress and tardiness of the states on the other, are the forebodings of evil,” the general wrote.

And, now in March 1783, that evil became a reality. At the army encampments surrounding Newburgh, where Washington’s command kept watch on British-held New York sixty miles away and waited for the war’s end, the officers grew restive during the bitter winter of 1782–83. Determined to get reassurances about pay, they sent a three-man committee to Philadelphia in December 1782 to plead their case and deliver a petition. It boiled with frustration. “We have borne all that men can bear,” it read. “Our property is expended—our private resources are at an end, and our friends are wearied out with incessant applications.”

On January 13, the three officers met with a congressional committee, asking for an advance on back pay and firm commitments on receiving all their regular pay plus the promised lifetime half-pay. Congress mulled the requests and directed finance superintendent Robert Morris to handle back pay. The half-pay issue, however, stirred fierce resistance. Furious, army committee chief Major Gen. Alexander McDougall wrote Washington’s loyal lieutenant Major Gen. Henry Knox that half-pay was dead and, perhaps, the army should refuse demobilization until its demands were met. Knox rejected the idea, but it had adherents.

Among them were nationalists who egged the officers on, hoping to use the army as a lever to create a federal tax and to begin building a strong federal government. Hamilton, a fervent nationalist, actually encouraged Washington in a February 13 letter to use the army to pressure Congress, but Washington knew this was a bad idea. The soldiers, he believed, were “not mere puppets,” and the army was “a dangerous instrument to play with.” An angry army easily could become a dangerous, antirepublican mob. The Continental Army already had experi-
enced about fifty mutinies at this point. Most were caused by pay and supply issues or heavy-handed discipline. Some were little more than a few soldiers grumbling, others led to large-scale desertions, and several ended in executions. Most notably, a January 1781 revolt of New Jersey troops concluded with the shooting of ringleaders by a firing squad made up of their accomplices.

Within the army, defying the elected government had strong supporters. Among them were officers surrounding long-time Washington rival Major Gen. Horatio Gates. The historical record is fuzzy on Gates’s role in what happened next, but he was probably deeply engaged. One of his aides, Major John Armstrong, penned an anonymous letter that went to every regiment in the Continental Army on March 10. It called for defiance of Congress, a rejection of appeals to reason, a movement by the army to the frontier, and a mass meeting on the following Tuesday to air complaints. Angry at the breach of discipline, Washington banned the gathering as “irregular” and announced that a meeting would take place on March 15 to discuss the situation in Philadelphia. The senior officer present, presumably Gates, would preside. Armstrong then sent a second disjointed, shrill letter that contained more attacks on Congress and aimed to inflame passions further.

And so, with the army in turmoil, the officers gathered at noon on March 15 in the Temple of Virtue. Nobody expected Washington to appear. In his absence, hotheads probably thought that they could push the army into openly opposing Congress. As senior officer, Gates prepared to start the meeting when Washington appeared at the door, surprising those present. Confident and dignified, the commanding general strode into the room. As he did so, the officers stood and made a path for him as he moved toward the front. Washington then asked Gates’s permission to make a few remarks. With no other choice, Gates agreed.

Characteristically, the army’s commander arrived well prepared. He apologized for coming unexpectedly and asked for their patience. With that, he opened a nine-page address and began to speak. Immediately, those present realized that they’d never heard their leader talk as he did then. Normally, Washington prided himself on careful, correct, somewhat distant behavior in public. Today, however, he spoke to them man to man and, at times, with some heat.

He began emphatically: “Gentlemen, by an anonymous summons, an attempt has been made to convene you together. How inconsistent with the rules of propriety! How unmilitary! And how sub-
versive of all order and discipline, let the good sense of the Army decide.” He attacked both letters, dismissing their author, contents, and suggestions. He argued that the officers’ welfare remained a concern of his, noting his long service with them. He rejected the call to retreat to the wilderness, saying that this would leave Congress, as well as their wives, children, and farms, defenseless. If the army took their families to the frontier, then he asked, How would they survive? Becoming more strident, he likewise spoke contemptuously of refusing to disband when peace came: “My God! What can this writer have in view, by recommending such measure? Can he be a friend to the Army? Can he be a friend to this Country? Rather is he not an insidious Foe?”

Changing tone, he told them that he expected Congress to do them “compleat Justice” and pledged to support their case. He urged caution, reason, and honorable behavior. “And, you will,” he told them, “by the dignity of your Conduct, afford occasion for Poes- terity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to Mankind, 'had this day been wanting, the World has never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.' ” With those words, he finished. His speech was direct, honest, and heartfelt.

And it failed utterly.

His audience was unmoved. The men merely sat in silence. Some simmered, many were deaf to calls to reason, honor, or duty, so Washington opted for another tack. He pulled from his pocket a letter from Virginia Congressman Joseph Jones. It would show, he said, Congress’s true intent to the army. Washing- ton began reading—then faltered. He stumbled over words, he squinted, and, finally, he fell silent. He had no choice but to use his eyeglasses.

“Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles,” he said, drawing them from a pocket, “for I have not only grown gray but almost blind in the service of my country.”

Changing tone, he told them that he expected Congress to do them “compleat Justice” and pledged to support their case. He urged caution, reason, and

The reconstructed Temple of Virtue—now part of a New York historic site—where Washington unwound an officers’ rebellion.
seconds, with a simple, humble gesture, Washington had won over his audience. The general finished the letter, removed his glasses, and left.

The mood clearly had changed. The malcontents had lost the initiative, and Washington’s supporters seized it. Knox quickly made a motion thanking him for his remarks. Another motion passed, creating a three-man committee to frame resolutions to go to Philadelphia. Knox headed the group, which met immediately and brought several resolutions to the floor proclaiming the army’s loyalty, asking Washington to press their case, and directing Major Gen. McDougall to continue lobbying Congress. The officers adopted the measures, and the meeting adjourned.

Days later, reports of the March 15 meeting reached Congress. Among them was an emotional appeal from Washington, asking that the country meet its obligations to the officers and avoid permitting them “to grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt.” No doubt troubled by the officers’ fury, the legislators responded by agreeing to provide five years’ full pay in lieu of half-pay for life. The largely symbolic vote was meaningless, though, perhaps even cynical. Neither states nor Congress had funds, and none would be forthcoming. However, Congress’s action defused the situation for the time being.

While important to the army, the pay vote was overshadowed by the arrival of a preliminary peace treaty from France, which Congress lost little time reviewing. The legislature ratified the agreement April 11, declared the war over, and turned quickly to disbanding the army. Clearly, the military was a continuing expense and a potential threat, so Washington was told to furlough men enlisted for the war’s duration.

In fact, the army was fading away. Washington’s command had melted from about 17,000 men during the Yorktown campaign to fewer than 2,500 by mid June 1783. Further cuts eventually dropped the count to about 1,000 troops on duty at Fort Pitt, Pennsylvania, and West Point, New York. Even as the army shrank, feelings about lack of pay ran hot. In June, angry Pennsylvania troops marched to Philadelphia and threatened Congress. The legislators fled, and Washington dispatched loyal troops to quell the insurrection. The mutiny collapsed after the rebellious soldiers learned that forces were on their way to protect the legislators.

In late November, following the British evacuation, Washington marched into New York, where he took formal leave of the army. He then delivered his resignation to Congress in Annapolis and headed for Mount Vernon. For Washington and his army, the war was over. So was the pay issue. Many officers left with commutation certificates, basically IOUs. Desperate for cash, most men sold these at deep discounts to speculators, who did well when the first Congress convened under the Constitution provided for certificate redemption. Later, representatives tried several pension systems for enlisted men and officers. Unfortunately, these were fraud ridden and underwent several revisions.

While Washington, through no fault of his own, failed to get his officers paid, he performed what one biographer called his greatest service to the nation in 1783. By cutting short a mutiny, he may well have saved the country. Above all, his handling of the crisis reaffirmed the bedrock American principle that civilian control of the military is critical to the freedom and safety of the republic.

Ed Crews contributed “Sometimes ‘Death Was Better than the Prisoner’s Fate,’” a story on POWs during the Revolution, to the winter 2014 issue.
Among the accounts of ship arrivals, runaway slaves, and unrest in Boston, the March 4, 1775, issue of the Virginia Gazette reported that an unidentified infant had been abandoned on the road between Newcastle and Richmond, Virginia. The child was swaddled in a tiny box, along with £10 cash and a note promising a future payment to anyone who took up the child and gave it a life, though just how and to whom that money would be paid went unsaid. The entry concluded with the news that some kindly citizen had made the harmless babe his foster child.
Just below this notice, on the copy of the Gazette I consulted, someone had inserted the name “Jos. Lyle, Manchester” in thick black ink, and in an eighteenth-century hand. Was the mysterious Mr. Lyle of Manchester, Virginia, now part of Richmond, our Good Samaritan?

