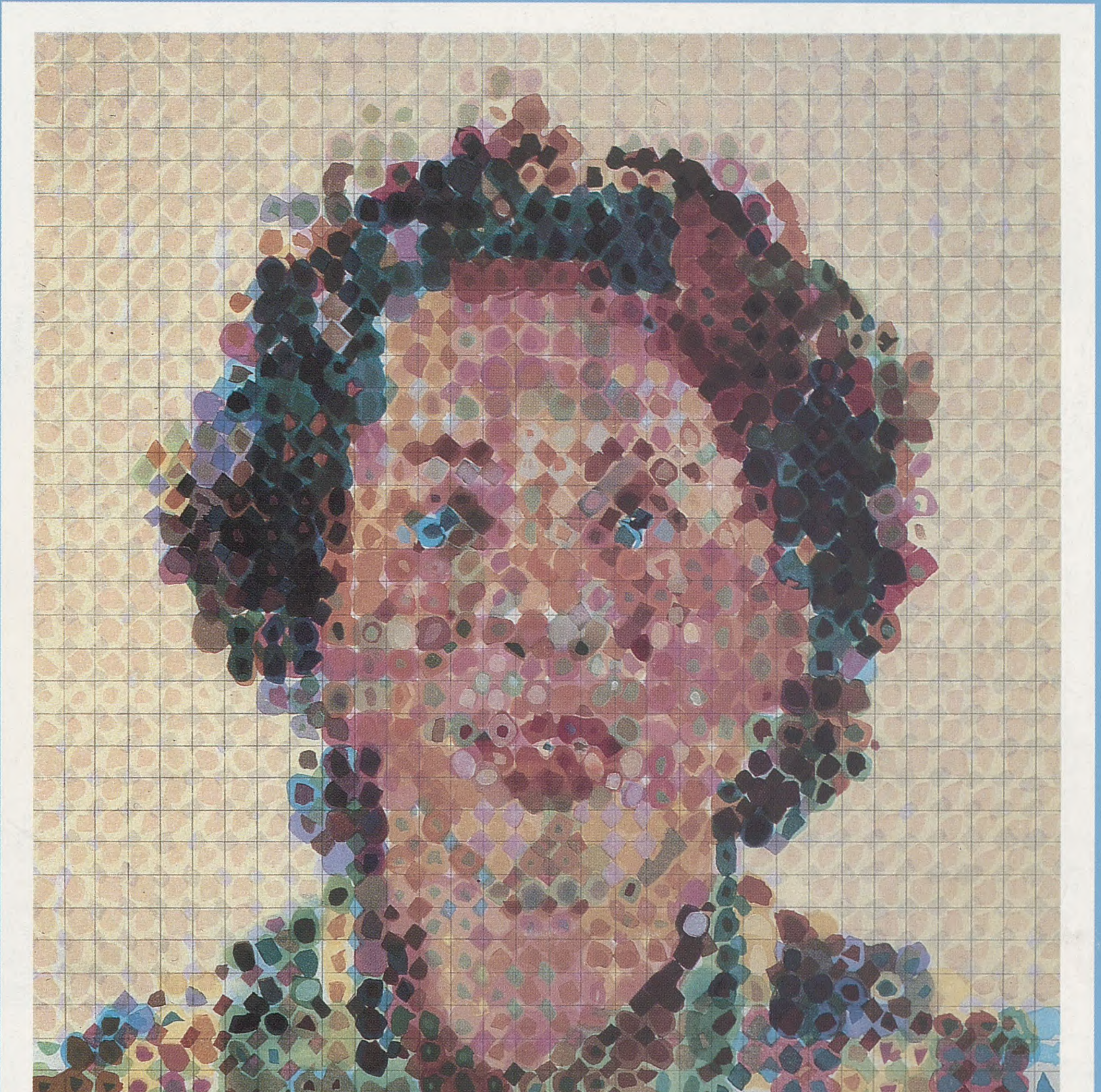
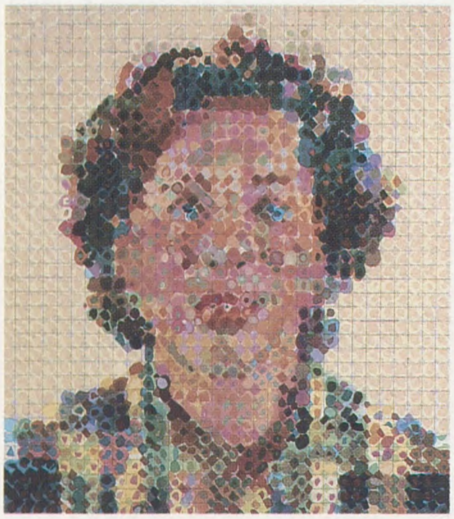
WILLIAM & MARY

THE ALUMNI GAZETTE MAGAZINE • WINTER 1988





On the Cover

The cover illustration is a woodblock print entitled *Leslie* by American artist Chuck Close. This ukiyo-e style print was produced in Japan in the traditional manner, using 19 ink colors and 51 linden woodblocks printed a total of 117 times in an edition limited to 150 prints.

Published in 1986, *Leslie* is the artist's first color print. It is based on a watercolor especially made for this project in which Close developed a loose, diamond-shaped incremental mark to develop a striking, vividly colorful image that invites the viewer to contemplate the nature of seeing.

This print was recently acquired by the Joseph and Margaret Muscarelle Museum of Art through the Museum Acquisition Fund.

WILLIAM&MARY

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Publishing Director .... W. BARRY ADAMS
Managing Editor .... S. DEAN OLSON
Editorial Assistant .... MARY ANN WILLIAMSON
Editorial Assistant .... JAMES B. HATCHER
Composition .... SYLVIA B. COLSTON
Design .... JUNE SKALAK

J. Edward Grimsley '51, *President,* Richmond, VA; Lesley Ward '63, *Vice President,* New York, NY: Jerry Van Voorhis '63, *Secretary,* Chatham, VA; Harriett L. Stanley '72, *Treasurer,* New York, NY; A. Marshall Acuff, Jr., '62, Riverside, CT; William A. Armbruster '57, Blackstone, VA; John S. Entwisle '44, Williamsburg, VA; Vernon L. Nunn '25, Williamsburg, VA; William T. Prince '55, Norfolk, VA; Charles L. Quittmeyer '40, Williamsburg, VA; S. Warne Robinson '37, Williamsburg, VA; Carolyn Todd Schaubach '59, Norfolk, VA; Ann-Meade Baskervill Simpson '65, Virginia Beach, VA; Helen Thomson Stafford '48, Princeton, NJ; Warren E. Winston '73, Bowie MD.

Ralph Sazio '48:

The Miracle Worker of the Argonauts

By CHARLES M. HOLLOWAY

A lifelong winner, he converted Toronto's football team from a national joke into a national champion.

"I still remember going to Canada in 1950 as an 'immigrant,'" Ralph Sazio says. "Carl Voyles recruited me for the Hamilton Tiger Cats. That was the third time in my life he had used his famous persuasion on me. He wasn't called 'the silver tongue' for nothing." Ralph laughs.

"My wife, Rose, and I drove up in a pouring rain, pulling our few possessions in a U-Haul trailer. The tarpaulin leaked and the guys at the border felt sorry for us when we passed customs about 3 o'clock in the morning, so it was no big deal."

Sazio '48 is sitting in the executive offices of the Toronto Argonaut football team overlooking the whitecaps on Lake Ontario. On a warm, windy summer's day, he has blocked out time from his busy schedule as president of the Argonauts to reminisce about earlier days, his long and successful career in sports, and his life as a Canadian.

Today, at 65, Sazio remains only a few pounds over his playing weight and still has thick, sinewy arms and muscular sloping shoulders. He wears a short-sleeved shirt with a tan and blue striped tie, and on his wrist a gold digital watch. As he talks, he occasionally twists the most recent Canadian Football League (CFL) championship ring on his right hand. He has a healthy tan and his brown hair is touched lightly with gray at the temples. He appears to be in total command of his operation, and his brown eyes are warm and friendly as he talks about the past.

But when occasional phone calls on his private line interrupt, the eyes narrow in concentration, taking on a sudden sternness. The lines around his mouth tighten as he crisply makes decisions on personnel, schedules and momentary business crises.

Now president of the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League, Ralph Sazio '48 has the same formidable presence he had as a co-captain of two Tribe teams that played in post-season bowls.

Ralph still looks and moves like a football player. There is a Maddenesque quality about him: burly, straight-talking, genial — but with an inner strength of spring steel.

"I could never play today," he says. "I'd be much too small. These guys are huge — six foot seven or eight and 250 to 300 pounds, and really strong."

At William and Mary in 1947, he was listed at 6' 1" and 215 pounds, and described as "big, powerful and dangerous." He was named to the All State and All Southern Conference teams and co-captained a squad that went to two post-season bowl games, losing to Arkansas 21-19 in the Dixie Bowl and then beating Oklahoma A. & M. 20-0 in the Delta Bowl the next year.

Sazio, who played tackle on the College's powerhouse postwar football teams, was named to the William and Mary Hall of Fame in 1973. He went to Canada to play for the Tiger Cats and began a spectacular career as player, coach and manager that led to his current position as president of the Toronto Argos in the Canadian Football League.

He has been called dictator, Scrooge and cheapskate, but also widely praised as "an astute businessman who knows football flesh and psychology, the art of teaching and the importance of the work ethic." Some regard him as the Benedict Arnold of the Tiger Cats; others see him as the miracle worker of the Argos.

Clearly, his victories and successes off and on the field far overshadow the cavils of critics and opponents. When Ralph broke his long association with Hamilton and joined the Argonauts in August of 1981, he restored to Toronto the winning tradition that has been his lifelong trademark.

Within two years he reversed the fortunes of a hapless Toronto team and took it to the national championship. As one writer put it, he converted the team from "Canada's national joke into the country's champion." During his first six years as president, the Argos recorded four first place Eastern Division finishes and captured the coveted Grey Cup in 1983 (the equivalent of winning the NFL Super Bowl).

How did he pull off the "miracle of '83," one of the most startling turnabouts in Canadian sports? "When I got there the attitude of the organization was terrible. There was absolutely no *esprit de corps* among the players. Football was playing second fiddle to a festival-type atmosphere, which was totally out of place. Nobody really seemed to care about winning football games. Or losing them, for that matter."

Sazio reshuffled the whole organization and its structure, from the coaching staff to the front office. He even moved desks and other furniture. He got new coaches and scouts, and demanded a new emphasis on pride and discipline.

"I'd rather gain someone's respect than be regarded as a jolly-type guy with nothing between his ears," Ralph once said.

Sazio has been called dictator, Scrooge and cheapskate, but also widely praised as "an astute businessman who knows football flesh and psychology, the art of teaching and the importance of the work ethic."

A Toronto writer offered another perspective of Ralph's style: "He had a faculty for cooling out hot dogs or replacing them with mean, low-key, productive players."

Through the years, Sazio has been involved in intermittent warfare with the media — as have so many sports executives in the states. In 1984, he told a writer:

"The media today has changed . . . . everybody is negative. The thing that annoys me the most about media people is they refuse to accept the facts. . . . I can show contracts and other things, but they don't believe it and write something the exact opposite. Maybe one thing is that I expect perfection. That's my problem." Or is it?

Sazio's tactics and results did not surprise those who knew him or his record. In over 30 years with Hamilton, he was involved with five consecutive playoffs and three Grey Cup victories. In 1968, he became general manager of the Tiger Cats, and four years later, after a national championship, Ralph took over as club president. He is the fourth most successful coach in CFL history, with a winning percentage just over 70 percent.

His new base in Toronto is only about 35 miles away from Hamilton, and the two cities are bitter sports rivals, especially in football. Toronto is a tourist's paradise, a delight to the eye, sparkling in sunlight or snow, clean, modern, energetic and cosmopolitan. It nourishes a wide variety of cultural events — theatre, music and art — and features a stylish glassed-in shopping arcade five stories tall and several blocks long. Business, industry, Great Lakes shipping and sports activities converge on the splendid Ontario waterfront.

Toronto has, in fact, become the hub for sports mania in the province — hockey, baseball, football — you name it. At this very moment, rising majestically from the lakefront mud and shale is a triumph of modern engineering and entrepreneurship, Metro Stadium, a huge concrete and steel complex whose proportions threaten the New Orleans Super Dome. And this one will have a retractable roof!

At the cost of more than $242 million, the project is going up at the base of the Canadian National Tower, one of the world's tallest structures. And, more important, the Dome is scheduled for completion in April of 1989, in time for the football and baseball seasons, and, if need be, a Canadian World Series.

That's the way they think up there, and Ralph Sazio has been one of the prime movers in the new wave of sports enthusiasm.

His offices are in Exhibition Stadium, just around the curve of the lake from downtown. The Argos share the stadium with the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team, which is still in the thick of an American League pennant drive. The entry to their ground floor suite features large wooden footballs shaped into door handles, while next door, the Blue Jays favor baseball bats. Just outside, dozens of early morning customers are lined up for tickets to both franchises.

As he looks out over the lake, Sazio continues his recollections.

"I guess I first met Carl Voyles (William and Mary football coach from 1939 to 1942) in 1941 when he helped recruit me for William and Mary. I had a pretty good academic record in high school, and I had made the Metro (New York area) all-star team, so I had offers from Notre Dame and North Carolina State, among others.

"But Carl had a network of alumni looking for good kids, and by chance one of them found me while I was still in high school in East Orange, N.J. I was caddying to make a little money, and happened to carry for a William and Mary man who knew Carl.

"I went down to Williamsburg in 1941, by train, and I fell in love with the place as soon as I arrived. It's still a favorite place for me. My wife and I get back whenever we can, and you know that my brother, Gerry, followed me to William and Mary a few years later.

(Gerry Sazio '55 and his wife Dorothy Bailey '53, both graduated from the College. Dorothy earned her master's degree in 1969. Gerry lives in Virginia Beach and also serves as an American scout for the Argos, drawing on his many years of experience working for the Canadian Football League.)

"I played in 1941 as a freshman and again in 1942, on a regular basis, with guys like Marv Bass (now a coach with Denver in the NFL).

After he finished college, Sazio was drafted by the Pittsburgh Steelers of the NFL and by Buffalo of the All-America Conference. But Carl Voyles engineered a trade to get Sazio to join his Brooklyn Dodgers, and he played in old Ebbetts Field before the All-America Conference folded in 1949.

"Most of us had to work hard to make ends meet in those days. I had an outside job cutting hair — I even did a few of the players. My father was a barber, you know, and that's how I learned."

Raconteur and sports fan Lenny Graves '35, a longtime clothing store owner in Williamsburg, remembers how he and other merchants helped team members in those earlier, more innocent days. "Each week during football season they would select a player of the week," Graves says, "and he would come over to our store for a gift — a shirt or sports coat — maybe a suit. It was all in good spirit, honest and open, just our way of helping support football."

"Sure, I remember that, and I remember Lenny and his store. Everybody wanted to make player of the week. Those were great days — and in many ways, they were uncertain days, too. A lot of us were in the Air Corps reserve, and we knew we would be called up at some point.

"I especially remember December of '42; it must have been at the very end of our season, and Dean Lambert (J. Wilfred Lambert '27) had developed this sort of ritual of coming out on the balcony in Trinkle Hall, where we all ate together, and reading out the names of those called up from the reserves.

"I didn't get called at first, and I was almost disappointed. But then, in early 1943 I did get called and served until 1946.

"Along with a lot of top players, I returned to the College in 1946-47 and played two more years. Some had played on good service teams, and we were a bit older on the average, maybe 24 or 25. We had good teams then, and a tough schedule. (It was the era of Charlie "Choo Choo" Justice at Carolina.)

"We did pretty well. We won nine in 1947 and seven the next year. We had guys like Knox Ramsey on the team and Robert Steckroth; my co-captain Lou Creekmur, and George Hughes and Randy Davis. (Hughes went on to be captain of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Davis has recently served as a member of the College's Board of Visitors.)

"We enjoyed those days in Williamsburg," Ralph continues. "My wife and I had been married the previous December up in her hometown, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. She had a job working at the College library, and we lived over next to St. Bede's on Richmond Road.

"But you know, not many of us had an eye on playing professional ball in those days. We were mainly concerned with getting a good education and finishing our degree. I must say that William and Mary did a helluva job on us. When we came out of the service, about a dozen of us on the team made the dean's list, and almost everyone graduated."

Scotty Cunningham '43, former executive vice president of the Society of the Alumni, remembers the years bridging World War II — the returning veterans, and the student-athletes like Sazio who were in residence. "Academic standards were pretty high in those days," he says. "The distribution requirements were in effect, and these were serious people. They had served all over the world. So there was a cosmopolitan feeling on the campus then. And they were good athletes. The chemistry and the atmosphere seemed just right."

After he finished college, Sazio was drafted by the Pittsburgh Steelers of the NFL and by Buffalo in the All-America Conference. "I signed with Buffalo, but not long after, Carl Voyles engineered his second recruiting job. He worked out a trade to get me to join his Brooklyn Dodgers, and we actually played that season in old Ebbetts Field before the All-America Conference folded in 1949.

"During that period in the New York area, I had completed my master's degree at Columbia, and took a teaching job in McKeesport, Pa. And you know who the guy was that got me the job? Jackie Freeman, from William and Mary.

"It was a good year for us there. I taught social studies and coached football, track and wrestling. I really enjoyed teaching. In fact, I was already making plans to go back to Columbia for my doctorate when Carl came along once more.

"He was my real mentor. He was like a father to me through the years. He had gone up to coach the Tiger Cats in Hamilton, and he persuaded me to come up for a look. I'd never been to Canada, but he convinced me that it was the land of opportunity. He pointed out that I could have a full-time job playing and helping coach, and also work days selling life insurance. Not only that, but my football salary would be three times what I was earning as a teacher in McKeesport. I guess economics and curiosity won out, and we moved in 1950."

Interestingly, the arrival of Carl Voyles and Ralph Sazio coincided with the rapid growth and expansion of Canadian football. Both men played key roles in developing and advancing the sport during more than three decades.

As the Tiger Cats prospered, so did Sazio, as coach, manager and businessman. After two years of playing, he became a full-time assistant coach and continued to sell insurance. He had received his Chartered Life Underwriter (CLU), the basic credential in the field, and he specialized in business insurance.

"This kind of background in business and management obviously helped prepare me for the front office jobs that came along in Hamilton and here," Ralph says. "I became head coach of the Cats in 1963, and we won the Grey Cup three times, including 1967, which was my last year of active coaching. And it also happened to be the year that Canada was celebrating its 100th anniversary of confederation. At that point, the manager of the Hamilton club became commissioner of the CFL, and I bought him out."

During the 1950s and 1960s, Canada attracted growing numbers of American players — and the re-styled game of the CFL also began to build fans and supporters in every province.

As Sazio talks about his own transition to a new life in Canada, he occasionally glances out the windows at traffic streaming along the lakeshore freeway. He gestures at the mementos and framed pictures on the office walls. "Football is almost a hundred years old up here," he notes. "It began as the British game of Rugby, which has been gradually modified to look a lot more like the American game — but only since the 1930s, really."

He points at a fading sepia print of the Argonaut Club, c. 1921, with the stalwarts in their striped jerseys and sox. "Those were the champs then, and note that they wore no shoulder pads, or very few of any kind."

Nineteen nine was a significant year in the early history of Canadian football because it was then that Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, first donated the trophy that became symbolic of the national championship — the Grey Cup. In that year, the University of Toronto won the cup, and some 3,800 people attended the game, generating gross revenues of just over $2,600. With the formation of the Canadian Rugby Union, public interest began to grow. By 1921, some 9,000 attended the championship game, and income approached $10,000.

The advent of some American coaches speeded up the nature and style of the game. The traditional mayhem of the scrum was replaced by the snap-back from center, and by 1931, the forward pass had been introduced. By the time of the 1938 Grey Cup in Toronto (the Argos beat the Winnipeg Blue Bombers), the game had more or less reached its present format, and the crowd was over 18,000.

To the casual viewer, the American and Canadian games appear similar, and anyone watching a few minutes on television would probably not notice many basic differences. The field in Canada,

Sazio, who played tackle on the powerhouse postwar football teams, was named to William and Mary's Hall of Fame in 1973. His teams played Arkansas in the Dixie Bowl and Oklahoma A. & M. in the Delta Bowl.

of course, is bigger, 110 yards long and 65 yards wide, with an end zone 25 yards deep. But this perspective is easily accepted. Secondly, there are 12 men on a Canadian team, and only three downs are allowed for each possession. There are four 15-minute quarters, and the scoring is pretty much the same, though in addition to touchdowns and field goals, Canadian scoring provides one point for a "rouge," which occurs if a team fails to run punts or kicks out of the end zone.

"Basically, our game is fast-moving and exciting," Sazio says. "The quarterback is the key. He has to be mobile, a good runner and passer. But the spacing of the lines, requiring offensive and defensive players to be a full yard apart, also makes a big difference, and obviously puts a premium on speed and quickness.

"We have had a lot of good American players up here, including quarterbacks," he says. "I had one of the best, Condredge Holloway from Tennessee, who holds a lot of the records for passing and offense. Joe Theismann was here, of course, and, earlier, players like Bernie Faloney from Maryland and Joe Kapp."

However, despite the perception that Americans predominate, Sazio points out that the ratio is pretty much 50-50, with a good share of talent each year coming from Canadian sources.

The Argo roster of first-year players in the summer of 1987, for instance, included men from the University of Manitoba, York University, Western Ontario and Wilfrid Laurier University, as well as those from Hampton, Maryland, Holy Cross, Colgate, Clemson — and William and Mary. Quarterback Stan Yagiello, who set many passing records at the College in 1984 and 1985, unfortunately did not make the team in face of stiff competition from the likes of John Congemi (Pitt) and Gilbert Renfro (Ottawa).

"As in the States, football has become big business up here," Sazio says. "It has really accelerated in the last 20 years or so."

In 1955, nearly 40,000 attended the title game (which the Argos won), and revenues approached $200,000 for the first time. But just six years later, the season registered 2 million paid admissions and income jumped to $8 million.

"By 1986," he adds, "the average gate was about 3.4 million and the revenue had risen accordingly, with TV and advertising."

The size, scope and versatility of the monstrous new Metro Dome rising on the Toronto lakeshore will have direct impact on the future of the Argonaut franchise, especially in the 1990s. The facility will also include a 458-room hotel, and everything will be within walking distance of many downtown businesses, restaurants, conference centers and museums.

There seems little doubt that Ralph Sazio will be involved in all this. It is hard to imagine him retired, and he probably won't reach that status any time in the near future. He simply has too much to do right now.

Canadian football — in all its ramifications — has been his passion. But it has not been his whole life by far. As he told an interviewer last year, "I try to balance my pace and my home life as much as I can. Thank God, Rose is such a marvelously supportive and understanding partner . . . . she understands and accepts my 25-hour day."

In addition to his executive duties and travel around Canada, Ralph has through the years taken on a number of volunteer and charitable activities, including the presidency of the Catholic Childrens Aid Society in Hamilton, the Alcohol Research Foundation, and both the YMCA and CYO in Hamilton.

Within this demanding time frame, Ralph does somehow find time for his family. And time to indulge in some of his other interests: travel ("Rose and I have been to every major place in the world"), good books, pasta and his two faithful Dobermans.

The Sazios live in Burlington, a suburb of Hamilton. Their daughter, Peggy, a nurse, lives next door. "We've never moved since 1953," Ralph says. "Except once, just around the corner. I still commute to work, about 35 miles. Even after all these years, I don't always think in terms of kilometers."

His son, Mark, a graduate of the University of Toronto, now lives and works in the city. Two grandsons, born and bred Canadians, brighten the lives of the Sazios.

"We're Canadians through and through," Ralph says. "About 15 years ago, Rose and I decided to become citizens. It wasn't an easy decision, but both our kids were born here and went to school here. To a large degree, we did it for them, and they couldn't have been happier. Not only that, but most of my professional life has been here. And there were other considerations, too, questions of inheritance, property and taxation if I should die."

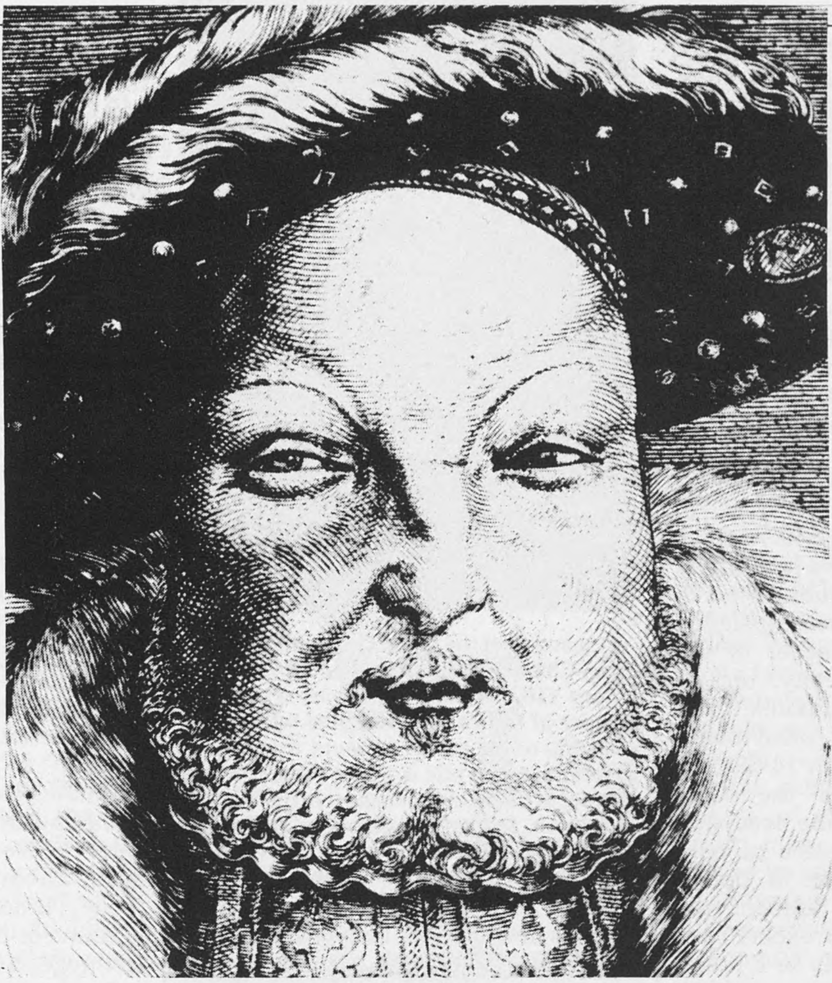
Sazio pauses. "I came long ago to regard myself as a Canadian, and I was accepted as one, too. I regard citizenship as a very private thing, so when the time came, we were able to arrange a quiet ceremony, which was, in fact, held at the home of a judge I knew in Hamilton. She had a dinner for us at her place, with our children present and just a few friends. She surprised us with a big cake shaped like a football field (Canadian-size, of course) with goal posts at each end, a Canadian flag in one end zone and an American in the other. The swearing in was very brief, but it was an emotional time for all of us. And a happy one, too. It was the right decision."

Go for it, Argos!
THE TORONTO STAR
TORONTO
ARGONAUTS
A
TORONTO
Argonauts

Sazio is a big hero in Toronto where he numbers among his friends the mayor of the city. By 1989 the Argonauts expect to be playing in a new $242 million domed stadium with a retractable roof.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles M. Holloway is a Williamsburg free-lance writer whose latest book is "Profiles in Achievement."



FINDING A KING'S RANSOM:

HENRY VIII'S SECRET TREASURY AT WESTMINSTER PALACE

By DALE HOAK

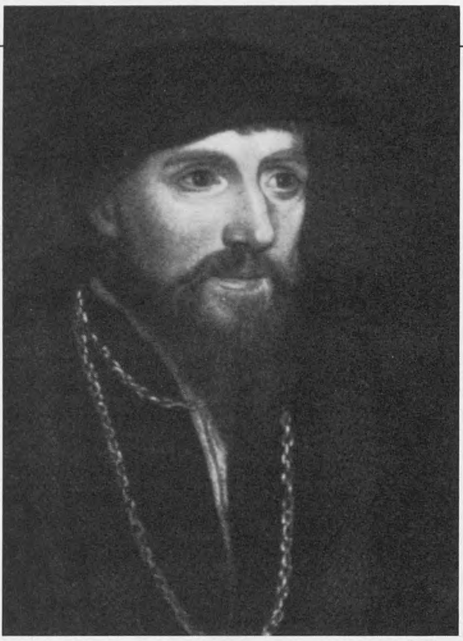
Finding buried treasure is usually the stuff of legend, legend often created or embellished in the 20th century by Hollywood's archaeologists. Of course real-life archaeologists occasionally unearth riches as fabulous as those sought by Indiana Jones and the *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—witness the spadework, for example, that turned up Tutankhamun's gold-filled tomb.

For the historian, comparable treasure, though less dazzling, is no less important for the recovery of lost ways of life. Unlike those legendary digs in desert or jungle, historical discoveries are usually made amidst mountains of paper (or parchment or vellum) in quiet, civilized domains, in the stacks and vaults of libraries, muniment rooms, record offices, and archives. When they occur, such finds usually come at undramatic moments, in the course of a routine check through the entries of a catalogue, for example, or the casual sifting of unclassified papers.

In such a moment, on a Friday afternoon in London in November 1985, there came to light among the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Library (part of the British Museum complex) one of the most important documents ever identified for the history of Tudor government — the complete accounting of every penny and ha'penny of a vast horde of coin Henry VIII secretly stashed away in his private apartments at Westminster Palace during the last five years of his reign (1542-47). How Henry spent the money in his treasure-trove is a story that might have gone untold, were it not for the almost unnoticed survival of Lansdowne Charter 14, a 440-year-old roll of vellum recording, in a beautifully regular court hand, an audit of all of the coins Henry himself had consigned to the charge of the Keeper of the Palace, Sir Anthony Denny, one of Henry's most trusted confidants.

One of several hundred rolled manuscripts, Lansdowne Charter 14 came to the British Museum in the early nineteenth century after the accession and cataloguing, in a series of published lists, of thousands of bound folios making up the bulk of the Lansdowne collection. The existence of Charter 14 was noted only in a handwritten list, a list which, because it was shelved at the British Library in a room apart from the published catalogues, was apparently overlooked by generations of researchers consulting the Lansdowne papers. At least four historians of Tudor government independently "discovered" Lansdowne Charter 14 in the period 1961-83, but none appreciated the full significance of the document and only one published a reference to it (a reference of 1983 of which I was unaware when I unrolled the Charter in 1985).

The trail leading to the discovery and full identification of Henry's secret treasury was first laid down in the early 1970s when a young British scholar began piecing together the heretofore unknown history of Henry VIII's Privy Chamber. Architecturally, the Privy Chamber was the collective designation for the suite of rooms in every royal palace to which the king retired for his private life. Originally called the "secret" chamber, these apartments included the king's bedchamber, a "raying" (dressing) chamber, a privy kitchen, several closets, or small chambers, and the galleries and stairs leading to all of these. There were also various treasure houses, or strong rooms, containing the king's privy coffers, the great wheeled iron-bound chests and caskets in which the Tudors stacked up their jewels and coins.



A member of the select Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber who controlled all access to Henry VIII, Sir Anthony Denny was also Keeper of the Palace entrusted with guardianship of the secret treasure rooms at Westminster. While it was normal for a Keeper of the Palace to maintain relatively little cash, Denny was sensitive to Henry's penchant for gambling, which required more than just pocket change.

Owing to its size and importance as the king's principal residence, Westminster Palace boasted not one strong room, but five. The prime treasury, the so-called "secret Jewel House," lay behind Henry's great bedchamber; the others fanned off the Long Gallery running past the bedchamber.

One approached the Privy Chamber via the "public" precincts of the court, the passageways and rooms of the outer Chamber which were policed by the hundred-strong, halberd-toting Yeomen of the Guard, their tunics jangling with costly silver spangles. (The red-coated Yeomen, predecessors of the Beefeaters on "duty" today at the Tower of London, were created by Henry VII as a means of impressing the Italian ambassadors at his court.) Reinforcing the Yeomen were Henry's pole-axe – wielding Pensioners, a corps of aristocratic young gallants who usually flashed their steel on ceremonial occasions. Past the Pensioners, at the stairs and doors to the innermost Privy Chamber, stood Henry's hand-picked Gentlemen, so called, 18 in number.

The Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber served essentially as Henry's bodyguards, controlling all access to the king. Only the Gentlemen, in fact, were permitted to approach the king or "to lay hands upon his royal person." The Gentlemen followed a rotating schedule of attendance. In the morning they fetched Henry's hose and linen and dressed him; at night at least three of them slept armed on pallets on the floor of the "pallet chamber" just outside the king's bedchamber. One of the Gentlemen, called the groom of the stool, introduced and removed His Majesty's many brass-studded, velvet-covered portable toilets.

Of Gentlemen's duties, however, none was more sensitive or important than the guardianship of the secret treasure rooms at Westminster, a responsibility entrusted to the Keeper of the Palace, a man invariably appointed from the ranks of the king's personal favorites. In the 1540s this office fell to Sir Anthony Denny.

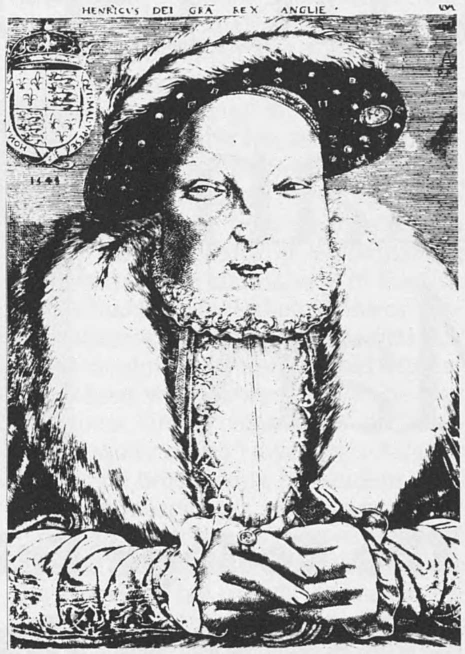
In normal times, a Keeper of the Palace kept on account relatively little cash; another Gentleman, the Keeper of the King's Purse, drew from the privy coffers in the Jewel House whatever the King needed in the way of "everyday money," or pocket change. Anticipating an occasional overdraft — Henry's gambling debts were as large as they were unpredictable — Denny would keep on hand a "reserve," advancing money, if necessary, to the Privy Purse account at the request of Sir Thomas Hennage, Keeper of the Purse.