Here is the sum of what we know about Mr. Lyle:

That there were not enough people like him in the eighteenth century. Great Britain and her colonies were struggling under a tsunami of infants with no one to care for them. These were babes who lost their mothers in childbirth, a regular outcome in an age of little or no maternal or postpartum care. Out-of-wedlock births to housemaids, servants, and slaves were another sure way of producing children untethered to those able or willing to care for them.

There were also embarrassing pregnancies among the stylish daughters of posh families who wanted the diapered evidence to disappear. A bastard child was a sure way to lose respectability and, with it, marriage prospects. Infants were also given up because their extra mouths put impossible strains on already strapped family incomes. Infanticide—especially for deformed or afflicted infants—was known. The evidence for it is hard to come by, but records show 118 women executed for infanticide in Britain between 1735 and 1829.

In the colonies, oils from the easily harvested pennyroyal plant could be infused in drinks to induce abortions. In lighter doses, spearminty pennyroyal was often used to cure minor ailments in men and horses. Similarly, the caustic irritant called savin, derived from the bushy juniper, Juniperus sabina, could also be used to abort pregnancies. In 1658, in Patuxent, Maryland, Elizabeth Robins “confessed that She had twice taken Savin; once boyled in milk and the other time Strayned through a Cloath.” She excused this, in court, by declaring she was unaware she was “with child” and took the savin to rid herself of worms. Now, however, “She Supposeth her Self to have a dead Child within her.”

The rising commonplace of prostitution in the cities—especially London—was a creature of economics. Working in the sex trade may have been the only available job for too many eighteenth-century women. Birth-control methods were undependable and expensive. The common sheep’s intestine condom was ineffective. There are reports that condoms were mainly for protecting men from disease any-

way, not for preventing pregnancy in women. The result was abandoned or neglected children.

The corollary problem, somewhat more prevalent in rural areas—away from watching eyes—was girls having babies. Sometimes, the infants were fathered by the girls’ uncles and sometimes by their fathers. Partly, this was the result of overcrowding—large, or extended, families living in one room, for instance. This source of troubled births was known in cities, too. In the nineteenth century, Emmeline Pankhurst, a women’s rights advocate, knew of poor girls as young as twelve giving birth to children fathered by relatives.

With so few people to care for this helpless human tide, by the mid-nineteenth century it was said that one-third of London’s annual deaths were children. Charles Dickens saw what was happening:

The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. . . . I shall ask you to turn your thoughts to these SPOILT children in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion.

In America, “these spoilt children” were never far from the institutional mind-set of the colonial courts and of the Church of England. The local parish was a font of welfare and moral support in the colonies, just as it had been in Britain. In the same way, the county courts worked to bring a measure of justice and stability to little lives blighted by the incompetence or death of parents. In both cases, it has to be said that this concern was driven by an instinct to prevent the lost children from becoming a burden to the colony and its taxpayers.

By definition, a child was legally an orphan if its father died. If the father had not left enough money or property to see the child through to adulthood, even if the mother were still alive, the parish or court could step in and settle the children in foster homes, ensure they were educated, and “bind them out” into apprenticeships.

June 15, 1761, the York County, Virginia, court ordered the wardens of Yorkhampton Parish to bind out the poor orphan Benjamin Palmer and the children of one Thomas Combs, who “neglects to Educate them,” into useful apprenticeships. In Or-
After losing a father who hadn’t left enough money, a child, even one with a mother, could be bound in apprenticeship.
ange County, on August 25, 1763, the court noted, “John Carrel a poor man is Runaway & neglects to maintain, Instruct & Educate his son John in the principles of Christianity.” They required St. Thomas’s parish bind out the neglected son to Robert Beadles, a shoemaker. And Frederick County, on April 6, 1773, required the churchwardens of Frederick parish to enter Solomon Wright into an apprenticeship. Solomon was the son of Isaac Wright, “who hath absconded and left a wife unable to Educate & bring up her Children.” Solomon was to be bound to Abel Walker, “who is to learn him to read Write & Cypher.”

For cases when a father bequeathed sufficient funds and property, special orphans courts saw to it that the wardens of minors’ estates could not impoverish children by liquidating their property and spending the income. In George Farquhar’s 1706 play *The Recruiting Officer*, the sarcastic line, “All captains have a mighty aversion to timber,” refers to the habit of army captains’ marrying rich widows and harvesting the timber on the family’s land. Although they could not sell the property, they could whittle away its assets. Standing trees were a valuable commodity in an island nation dependent on a large navy. February 12, 1736, *The Recruiting Officer* became the first play mounted in Charleston, South Carolina, at the Dock Street Theatre. Its “timber” line is meaningless without an understanding of the straits of orphans beset by greedy supervisors.

The economic pressure to get rid of excess or unwanted children could be so great that some people resorted to folklore. Embedded in Western
culture is the idea of the changeling, a fairy infant left in the crib in place of a human baby. The belief was that you could induce the fairies to return your child if you began to slightly harm the changeling. Babies might be stuck with pins, dangled over the fire, or left in the forest for the time it took a candle to burn. Any of these were thought to strike pity in fairy hearts, in which case the human baby would be restored to its home crib.

June 25, 1752, the Virginia Gazette reported the arrest of an English mother-in-law in Malden, Essex, for using the feet of an infant to stir the coals in the hearth. After the neighbors noticed the child’s “Toes were rotted off,” the babe was taken by the parish and put in a workhouse, where it died. It is possible, in an age when the spirit world was a reality of daily life for many, that this saga echoes a sincere belief in fairy lore. It also is possible the child was deformed or sickly, or had to be sacrificed for monetary reasons. And so the family blamed the fairies to justify itself.

Another solution to the overpopulation problem and child neglect was foundling hospitals, which came to be called orphanages in the nineteenth century. The Greek and Roman world had such places. Renaissance Florence had the Ospedale degli Innocenti, “The Hospital of the Holy Innocents,” a vaulting example of civic humanism, which opened in 1445. Designed by Brunelleschi, the building had a small basin near the entrance for mothers to leave their infants. In 1660, it was replaced by a revolving-door mechanism that prevented people
inside from seeing the stricken mother.

In the North American colonies, places of refuge for children were thin on the ground. Institutions tend to be expensive; the courts and the church were a cheaper alternative. There were exceptions. The Charleston Orphan House, the oldest city orphanage in America, was established in 1790 and opened its doors in 1795.

In Georgia, the charismatic preacher George Whitefield laid the first stone of his orphans home at Bethesda, near Savannah, in 1740. Preaching to crowds in Britain and America, the Calvinistic Whitefield was constantly raising funds for this pet project. In 1754, he brought twenty-two English orphans across the Atlantic to Bethesda, his “House of Mercy.” Trouble was, Whitefield used an iron hand with the children, possibly hoping they would become small versions of his devout self. The project bogged down in controversy and debt. By 1770, when Whitefield died, Bethesda was nearly a ruin, despite supporting 180 children in its thirty fitful years.

An influence on Whitefield’s thinking about orphans was the Foundling Hospital in London, chartered by King George II in 1739 and opened in 1741. Here, the word “hospital” signifies a sense of succor and hospitality for the afflicted.

Its begetter was the wealthy shipbuilder and merchant Thomas Coram, who hoped, out of his good fortune, to leave something for “the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children.” He did that. The best and brightest Londoners flocked to aid his charity, including William Hogarth, who donated art to the project, and George Frideric Handel, who gave concerts in aid of the foundlings. In 1867, Dickens, who lived a few blocks away on Doughty Street, would co-write the play No Thoroughfare, in which a woman tries to regain a child left at the Foundling Hospital years earlier.

Its main buildings were completed between 1743 and 1752, and designed by the merchant and amateur architect Theodore Jacobsen, who built a U-shaped brick structure of two wings and a chapel, not unlike the college at Williamsburg, Virginia. The sides of the site were lined with loggias, or pavilions, Doric structures associated with outdoor teaching. Some of these are still in place, heavily restored.

Today, the chief remainder of the old hospital is a stone gate that stands unremarked next to the leafy playground now called Coram’s Fields. The curved niche in the limestone was to be seen as a safe place for desperate mothers to drop off their infants in the dark of night. Here you can just begin to
imagine the shame and dread of having to abandon a child. Pointedly, the gate was not shunted off to one side, but was front and center, as if to say harmless babes were the whole point. The gateway is the only surviving part of the original hospital; the rest was demolished in 1926.