But the 1540s were not normal times, even for a king of Henry's expansive, expensive interests. This was an age of Reformation, an age of war. When he broke the Pope's power in England and assumed the headship of his new Church, Henry used the new-forged power of the Royal Supremacy to seize the land, stones, bells and plate of every monastery in England. In the space of four years (1536-40), Henry acquired the collective wealth of some 800 friaries and nunneries, including a quarter of England's arable farmland, the greatest transfer of property in European history before the coming of the French Revolution. From the monasteries to the mints went countless cartloads of silver chalices to be melted into coins bearing Henry's image and insignia. This was, as the title of a recent book has put it, the Age of Plunder *par excellence.*

The melted-down plate of a plundered Church and the immediate sale of confiscated monastic estates resolved Henry's near-bankruptcy of the 1530s. An empty treasury, not Anne Boleyn, had precipitated the English Reformation. And why was the king so poor on the eve of the Reformation? The answer: war — a series of wasteful, debilitating wars fought between 1510 and 1525 in the name of what charitably might be called a misplaced sense of honor, honor to be won on the field of battle in pursuit of the Tudors' anachronistic claim to the kingship of a French domain.

The Pope and six marriages behind him, Henry in 1544 turned once more to war. Preparations for the projected invasion of France plunged Henry's court into feverish activity, as the king himself, now garrulous and gout-ridden, was to lead the vanguard. Almost overnight, the war of 1544 magnified the importance of the Keeper of the Palace, who was now asked to disburse enormous sums from those coffers in the Jewel House, all in the service of Henry's cash-hungry armies — or so it seemed in the 1970s to historians who were studying the obscure history of Privy Chamber finance. Possessing only the record of Sir Anthony Denny's *receipts*, a manuscript register in the Public Record Office in London, students of this problem assumed that Denny administered for Henry VIII "the largest war chest hitherto accumulated by an English king," as one specialist put it. How large was the presumed war chest? Denny's register tallied receipts of more than a quarter of a million pounds sterling in the five-year period, 1542-47, about double the king's annual income from all sources.

The existence of Lansdowne Charter 14 confirms Henry VIII's wasteful preoccupation with war in the 1540s, as half of the money disbursed by Denny from Henry's privy coffers covered military expenses. However, these were not so much expenses of battle as the cost of transporting the king and a cast of thousands across the English Channel in 1544, including charges for the requisite wagons and horses and some new-fangled portable bridges designed especially for the occasion by an Italian engineer. As the whole cost of Henry's wars of the 1540s ran to more than three million pounds, the money disbursed from the coffers, about 4 percent of that total, looks less like a "war chest" than payments from a bloated purse.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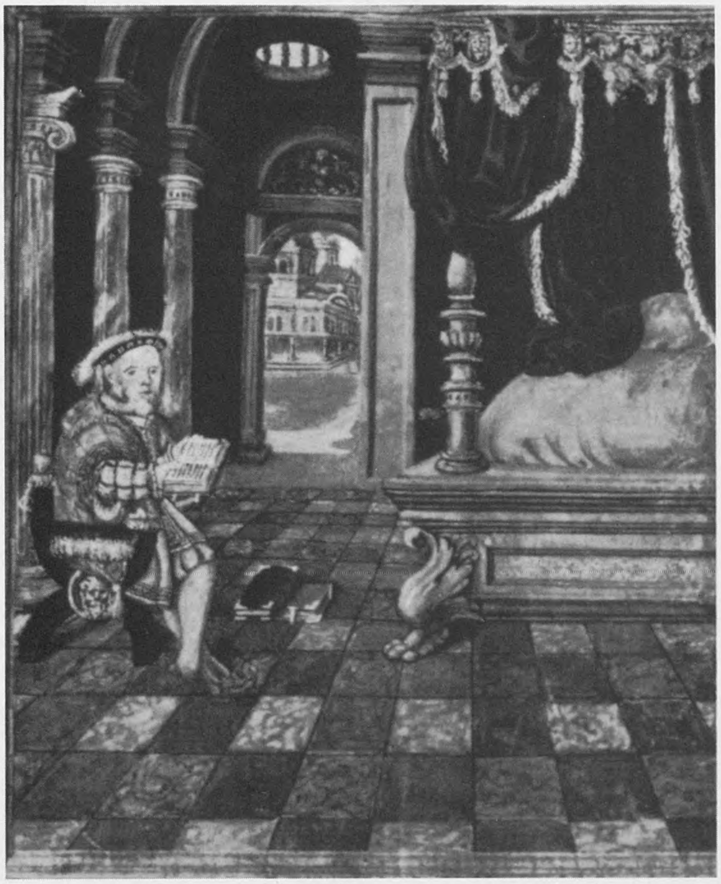


In 1544, at the age of 53 (above), garrulous and gout-ridden, Henry VIII turned once more to war, commanding his last invasion of France (Engraving by Cornelys Matsys, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris). At right, the ageing king is shown reading in his bedchamber in one of his 55 palaces. (From an illustration in his Psalter, British Library.)

In fact, Henry financed his wars of the 1540s not from reserves in the secret Jewel House but from established courts of revenue, or treasuries, like the Exchequer.

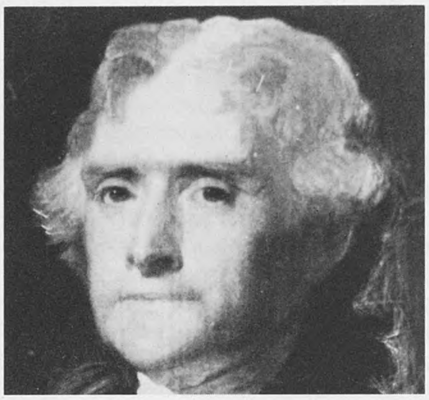
Indeed, the rest of the sums disbursed by Denny from those coffers, sums totaling the equivalent of a whole year of the king's ordinary income, provide evidence of Henry's insatiable appetite for the baubles and bangles of Renaissance monarchy. In addition to the sums lavished on the redecoration of his palaces — Henry owned fifty-five palaces, more than any prince in Christendom — there was money spent on crystal goblets, diamonds, rings and chains of gold, Turkish carpets, in short, more of what he already possessed by the roomful, including, as a posthumous inventory of the contents of Westminster Palace later revealed, a roomful of exotic feathers for his equally numerous caps. (The Tudors were into feathers. In one year, 1551, Henry's son, Edward VI, spent £143 on caps and feathers, the equivalent of about $12,000 in 1988 dollars.)

The evidence of such expenditures is hardly surprising; only the scale is initially stunning. But anyone familiar with Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII, those icons of arrogance in oil, will not be puzzled by Henry's motives. Here, as Thomas More and Erasmus earlier knew, were pictures of kingship run amuck, of a great bully-boy in pearls and gold, all dross at heart, his overweening pride throttling his soul even as he led the antiquated charge to France.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dale Hoak (Ph.D., Clare College, University of Cambridge) is professor of history at the College, where he teaches courses in Tudor-Stuart England and Renaissance-Reformation Europe. Professor Hoak's research comprehends sixteenth-century English politics, government, and religion, as well as the social and cultural setting of northern Renaissance art. In December 1984, in recognition of his publications in both fields, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

Young Tom Jefferson at William and Mary



The College Enlarged the Universe of the 17-Year-Old From Albemarle County

By ALF J. MAPP JR. '61

What 17-year-old Tom Jefferson first saw when he rode into Williamsburg we do not know. But we can be sure that he found it wonderful. The five-day ride on horseback from Albemarle County was an odyssey to the boy who had never before ventured more than 20 miles from home, and the capital was a metropolis to one who until then had never "seen a town of more than 20 houses."

Duke of Gloucester Street, wide enough for several carriages to travel abreast, stretched for a mile between story-and-a-half houses and shops. At its eastern end stood the rose brick capitol, with its portico of Doric and Ionic columns. At the western end was the triangular, brick-walled yard of William and Mary College with its three rose brick buildings, the 12-dormered roof of the largest bearing a high cupola. The original plans for this building apparently had been drawn by Sir Christopher Wren, but probably the name of England's greatest architect meant nothing to Tom at this stage of his life.

About two-thirds of the way from the College to the capitol was Bruton Parish Church, not yet distinguished by the tall spire that would have excited his awe, but chastely impressive with its long windows set in mellow red brick made to seem ruddier by the surrounding white tabletop tombs. Stretching northward from Duke of Gloucester Street past the church was the Palace Green. And visible at the end of the level green was the Governor's Palace itself, rising grandly above its handsome brick outer walls and magnificently grilled gates, its tall lantern cupola soaring in two tiers above the steep hip roof.

Though Tom many years later would become disenchanted with the Georgian style, he must have been confident at this time that the Palace was the handsomest residence in the American colonies. And many far more sophisticated people would have agreed. In that elegant residence lived Francis Fauquier, Virginia's popular royal governor and one of the most polished gentlemen of the Empire.

But, however interesting the Palace and the capitol, where Tom's father had served as a burgess and where his Randolph cousins continued to sit in the council, these buildings surely did not hold for him the fascination that drew him to the College. He may have thought in passing that, like his father, he might some day be a burgess. But in his 17th year he seems to have been more intent upon becoming a scholar.

Apparently Tom was housed in what has come to be known as the Wren Building, the central and largest of the College structures. Those familiar with the Georgian charm of its many-windowed facade will be shocked by Jefferson's later lumping it with the mental hospital in Williamsburg as "rude, misshapen piles, which, but that they have roofs, would be taken for brick-kilns." But by that time he was even describing the Governor's Palace as "not handsome" and saying of all Virginia, already adorned then by houses still considered among America's most beautiful, "The genius of architecture seems to have shed its maledictions over this land."

The intellectual excitement of the Enlightenment must have come to Jefferson through Professor William Small. All his previous teachers had been Anglican clergymen, a group not enthusiastic about the new learning with its questioning of established institutions. From the Enlightenment Thomas Jefferson took his three greatest heroes, Bacon, Newton and Locke. They remained his heroes for life.

From Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, he learned to trust his own powers of observation and not to receive any opinion unquestioningly because of reverence for the source. He became aware of the Idols of the Cave, learning that each of us dwells in a cave of his own, his individuality, which "refracts and discolors the light of nature," so that he would not put too great trust even in his own views. He learned to examine most critically those beliefs which were especially pleasing to him.

Sir Isaac Newton presented nature as a model of harmony from which man might deduce laws for his own guidance. Newton's "Principia" gave rise to the famous deist concept of a mechanical universe, a great clock invented, constructed and set in motion by the Deity. This view, which made no allowance for miracles, was anathema to orthodox clergymen, so it is unlikely that Tom had learned of it from previous schoolmasters except by way of warning.

John Locke, Tom's third hero, related the empiricism of Bacon and Newton to man's life as a political animal. "An Essay Concerning Human Understanding" alerted the youth to the beginning of modern psychology and fed his hopes for the improvement of humankind. Locke's argument that each human mind was a blank tablet until written upon by experience fed hopes (never abandoned by Jefferson) of lifting virtually all people through education.

After mature consideration, one must take at face value Jefferson's conclusion that his association with Small "probably fixed the destinies of (his) life." Not only did Small introduce the Virginian to the three men who would remain his great heroes. So great was the influence of one of these — Locke — that a leading scholar of American intellectual history and political theory has written that "An Essay Concerning Human Understanding" and the "Second Treatise of Civil Government" "undergirded all (Jefferson's) thought." Small enlisted Jefferson in the Enlightenment and in so doing enrolled a legion.

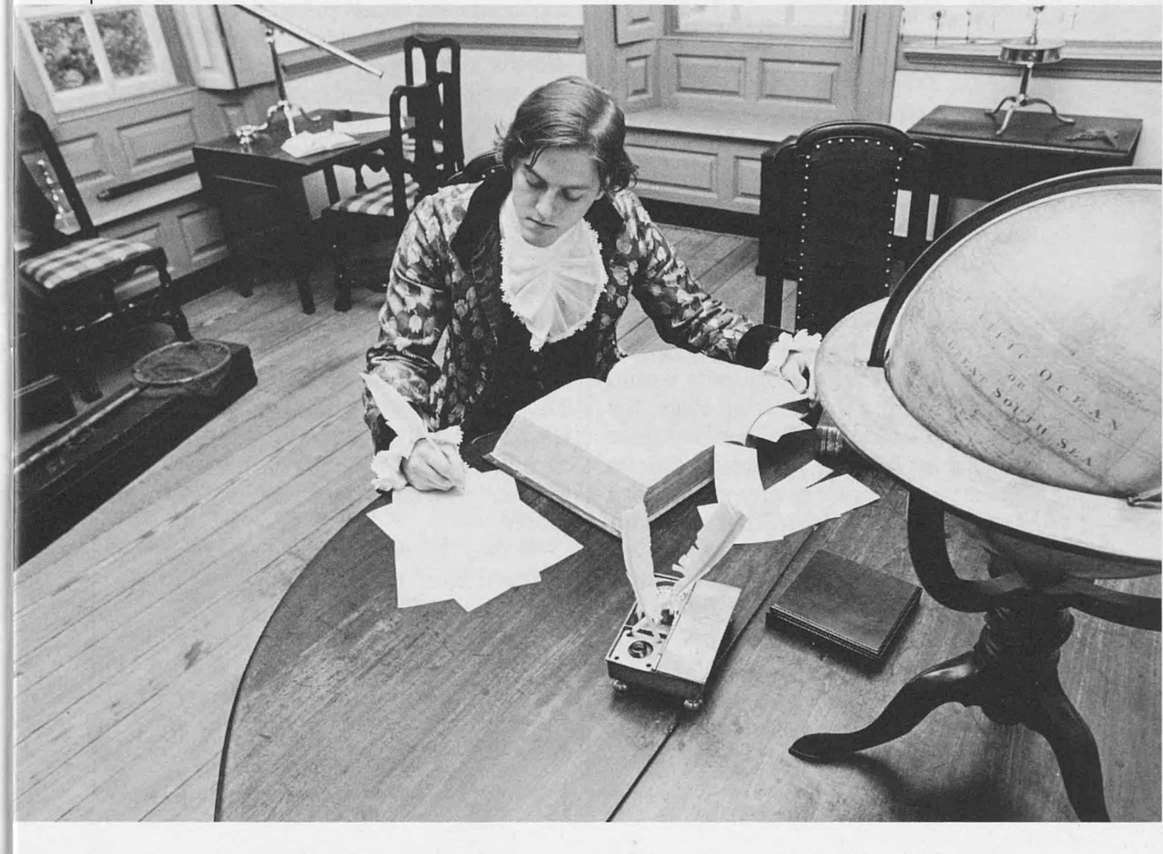
Ironically, during the years when Small was exerting his strongest influence on the future and earning his major claim to fame through his influence on his brilliant pupil, he was impatient to escape the backwater of Williamsburg and return to the mainstream of English intellectual life. Nevertheless, the professor's existence in the colonial capital was not all loneliness and intellectual frustration. Along with George Wythe, he was a frequent dinner companion of Governor Fauquier at the Governor's Palace.

At some time during his student days Jefferson, despite his youth, was added to the group. He seems to have made his debut at the Palace as a fiddler, but the Governor and his friends were soon listening to the youth's conversation more than to his music. These sessions became at least as important to Jefferson's education as his experience in the classroom. And how he enjoyed them!

In the first place, the table fare provided a welcome escape from the College food which, probably mediocre at best, was the subject of widespread scandal and an official reprimand from the Board of Visitors. Then, too, Jefferson, who developed early a taste for elegance, must have delighted in almost every prospect from the time he crossed the polished marble floors gleaming beneath a blazing chandelier in the walnut-paneled foyer. Even in later years when he was critical of the Palace's exterior, he admitted that the interior was handsome. But the sparkle he loved best came from the talk at the dinner table, especially when there were just four diners.

The Governor, in his 50s, was the most delightful of hosts. The prominent circles under his eyes somehow deepened his look of sophistication without compromising their liveliness under the brows raised in perpetual inquiry. Technically, he was not governor but lieutenant governor, the higher title being reserved as a sinecure for an English nobleman who remained at home. There was even a story that the office of lieutenant governor was his by chance, being secured for him through the intervention of a great lord who took pity upon him after wiping him out at the gambling table.

The story was doubtless apocryphal but it found believers because Fauquier was too enthusiastic a gambler. His inveterate gaming was the only vice popularly imputed to him. And many years later, as a mature statesman, Jefferson would describe him as the ablest governor Virginia ever had. He had succeeded



LYLE ROSBOTHAM

Jefferson's father had served as a burgess, but in his 17th year, upon entering the College of William and Mary, young Tom seemed to have been more intent upon becoming a scholar.

Tom revealed an interest in Rebecca Burwell, the sister of a college friend from Gloucester County. "Write me everything which happened at the wedding," he told a friend. "Was SHE there? Because if she were I ought to have been at the devil for not being there too."

LYLE ROSBOTHAM

as soldier and as merchant, was prized as a polished ornament of drawing room and salon and had evidenced sufficient scholarship to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He sometimes outraged the ecclesiastical establishment of the colony with his outspoken skepticism, but he was generally popular with the great planters and their wives. The river barons who dominated Virginia valued wit and learning and good manners. They thought they saw in Fauquier a pleasing reflection of themselves.

If Fauquier was a model man of the world, Wythe, though still only in his 30s, could have sat for a portrait labeled "The Kindly Savant." His spare figure was dominated by his large head which in turn was almost overwhelmed by the jutting brow of his balding dome. The swelling brain appeared to have stolen extra nutriment from his body. Only after becoming accustomed to the massive skull would one notice the large, wide open, dark gray eyes, old Roman nose and intriguing combination of rock-firm jaw and gentle mouth.