The DeWitt Wallace Museum at Colonial Williamsburg exhibited infant tokens from the Foundling Museum in London, which stands today near the site of the original hospital. The tokens were sometimes pinned to abandoned infants. They are an odd assortment—a thimble, a note, ribbons, defaced coins, brass hearts, swatches of cloth, a playing card, or a bone fish used in card games. They were meant to be telltales against the hoped-for day when the mother might return and reclaim her child. New babies were always given a new name and a number and file. Infants were sent out to wet nurses for several years. Since many a child came with either no name or a pseudonym, its token was also kept in the file. Children’s looks change, but their tokens kept faith. The tokens we see today are mainly from children who were never reclaimed.

Some mothers clipped off a swatch from their clothes or their infants’ rags as identifiers. The Foundling Museum’s collection of swatches is the finest collection of eighteenth-century textiles in the world, particularly of cotton prints worn by the poor. All told, the tokens mean this was not cynical, selfish child abandonment. It was abandonment in hope. In hope of care and nutrition. And in hope of education for the girls to become housemaids, and for the boys to become sailors.

The exhibit looked at items of material culture that are small, but bigharted. It’s not fine architecture or good silver. It’s us. Dickens understood that:

I shall not ask you on behalf of these children to observe how good they are, how pretty they are, how clever they are, how promising they are, whose beauty they most resemble—I shall only ask you to observe how weak they are, and how like death they are!

Michael Olmert is a professor in the English Department at the University of Maryland. His article “On Garden Mounts” appeared in the summer 2014 journal. Special thanks to Stephanie Chapman, of the Foundling Museum, London; Harold Gill, of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation (retired); and Jean Russo, of the Maryland Archives.
The trouble with legends—particularly heroic war legends—is that as the mists of time settle into the hollows of our collective memory, backward glances become unreliable. Coming up with an honest account of a story set in the dim and distant past is fraught with difficulty, and as the years pass, it becomes almost impossible to separate the factual wheat from the literary chaff.
Consider the legend of Molly Pitcher. Stripped to its bare bones, the story goes that Molly Pitcher was a young woman called Molly Ludwig, a camp follower with the American army in New Jersey at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778. In the torrid heat of a late July day, this brave young woman becomes an angel of mercy, running with buckets—that is to say, pitchers—of water onto the battlefield to quench the thirst of the parched Revolutionary warriors, which include her cannoneer husband, John. When John is killed, or wounded, or succumbs to the summer heat—no one is really sure which—he is carried off the battlefield, and Molly abandons her buckets, steps up to the gun carriage and keeps the cannon firing.

As it stands, that is an inspirational tale. But it gets better. As she swabs and loads the cannon with her husband’s ramrod, a British cannonball flies between her legs, tearing away the bottom of her petticoat. Obviously made of exceptionally stern stuff, Molly Ludwig, according to one account, waves the incident off, saying, more or less, “Well, that could have been worse,” and goes back to swabbing and loading.

At day’s end, General George Washington asks about that woman with the cannon and is answered in words to the effect: “Oh, Molly Pitcher? Yes, sir, she’s quite the ticket.” “Well,” Washington says, “that’s Sergeant Molly Pitcher from now on,” and presents our heroine with a gold piece. End of story, beginning of Hollywood-style legend.

Just look at the images of the incident. Proof positive? Don’t mess with Molly. The artistic depictions of the event, of which there are many, compound the effect. A strong, upstanding lady doing more than her duty, loading the cannon, facing down the enemy, letting them know that when they take on the patriots, they’re taking on their womenfolk as well. One can almost hear the violins. Trumpets even. Those notes have echoed across more than two hundred years. Molly has become one of the founding legends of the American Revolution.

Among the first to milk the tale was Martha Washington’s grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, who fifty years after the battle scribed a piece referring to Pitcher as Captain Molly. In his rendition, she, on seeing her husband’s lifeless form under the wheels of the cannon, says, “Lie there, my darling, while I revenge ye.” Custis says, “Washington received her graciously, gave her a piece of gold and assured her that her services should never be forgotten.”

This ripping yarn has Molly a fine Irish colleen with an accent straight from Donegal, dressed in “an artilleryman’s coat, with the cocked hat and feather,” and hobnobbing with General Washington. According to G. W. P. Custis, Captain Molly follows her Monmouth heroism with a new role as housemaid at Washington’s headquarters, perhaps as a reward for her bravery. While going about her business of washing clothes, she engages the commander in
chief in a convivial and, it has to be said, most unlikely conversation.

“Well, Captain Molly, are you not tired of this most quiet way of life, and longing to be once more on the field of battle?” “Troth, your Excellency,” replied the heroine, “and ye may say that; for I care not how soon I have another slap at them red coats, bad luck to them.” “But what is to become of your petticoats in such an event, Captain Molly?” “Oh, long life to your Excellency, and never de ye mind them at all, at all,” continued this intrepid female. “Sure, and it is only in the artillery your Excellency knows that I would serve, and devil a fear but smoke of the cannon will hide my petticoats.”

The canonization of Molly Pitcher was under way. As anniversaries and centenaries of the battle came and went, what were billed as previously undiscovered sources would appear out of the woodwork, providing new details of the Pitcher story, stories gained second- and thirdhand from men and women whose long-dead relatives or acquaintances had professed to have the real scoop on Molly the heroine. Hard and fast evidence it was not. But as the old adage suggests, Why let the facts get in the way of a good story?

The distillation of the facts and fantasies into patriotic fodder reached maximum potency with the publication in 1960 of Augusta Stevenson’s book, Molly Pitcher: Young Patriot.

“Let me give you a drink,” said a voice. “I’ll hold up your head. Come now, drink from my pitcher.” They drank and lived. Then other fallen soldiers drank from that pitcher. And others and others until it was empty. “I will get more,” the woman said, “the well is near. . . . Call me if you want another drink. Just say ‘Molly’. I will come to you.” The sick men whispered her name to others. Before long many feeble voices were calling, Molly! Molly! Pitcher! Pitcher!” . . . A hundred men were kept alive by that water. Some were able to fight again. All blessed the woman who saved them.

The story tugs harder at the heartstrings as the climax unfolds.

General Washington took her powder-stained hand in his. He smiled at her and spoke kindly. “Mrs. Hays, the courage you showed yesterday has never been equaled by any woman . . . you were an angel of mercy to suffering men. You were a pillar of strength at the cannon. . . . Therefore I make you a sergeant in this army, and I now pin this badge of honor upon you.” There was silence until this was over. Then a thousand soldiers began to cheer. “Hooray for Sergeant Molly!” they cried. “Hooray for Molly Pitcher!”

At a cemetery in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, stands a memorial to Molly Pitcher. She and her husband are buried behind it.
Today, scholars have become more analytical, cynical perhaps, in attempting to get to the truth of the story without adding the syrup. Researchers have scoured historical records, uncovering a mass of testimony that is enlightening, if sometimes contradictory.

Historian Linda Grant De Pauw is convinced that the Molly Pitcher persona is an amalgamation of Revolutionary War stories of more than one woman who served in more than one battle. Mary Ludwig Hays is just one of the candidates. Without doubt, she was at Monmouth that hot July day. Whether she was Irish is open to question. Some say she was of German extraction. When it comes to her husband’s name—John Hays, Casper Hays or William Hays—there is uncertainty.

There are no records showing that any soldier bearing any of those names was killed during the battle. Witnessing Mary Ludwig Hays’s artillery skills, however, was Private Joseph Plumb Martin, who, more than half a century after the fact, retold the Molly Pitcher story in his memoirs. His main recollection was the cannonball incident, which he says would be “unpardonable not to mention.” Martin’s recollection was more risqué than the accepted versions that might appear in school textbooks. After the cannon had ripped away the bottom of Molly Ludwig’s petticoat, she said, according to Private J. Plumb, “that it was lucky it did not pass a little higher for in that case it might have carried away something else and ended her and her occupation.” If we read between the lines, the reference to “her occupation” could be construed as a wry nod to Molly Pitcher’s camp follower status.

After the war, Mary Hays lived in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, married a George McCauley, and was awarded a small government pension for her valiant war effort. She was never referred to as Molly Pitcher or Captain Molly, however. She died in 1832 at age seventy-nine and was buried as plain Mary McCauley. It wasn’t until 1876 and Carlisle’s celebrations of the Revolution’s centenary that a local worthy with an apparently excellent memory wrote a letter to the town’s paper remembering Mary Hays’s funeral forty-four years earlier, in which she had been laid to rest with military honors, suggesting Mary was in fact Molly Pitcher.

Carlisle had its very own Revolutionary champion and raised a fine headstone on her previously unmarked grave, proclaiming her the heroine of Monmouth. In due course, this tribute apparently jogged the memories of even more of Carlisle’s eldest residents to divulge their very own, long-neglected reminiscences of the heroine of Monmouth. In 1905—127 years after the incident—these testimonials were published by a local historian to add his weight to the theory that Carlisle’s Mary McCauley was indeed Molly Pitcher, “a real buxom lass, a strong, sturdy, courageous woman.” Who could argue with that?

Well, quite a few people, as it turns out. As she had aged, some less complimentary assessments had come from an assortment of her contemporaries, who said she was a rough, masculine woman with sprouting nose hair in need of a good clipping and a predilection for excessive drinking and bad language that would turn the air blue. There were Carlisle residents who thought an illiterate, tobacco-chewing, foulmouthed Mary McCauley made a bad candidate for a homespun heroine. “Molly McCauley is neither the historical or moral character to hold up to young Americans for emulation,” said one resident.

ENTER MOLLY PITCHER MK. 2: FIGHTING ALONGSIDE Mary Ludwig’s husband, John—perhaps Casper, maybe William—Hays in the same Pennsylvania regiment was an enlisted lady soldier called Margaret Corbin. In the male-dominated
world of the 1700s, women in the ranks were almost unheard of. Nevertheless, according to Linda Grant De Pauw, Margaret, standing shoulder to shoulder with her husband, avoided the usual ignominious fate of being relegated to the status of camp follower by hiding her femininity as a transvestite. Despite this state of affairs, Corbin might well have been the basis of the Molly Pitcher story, but there are inconsistencies.

Patriotic literature often refers to Margaret Corbin as Captain Molly. She meets one of the Molly Pitcher criteria, having been seen taking over firing her husband’s cannon when he was killed in battle. Nevertheless, nobody reports a pitcher or bucket of water, but more damaging to the scenario is that this valiant action took place at the Battle of Fort Washington, two years before the Battle of Monmouth. While the troops were lining up at Monmouth, Captain Molly was coming to the end of her soldiering career in the Corps of Invalids at West Point.

Yet, against the odds, during her time at the front, Margaret had apparently been accepted by the officers and men of the regiment and hailed as a hero, or heroine. Thanks to her commanding officers’ recommendations, Margaret Corbin was the first woman to be awarded a military pension by the Continental Congress. As far as creating a legend is concerned, though, there were problems.

In the mid 1800s, author Benson J. Lossing was compiling the Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution and tracked down two ladies who said they remembered Molly. One was Alexander Hamilton’s widow, who described Molly as “a stout, red-haired, freckled-face young Irish woman.” A Mrs. Rebecca Rose had a different take on the alleged cross-dresser. She remembered Molly as Dirty Kate, who died from the effects of syphilitic disease. It’s not hard to envisage actress Maggie Smith cast in the role of Mrs. Rose, employing her best Downton Abbey dowager scowl while recounting such revelations. Hardly the stuff of legend, yet as legends go, one can always leave the bad stuff out, and that is what appears to have happened.

De Pauw’s assertion that the Molly Pitcher story is a successful mishmash is eminently credible. The result of blending time, place, and memory achieves what screenwriters attempt to do every day: create memorable characters embroiled in plots that leave a lasting impression and hearts aflutter. The caption “Adapted from a true story” comes to mind. The Molly Pitcher story perfectly spells out what legendary heroines are supposed to do: present a role model and make us feel proud. In this case, a little tarting up is required, but so what?

Out goes the cross-dressing, out go the stubbly chin, nose hairs, old water bucket, and syphilis, and in comes the saintly, good-looking wife with her quaint little pitcher, the ramrod, the defiant look, and Washington’s presentation of the gold piece or medal. All in all, not a bad job by the spinmeisters of the era. A legend that holds an audience today. As for the facts? Forget it.

Andrew Gardner, who writes on Canada’s Salt Spring Island, contributed “Scottish Independence: Un-uniting the Kingdoms” to the summer 2014 journal.

Suggestions for further reading:

The Puye Ruins in New Mexico, declared a National Historic Landmark in 1966, the year the National Historic Preservation Act was passed.
On a grassy rise just outside historic Old Town Alexandria in Virginia, a memorial sits atop a cemetery where some of the 20,000 slaves who had fled to Union lines were buried during and just after the Civil War.

The sacredness of the memorial is in stark contrast to the roar on the other side of a sound barrier, as tens of thousands of vehicles barrel every day across the newly reconstructed Woodrow Wilson Bridge, the main interstate link between the Northeast and the Southeast.

A common bond connects the memorial park and the $2.5 billion bridge reconstruction project: the National Historic Preservation Act, which is approaching its fiftieth year. The act has been called “the people’s law,” because it has promoted archaeological and historical research about the common man and forgotten peoples across the United States. And nowhere is that more obvious than in this memorial park.

Because of the act, the Virginia Department of Transportation called in archaeologists to survey the property where historical records indicated a cemetery existed. What the archaeologists found was row after row of African American burials—more than 630. That discovery was tied to a historic document known as the Book of Lists, which included the names of roughly 1,700 freedmen buried at the site between 1864 and 1869, as well as pieces of information about them.
A citizen activist movement sprang up to convince the federal and city governments to buy and tear down an adjacent office building and gas station that had been constructed on top of part of the cemetery. The city hired a genealogist, who found descendants of long-forgotten people buried here. Where the gas station once stood is now a monument that lists all 1,711 names, etched in bronze, and commemorates the struggle of the thousands of slaves who fled to freedom in Union-occupied Alexandria during the war. The Contrabands and Freedmen’s Cemetery Memorial opened in September 2014.

“Archaeology was used here to right an injustice,” said Francine Bromberg, Alexandria’s acting archaeologist. “The story of what went on at this site is really a story about survival not only of the graves but also of the family members of those buried here and their descendants.”

This string of events took place because of Section 106 of the National Historic Preservation Act. Since its enactment in 1966, the act has led to the exploration of hundreds of thousands of possible historic and archaeological sites, thousands of digs, work on historic buildings, and preservation of millions of artifacts. Section 106 of the law requires that every project that involves federal money, permits, or licenses must be surveyed to determine whether historic properties or archaeological sites will be affected.

If they are, project managers must try to minimize the impact. The upshot is that archaeological investigations and historic building assessments are done before construction begins.

Since 1966, many states have initiated their own preservation laws that cover projects on state lands not addressed by the federal act. And many municipalities have enacted ordinances that cover local construction projects. “Without the laws, development would have rolled over much of our cultural patrimony and made it inaccessible,” said Stanley Bond, chief archaeologist for the National Park Service, who keeps track of the work done under the act. It has been used to explore sites more than 13,000 years old of the earliest people in North America and to sift through the wreckage of the World Trade Center after the 9/11 terrorist attacks.

“Sometimes people ask, What have you found for all the money we have spent?” said Jeff Altschul, president of the Society for American Archaeology. “Much of what we have found is of rich cultural heritage and historic value to groups that are otherwise ignored or disenfranchised.” Yet for all that has been found because of the law, he said, much is still being lost. “In my hometown of Tucson, we estimate that 80 percent of the archaeological sites have been destroyed by development,” he said. “Yes, we are doing a fair amount of archaeology in Tucson, but it is only a small percentage of what was there. That’s true of any fast-growing metropolitan area.”

Before the National Historic Preservation Act, archaeology was conducted mostly by college professors who took students to excavate sites that piqued their interest. But after the act, vast new territories had to be explored. An array of private archaeological firms has sprung up to search for clues from the past in places no
one would have thought to look. It has become a vibrant industry employing a large majority of the approximately 12,000 archaeologists working in the United States today. How much is spent annually is hard to estimate, because the numbers are hidden in the budgets for federal, state, and local construction projects.

The law is credited with uncovering historical evidence of groups that had been overlooked or marginalized, and with filling in huge tracts of the historical record. “Section 106 is the people’s law,” Bond said. “We have this idea that history is written by rich white men or the victors. But archaeology gives us a way to get the other side of the story to people who haven’t had much written about them—or things that were written about them were written by outsiders. Ultimately, archaeology tells everyone’s story.”

Developers and construction project managers often balk at the cost and delays of the archaeological work, Bond said, “but the law has been around since 1966, and in many ways people have adjusted to it. Even if they don’t recognize the significance of it, they recognize that they have to do it.”

Four examples from across the United States give an idea of what the act can accomplish.

**SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA**

Repair of a dam in Suffolk, Virginia, gave Garrett Fesler and the James River Institute of Archaeology a chance in 2010–11 to explore an untouched site of slave cabins that could be dated to a period from 1828 to 1838. The site, downriver from the 1607 settlement at Jamestown, had not been disturbed since it was abandoned, said Fesler, who cut his archaeological teeth at Colonial Williamsburg while studying at the College of William and Mary. “The artifacts in the ground were in their original locations,” he said. “When they dropped out of the hands of someone nearly 200 years ago, they were in the same location. It’s like Pompeii. These things were frozen in the ground for us to recover.”