Wythe was a "home-grown" lawyer. He had not trained in London's Inns of Court like some of Jefferson's Randolph cousins, but had read law in the office of a country practitioner after some education at William and Mary. Nevertheless, he was generally recognized as one of the two best courtroom attorneys in Virginia and second to none in knowledge of the law. He was already highly respected in the General Court and the House of Burgesses.

He would later become famous as a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the most celebrated teacher of law in American history. But his interests ranged far beyond public affairs and his profession. A large patrimony had given him early leisure in which to pursue knowledge for its own sake. His tongue dealt as trippingly with even obscure characters in the histories and literatures of various nations as if they had been familiar inhabitants of Williamsburg.

Consider that, in addition to Fauquier and Wythe, the group included Tom's beloved mentor, Small, and there is less cause for surprise that Jefferson, even after his association with Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and George Mason — not to metion his familiarity with Parisian salons — should have written:

"At these dinners I have heard more good sense, more rational and philosophical conversation, than in all my life besides. They were truly Attic societies."

Not all of Tom's learning sessions were in the ancient Greek tradition of the symposium, with witty exchanges over brimming glasses. In the next century some of his fellow students would have called him a grind. John Page, his closest schoolmate, recalled in later years that he himself had never "made any great proficiency in any study, for I was too sociable, and fond of the conversation of my friends, to study as Mr. Jefferson did, who could tear himself away from his dearest friends, to fly to his studies."

Page may have been minimizing his own scholarhip. Besides cultivating at William and Mary a sociability that helped him to become governor, he acquired under Small's tutelage a lifelong enthusiasm for all branches of mathematics. But he was astounded at Jefferson's capacity to study for 15 consecutive hours and then bounce back by exercising his mountain-trained long legs in a two-mile run.

If Jefferson was a grind, he was not a Gradgrind. He was simply collecting facts to satisfy either his teachers or his own acquisitive instinct. He was enlarging his view of the universe. His was not a dull labor, but a passionate pursuit of understanding.

He seems to have been troubled with a passion for other pursuits as well. In recognition of the temptations of the capital, he sometimes called it Devilsburg. The meticulously balanced Georgian architecture of the town presented a face of imperturbable propriety, but the community had its Hogarthian haunts enlivened by lusty wenches and flowing spirits. Besides, there were amusements innocent in themselves that through excess became vices. Some hint of Jefferson's adolescent experiences was given when he was President of the United States in a letter he wrote to his grandson Thomas Jefferson Randolph, then a college student. The grandfather expressed "great anxieties" for his namesake, and added, "your dangers are great." He continued:

"When I recollect that at fourteen years of age, the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relation or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were."

What had saved him?

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself — what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course is it will assure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning power I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified line they pursued, I could never doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them, whereas, seeking the same object through a process of moral reasoning, and with the jaundiced eye of youth, I should have often erred."

Tom had a friend who counted on natural powers of eloquence to reverse his own downward fortunes. About three months after Jefferson, on his way to enroll at William and Mary, had said goodby to a drifting Patrick Henry, the young man from Hanover had called on him at Williamsburg in a state of high optimism. Henry jauntily announced that he had spent the interim studying law privately and had come to town to obtain his license.

Tom, who believed in exhaustive preparation, was even more astonished by what ensued. There were four examiners: George Wythe, Attorney General John Randolph, Peyton Randolph and Robert Carter Nicholas. Predictably, Mr. Wythe, a most diligent scholar, refused to certify the applicant as adequately prepared. But Peyton Randolph signed for him and Henry then approached the attorney general. John Randolph, taken aback by Henry's uncouth appearance, was sure that examining him would be a waste of time, but Henry persisted, pointing out that he already had one signature and, under the law, needed only a second to qualify.

Randolph's supposition that the young man had little formal learning was soon confirmed, but Henry defended his opinions so eloquently that the attorney general, indicating his shelves of law books, exclaimed: "Behold the force of natural reason. You have never seen these books, nor this principle of law; yet you are right and I am wrong. And from the lesson which you have given me I will never trust to appearance again."

Jefferson, a little disgusted with his cousins' easygoing ways, later reported: "Peyton and John Randolph, men of great facility of temper, signed his license with as much reluctance as their dispositions would permit them to show."

Henry's easy success did not cause Jefferson to relax his study habits. Though he rose at dawn he continued to study well past midnight with another earnest student, John Tyler. Another young man, Frank Willis, of Gloucester County, delighted in overturning the book-laden table of the hardworking pair when he returned from nights of revelry in the town.

But Jefferson was not unsociable. Beside Tyler and John Page, his companions among the students included Dabney Carr, his pony-riding friend from the days at Maury's school. And he belonged to the F.H.C. Society which kept even the basis of its acronym a secret from all but its six members, and which he admitted — or boasted — had "no useful object."

When Jefferson completed his studies at William and Mary in 1762, the 19-year old remained in Williamsburg to study law with George Wythe. Samuel Johnson once observed that law was a study which sharpened the mind by narrowing it. Jefferson was in no danger from this process. With the encouragement of his multisided teacher, he continued to read in many fields outside the chosen discipline.

He read widely in Greek, Latin, French and English literature. He delighted particularly in Homer, where he found elemental simplicity allied with the scope and cadence of the tides. The stark dignity and grand themes of Greek tragedy stirred his imagination. In Horace, too, he discovered great pleasure; perhaps the satire first appealed to his youthful spirit, but the Roman poet's picture of supreme contentment as found on his country estate amid books and friends and philosophical discussion must have been permanently limned in his imagination.

In the spring of 1762, Jefferson found himself spellbound by an orator. Outassete, a great Cherokee chief popularly known in Virginia as Outacity, had arrived in Williamsburg en route to England to visit "the Great King, his Father," and incidentally receive Oliver Goldsmith and have his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In Williamsburg he was received by the Governor and Council and entertained at dinner by the College.

John Page, one of Jefferson's fellow students, recalled in later years that he himself had never "made any great proficiency in any study, for I was too sociable and fond of the conversation of my friends, to study as Mr. Jefferson did, who could tear himself away from his dearest friends, to fly to his studies."

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The chief was no stranger to Tom as the Indian leader had several times been a guest of Peter Jefferson at Shadwell. Tom frequently attended Indian gatherings in Williamsburg, but preternaturally fresh in his memory of a half century later was the one in which Outassete said farewell to his Tennessee tribesmen on the eve of his ocean voyage.

However mature Jefferson might seem when discussing abstruse matters with Fauquier, Small and Wythe, he was very much the adolescent when confiding affairs of the heart.

"Write me very circumstantially everything which happened at the wedding. Was SHE there? Because if she were I ought to have been at the devil for not being there too."

The capitalized SHE was Rebecca Burwell, the young woman whose image was destroyed when his watch case was soaked in an accident. She was the sister of a College mate, Lewis Burwell Jr. of Gloucester County. Tradition, without supplying particulars, says that she was beautiful.

Jefferson's thralldom to Rebecca Burwell was not such as to prevent him in the same paragraph from asking to be "remember(ed) affectionately" to the Misses Potter who were to be told "the better half of me, my soul, is ever with them" and from sending a special message to another girl.

Love notwithstanding, in the years of Wythe's tutelage he undoubtedly gave many more hours to the logic of law than to passion. Apparently the period from 8 o'clock in the morning to noon usually was devoted entirely to legal studies. Gradually "old Coke" came to seem less a devil and even assumed the lineaments of a friend. The afternoons, except for physical exercise, were spent with subjects related to the law — ethics, history, politics and the like. In the evening he studied literature and oratory. Demosthenes and Cicero he sought for "elevated style."

As he pursued his studies patiently year after year, he had the frustration of seeing his friend Patrick Henry leap to success at the bar through natural powers of eloquence that seemed to owe little to cultivation. Sometime during Jefferson's residence in Williamsburg, Henry formed the habit of staying with him when in town for court sessions.

Jefferson much preferred the company at the Governor's Palace or at George Wythe's pleasant, dignified Georgian house by the Palace Green. He came to venerate Wythe even more for his kindly and upright character than for his learning. In Williamsburg, and as Wythe's pupil, he found the study of law an exceedingly pleasant occupation. The legal studies that he began in 1762 he continued into 1766.

By 1765 Henry was a veteran of five years' practice in the courts. Moreover, in that year he was elected in the House of Burgesses. His electioneering was helped by his having become a celebrity two years before. In 1763, the Rev. James Maury, Jefferson's boyhood teacher, had brought suit for back pay in what became famous as the Parson's Cause.

Ministers of the Established Church in Virginia had been paid in tobacco, a legitimate medium of exchange. But when an anticipated increase in tobacco prices had promised to make it cheaper to pay them in cash, thus permitting especially low taxes for their support, the Burgesses provided for cash payment. The ministers contended that, by accepting payment in tobacco when it was disadvantageous to them, they had earned the right to payment in the same medium when it worked to their advantage.

In the trial in Hanover County court, presided over by Henry's father, Justice John Henry, the young Henry had not only attacked the clergy as "rapacious harpies," but also had warned that a king who would disallow colonial legislation of the kind he was defending would be a tyrant who forfeited "all rights to his subjects' obedience."

The charge brought cries of treason from some in the courtroom. The jury, obliged to admit that the Rev. Mr. Maury had the law on his side, had awarded him damages — to the extent of one penny. Henry's daring and eloquence had immediately made his name known throughout Virginia. Mr. Maury, deprived of pay he believed rightfully his and publicly vilified besides, had not been entirely mollified by Henry's apology after adjournment of the court. The minister said Henry had told him that his "sole view in engaging in the cause, and in saying what he had, was to render himself popular."

While Jefferson was imbued with the libertarian ideas then circulating in Williamsburg — as in Boston, Philadelphia and London — there is no assurance that he approved Henry's conduct in the Parson's Cause. The younger man had great respect for his old teacher, and Maury's son had been a cherished boyhood companion.

Nevertheless, Jefferson was soon enthusiastic about something that Henry did as a legislator. The hill country lawyer could not have launched his career as a burgess at a more exciting time.

No one would have thought so though, until May 26, when most members of the House were so sure that they had concluded their business for the session that many had already gone home. But on that day in 1765 arrived a copy of the Stamp Act resolutions passed by Parliament. They galvanized the chamber. Ever since George III's proclamation of 1763 forbidding trade with the Indians and prohibiting the issuance of grants for the land west of the Alleghenies, the very territory for which the colonists had just fought in the French and Indian war, there had been a growing feeling among the colonists that their needs were little understood and much neglected.

The American Revenue Act of 1764 had increased the anxiety and resentment of the colonists; it was the first law passed by Parliament expressly for the purpose of collecting money in the colonies for the Crown. The same year had brought reorganization of the customs service to provide much tighter enforcement of the trade laws.

Another parliamentary act of that year, the Currency Act, was designed principally as a curb for Virginia and stirred great animosity in the Old Dominion. It forbade issues of legal tender paper money in all the colonies, nullified all acts of colonial assemblies not in accord with its terms, and provided for dismissal from office, with permanent ineligibility for any government position, in the case of any colonial governor assenting to a legislative act contrary to the new law. Such paper currency issues had been forbidden in New England for 13 years. Among the remaining colonies, Virginia was the chief issuer of paper money.

Now, on top of these causes for alarm, came the Stamp Act. It was a threat first of all because it touched so many aspects of life in an organized society: the tax applied to newspapers, pamphlets, broadsides, almanacs, legal documents, insurance policies, ship's papers, licenses and (greatly to the inconvenience of Virginians) dice and playing cards. Even more disturbing was the fact that, as the first direct tax levied by Parliament upon the American colonies, the Stamp Act might be the forerunner of many more direct taxes.

Particularly frightening was the provision that punishments for violations could be imposed by courts of vice-admiralty. As these tribunals functioned without juries, the right to trial by jury might be endangered.

There was, therefore, great tension when, in response to news of the Stamp Act, George Johnston rose in the Burgesses to move that the House go into committee of the whole to consider "steps necessary to be taken in consequence." Patrick Henry's fire-eating reputation increased the excitement when he seconded Johnston's motion. The suspense tightened when, with the Burgesses sitting as Committee of the Whole, Johnston deferred to Henry and the freshman legislator rose, drew forth a sheet of paper, and announced that he would present a series of resolutions.

There was no more fascinated spectator of the proceedings than Thomas Jefferson, who, with his friend John Tyler, stood just outside the chamber door. Henry's lack of serious scholarship and apparent preference for illiterate companions had caused Jefferson to wonder about his friend's abilities. The House of Burgesses was not a county court. Was Henry about to make a fool of himself?

As Henry stood, his plain dress contrasted unfavorably with the fine tailoring of his colleagues, but there was drama in the contrast. His voice was rich and melodious as he asserted that by two royal charters granted by King James I, the colonists "are declared entitled to all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of denizens and natural born subjects, to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within the Realm of England."

In a strong resonant voice Henry climaxed his reading with: "Resolved, therefore, that the General Assembly of the Colony have the only and exclusive right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom."

When Henry sat down, veteran legislators sprang up to oppose his resolutions. A motion that they be considered seriatim was passed. The fourth resolution squeaked by with a margin of two or three votes. The fight on the fifth, which proclaimed that the General Assembly of this colony had the exclusive right to tax its inhabitants, was the crucial one.

Again Henry took the floor. He seemed transformed. His face was flushed and he breathed heavily. He thundered that self-taxation was essential to freedom. As his voice rose to a roar, subsided to a whisper, and rose to a roar again, the question was lifted out of its parochial context:

"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third — "

"Treason!" shouted speaker John Robinson, his full face flushed.

". . .and George the Third," continued Henry, "may he never have either."

Had he originally planned to end his sentence that way? In any event he had escaped the charge of treason without beclouding the import of his warning. As they stood for the vote on the fifth resolution, the members were visibly excited. The vote was 20 for Henry's resolution, 19 against. Henry had defeated the chief leaders of the Tidewater aristocracy.

Jefferson was startled by the transformation in his normally placid cousin, Peyton Randolph, when that distinguished attorney rushed past him in exit, his multiple chins bobbing furiously as he exclaimed, "By God, I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote!"

Governor Fauquier, when he learned what had happened, was surprised that "young, hot, and giddy" members had prevailed. But, despite his loyalty to his cousin and to the governor who had been his mentor in many things, Jefferson in his heart was aligned with the "young, hot, and giddy." Afterwards he wrote of Henry, "He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote."

The Tale of Two William and Mary Alumni

Although Thomas Jefferson was a member of the class of 1766 while Alf J. Mapp Jr. '61, professor of history at Old Dominion University, graduated nearly 200 years later, the author of the newest book on William and Mary's most famous alumnus feels he has a lot in common with the great Jefferson. Interested in Jefferson from his childhood, Mapp remembers that his "true fascination with him dates from the time when, as a 16-year-old freshman at William and Mary, I was told that Jefferson had studied in the Wren Building, where I had an English class."

"Interest deepened as I learned after studies that he and his friends took long walks on Jamestown Road as I and my friends sometimes did," says Mapp. "And the founding father seemed very close when I learned of the long-legged, red-haired student standing in the door of the capitol to hear Patrick Henry's famous speech against the Stamp Act."

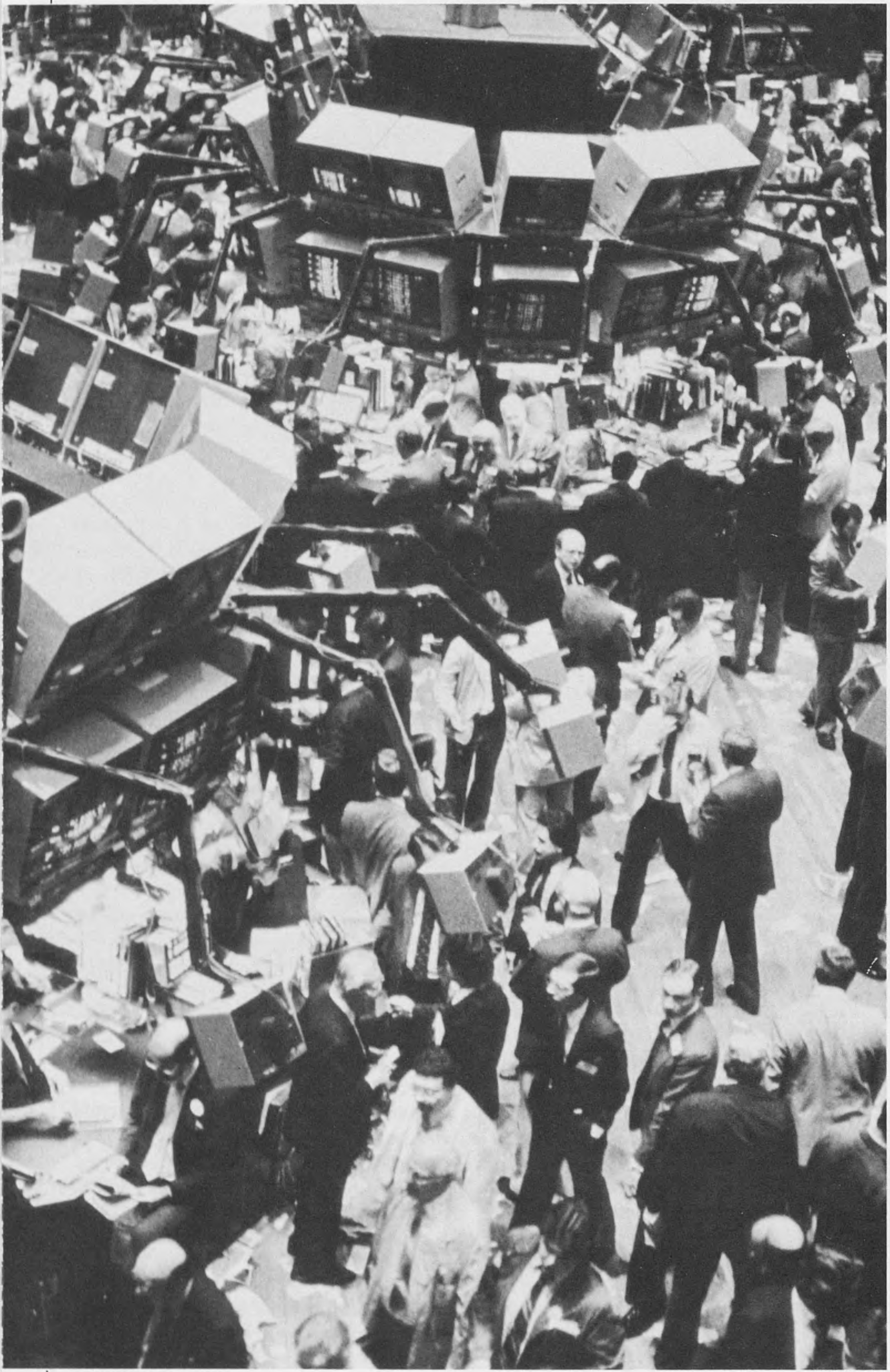
Mapp's interest in Jefferson has now resulted in his fast-selling book, "Thomas Jefferson: A Strange Case of Mistaken Identity," which was published by Madison Books, New York, Lanham and London. Although Mapp notes that he has enjoyed success with all of his books, one of which has been in print for 30 years, his book on Jefferson is being hailed as his best so far. It has won praise from distinguished historians and recipients of the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award and was a featured selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club in May. In an unusual move, BOMC brought the book back in November with two pages of promotion.