In their painstaking hand excavation of the site, they recovered 8,000 artifacts documenting the life of slaves from that time. What interested Fesler most was a pit near where the door of one of the cabins had been. Inside the pit was a bed of oyster shells with an iron hoe blade resting on top. In some West African cultures, he said, iron was considered a sacred substance, and the pit indicated it was put by the door to protect the household, much as a Christian family would put a cross in a house as a mark of their belief. “One of the big issues for many African Americans today is to be able to link their heritage to African roots,” Fesler said. “Here we found conclusive evidence that West and Central African spiritual practices were taking place a generation after the slave trade ended.”

That counters claims in many histories that slaves baptized by white planters accepted Christianity, he said. The people living in these cabins had a deep understanding of their African past. “These people were able to persevere and maintain a sense of themselves and where they came from,” he said.
NEW MEXICO

Lynne Sebastian is the immediate past president of the Register of Professional Archaeologists, a former president of the Society for American Archaeology, and currently a presidential appointee to the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation. She is working on a project called “Making Archaeology Public,” which is encouraging volunteer coordinators to produce fifty videos, one for each state, celebrating some of the major discoveries in the fifty years since Section 106 was enacted.

For her home state, Sebastian is highlighting not one project but rather the entire mosaic of New Mexico prehistory that has been uncovered because of the act. Before the act, she said, archaeology in New Mexico was largely limited to professors and their students studying either 12,000-year-old paleo-Indian sites, such as those of the Clovis people, or the huge Pueblo sites dating from about 1,500 years ago. But in between were thousands of years of prehistoric human development. “It was kind of like those old maps that said, ‘Here, there be dragons,’ for the parts of the world where they didn’t know what was there,” she said. “We had thousands of years of prehistory that we really had no idea as to what it was like.”

Now, as a result of Section 106, nearly 300,000 archaeological sites are on the map of New Mexico, great numbers of them dating to those missing years. Using advanced geographic information systems, researchers can begin to see the patterns of life over those thousands of years. “It is kind of like a Monet painting,” she said. “It’s all of these little dots of information. You can’t see anything when you are up close, but when you step back and look at the whole picture, amazing patterns emerge.”

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Section 106 has allowed archaeologists to explore the mostly forgotten life of the early settlers arriving in the San Francisco Bay Area in the 1770s from Spanish-held Mexico, which controlled California as a province. “We have this Zorro concept of the history of California,” the National Park Service’s Stanley Bond said, referring to the 1950s TV show that portrayed early Californians as Spanish grandees. “But in reality, all of the original settlers who came to California from Mexico were of mixed-race descent.”

In an attempt to counter Russians who were moving south into North America, the Spanish in Mexico sought to create a settlement in the Bay Area, he said. The Spanish captain who led the expedition went to one of the poorest places in Mexico, recruited men to become soldiers and to bring their families—300 people in all—who traveled 1,600 miles, mainly by foot and leading a large herd of livestock. In that original expedition, he said, a third of the people had some African ancestry, and practically all had American Indian ancestors.

They founded the Presidio on San Francisco Bay, which remained in military hands until 1989, when it was given to the National Park Service. Redevelopment of the Presidio triggered Section 106, requiring an investigation that has uncovered evidence of those early settlers. Archaeologists found more than a quarter-million artifacts dating to the late eighteenth century. Perhaps the most significant discovery was the stone foundation of an adobe house believed to belong to Juana Briones, who lived there from 1815 to 1830. Briones was a founding member of the pueblo of Yerba Buena—a settlement that became San Francisco—and ran a prosperous farming business.

“In a generation or two,” the settlers “were doing quite well,” Bond said. “It’s the American story. But it was a completely unknown story.”

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Halfway across the continent in St. Louis, Missouri, a project to reconstruct the ramps to a Mississippi River bridge offered archaeologists a rare opportunity to explore the city’s early history. The archaeological team thought they would uncover tremendous amounts of nineteenth-century debris, but what they found was startling.
It had been assumed that all remnants of the French colonial period had been destroyed as the city was built and rebuilt over the centuries, said Michael Meyer, chief archaeologist for the Missouri Department of Transportation. But "everywhere we looked there was evidence of the French colonial period dating from around 1770. It wasn't just an isolated spot. It was everywhere." The evidence showed that those people were not living hand-to-mouth. There was a degree of affluence that the fur trade was bringing to the nascent city.

Meyer said the discovery caused a bit of a sensation in St. Louis, which for years had largely ignored archaeological work exploring the nineteenth century. But the archaeologists have to work fast. Such projects delay construction—and that costs money. “We are about halfway done, but the bulldozers are here,” Meyer said in early May 2014. “We have enough time to finish the work, but conditions will be difficult. We take what we can get.”

Even after nearly fifty years, archaeologists say the National Historic Preservation Act is working well. Lynne Sebastian said she once convened a seminar of archaeologists to determine how the law needed to be changed. She asked them to think as broadly as they could and to suggest any way the law and regulations could be altered so that the archaeology could be improved. “What was fascinating was that we found there is nothing wrong with the law or the regulations,” she said. “The problem is in the implementation. There is so much flexibility built into the regulatory process, and people don’t take advantage of it. They get really hidebound about process. All of the things we came up with to improve it are things that could happen tomorrow.”

For Bond, the problem is not in the archaeology but in how the information that is uncovered is made accessible to the public. “We need to show people how we use objects to learn about cultures of the past,” he said. “No one cares that you surveyed so many acres and found so many sites. They want to know what we learned about the lives of the people who lived on those sites.”

Back in Alexandria, Virginia, Garrett Fesler is now working for the city's archaeology department, administering the local ordinance that protects the city's storied past. From his office in an old torpedo factory that has been converted into an artist center, he is only steps from the historic district, which dates to the mid eighteenth century. Much of what he does is compare the historic record with proposed construction sites to see whether anything could be found before the work begins. The code is the reason the city has such a complete historic record, he said, which helps bring in tourists and boost property values.

Just recently, he checked on a site where construction workers had uncovered some early nineteenth-century artifacts. The site had been a tavern and bathhouse going back to the late eighteenth century, and the artifacts had been in a pit dug in the tavern’s basement, most likely in the early 1820s. “It turned out that the owner of this property is very excited to have this,” Fesler said. “He is going to preserve the pit in place and interpret it, then cover it in Lucite and light it and put the artifacts on display.”

Virginia journalist Gil Klein, former national correspondent for Media General News Service in Washington, is past president of the National Press Club and an American University assistant professor. He contributed a story on United States currency to the winter 2014 journal.

Suggestions for further reading:

Section 106 Success Stories: American Council on Historic Preservation:
http://achp.gov/sec106_successes.html

Federal Archaeology Report:
nps.gov/archeology/SRC/INDEX.HTM
Rise & Decline of American Newspapers

How Classified Ads Rode the Arc of Print Journalism

BY BILL O’DONOVAN
The rise and decline of American newspapers follow the arc of classified advertising. The three-liners in the Virginia Gazette of the 1770s, among other things selling goods and services, were the financial underpinning of colonial newspapers.

Short of posting a broadside or depending on word of mouth, small ads were the most effective way to reach people. Simple, straightforward texts—illustrations confined to the occasional woodcut—advertised goods, items lost and found, and help wanted, and provided public notices.

Today they are the crux of such websites as eBay, craigslist, Angie's List, Monster.com, and CareerBuilder.com, online services that have stripped billions in revenue from the nation’s newspapers.
By 1775, three weeklies served Williamsburg under the flag the *Virginia Gazette*. Their advertisements and the news, as well the General Assembly’s public laws published in them, combined to reflect a community discourse of American history.

Public notices from individuals were popular devices for discharging or dodging one’s debts, an idea that has died out. The ads implied that creditors must step up or be written off. Other notices said a person was continuing business under different ownership, and were followed by details of timing and obligations. John Maxwell announced, “I intend to leave the Colony immediately.” We can’t tell whether he was a loyalist returning to England as the American Revolution heated up.

In the summer of 1775, John Dixon and William Hunter’s *Gazette* of June 17 ran a recruitment pitch for the Alexandria fife and drum corps. Candidates had to rent instruments, though music sheets were provided for free. Elsewhere ran this help-wanted ad: “The Volunteer Company of Dinwiddie County would willingly engage with an expert ADJUTANT to instruct them in military Discipline.” News columns reported the cruelty of British soldiers and how they exploited Indians and slaves to rise against the rebels. The offer of a volume of *The Manual Exercise, Ordered by his Majesty in the Year 1764* said the book contained protocols for military parades and instructed readers how to “Charge and Volley by Battalion.” An ad in Alexander Purdie’s *Gazette* read: “I HAVE received 41 SMALL-ARMS, which I would sell on reasonable terms, and have still by me an assortment of SWORDS.”

In Dixon and Hunter’s *Gazette* appears “A list of fortunate numbers” from the lottery of a private school in Maryland. It was difficult to set each letter or blank in vertical columns of type. Imagine parsing thousands of miniscule letters from a Scrabble game. In police-blotter fashion, a notice described two missing bakers: “Shaw is about 5 Feet 10 Inches high, has a swarthy Complexion, dark short frizzled Hair, a long Scar on his right Arm, appears Bold, and talks much.” A woman advertised: “A DECENT young woman wishes to live with a good Family, not very distant from the neighborhood of Petersburg.” She would make her identity known through her references. If only craigslist were so discreet.

Occasionally the advertiser would enhance the message with larger type, symmetrical layout, or...
liberal use of white space. It took hours to set a help-wanted ad for shoemakers that today an amateur artist could do in five minutes with a word-processing program.

In 1776, the pace of the war picked up. July 26, Purdie became the first editor in Virginia to print the Declaration of Independence. He also ran a notice to 1,000 subscribers “who have never paid me a single farthing,” pledging to cut off the deadbeats, a remedy attempted to this day. The next week, an ad sought a surgeon’s mate for the new Continental Hospital in Williamsburg, along with another ad hiring “some NURSES to attend the sick.” Near Fredericksburg, Hunter’s ironworks was advertising for craftsmen “in the manufactory of small arms.” A notice from William Finnie called for bids to be opened in Williamsburg to erect wooden barracks for 1,000 troops and a stable for their horses. Paymaster John Sollard was mortified to advertise that the ten-day payroll for his officers and troops had been stolen. Captain Gabriel Jones appealed for information after his rifle was snatched near Fredericksburg.

Merchant mariners needed sail makers and able-bodied seamen. James Anderson was hiring journeymen gunsmiths and blacksmiths, “Wanting likewise, 8 or 10 healthy BOYS, as apprentices.” As the war took its toll on men and morale, later Gazettes advertised for the whereabouts of deserted soldiers.

Then in 1780 the Capitol was relocated inland to Richmond, and the Gazettes died off in Williamsburg. American newspapers grew during the 1800s and were a way to follow the Civil War. Harper’s Weekly became famous for illustrations by Thomas Nast, notably for the Battle of Gettysburg and the Emancipation Proclamation. The page size expanded as newsprint became more plentiful, and the New York Journal of Commerce spread out three feet tall by six feet wide when opened. According to the advertising agency The Voice, the dominant small classifieds avoided giving any one advertiser an advantage of size. By now they were better illustrated.

Newspapers flourished in the early 1900s despite the expansion of magazines and the introduction of new media. Newsreels captured the explosion of the Hindenburg, and radio panicked millions of people with Orson Welles’s Halloween broadcast, War of the Worlds.

Thomas Nast’s illustrations in Harper’s Weekly, here of the Emancipation Proclamation, were a selling point for the magazine.
World War II riveted attention on newspapers, and that success continued well into the postwar economic expansion. But labor strikes and newspaper shortages hampered operations. One day in 1946, the *Los Angeles Times* had only enough paper to print eight-page copies.

In November 1963, the *CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite* expanded from fifteen minutes to thirty. Cronkite became a media icon for anchoring the coverage of President John F. Kennedy’s assassination. Television news—live, visual, and up-to-the-moment—trumped newspapers. Its immediacy foreshadowed the Internet boom of news and buzz.

The introduction of the TV remote control, or clicker, let viewers shop around for shows without getting up from their couches. The ratings service Nielsen found that good “lead-in” shows at 8:00 p.m. would carry a network through prime time, because people stayed put. The clicker presaged the Internet for instant access.

After the moon landing in 1969, daily newspaper circulation plateaued but was sustained for another decade largely by population growth. Circulation peaked in 1984 at 63 million. Help-wanted ads were a leading indicator of a rebounding economy, because they accurately predicted a rising tide. The arrival of Yahoo and other news websites in the 1990s began to eat into newspaper circulation and advertising revenue, especially classifieds. Within ten years, ad revenue for newspapers declined from 26 percent of all media advertising to 10 percent. Classifieds scattered like buckshot to the Internet—for free.

The free site Craiglist, which debuted in 1995, hurt big-town dailies more than suburban and rural weeklies, because there were more jobs, services, and items for sale in commercial centers than in outlying communities. By 2005, three of four people had access to the Internet at work, allowing them to catch up on news and entertainment in small bites, and on company time if the boss wasn’t looking. They could search for a better job on Craiglist.

A BIT LATE TO THE PARTY, NEWSPAPERS LAUNCHED Internet news sites. Then and now, the ad rates fetched a tenth of what print charged, so the business model was stopgap. Today, for every

Television news siphoned off newspaper readers after Walter Cronkite’s evening news grew to thirty minutes in 1963.
new dollar in digital ad sales, $15 is still lost in declining print ads.

Newspapers have recouped some revenue with a pay wall that charges for digital subscriptions. They’ve also raised the cover price and home delivery rate of the ever-shrinking print edition, punishing surviving print subscribers for their loyalty.

Smartphone apps provide news and buzz instantly. Travelers in airports once had their heads buried in their newspapers; now they focus on their touch screens. The news site Reddit, which bills itself as “the front page of the Internet,” opened in 2005 and says it has millions of discrete readers—“unique visitors”—but by the winter of 2014, had yet to make a profit.

The paid website eBay has a national reach that can match buyers and sellers in the thinnest of markets. You’d be hard-pressed to sell your grandfather’s bagpipes locally, but you can on eBay. On the other hand, no one wants to pay shipping costs for a piano, so a local ad remains relevant.

Google came up with the concept of Ad Words as an opportunity for small retailers. Stores paid only when a reader clicked on their ads. The axiom “Half my advertising budget works, but I don’t know which half” no longer applied. Google stripped bread-and-butter display ad revenue from newspapers, as well as classifieds income.

Localities are required to notify citizens of potential zoning changes, utility hikes, and municipal projects. Public notices have long been a staple of easy revenue for any newspaper that dominates a market through paid circulation. That’s because they are required by law to run in the official paper of record, a throwback to the 1770s.

Legal notices are a municipal subset of public notices. They lack clarity and read like legal documents because, well, they are. Newspapers have made millions from “legals,” charging by the word and encouraging verbosity, not to mention obfuscation. In recent years, a few populist legislators and officials angry at local newspapers have introduced legislation to discontinue newspaper public and legal notices in favor of free Internet exposure. The Virginia Press Association and its state counterparts developed websites to show all these notices in an attempt to placate legislators.

Library of Congress

Newspaper readership grew during World War II, when most major cities has several papers with more than one edition.
With the onset of the Great Recession, media critic Ken Auletta found, newspaper ad revenue declined by 9 percent in 2007 and nearly 18 percent a year later. A third of daily newspaper circulation vanished. By 2012 advertising had stabilized and declined 8.5 percent from a year earlier. Sunday papers held up best—fortuitous, since they are the only editions of the week that are profitable.

Cost-cutting became rampant, with thousands of newspaper jobs eliminated. At least 166 newspapers folded their print editions, among them the Rocky Mountain News and Seattle Post-Intelligencer. A few dailies followed the New Orleans Times-Picayune by scaling back their print frequency to three times a week, because paper, printing, and distribution made up three of the four big costs, after payroll. A T-shirt for sale at the Newseum in Washington captured the idea of a help-wanted ad, “Will write for food.”

Newspapers are not alone. The Pew Research Center reported in 2013 that sports, weather, and traffic absorbed 40 percent of local TV newscasts as story lengths of hard news were curtailed: “On CNN, the cable channel that has branded itself around deep reporting, story packages were cut nearly in half from 2007 to 2012.” Readers and viewers across all media are not fools: “Nearly one-third of the respondents (31 percent) have deserted a news outlet because it no longer provides the news and information they had grown accustomed to.” Pew said the “news industry is more undermanned and unprepared to uncover stories, dig deep into emerging ones or to question information put into its hands.”

Media critics Robert McChesney and John Nichols viewed the decline of news coverage as a threat to democracy and would have government support it with tax subsidies and grants: “Make no mistake, our journalism—even before it was bought out, laid off, downsized and shuttered—was insufficient. Now, however it is indefensible.” Others disagreed, or didn’t care. People can’t do much about unrest in Cyprus or sensational crimes, so they turn to Miley Cyrus and Nancy Grace.

“I thank God there are no free schools nor printing and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them. . . . God keep us from both.”