The book's original printing of 10,000 copies sold out in 12 days, and successive printings have been larger (three within six weeks). In October, the book was published in Great Britain where it is selling at a fast clip. Altogether, contracts have been signed for publication or distribution in 11 countries.

The accompanying selection, which has been adapted for the *William and Mary Magazine* by W.C. O'Donovan, is printed with Mr. Mapp's permission.

THE CRASH OF 1987 — ECHOES OF THE PAST

By WILLIAM J. HAUSMAN '71



Will the 1987 Market Slide Lead to Another Great Depression?

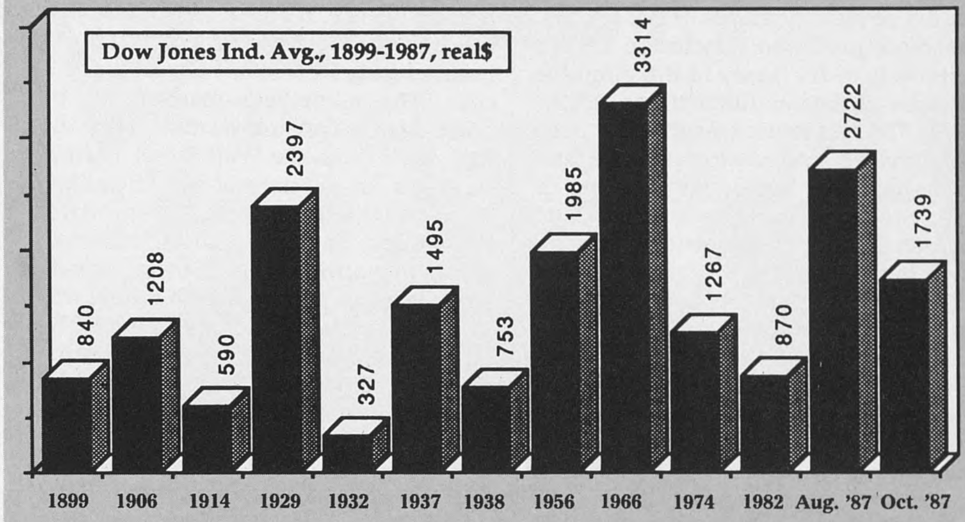
On Monday, October 19, 1987, the stock market crashed. Nearly every stock traded on the exchanges of the United States lost a substantial portion of its value. The Dow Jones Industrial Average dropped 508 points, by far the largest single-day point loss in its 90-year history. This extraordinary event reduced the wealth of stockholders (which includes the pension funds of teachers and union members as well as rich speculators and the 25% of American families that own some stock) by over $500 billion in a single day, or more than $7000 for every household in the United States. Since the peak of the market in August 1987, stocks have lost over a trillion dollars in value. The wealth of the nation is not reduced by over a trillion dollars without some effect, and concern over the crash certainly is warranted.

There have been many explanations for the crash — the inevitable end to a speculative orgy, an announcement by Treasury Secretary James Baker that the foreign exchange rate of the dollar would have to continue to fall (a specific warning and challenge to the Germans to lower their interest rates), a recent tightening of monetary policy leading to a rise in domestic interest rates, failure of the President and Congress to come to grips with the budget deficit, the persistent foreign trade deficit, portfolio insurance (a recently-developed technique by which institutional investors such as pension funds attempt to limit losses in a declining market by selling stock index futures short, which just exacerbates a decline), and even the much-maligned computer (which simply accelerates the speed with which transactions are carried out). Whatever one or combination of these forces was the proximate cause, the critical question is whether there will be a lasting impact from the crash or whether we will look back on it as a transitory blip of little historical significance. It is this question that I intend to address, first by placing the crash of '87 in historical perspective, and then by comparing it to the last great trauma of the stock market, the crash of 1929.

Table 1 presents the Dow Jones Industrial Average index of stock market prices for selected dates between 1899 and 1987. The Dow Jones Industrial Average is one of the oldest and most closely followed of the various stock market indexes and the one most likely to be reported in news stories. Although based on only 30 "blue-chip" industrial stocks, the movements in this index roughly parallel movements in the broader-based market indexes such as Standard & Poor's 500 (composed of the stocks of 500 companies engaged in industry, finance and transportation) or the NYSE Common-Stock Index (which covers all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange). Charles H. Dow, founder of the Dow-Jones Company, was probably the first person to measure the general level of stock prices by calculating the average prices of the stocks of a selected number of companies. His initial index in 1884 included 10 railroads, among the largest business organizations of the day, and a single additional company. In 1897 Dow created his index of industrials, beginning with 12 companies, which was later expanded to the current 30. (The specific companies included in the index change occasionally.)

Table 1 includes two columns reporting the Dow Jones Industrial Average. The first column contains the nominal value of the index, that is, the actual value of the index on the date which it was recorded. When examining long-term trends in stock prices, it is inappropriate to focus on the nominal value of the index. Since it is comprised of a simple average of stock prices, the "real" value of the index over time will depend on the value of the unit of measurement, which is the U.S. dollar. The value of the dollar fluctuates with the overall price level. The declining price level (deflation) of the Great Depression raised the value of the dollar, just as the increase in the price level (inflation) in more recent times has decreased the value of the dollar. In order to evaluate the long-term trend of the Dow Jones Industrial Average it is necessary to correct it for changes in the price level. The second column in the table adjusts the nominal index by dividing it by a consumer price index based on 1986-87 prices. The discussion which follows is based on this adjusted, or "real," index of stock prices.

The purpose of examining long-term



As the chart above and Table I below illustrate, the 2722 on the Dow Jones Average in August 1987 was *not* an all time high in constant dollars. In 1966 the Dow reached 3314 in 1987 dollars before falling 74% by 1982 to 870, which was only 30 points higher than the DJI in 1899. Moreover, the Great Crash of 1929 took three years to play itself out. By 1932 it had dropped 86 percent.

Table 1

Dow Jones Industrial Average, 1899-1987 (Selected Dates)

Date	Nominal Value		Adjusted for Price Level Changes (1986-87 $)	
December 17, 1899	64	–9%	840	
December 18, 1899	58		761	+59%
January 12, 1906	100		1208	
December 12, 1914	54		590	
November 10, 1924	106		682	+251%
November 15, 1927	195		1230	
November 15, 1928	269		1722	
September 3, 1929	**381**	–86%	**2397**	
October 25, 1929	301		1926	–24% Crash of '29
October 28, 1929	261		1639	
October 29, 1929	230		1472	
November 12, 1929	199		1274	
December 11, 1929	258		1651	
April 29, 1931	142		1024	
July 8, 1932	41		327	+357%
March 10, 1937	196	–50%	1495	
March 31, 1938	97		753	
November 10, 1938	159		1234	
March 10, 1956	500		1985	
January 18, 1966	**994**		**3314**	–74%
January 11, 1973	1051		2565	
December 6, 1974	578		1267	
April 27, 1981	1024		1219	
August 12, 1982	777	+210%	870	
December 1, 1986	1900		1900	
August 25, 1987	**2722**		**2722**	
October 16, 1987	2247		2247	–23% Crash of '87
October 19, 1987	1739		1739	

trends in this real index of industrial stocks is to place recent events in the context of past gyrations of the market. The most profound conclusion of this exercise is to fix firmly in the mind the previous dramatic fluctuations of the index. Tremendous wealth has been both created and destroyed time and again with the inexorable passage of time. Stock prices have gone up and down in the past and they will go up and down in the future.

That dramatic turns in stock prices are not a recent phenomenon is amply demonstrated by examining what happened on December 18, 1899, a day on which the Dow dropped from 840 to 761, losing 9% of its value in a single day. Recovery ensued, however, and by January of 1906 the Dow had risen by 59% over its 1899 low.

December 12, 1914, was a very special day in the history of the Dow. On that day the index lost just over 24% of its value, closing at 590, which remains even after the events of this past October the largest single-day percentage loss in the history of the index. This largest single-day disaster, however, was a special case, related to the events leading up to the outbreak of World War I. On June 28, 1914, Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated in Sarajevo, setting in motion the most severe political and economic crisis of the international capitalist system up to that time. By the middle of July stock exchanges in Austria, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg had been closed and any semblance of normal trading activity had been abandoned. On July 31, 1914, the London stock exchange closed and the New York Stock Exchange failed to open. Because of the severe dislocations in the market the New York Stock Exchange remained closed until December 12, when it re-opened and witnessed the worst day in its history, which was actually the culmination of the events of the previous several months. With the end of the war the nation returned to "normalcy" and the market recovered the losses it had sustained. By 1924 the Dow was about where it had been before the disaster in 1914. Then began one of the great bull markets in American history; it was an expansion, however, that would end in ultimate tragedy.

From 1924 to the autumn of 1929 the bull raged. Stock prices doubled in the three-year period between November 1924 and November 1927, increased by 40% in the following year, and by yet another 40% in 1929, with the Dow reaching a peak of 2397 on September 3. In late September and early October the market struggled and was actually 20% off its peak when it closed at 1926 on Friday, October 25. What followed were two of the darkest days of stock market history. By the close on Tuesday the 29th, the Dow had dropped over 450 points, losing 24% of its value in the process. The immediate reaction to the crash was surprisingly calm. After the first day's drop, the Wall Street Journal reported in a normal-size headline, "Market Orderly in Record Drop." After the second day, the Journal reported, again in normal type, "Stocks Steady After Decline," and noted that now was the time to "watch for bargains." The New York Times, although reporting the crash in bolder headlines, editorialized that the general view was that the decline had run its course and that "the basic condition is sound." The Times went on to note that "painful as the experience has been, even to many who were involved in it by no fault of their own, the longer result of it will be restoration of the country's mental health and vision." Not everyone was so sanguine. The following conversation was reported in the Wall Street Journal on October 30, " 'Never sell America short,' remarked one trader. 'All of which is true and a good thing to remember' remarked another trader. 'But some traders are now so bearish they would sell America, the Sub Treasury, Bank of England, Europe, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Federal Reserve System short if they could borrow them.' " In fact, the market recovered nearly half of its losses in the next two months, closing at 1651 on December 11. These gains, however, were to prove impermanent.

The greatest danger is not a replication of the events of 1929-32, but of an earlier incident involving Weimar Germany in 1923, when twin deficits led to a slide in the exchange value of German mark and hyperflation.

As the United States and the rest of the world with it slipped into recession in 1930 and then into depression, the stock market witnessed a sickening slide. By April 29, 1931, the Dow had fallen to 1024. With the collapse of the banking system and international gold standard in 1931, the decline intensified. The market hit a low of 327 on July 8, 1932, 86% below its peak on September 3, 1929. There followed a slow climb out of the economic abyss. Although employment and industrial production remained at historically low levels, at least recovery had commenced. There followed, admittedly from a very low base, the most dramatic rise in stock market history. Between 1932 and 1937 the market rose by 340%, never approaching the

heights of the summer of 1929, but at least reaching the level that had existed immediately after the crash. Again, however, the resurrection of the market was not permanent. When the recovery was halted in late 1937, the Dow quickly lost 50% of its value, although most of this loss was recovered by the end of 1938. The extent to which the Crash of 1929 caused the Great Depression is an open question, although most would agree that it had severely shaken confidence in the system and was at least a contributing factor. One thing is reasonably certain, during the 1930s the stock market reflected the underlying state of the economy, mirroring closely the setbacks and advances that occurred.

The stock market in the generally-prosperous post-World War II years has not remained any more stable than it was in previous times. The boom of the 1950s and 1960s ushered in the longest secular expansion in the market's history and drove the Dow to its all-time high. Between March 10, 1956, and January 18, 1966, the market rose by 67% from an already respectable level. Its close of 3314 on January 18, 1966, established an unprecedented high (an accurate statement notwithstanding the nearly continuous and dangerously misleading news reports of last summer announcing new highs for the Dow, simply indicating the media's fundamental confusion of nominal with real values). But the wheel was to turn again.

Economic problems due to the war in Vietnam, OPEC and the energy crisis, rising inflation, and lagging industrial productivity, led President Jimmy Carter to complain about a general economic malaise at the end of the 1970s. This view was clearly reflected in the Dow. With a secular decline in stock prices enhanced by recessions in 1974 and 1981, the Dow slid to 870 by August 12, 1982. This represented a loss of 74% in the value of the index from its high in 1966. The order of magnitude of the loss is staggering, very close to what occurred during the Depression, and has for the most part gone unmentioned in the commentary on the recent boom and crash. Keeping this in mind, however, will help put recent events in better perspective.

The bull market of the 1980s began in 1982 and apparently (a term carefully chosen since I do not intend to predict the immediate future of stock prices) ended in the autumn of 1987. During this five-year period the Dow increased in value by 210%, a far from unprecedented rise and less than had occurred in the 1920s. The Dow reached a peak of 2722 on August 25, 1987, still 18% below its all-time high of 3314 in 1966. In an eerie reflection of the events of September and early October of 1929, the market then struggled for several months, closing at 2247 on October 16, 17% off its August high. This was the setting for the crash of '87. Even before the market opened it was obvious that trouble was at hand. Both the London and Tokyo markets had recorded record declines for the day. When the Chicago Mercantile Exchange opened, prices of futures contracts on stock indexes (by which investors can speculate on the overall movement of stock prices) fell. By the time the New York Stock Exchange opened, there were so many sell orders that it was impossible to find buyers for individual stocks, and a number of stocks did not trade until later in the day. That the market eventually functioned at all (and a mid-day rumor that the market would be closed may have exaggerated the decline) is a tribute to its institutional resiliency. Tuesday was another day of wild fluctuations, but the market closed slightly up. Since then, the market has quieted. A portion of the loss has been recovered and as of this writing the Dow is fluctuating around 1850-2000, but the future remains uncertain, as it always must. As the Wall Street Journal opined in similar circumstances on October 30, 1929, "It is impossible to get a prediction on the market. All observers admit that one guess is as good as another under the prevailing circumstances." The overriding issue today is whether the crash of '87 will lead to another dramatic collapse of the economy such as occurred in the 1930s. My response is that it is not inevitable, but that there is sufficient cause for concern that the next year will be critical in terms of the future health of the economy.

Disturbing similarities between 1929 and 1987 are not difficult to find. Although contemporaries were not fully aware of it, the economy had already entered recession in the summer of '29; housing starts were lagging and industrial production had fallen slightly. Thus the stock market crash was superimposed on an already-weak economy. As of late 1987 the economy is still expanding modestly. Gross national product increased by about 2.4% during the year and most economists expect the present expansion to continue in spite of the probable negative effects of the market crash on consumer spending.

The banking system was quite weak in 1929 and there was no deposit insurance to insulate the system from a loss of confidence. This led to a run on banks as depositors sought to withdraw funds during the crisis of 1931, and again in 1932-33. It is not likely that such an event will occur under current conditions, although problems with third-world, farm and energy-state loans have placed some banks in a stressful position. One mistake that was made in the early '30s that will not be repeated (precisely because of that experience) will be a contraction of the money supply by the Federal Reserve Board. One response that we are in some danger of repeating, however, involves international trade. Even though the U.S. had a balance of payments surplus throughout the '20s, Congress in 1930 passed the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Foreign nations immediately retaliated and world trade continued on a

downward trend. Protectionist legislation, a response this time to a persistent balance of payments deficit, has recently passed both houses of Congress, with the particularly onerous Gephardt amendment attached to the House version. Should this bill become law in its present form, world trade could be dealt a severe blow with disastrous consequences for the U.S. economy. Finally, conventional wisdom in the 1930s argued for a balanced federal budget. The natural response to the intensifying recession, which drove the budget into deficit, was to raise taxes to reduce the deficit. The largest peace-time tax increase in history was passed in the summer of 1932, a classic case of incredibly bad timing which, as is now widely recognized, helped to keep the economy mired in the doldrums. Today, persistent budget deficits of historically high magnitude ($150-220 billion per year) are recognized as one of the chief causes of economic uncertainty and are cited as one of the reasons for the crash of '87. There is widespread agreement, both here and abroad, that something must be done about them, even if it means raising taxes and risking a recession. The current conventional wisdom is to tighten fiscal policy by reducing the budget deficit while simultaneously loosening monetary policy to stimulate investment and consumption with the hope that a recession will not be induced. If the foreign trade deficit can be brought down in tandem with the federal budget deficit (and the recent decline in the exchange rate of the dollar will help this process), such a policy can be expected to work, and a major catastrophe can be avoided. This is the optimistic scenario for the future.

It is clear that with a different combination of circumstances, and a knowledge of the policy mistakes of the 1930s, we are not likely to see an exact replication of the events which led to the Great Depression. Still, it would be a mistake to become smug, and there is ample evidence that we are still at risk. It is disturbing, indeed, to watch as Congress and the President struggle for weeks to come up with an agreement to cut a mere $23 billion off the current budget deficit (so soon after the market in a single day cut $500 billion off the net worth of stockholders). My own greatest fear is not a replication of the events of 1929-32, but of an earlier incident involving Weimar Germany in 1923. Admittedly, Germany was in a much weaker position following World War I than we are today, but again there are disturbing parallels. What happened to the Germans was that following the war they had both a federal budget deficit and a balance of trade deficit, a position we find ourselves in today. The exchange rate of the German mark declined in response to the payments deficit (as has the exchange rate of the dollar), thus contributing to a mild inflation. Capital inflows occurred initially in response to the trade deficit (and within the last five years as our own trade deficit has mounted we have gone from being a net exporter of capital to the largest debtor nation in the world). As trade deficits continued to mount, the German mark continued to decline in value, inflation accelerated, and the government budget deficit increased. The response of the monetary authorities was to print new money as fast as they could, which by then simply fueled inflation. Foreign investors then quickly abandoned the German mark, stimulating even more rapid exchange rate depreciation, leading to ever higher inflation (which eventually reached a rate of over 1000% per annum), and ending in hyperinflation and the complete destruction of the value of the German mark both at home and abroad. I am not arguing that this is bound to be our destiny, but these parallels worry me more than do the ones relating to the events leading up to the Great Depression. Our fate depends on the wisdom of Congress, the President, and the people (as well as the trust of German, Japanese and other foreign investors) to deal with the twin deficits confronting the nation. If we are successful this last paragraph will prove to have been nothing more than the embarrassing ramblings of a disturbed mind, the conventional wisdom will have proven correct, and the stock market probably will be off to a new record high.

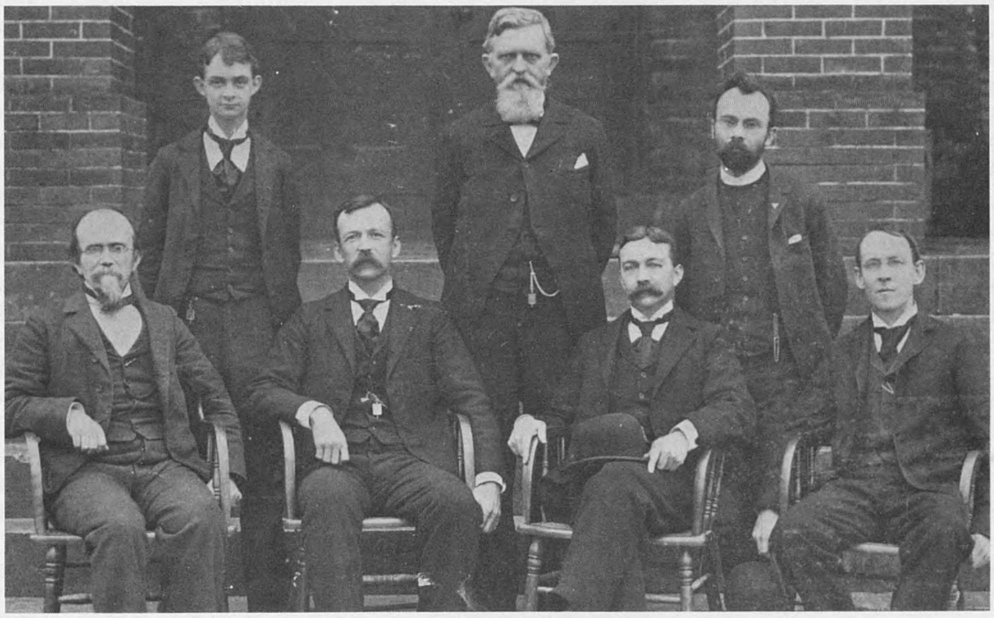
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William J. Hausman is Associate Professor of Economics at the College. This article is an expanded version of remarks that he delivered at a forum sponsored by the School of Business Administration on the Friday after the Crash of '87. Professor Hausman is an economic historian and occasionally teaches a seminar on the Great Depression.

HOW THE SEVEN WISE MEN REVIVED WILLIAM AND MARY

After Seven Years of Silence, The College Rebounds Under Lyon G. Tyler

By SUSAN H. GODSON '53



Recruited by President Lyon G. Tyler, the Seven Wise Men returned William and Mary to its earlier position of "a beacon of learning and political intelligence, not alone for Virginia but for the whole South and for the country at large." From left to right are (standing): Hugh S. Bird, professor of pedagogy; Thomas Jefferson Stubbs, professor of mathematics, and Charles Edward Bishop, professor of Greek, French and German. Seated are: the Reverend Lyman B. Wharton, professor of Latin; Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Van Franklin Garrett, professor of natural science, and John Lesslie Hall, professor of English and history. (Courtesy of the Society of the Alumni and "Hark Upon the Gale" by Wilford Kale '66.)

When the College of William and Mary reopened in 1888 after seven long, silent years, no one really believed it could survive, much less return to its earlier position of "a beacon of learning and political intelligence, not alone for Virginia but for the whole South and for the country at large."

Two prominent alumni had successfully lobbied a reluctant General Assembly to appropriate $10,000 a year to revive William and Mary. Although it would remain a private college, it would permit the state to choose half of the 10-member Board of Visitors and would provide teacher training for white males who would teach in Virginia's fledgling public schools. Delegate Lyon Gardiner Tyler had taken a keen interest in the College's plight and had introduced the enabling legislation. After the bill passed, Tyler volunteered to become William and Mary's president. The Board of Visitors accepted. Its first choice, John L. Buchanan, had rejected the job because the College was too "broken down and deserted."

Only 35 years old when he became president, Tyler was the son of U. S. President John Tyler and had grown up at nearby Sherwood Forest in Charles City County. He earned B.A. and M.A. degrees at the University of Virginia and in 1877-78 taught belles-lettres at William and Mary. Later he was principal of a private school in Memphis, then practiced law in Richmond, where he and a friend re-established and taught at the Virginia Mechanics Institute night school. He became a member of the House of Delegates in 1887.

A multitude of problems confronted Tyler at William and Mary. He inherited a campus with five dilapidated, rat-infested buildings, neglected grounds, little endowment, no faculty, and no students. While he pondered how to return the College to its old prestigious status, he energetically lured five other professors to help and soon had the campus humming with activity.

To attract more students, the faculty

set only one entrance requirement: a student must be 15 years old. Even that was waived if an older brother also attended. No more advanced than today's high schools, the College offered generalized education rather than specialized concentration. The three-year bachelor of arts degree required "graduating" from two departments and demonstrating intermediate proficiency in three others. The master of arts called for graduation in five departments. The main focus, however, was teacher training, which required only two years for study for the Licentiate of Instruction. More than half of the new students entered the tuition-free normal course and pledged to teach for two years in state public schools.

When the College reopened on October 4, 1888, 102 young men responded to Tyler's widespread publicity campaign. The president and his professors excitedly met students arriving by train, shepherded them to the College Hotel or to boarding houses, and quickly knew them by name.

Tyler also had to deal with William and Mary's troubled finances. In 1893 the U. S. Congress finally paid the College $64,000 for Civil War damage caused by Union soldiers, but Tyler had to generate more financial support from the General Assembly. He made full use of the College's history and traditions and of its public service in training teachers when making eloquent pleas for funds. Consequently, the legislature raised the annual appropriation to $15,000 in 1892 and to $30,000 six years later.

In addition to his administrative duties, Tyler carried a full teaching load. He was a gifted professor of moral science (ethics), political economy and civil government. He loved American, especially Virginia and Southern, history and had the rare knack of making historical figures come alive in lectures. A dedicated historian, genealogist and writer, Tyler published dozens of books, articles and pamphlets. His most noted works were the three-volume *The Letters and Times of the Tylers* and *England in America*, part of the *American Nation* series.

Tyler was so busy that he got a reputation for being notoriously absent-minded. One day he took two of his children to Richmond, then later he returned alone on the train. He had forgotten that he had left them standing on the corner of 7th and Main Streets. Absent-minded or not, he ardently believed in William and Mary's future and was the guiding force of its rebirth. He gained widespread academic recognition, and four colleges awarded him honorary doctoral degrees. He remained president until he retired in 1919.

The most memorable faculty member was John Lesslie Hall. Born in 1856, the Richmond native attended Randolph Macon College and the University of Virginia, dropping out of both because of poor eyesight. After teaching for a few years in local schools and working in his father's business, he entered the graduate program at Johns Hopkins University and received a Ph.D. in 1892. In those days earned doctorates were rare.

The professor of English language and general history was a research scholar and Anglo-Saxon authority. He won wide acclaim for his translations of *Beowulf* and of *Judith, Phoenix and Other Anglo-Saxon Poems* and published four other books on English usage, poetry and drama. His enthusiasm spread to history, and he wrote *Half-Hours in Southern History*, which reflected his admiration for the South and its heroes.

Hall exercised even more influence in the classroom where he inspired both intense admiration and fear because he was a demanding taskmaster. Students flocked to hear his lively lectures and humorous stories. He generated a love of English language and literature and of Southern history and rendered a great service to Virginia by giving training in English to thousands of future public school teachers.

Hall was so colorful that stories about him quickly grew. It took too much time to put his arms into his coat sleeves, he thought, so he often wore his jacket like a cape. When a curious student asked why he wore it in such a way, Hall brusquely replied, "To keep myself warm, you jackass, to keep myself warm."

He eventually became dean of the faculty, dean of the College, and assistant to the president. Two colleges honored Hall's scholarly achievements by awarding him honorary doctoral degrees. He continued to teach until his death in 1928 — the longest of any of the Seven Wise Men.

In quiet contrast to Hall's showmanship, Thomas Jefferson Stubbs headed the mathematics department. Born in Gloucester County in 1841, he received a bachelor's degree from William and Mary in 1860. He was a Confederate enlisted man and was taken prisoner at Petersburg. After the war he attended the University of Virginia, then earned an M.A. from William and Mary. He became professor of mathematics at Arkansas College, which awarded him an honorary Ph.D. in 1882. He was editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* and served two terms in the state legislature. He returned to Williamsburg in 1888.

Single handedly, Stubbs guided his poorly prepared math students through introductory classes, then college-level courses that went as high as analytical geometry and calculus. Stubbs also taught surveying. An exacting teacher, Stubbs dominated his classroom from a revolving chair. Never getting up to lecture, he whirled around to write on the blackboard, then back again to challenge his students. Often he would draw a figure in the air, designate the geometric angles, and demand an answer to the problem. Woe to the student whose attention wandered. Nevertheless, from Stubbs's clear, direct instruction, the students learned math — and to pay attention.

Stubbs was a large man who strongly resembled Robert E. Lee. His appearance often intimidated students until they learned that he was a kind friend to any young man in trouble. Serving on faculty committees on student conduct, he acted as an intermediary between an errant scholar and disciplinary demands. He continued to teach until he died in 1915.

Another Confederate veteran, Lyman Brown Wharton, was professor of ancient and modern languages. Born in 1831 in Bedford County, he studied at the University of Virginia and the Virginia Theological Seminary. He became an Episcopal clergyman in 1859, then was a Confederate chaplain. From 1870 to 1881 Wharton taught at William and Mary, which awarded him an honorary Doctor of Divinity in 1876.

This scholarly master of languages taught Latin, Greek, German and French by himself until the College hired another professor in 1891. Wharton believed that learning ancient tongues sharpened analytical abilities and improved the knowledge of English. When students could think in a foreign language, they had come close to mastering it.

A quiet sense of humor lightened sometimes tedious classroom exercises. When a student translated, "I have eaten [rather than 'erected'] a monument more enduring than bronze," the professor dryly suggested that he sit down and digest it. Every year the kindly old man had an ice cream party for his students, who affectionately nicknamed him "Lima Beans" — a mimicry of "Lyman B."

Wharton retired in 1906 but continued to teach a Sanskrit class. He had the distinction of being the first William and Mary professor named to the Carnegie

Foundation. In 1907, en route to a Confederate reunion and dressed in full uniform, he dropped dead at the Williamsburg railroad station.

Matching Wharton's dedication to restoring William and Mary was Van Franklin Garrett, who headed the natural science department. The Williamsburg native was born in 1846. As a Virginia Military Institute cadet, he fought in the Battle of Newmarket, then remained with the Confederate forces throughout the war. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia and received an M.D. from New York's Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1868. After practicing medicine in Baltimore, he returned to Williamsburg for several years, then taught at Giles College in Tennessee. William and Mary granted him an honorary M.A. in 1872.

For the first 17 years after the College reopened, Garrett *was* the science department. Courses were general and taught at a subcollegiate level. Garrett introduced his ill-prepared students to general science and then taught them botany, chemistry, physiology and physics. Working with antiquated laboratory equipment and inadequate supplies, Garrett tried his best to use experimental and practical instruction methods. He always took time to answer students' questions and to encourage their interests.

Students unanimously regarded Garrett as the best loved of all the professors. Gentle, kind and generous, he was "the personification of a Southern Christian gentleman," recalled one alumnus. Because he worked well with young people, he was usually on faculty committees dealing with misconduct. Garrett retired in 1923.

The youngest member of the new faculty was Hugh Stockdell Bird, professor of pedagogy (teacher training). Born in 1869 in Petersburg, he earned a two-year Licentiate of Instruction from Peabody Normal School in 1888 and later a bachelor's degree.

A contemporary of the students rather than of the other professors, Bird had the youthful energy and enthusiasm needed for devising the new normal program. It was a formidable job, with no precedent at William and Mary and little in the South. Bird worked closely with other departments to ensure that future teachers received adequate instruction in all subjects. A great natural teacher, Bird vigorously demonstrated how classes should be taught. Later his students emulated his techniques throughout the state. So effective was Bird that requests poured in for William and Mary graduates as teachers, principals and supervisors. When the College opened the Matthew Whaley Model and Practice School in 1894, Bird oversaw its operation, chose the principal and organized the study program.

Forceful, a doer rather than a talker, Bird was somewhat flamboyant in dress and manner, which appealed to his students. He had an excellent relationship with them and often took their side in disciplinary matters.

He left the College in 1904 and went into private business. His leaving was a loss for William and Mary, because he had been the catalyst in establishing the viable teacher-training program essential to the College's survival.

A youthful Lyon Gardiner Tyler, an attorney from Richmond, came to William and Mary as president in 1888. (Courtesy of University Relations, College of William and Mary, and "Hark Upon the Gale" by Wilford Kale '66.)

The last of the Seven Wise Men, Charles Edward Bishop, became head of the department of Greek, French and German in 1891, relieving Wharton of some of his heavy responsibilities. Born in 1861 in Petersburg, Bishop attended the University of Virginia, then earned a doctorate from the University of Leipzig in 1889. Returning to Virginia, he taught at Emory and Henry College for two years. A dedicated and meticulous classicist, Bishop had published a book in Leipzig. Later he wrote numerous articles for the *American Journal of Philology*.

His looks and demeanor so personified serious scholarship that his students thought he surely must have swallowed a Greek dictionary. His courses, he believed, should teach students "the elevating thoughts and dreams of the ancient intellects."

Unorthodox in his classroom, Bishop made a pen out of desks and chairs in one corner. From that vantage point, he lectured with his eyes closed. It was an intriguing spectacle, his students recalled. In spite of his unusual delivery style, Bishop imparted a thorough understanding of the three languages. Classroom exercises, recitation, and outside reading and study honed students' linguistic skills. Bishop encouraged his advanced students to join the postgraduate language program.

In 1911 Bishop became professor of Greek at the University of West Virginia. He was the only Wise Man to leave William and Mary to teach at another college.

Bishop's arrival at William and Mary completed the roster of the Seven Wise Men. Fondly remembered as learned oracles — surely the sages of ancient Greece and Rome could not have surpassed them in wisdom — these men were the core of the faculty during the pivotal years when the College's survival was doubtful.

Determined to succeed, the Seven Wise Men not only excelled in the classroom but became intensely involved with their charges. They soon knew their students' capabilities and provided individual attention. This paternalistic concern dominated faculty meetings where more time was spent devising and enforcing rules of conduct than on academics. In fact, citizenship and gentility ranked above scholarsip, so the rules were strict. Students had to attend daily roll call, could not go more than six miles from Williamsburg without permission, and should be asleep before midnight. Firearms, gambling, visiting barrooms, swearing and hazing were prohibited. Infractions brought faculty investigations, public apologies from offenders, meetings with the president, reports to parents and occasional suspensions.