—Sir William Berkeley

The steady decline in newspaper readership entered a death spiral with the arrival of cable news and the internet. Advertising revenue fell, and journalists and newspapers found themselves out of business.
The press, in the Old Dominion and elsewhere, has faced worse times. In 1671, Virginia Governor Sir William Berkeley wrote, “I thank God there are no free schools nor printing and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them. . . . God keep us from both.” England’s James II told Governor Edmund Andros, “forasmuch as great inconvenience may arise by the liberty of printing within our said territory under your government you are to provide by all necessary orders that no person keep any printing-press for printing, nor that any book, pamphlet or other matters whatsoever be printed without your especial leave and license first obtained.” In 1682, printer William Nuthead established an unlicensed press at Jamestown. The idea enraged Governor Thomas Culpeper, who called him on the carpet and ordered that “no person be permitted to use any press for printing upon any occasion whatsoever.”

It was nearly fifty years before a press was set up in Virginia again. The first newspaper published in the state, William Parks’s Virginia Gazette, appeared in 1736. The name has graced newspapers, off and on, in Williamsburg and elsewhere, ever since, still with classified ads.

Bill O’Donovan is retired from Williamsburg’s Virginia Gazette. He contributed “A Secret American Historic Site: The CIA’s Clandestine Royal Retreat” to the winter 2014 journal.

Suggestions for further reading:

Ken Auletta, Googled: The End of the World as We Know It (New York, 2010).
Lloyd Chiasson Jr., The Press in Times of Crisis (Westport, CT, 1995).
I’LL MAKE ASSURANCE DOUBLE SURE
AND TAKE A BOND OF FATE.

—Macbeth, Act IV, Scene 1

In the twenty-first century, being more safe than sorry provides employment for countless thousands of accountants involved in what came to be known as the actuarial science. All are eager to write policies to protect almost anything from a shipload of bricks to a tenor’s throat. Paying someone to cover our potential losses is by no means a new idea, but colonial America was slow to establish the laws of probability that gave a profit edge to the provider.

The origins of protection against loss have been traced back to the third millennium BC, when Chinese merchants shipping goods down dangerous rivers and stormy seas elected to spread a single cargo across several ships. The rules of maritime insurance are said to have been laid down by Jewish moneylenders when they were expelled from France in 1182 as “a means to facilitate the transporting of their effects.” However, a contradictory history had it that it was “the Merchants of Marseilles who set on foot this kind of commerce.” Comparable consortia had existed in European ports such as Barcelona in the thirteenth century, and the key Dutch center of Bruges a hundred years later.

In truth, that kind of insurance was founded in common sense and did not involve paying someone else to underwrite the loss. In England, in 1574, Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to create a Chamber of Insurance, whose purpose was to maintain records of all current and past policies and to make the information available should disputes arise. That chamber, therefore, was not in the business of insuring, but only of providing us with evidence that insurance policies were being written.

At the outset assurance agreements were made by word of mouth, but as a 1738 London Cyclopaedia noted, “Of late that honesty is become less frequent among traders, they have been constantly in writing.” At that date, insurance (or assurance) was defined as “security given in consideration of a sum of money paid in hand, to make good ships, merchandizes, houses, &c., to the value of that which the premium is received, in case of loss by storm, pirates, fire, or the like.”

One tends to think of Lloyds as England’s principal eighteenth-century maritime insurer, but the Cyclopaedia gives the credit to Amsterdam, where there were more than fifty insurers, adding that “their wealth and character was such, that a man never fails of an assurer, by the countries or ports what they will, the cargo ever so rich, or the dangers ever so imminent.” The renowned Lloyds Corporation had its roots among the tables of a London coffeehouse in Tower Street, owned in 1688 by one Edward Lloyd. Its location close to the Customs House and New Key shipping wharfs was a convenient gathering place for ships’ officers and traders known as ships’ husbands. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, insurance
gambling had outpaced coffee sipping as the key to Lloyd’s success. In his coffeehouse, his customers assembled all available maritime news, both good and bad. In 1734 their news gathering evolved into a newspaper titled *Lloyd’s List and Shipping Gazette*, a still-existing publication. In 1710 satirist Richard Steele described the coffeehouse as being equipped with “a pulpit for auctions,” on which a boy “reads every paper with a loud voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors.”

Lloyd’s coffeehouse had been built after the Great Fire of 1666, but the nature of its clientele suggests that although the enormous cost of rebuilding the city remained on most Londoners’ minds, Lloyd’s focused only on ships and their cargoes. However, the earliest record of a life-insurance policy in

**The uninsured loss of a ship and its cargo affected relatively few, but the threat of fire was present every time a homeowner lit a candle.**
England stems from 1583 and is thought to mirror the terms already established for marine insurance.

The uninsured loss of a ship and its cargo affected relatively few, but the threat of fire was present every time a homeowner lit a candle. In London by the early eighteenth century, therefore, at least four major fire insurance companies were established: the Royal Exchange Assurance, the Sun Fire Office, the Hand-in-Hand Fire Office, and the Phoenix. Each not only provided its policyholders with monetary relief but also protected its own interests by trying to quench a blaze before it could get expensive.

That being the age of sartorial fine feathers, anybody who was anybody had somebody to wear his uniform. The fire insurance companies were no different, and provided uniforms and helmets that rivaled those of military regiments, each with its special-order buttons. A large Hand-in-Hand coat button has been found in the River Thames, as has a small vest button for the Sun Fire Office. More surprising is another Thames treasure, a gilded brass button from the West of England Fire and Life Insurance Company, founded in 1807, which opened a London office in 1829. Although a descendent of that provincial company was still in business in 2014, the original firm self-destructed in 1887 following a fire in an Exeter theater that took the lives of 150 playgoers. The recovered button was made by Firmin & Sons, a manufacturer in business since 1655, which during the American Civil War supplied the Confederacy with buttons for its navy and the Virginia Military Institute.

H owever, it was not only the fancy buttons of insurance companies’ employees that heralded their presence. Throughout the eighteenth century policyholders were provided with a decorative sign to attach to their buildings. Thus, for example, the Royal Exchange Company’s emblem carried its founding date of 1720 and a low-relief rendering of the handsome Royal Exchange building—which embarrassingly burned down in 1838, as did the old Lloyd’s coffeehouse.

Although clients were required to display their fire insurance company’s emblem, it was not the most satisfactory means of identification. The early signs were cast in lead that quickly weathered and were hard to see at night, and worse, if the firefighters were slow to arrive, the lead was liable

“AIR THEIR WEALTH AND CHARACTER WAS SUCH, THAT A MAN NEVER FAILS OF AN ASSURER, BY THE COUNTRIES OR PORTS WHAT THEY WILL, THE CARGO EVER SO RICH, OR THE DANGERS EVER SO IMMINENT.”

—Cyclopaedia
to melt. Team spirit and competition were keys to the companies’ locker rooms and led to altercations between say, the Phoenix and the Hand-in-Hand, if there was doubt about whose house was burning. Alternatively, if the Sun team showed up and failed to find its sign, its wagons would back off and let the horses enjoy the spectacle from a safe distance.

This capricious and inefficient practice continued until 1833, when the insurance companies pooled their resources to form the London Fire Engine Establishment. It quickly became apparent that eighty employees and nineteen fire stations were only as effective as their equipment, which was no better than it had been in the eighteenth century. By 1833, a steam-driven pump was off the drawing board, yet brigade managements preferred to stay with the tried and true, namely a hand pump backed up with leather buckets. The last horse-drawn engine would not rattle out of its London station until 1921.

In Colonial America, insurance companies were even slower to take root, their absence explained by the wide range of potentially coverable disasters and the amount of research needed by actuaries to determine, for example, the size of premiums needed to cover farms in wooded areas as opposed to others in open fields, where fires were rare.

In his frequent trips to England, the ever-inquiring Benjamin Franklin realized that Philadelphians were woefully unprotected. Equally important was his realization that money was to be made by rectifying the omission. Consequently, in 1752 Franklin founded the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire. In its first year 143 policies were written under the names of seventy subscribers, who were pleased to learn that none of their properties had burned.
ell on board Said Ship, & should out of time please to Add 50 Pounds more as you Shall think proper.”

As modern-day transatlantic tourists well know, the cost of trip insurance can add appreciably to the budget, particularly when traveling aboard crowded cruise liners. The old public warning that coughs and sneezes spread diseases was as valid on eighteenth-century ships as it would become in twenty-first-century subways. It could be argued, therefore, that only fools and jackasses would risk avoiding the premiums. One of them, it appears, was English shipper John Bloome, who in the 1790s owned the frigate Hopewell. Someone, probably his wife, gave him a puzzle jug bearing a picture of his ship but substituting the usual mermaid or Neptune figurehead with a carefully painted jackass. Had John Bloome forgotten Macbeth’s admonition and failed to pay his premium?