In addition to academic and personal supervision, the professors tried to inspire the young men to lead "high-minded and productive lives" and unceasingly recalled the College's glorious past and illustrious alumni. Nearby Jamestown and Yorktown, sites of the nation's birth and independence, heightened William and Mary's historic aura. The students should, the teachers said, emulate the early heroes and bring more reknown to the venerable college.

The proximity of the first permanent English settlement in America sparked the origin of Jamestown Day in 1889. Hall led the faculty in pressing for a College holiday so everyone could spend May 13 at Jamestown. The first celebration was an imprompt affair, but soon the bi-annual event took on all the trappings of a pilgrimage. There were poems, speeches, hymns and rousing calls to "restore this ancient commonwealth to her seat of honor in this great republic." All extolled the colonists who had settled the island in 1607.

The 200th anniversary of William and Mary's charter gave the College the chance to praise its own past and to display its resurrection. Tyler orchestrated the celebration, which lasted a full day during final exercises in June 1893 and appealed especially to the increasingly active Alumni Association. A poem written for the occasion, speeches by distinguished alumni, gifts and an elaborate banquet highlighted the festivities. Tyler printed an account of the events — some volumes were bound in leather with gilt-edged pages — and distributed it widely.

The Seven Wise Men encouraged and took part in nascent extracurricular activities. Williamsburg offered little entertainment, so the College developed its own. Tyler and Hall helped the Philomathean and Phoenix literary societies when they started in 1890. The societies' *William and Mary College Monthly*, the first student-run publication, provided an opportunity for budding literati. Tyler began editing and publishing the *William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine* in 1892, and it remains the South's oldest active historical journal. The *Colonial Echo*, the student yearbook, started seven years later.

To reward scholarship, the faculty revived the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1893. Appropriately, the Seven Wise Men were the first new members and quickly invited outstanding students to join the selective organization.

Other Greek-letter fraternities with less serious purposes soon appeared. Kappa Sigma, Kappa Alpha and Pi Kappa Alpha provided relaxation and camaraderie for their members. After the turn of the century, three more fraternities became active.

The German Club and the Glee and Mandolin Club encouraged thespian and musical talents. Along with the Dramatic Club, they entertained the College community. Regional groups such as the Knights of Loudoun and the Eastern Shore Club kept students in touch with hometown neighbors.

To strengthen Christian beliefs and charitable works, the YMCA enrolled about half the student body. Wharton taught the weekly Bible class; Hall lectured on biblical history, and other faculty members often spoke to the group.

Athletics became increasingly important. In 1893 William and Mary fielded a football team, which promptly lost its first and only game 16-0. Soon the College had a baseball team, which Stubbs organized and coached. After the new gym and athletic field opened in 1901, gymnasium, track and basketball teams started. William and Mary hired a physical director and required normal students to take courses in "physical culture." Both intercollegiate and intramural competition grew.

To attract more students, the faculty set only one entrance requirement: a student must be 15 years old. Even that was waived if an older brother also attended. No more advanced than today's high schools, the College offered generalized education rather than specialized concentration.

As the College attracted more and better prepared students, the curriculum expanded. Natural science split into chemistry and physics, taught by Garrett; and biology, botany and physiology, taught by a new professor, John W. Ritchie. Modern laboratory equipment graced the science hall, which opened in 1905. The teacher training program added courses such as drawing and manual arts.

Degree requirements toughened. Matching the standards of other colleges, William and Mary established 120 credits and a thesis for a bachelor's degree. An M.A. called for 25 additional credits and a thesis. Teacher training expanded to a three-year, 90-credit program leading to a teacher's diploma.

By 1906 the student body had grown to 244, and the faculty to 22. Endowment funds had grown from $20,000 in 1888 to $154,000, and the library had doubled its number of volumes.

More students had called for better facilities, and Tyler oversaw renovation of the five existing buildings and their grounds, and the construction of another boarding house, an infirmary, a gym and a science hall. Such improvements as electric lights, running water, indoor plumbing, steam heat, new fences and granolithic walks modernized the campus.

In spite of the obvious success of the Seven Wise Men in reviving the ancient College, financial problems continued to threaten its very existence. Unable to attract donations from philanthropic foundations or wealthy individuals, the College relied on appropriations from an increasingly reluctant General Assembly. Only a massive public relations campaign spared the legislative ax in 1898. Three years later delegates to the Constitutional Convention temporarily balked at continuing state aid to the private college.

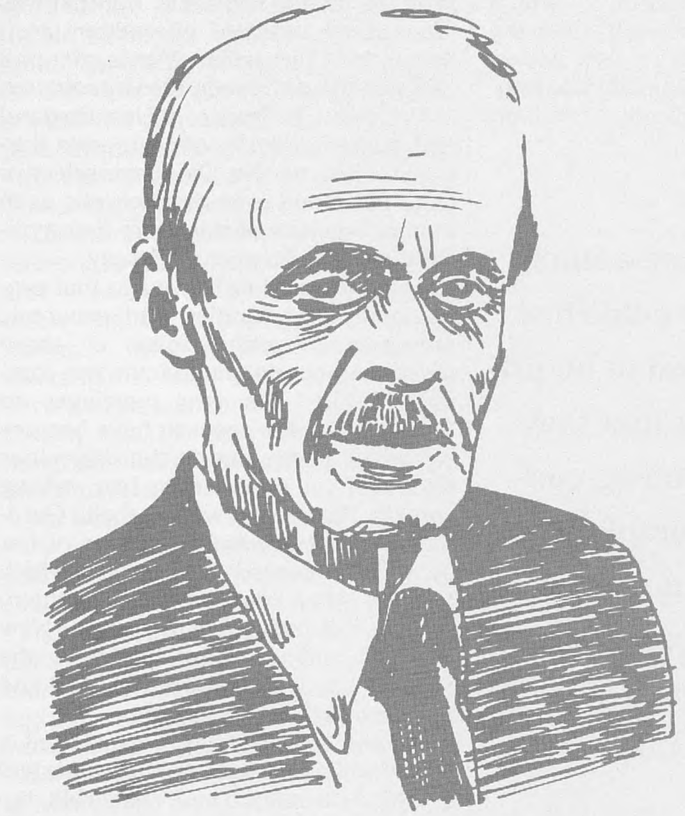
Weary with the unending financial battles, Tyler persuaded the Board of Visitors to turn the College over to the state. Finally, on March 6, 1906, the General Assembly approved transferring William and Mary's lands and buildings to the Commonwealth of Virginia. The school would retain its collegiate and normal courses, and the governor would appoint the 10 members of the Board of Visitors. The annual appropriation rose to $35,000, and the professors soon received a 20 percent salary increase.

Tyler breathed a sigh of relief. He had spent 18 years trying to keep William and Mary from foundering. "The struggle up to 1906 was largely one for permission to live," he noted. Now the College's real prosperity could begin.

And begin it did, leading William and Mary in its 20th-century rise to unquestionable excellence. Coming back from near-certain oblivion, the College owed a large debt to the dedication of those Seven Wise Men.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Godson '53 attended William and Mary and Sweet Briar College and graduated with highest distinction from George Mason University. She earned M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the American University. The author of Viking of Assault: Admiral John Lesslie Hall, Jr., and Amphibious Warfare *(University Press of America, 1982), and of numerous articles on naval and Virginia history, she is a free-lance writer living in Williamsburg. She is the granddaughter of Dr. John Lesslie Hall, one of the Seven Wise Men.*



Our Cousin, Mr. Tate

A Southern Fugitive Writer Undergoes Reappraisal

By GALE H. CARRITHERS JR. '53

Fugitive, Southern Agrarian, New Critic, poet, essayist and man of letters — the Allen Tate of different phases and different honors seems to be undergoing reappraisal, new naming and renewed honors. He was a "Fugitive" in company with others of Nashville and Vanderbilt University in the early '20s. Their short-lived but noteworthy magazine *The Fugitive* exhibited in verse and doctrine a flight from Southern literary gentility to something newer and tougher.

Notable Fugitives John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren and Donald Davidson were, along with Tate, in turn contributors to the essay-collection *I'll Take My Stand* in 1930. That volume challenges current ways of life by contrast with (admittedly selective) images of a strongly agrarian Southern past. Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks through the *Southern Review* at LSU, through vastly influential textbooks, and with Tate and Ransom in such literary quarterlies and in essay collections, gave remarkably general currency by the '40s and '50s to what has been called (after Ransom) New Criticism. New Criticism served as a needed call to more intense readings of literary language, and of its implications and its inter-relationships.

Allen Tate himself, through it all, through the *Collected Poems*, 1919-1976, through *Essays of Four Decades* (1969), wrestled with the question "What shall we say who have knowledge/Carried to the heart?" Those words of 1927, from "Ode to the Confederate Dead," appropriately hint of struggles within himself; but there were external struggles as well.

"Colonel Tate!" The brief exclamation came from Louis Rubin as he stood with fellow scholars George Core and Lewis Simpson at the two-month-old grave of Allen Tate in April 1979. Professor Simpson tells the story in the summer 1986 *Sewanee Review*. The three visited the grave of their late friend — and so may we properly do, in a more figurative sense — because they recognized a more profound kinship than their shared regard for Southern literature or their residence in Southern towns not unlike those of Tate's Virginia ancestry, Kentucky birth, and intermittent Tennessee residency. In such places, well into this century, considerable military rank might be courteously conferred on "citizens of regard whether they had ever worn a uniform or not," as Simpson puts it. Presumably the regard for those so ranked used to associate vaguely with that other matter of regard, the Great Cause, the Late Unpleasantness.

No, it was *Colonel* Tate, as numbers of his friends understood, because of his pugnacity and commanding tendency to organize quasi-military campaigns on behalf of the realm of letters and literature in America. It bears looking into.

Tate himself seems to have wondered at it, alluding in his published correspondence with Donald Davidson to "Tatian spume," and confessing in 1942, in his published correspondence with John Peele Bishop that he wrote better when in trouble, "but the trouble of the world answers the purpose." Such remarks suggest he was reluctant to identify his pugnacity altogether with himself, although it was certainly internal, however external the occasions for it might have been.

He could in fact detach himself enough to joke about his militant self, as he did to Bishop in 1935: "It's all very well to tell the Colonel to up and at 'em, but fortunately the Colonel, who has a fair notion of the force he is about to exhibit, isn't so confident that he will defeat the enemy." Others might joke about it in somewhat different spirit, as when Ford Madox Ford wrote a friend that a week with the Tates in the '30s (Allen and his first wife, the novelist and critic Caroline Gordon) was like a conspiratorial week in "the Sargoza sea" [sic]; they were preparing "to attack the University of Vanderbilt."

Tate and Robert Penn Warren objected to *I'll Take My Stand* as a title for the 1930 publication by "Twelve Southerners," which continues to be read and discussed as the manifesto of "Southern Agrarianism." They thought that title sounded intemperate and rigid. Yet Tate concluded his own contribution to the collection, "Religion and the Old South," by stating that the Southerner could only reclaim his tradition — which Tate thought of as a sort of unified closeness to soil, to God and to classical wisdom — "by violence." By violence? Friends-by-letter such as Yvor Winters gave epistolary snorts, rejoining that if it were not a matter of Tate suggesting ironically what he knew to be impossible, then it was a matter of Tate being frivolous and irresponsible.

The irony seems to have been real, but mainly of a rather different sort. Tate's South, everyone's South, was and still is the most heavily *oral* sector of American culture, as he himself partly recognized. Even those very few Old Southern gentry who in Tate's memory might have read Latin recreationally, certainly those more numerous few who refined their pulpit or political oratory with books, were reflecting the ancient oratorical tradition of citizenship as public vocal discussion and debate. And probably more citizens of the South than of other regions were mainly oral folk, that is, marginally literate, and the children and grandchildren of folk even less literate.

Debate: Walter Ong and other scholars have instructed us in recent years about the profound differences between oral societies and literate societies. For one particular, oral societies and partly literate societies with large residues of oral culture tend to be *contentious*. Typically, in oral society, someone argues against somebody, face to face. That human activity obviously never disappears, because we all begin as oral persons, and law courts and parliamentary deliberations ritualize oral forms.

But all of us likely to be reading something like this are permanently marked or even "imprinted" by university-level literacy, and our cousin Mr. Tate was, in his classical learning and writer's vocation, all the more so. We who read the newspaper, or cereal box, at breakfast and write reports or memos at the office typically build an argument or weigh options or work out lines of thought — all familiar descriptions suggesting visible, architectural arrangements in space, from legal briefs to memos, down to the mini-contracts in our checkbooks, which of course *balance* rather than, say, harmonize.

So, ironically, part of what Tate was ambivalently defending in his South, its social cohesion and talky continuity and its resistance to some dangerously abstract notions of efficiency or profit or analytic pseudo-completeness, was all endangered by the very structuring, visualizing tendencies of the high literacy he represented. Ironically, too, his combativeness in attacking the abstractive, dehumanizing "positivism," which menaced the best in his South and in the North, too (as he came to see), and in attacking injustice in his South, was reinforced by the fading oratorical tradition of debate.

According to the author, "Tate wrote and published poems that tended to be private in the sense that they focus on events being construed within a complex consciousness, poems difficult in their densely impassioned thought, and acutely literary in their construction."

Likewise was his copious articulateness reinforced by oral tradition. Orality is copious to compensate for lapses in listeners' attention. Orality does not think of writing it down, or looking it up, or information retrieval, but instead thinks anxiously of trying to remember. But memory is tricky, and Tate's way with it reinforces his cousinship to all of us who are touched by experience both of the South and of liberal arts universities.

Tate wrote and published poems that tended to be private in the sense that they focus on events being construed within a complex consciousness, poems difficult in their densely impassioned thought, and acutely literary in their construction. He wrote reviews and biography and several brilliant collections of essays focused on literature and society, one antebellum novel, *The Fathers*, and thousands of letters. About the essays, many originally delivered as talks or addresses, and of the letters, more in a moment.

He moved restlessly, from college at Vanderbilt to brief teaching in Lumberport, W. Va., to mid 1920s New York, "thrilled at the mere *physique* of this great city!" And there he sought to foster and further Southern writers, including his "Fugitive" associates such as Ransom, Davidson, and "Red" Warren. Tate wrote he could "never return to Nashville" to live. In a sense he was right: he died in Nashville. But that was after many years of intermittent residence in Clarksville, Monteagle and Sewanee, Tenn., punctuated by sojourns at Princeton, in France, in New England and at the university of Minnesota during the '50s and '60s. This list is selective as to place and even more cryptic as to human tensions of this more-than-typically restless American odyssey.

Anyone would rightly guess that professional opportunities and economic pressures prescribe some of those moves. An overlapping factor was marital conflict. His two marriages to Caroline Gordon seem to have become casualties partly due to the difficulties attendant on maintaining two writing careers. His second wife, Isabella Gardner, had not precisely a career of her own but interests and roots, which (among other conflicts between them) made her disinclined to live outside New England and unwilling to live in the South. They were divorced in 1966 and he remarried the same year.

He and Helen Heinz Tate started a family while he taught visiting semesters at UNC-Greensboro and Vanderbilt, before retiring from Minnesota in 1968. It seems that he could return even to Nashville, that the South he had defended and attacked all his life was, in Rebecca West's words about native lands, a hearth that gave warmth after all.

But what is home? It is perhaps the great question to this nation of fugitive immigrants, the first ones who walked the Asian land bridge and all those since. The question *where* has perhaps come to be subordinate to the question *what*, because we still remember something of the Christian centuries for which home was the presence of God in eternity, unpredictably available by grace even amid the worldly city, but essentially Otherwhere, and this life a pilgrimage thither. A thousand secular metaphoric usages — of roads and trips and turns and goings (for the gusto or whatever) hearken to the idea as if in memory. And so in a different way does the notion that home is where the heart is.

Tate, long a somewhat informally devout man, formally became a Roman Catholic in 1950. That step represented some refinement in definition of his aims and reasons for his action, but no ready-made or easy solution to getting subsistence and work, knowledge and heart, morality and love, all together. And the word *together* does point to a key issue in our collective life as Tate saw it, even as it points to something of ourselves we might see in Tate's aspiration for this life. He addressed Bishop in 1931 as "like most of us . . . both inside and outside the old tradition . . . a modern and divided mind." At the University of Virginia for the Phi Beta Kappa address in 1936, he praised the concern of "Mr. Jefferson" with the integration of man's "moral nature and his economics," which Tate called "the greatest of all human tasks."

There it is: the mistrust of present pretensions to well-being, the vocal courtliness — as if across the council chamber rather than the centuries — of "Mr. Jefferson," the bookish, rationalistic abstraction of economics which nevertheless is understood to impinge on human life, the mysterious and anything-but-abstract internality of man's moral nature.

No wonder Tate was drawn also to a very different Southerner, whom he called in the title of a later essay, "Our Cousin Mr. Poe." He followed that with "The Angelic Imagination," in which he cited Poe as a pioneer writer on what for moderns is "our great subject, the disintegration of personality." And just afterward, in the magnificent Phi Beta Kappa Address of May 1, 1952, at the University of Minnesota, published as "The Man of Letters in the Modern World," he roundly avers that "doing without knowing is machine behavior."

So I have suggested Mr. Tate is our cousin partly in respect for his own metaphor about Poe, certainly in lively sense of our kindred anxieties, but partly in discomfort that would not comfortably say "mon semblable, mon frere." The trouble is, he's a prophet. Not that he foretold in any particular way what would happen a decade after his death, but rather in the general Biblical sense: he tells us things are truly not as they are widely taken to be and are far more deeply flawed than we thought.