Archaeologist and long-time contributor Ivor Noël Hume wrote “The Mind of Miss Mary Johnson” for the spring 2014 journal.
The Enlightenment’s Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wrote, “Museums should never be finished, but boundless, and always in motion.” Museums are treasuries of the tangible past. Goethe, a German writer and polymath who lived from 1749 to 1832, believed history also should be in a kind of perpetual motion, always having new life breathed into some part of it. No less than we do today, he wanted historians to be tirelessly circling back on the past, looking anew, from fresh angles, asking different questions, testing new theories.

Museums were being established in the infant societies on the Atlantic seaboard of America during Goethe’s lifetime. Although new, communities here considered they had a past worth preserving for the present and the future to study, to learn from, and to ask questions of.

Above, three stages in the portrait of Anne Byrd Carter by William Dering—from left, upon acquisition in 1960s, after the 1970s treatment, and after the 2013 treatment.
Portraits have suffered time’s wear, just as the buildings and the communities they were part of have.

That impulse has not faltered. Two centuries after Goethe wrote, new aspects of the past are still turning up, making it different from what we thought before. Not only new thoughts, insights, and methods but also, and more concretely, old letters from distant attics, ancient objects that curators never knew existed, items and facts brought out of the ground or water by archaeologists. All such things change the past, subtly or significantly.

In its more than seventy-five years, Colonial Williamsburg has from time to time revised its past—some would say reinvented it. All elements of its history, what founder John D. Rockefeller Jr. called its sacred ground, its documents, its buildings, as well as its objects of art, are under continuing scrutiny and reevaluation. Simple, often enumerative words in black ink on white paper have been reinterpreted, considered from vantage points not before imagined, transported from their two-hundred-year-old contexts into new significances. Something so apparently straightforward as furniture has been shown to come from different places than previously thought, sometimes from different continents, fashioned by makers never before recognized. China styles and ingredients, in whole or in pieces, attest to different ways of life, or just different daily choices, than earlier believed.

Constant practice of archaeology has produced some of the biggest changes to the past. Take a field or a backyard and dig in it and your knowledge of its place in history may be changed, however much you think you have studied it. And during Colonial Williamsburg’s existence, the art and science of archaeology have been refined.

The first archaeologists to dig in Williamsburg had been trained to look on different continents for objects that were thousands of years old. Evidence of life in their own neighborhoods, fifteen or so decades before them, might have seemed child’s play, though, of course, these men took Rockefeller’s assignments seriously. Today’s archaeologists search for things as microscopic as phytoliths—two-hundred-year-old pollen—or human parasite evidence, or similar tiny traces of life as it evolved during the colonial period. These refinements have filled out our understanding of the past.

Let us use Colonial Williamsburg’s portrait of Anne Byrd Carter as an example. When it and a companion portrait were offered as gifts in the early 1960s, their condition problems did not deter Colonial Williamsburg staff from accepting them. Likenesses of one-time Williamsburg residents are rare. Evaluation of family history and the pictures’ visual style pointed to a credible identification of them as of Ann Byrd Carter and her husband, Charles Carter of Cleve. Documents showed the couple lived on Palace Green in the 1740s when they were first married.

It is likely that their portraits descended to their great grandson, Robert Otway Carter, who had moved from Virginia to Oxford, Mississippi, by
the time of the Civil War. Family lore says that when Union troops approached, the portraits were removed from their frames, folded several times—physical evidence confirms this—and stowed for safekeeping under the front porch of the house.

Family dispersal, among the other uncertainties of the Reconstruction period, meant the portraits remained folded for eighty years, moldering away, losing hundreds of tiny chips of original paint.

About 1950, a cousin of the family, an antiquarian, took the paintings and had them conserved. Given the handling the portraits had endured to save them, it might seem uncharitable to criticize this latter-day treatment. Other early Virginia portraits suffered comparable or worse maltreatment from so-called restorers in this region during the post–Civil War decades.

The coarse appearance of the face prompted me, as the newly arrived curator in the mid-1970s, to seek further conservation of this portrait. Fresh curiosity and updated research into Virginia’s early portraits precipitated this. Curatorial colleagues recommended a conservator in the Washington, DC, area with modern qualifications and excellent credentials. Since there had been so much damage and the recent work was hardly up to standard, it was going to be a long and arduous process. The result was unsatisfactory. We told ourselves that the painting’s hard life would always affect its appearance.

Almost forty years later, with a resident paintings conservator on Colonial Williamsburg’s staff, a book and exhibition on early paintings in the South, and new technology at hand, a further exploration of this damaged artifact was undertaken. To untrained eyes, the results may not seem dramatic, but to those of us used to looking at early Virginia portraits, they are revealing.

In the 1970s, a tentative attribution to the Williamsburg painter William Dering had been possible. Now there is no doubt. The only portrait William Dering signed—the comparative document—is also at Colonial Williamsburg. It too was treated for the
exhibit and showed the same methods of drawing and handling of paint. Compare the two women’s faces. Drawing details in the eyes, nose, and cupid’s-bow lips are identical, and the combinations of color shades are the same. Since the Carters lived across Palace Green from Dering in the 1740s, their choice of him to paint her portrait was obvious.

Colonial Williamsburg’s Shelley Svoboda found that more original paint had survived than thought. Much had been covered by the 1950s treatment, some by that of 1975. It was decided to tolerate irregularities in the surface plane in the cause of exhibiting every possible fragment of original paint. Now visible were the relative delicacy of details of the face and figure, and features like lawn bowls in the middle ground—perhaps the earliest representation of this game in the colonies. Finials on fence posts can be seen, similar to those found at Ann Carter’s ancestral home, Westover. Documents prove that Dering had been William Byrd II’s guest there.

Overpainting from the 1970s treatment of the Carter portrait obscured original detail.

Dering is not a major figure in the history of early American art, but for Colonial Williamsburg he is important. His pictures, some of them engaging, are rare representations of people of the area.

Rarer than the Carter likeness is a pair of William Nelson family portraits believed to be the sole surviving Virginia examples of the work of colonial American painter Robert Feke, and given to Colonial Williamsburg by a descendant in the mid-1980s. Their rarity overrode their condition problems, too. Although they had not been handled

The portrait as it appeared after overpainting from earlier treatments in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries had been removed.
The portrait of Anne Byrd Carter, by William Dering, after the 2013 treatment
as badly as the Carter portraits, they had suffered in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries at the hands of unqualified restorers.

Another specialist in the region, who had already worked for Colonial Williamsburg, was charged with conserving these portraits in the late 1980s. Once again, the treatment was long and tedious, and once again the results disappointed—though the portrait's appearance improved.

Twenty-five years later, Svoboda reexamined the portraits for the book and exhibit. The same goal of trying to recover the earliest paint layers prevailed—with equally strong results. The blank quality of Mrs. Nelson's face, which we had tolerated for a quarter of a century, gave way to a lively, sensitive countenance, consistent with Feke's documented work in the other colonies. The hand holding the flower seems like a warm extension of the sitter's personality.

As with so many early Virginia portraits, the effects of two wars fought over the terrain and an often-hostile climate are visible and always will be. Now, however, with skill, dedication, and new technology, we can show Colonial Williamsburg guests the extent of the painters' abilities and convey an idea of how those ladies and their gentlemen wished posterity to see them.

Retired Colonial Williamsburg vice president of collections and museums Graham Hood contributed “Portraying Early Virginia’s Young” to the autumn 2012 journal.

Shelley Svoboda

The 2011 conservation treatment of the Robert Feke portrait of Mrs. William Nelson

In conserving Robert Feke's portrait of Mrs. William Nelson, Shelley Svoboda removed unoriginal materials, including materials from the 1987 treatment, which used synthetic varnishes and modern retouching and filling materials.

Svoboda found materials from even earlier treatments below the 1987 ones, consisting of traditional filling materials and broad overpaint characteristic of oil-based material. All of those unoriginal materials, however, had been applied broadly over small losses of original paint, with each treatment covering more and more of the original. In the end, an estimated 80% of surviving original paint had been covered by overpaint, all of which was removed in the 2011 treatment.

Shelley Svoboda
The portrait of Mrs. William Nelson, by Robert Feke, after the 2012 treatment
ARTIST HARRY GRANT DART PUBLISHED IN the August 16, 1911, issue of the humor magazine *Puck* this panorama of the nation's first summer capital. The tennis court refers to the French Revolution. Note the Executive Office at left, and the Pinkerton man eyeing the suffragettes at right. William Howard Taft was president at the time, and made his summer White House at a friend's estate in Beverly, Massachusetts.
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