We are, he repeatedly insists, renegade worshippers — of false gods of profit or efficiency. We are apostates to the machine. Or we are idolatrous aspirants to the "angelic imagination," which would pretend to grasp truths divine or else merely human yet as if independent of history. Or we are postulators of false doctrines pretending to comprehensiveness. Our vaunted media and communication, he argues in "The Man of Letters," even when not pitifully diluted of human content, are typically mere information stacking, bytes and bits of dehumanizing contrast to communion.

Communion remembers the self and others and history. History is the past as connection, not merely as data. History of ourselves and our society must live in our memories rather than merely in data banks because time matters, the time not of clock but of felt human endurance, and presence to human consciousness matters. History and imaginative language must connect the shards of each individual life-world, and connect those island-selves in a communion of shared experience. Why history and imaginative language in combination? Because without imaginative language we cannot know our experience, still less know others' experience, cannot remember what we know, or share in meanings of remoter others, beyond mere data. As early as 1926, Tate wrote in his angry poem "Retroduction to American History" that "Heredity / Proposes love, love exacts language, and we lack / Language."

In the half-century thereafter he consumed himself in the service of language, service ultimately I think in the interest of love. How American! The search for the ultimate family in a land never quite home. For notable example, his contemporary Loren Eiseley, different in many ways, shared the prophetic view, and the concern about communion, as in a poem asking anxiously, "How shall I be companioned?"

That is really Tate's question, too, implicit in professing roundly to Bishop (in 1933, at Christmas) that the "republic of letters" is the only republic he believed in. That question energizes thousands of letters to cherished compatriots in the republic, some beginning to be published.

That question scarcely ever lies outside the circle of relevance for the *Collected Poems, 1919-1976*, containing the marvelous "Ode to the Confederate Dead," "Seasons of the Soul," "The Swimmers," "The Buried Lake" and others. That question and its multiple answers, which are never complete, drive the essays with power yet to be properly appreciated. But of course, whose question is it not? We lack adequate answers.

Now, almost a decade since Allen Tate's death, more than three decades since his last burst of public writing, we can claim with pride and affection the companionship of our cousin.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gale H. Carrithers Jr. '53 was an English major at William and Mary and took a Ph.D. at Yale (after two years as an artillery lieutenant). He has taught English at Duke, SUNY Buffalo, and LSU, and published a book on John Donne, articles on literary and educational subjects. He is finishing a book on three American prophets, Allen Tate, Loren Eiseley and Lewis Mumford.

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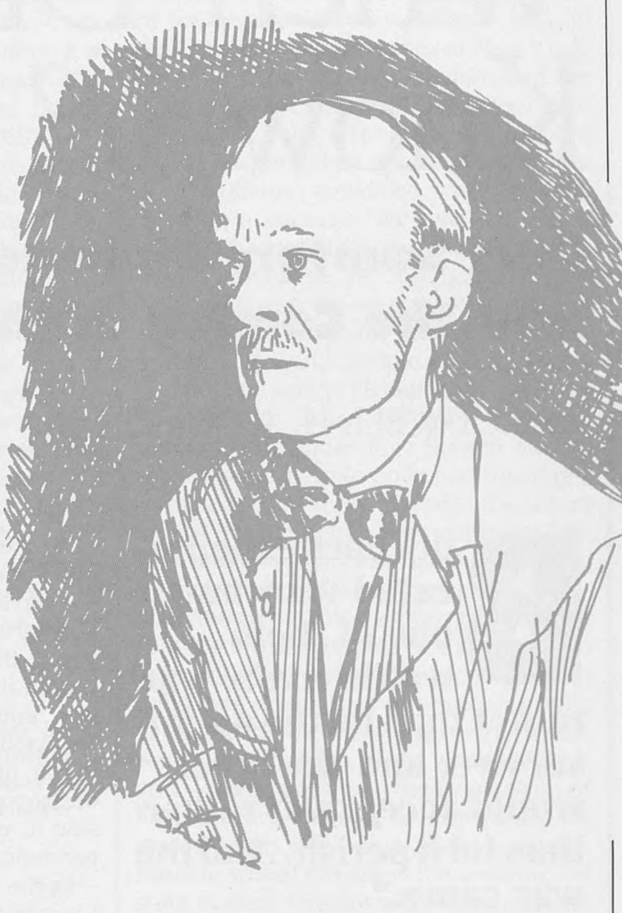
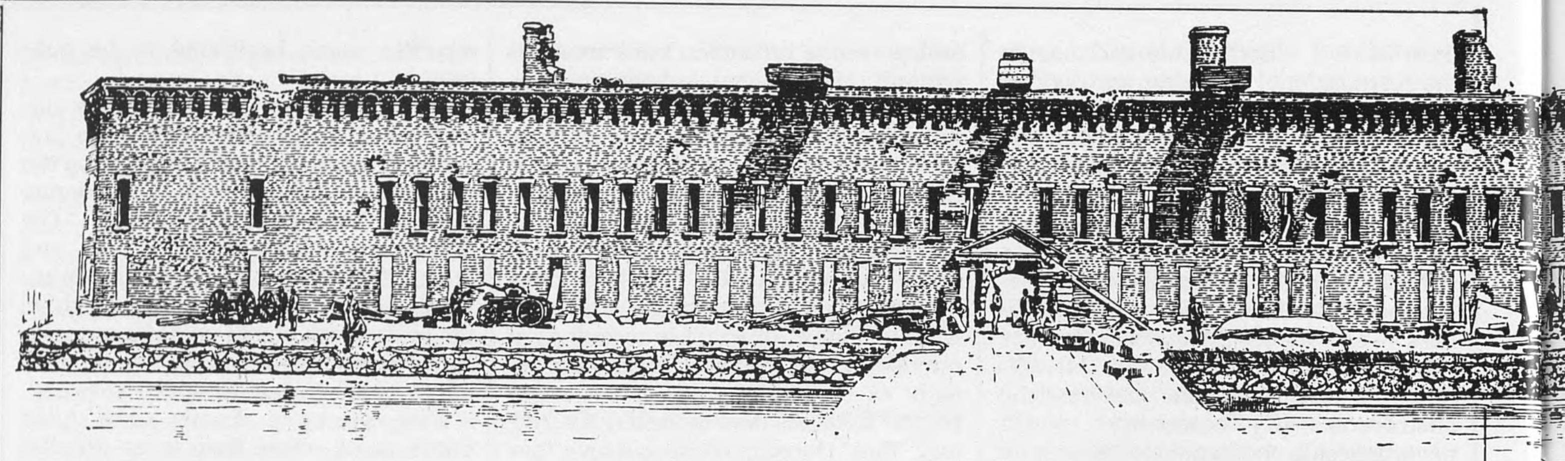




What Did The President Know And When Did He Know It?

Fort Sumter: Diplomatic Duplicity and the Coming of the Civil War

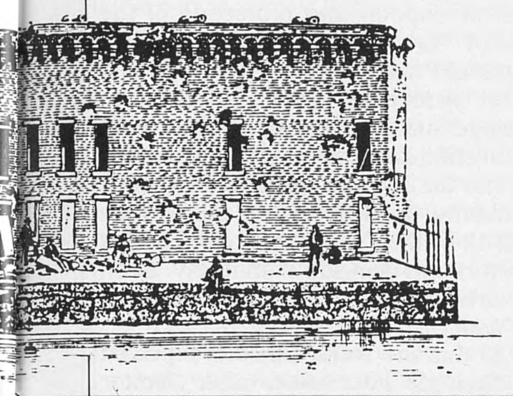
By LUDWELL H. JOHNSON III

Both parties deprecated war: but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.”

So Abraham Lincoln said in his second inaugural address. It was such a simple explanation of how the great conflict, now grinding to its bloody end, came about: the South made war, Lincoln accepted it. History is never simple, however, and Lincoln's role was by no means confined merely to accepting a war thrust upon him by those intent upon destroying the nation, or, as Southerners saw it, winning a second war for independence.

In the crisis that led to war, what was Lincoln trying to do and what were the means he used to do it? The attitude of the Republican party toward secession was crystal clear: the party's 1860 platform called secession treason. As for Lincoln, his position was equally explicit. In a speech he delivered late in 1859 he told Southerners that if the Republicans elected a president in 1860 “it will be our duty to see that you submit. Old John Brown has just been executed for treason against a state. We cannot object, even though he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed and treason. . . So, if constitutionally we elect a President, and therefore you undertake to destroy [i.e., secede from] the Union, it will be our duty to deal with you as old John Brown has been dealt with.” No one can say the South was not warned.

There is no evidence that Lincoln's position ever changed. During the interim between his election and his inauguration, Lincoln assured Republican leaders that if President James Buchanan should give up the forts still held by United States troops in the seceded states, he would retake them after he assumed office. He and his party adamantly refused any compromise, not only with secession but on any issue that could have resolved the crisis that was rending the nation during the fateful winter of 1860-1861. There were compelling reasons for this. Influential Northern interests upon whom the Republicans depended saw an independent Southern Confederacy as threatening them with ruin, as depriving them of the Southern market, of breaking their stranglehold on the shipping and marketing of Southern crops, of producing a financial panic and a wave of bankruptcies: in short, with losing the wealth that had for so long flowed from south to north through the agency of tariffs, navigation acts, middleman profits, and interest on loans. Furthermore, there were millions of Northerners, average citizens not conscious of having a material stake in the Union, who were emo-



If Lincoln abandoned Fort Sumter (above), the symbol of Federal authority in the seceded Southern states, it would be a signal that the Federal government had acceded to Southern independence.

tionally attached to the idea of preserving the handiwork of the patriots of '76 and the Founding Fathers. Proud of the growing strength and prosperity of their country, they were distressed and outraged at the prospect of its division. The lesson was clear to Republican leaders. Their Democratic opponents in the North had already accused them of a selfish partisanship that had driven the South out of the Union. If they now acquiesced in secession, their party would become a byword and a hissing among the voters.

All this seemed clear: if the party was to survive, the Union must be preserved. Nevertheless the Republicans were faced with a dilemma. Many of those who deprecated disunion were also horrified at the possibility of civil war. What would happen if the only way to put down secession involved the use of armed force? Would not the party then be blamed for causing secession and then bringing on war? It seemed as if the Republicans were damned if they did and damned if they didn't.

If there was a way out of this predicament, only the man who held the office of president could find it. There are indeed times when the actions of one individual can have momentous effects on history. This was one of those times, and Lincoln was the man. With his keen political intuition, Lincoln realized that there was only one way out. If the Confederacy refused to give up without a fight, if war was the only alternative to letting the South go, then the South would have to be put in the position of starting the war, or appearing to do so. Then would come the inevitable Northern reaction, a popular rush to the colors, a rallying behind the president and his policy of crushing the "rebellion" by armed might. The Republican party would become the party of patriotism, saviors of the Union from the unprovoked attack of Southern traitors. Such were the political imperatives that shaped Lincoln's policy during the weeks before the outbreak of war.

Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor and Fort Pickens in Pensacola Harbor were the only coastal forts in the seven seceded states still held by Federal troops when Lincoln was inaugurated. A series of events transpiring during the winter of 1860-1861 had focused public attention on Fort Sumter far more than on Pickens. Located in South Carolina, the birthplace and citadel of Southern nationalism, Sumter became the symbol of Federal authority in the seceded states, the symbol, indeed, of the Union itself. Abandonment of the fort would be taken at home and abroad as a signal that the Federal government would not contest Southern independence. A decision to hold the fort, however, would mean that there was to be no compromise with disunion anywhere. Thus Lincoln's policy came to revolve around Fort Sumter and the little garrison commanded by Major Robert Anderson.

On March 5, the day after his inauguration, Lincoln discovered that Sumter's food supply would last only until mid-April. He had less than six weeks to chart a course between the Scylla of assuming responsibility for starting a war and the Charybdis of bowing to disunion. The pressure was on.

Lincoln's was not the only policy being evolved during these momentous weeks. Secretary of State William H. Seward was following a quite different line of action. The leading figure in the Republican party until he lost the nomination to Lincoln in 1860, Seward was given the State Department as a runner-up prize. Unlike Lincoln, Seward had many years of top-level political experience both in the Senate and as governor of New York. He fully expected to take charge of the administration, to be nothing less than the power behind the throne. He based his secession policy upon the belief that if a collision could be avoided long enough, a conservative reaction would set in throughout the South and the Union could be reconstructed peacefully. Thereupon Seward would be recognized as a wise and skillful statesman whom a grateful people would elevate to the presidency. His strategy was one of indefinite delay. He was even prepared to surrender Fort Sumter should that be necessary to postpone hostilities until secession thawed under the warm sun of benign neglect. By contrast, Lincoln had no intention whatever of giving up that symbol of American nationhood.

In March the Confederate government sent three commissioners to Washington to negotiate a peaceful settlement of all questions arising out of secession, such as payment for Federal property in the South, the division of the national debt, and — most urgent — the evacuation of Fort Sumter, where, if anywhere, an armed clash was most likely to occur. Lincoln would not allow the secretary of state to deal directly with these envoys;

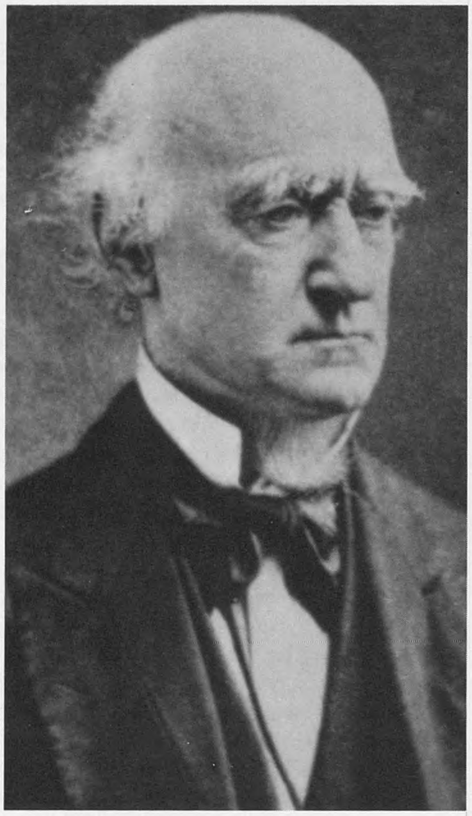
that would be taken by foreign powers as tantamount to Northern recognition of Confederate independence, to say nothing of the domestic political consequences. However, for a month Seward negotiated with the Southerners through intermediaries. The most notable go-between was John A. Campbell, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, assisted for a time by a colleague, Samuel Nelson. Above all, these eminent jurists wished to persuade members of the administration not to resort to war.

In a meeting on March 15, Seward told the justices that he too abhorred war, but his efforts to avert it were jeopardized by his inability to meet with the Confederate commissioners, who were, so to speak, waiting on the doorstep of the State Department. Should they finally despair of being received, they would go home in anger and all communication with the Confederate government would be cut off. This, he feared, would sharply increase the probability of war.

For political reasons, Seward continued, the Lincoln administration could not simultaneously recognize the Confederacy by receiving its representatives and giving up Fort Sumter, which, he said, referring to the fort, had been decided upon. The result was a proposition conveyed to the Confederates by the justices: postpone your embarrassing insistence upon being received, and Sumter would be evacuated within five days. The Southerners agreed.

Days passed, then weeks, while Major Anderson continued to occupy the fort and work on its defenses. The commissioners sent Justice Campbell back to Seward again and again to seek an explanation. The secretary of state was always prolific with excuses and renewed assurances, even after Lincoln, on March 29, had issued orders to organize an expedition to rescue the fort. On April 1 Seward made a determined attempt to impose his policy on the president. Avoid war, he told Lincoln, by giving up Sumter and explaining its surrender as a military necessity, but hold Fort Pickens and prepare to blockade the Southern coast as evidence that the administration was still committed to preserving the Union. Lincoln's response was clear. He told Seward that he had never wavered from the policy announced in his inaugural to "hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government," including Sumter.

Did the president know of Seward's dealing with the Southern commissioners? These negotiations were certainly not secret. The Southerners' presence and purpose were common knowledge. Although there can be no reasonable doubt that Lincoln knew what was going on, at least in general terms, he avoided direct involvement. He could, if it became necessary, plausibly deny complicity in Seward's lies and misrepresentations.



Since Lincoln would not allow the secretary of state to deal directly with negotiators from the South, the Federal government used go-betweens, the most notable of whom was John A. Campbell, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Meanwhile the Confederates had heard that a secret expedition was being prepared and began to be alarmed. Another inquiry by Campbell brought a brief reply from Secretary Seward. "Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see." The next day, April 8, a State Department employee appeared in Charleston and delivered an unsigned, unauthenticated notice that an expedition was on the way to resupply Sumter, peacefully if possible, by force if necessary.

The ball was now in the Confederates' court. Jefferson Davis and his advisers had to decide whether they could trust this last assurance of peaceful intentions in the light of Seward's systematic deception of their commissioners over a period of three weeks. Could they, after this experience, allow an expedition of unknown size and possibly aggressive intentions to steam unopposed into the principal Confederate seaport on the Atlantic coast, an expedition that would have the support and protection of the guns of Fort Sumter? They concluded they could not take such a risk. When Major Anderson refused either to evacuate Sumter or to remain aloof from any hostilities between Southern forces and the flotilla now approaching, they reluctantly opened fire on the fort on April 12 so they would not have to fight both fort and fleet simultaneously. Sumter surrendered on the 13th. "And the war came."

Was this the result Lincoln expected and desired? Two weeks after Sumter fell Lincoln wrote Gustavus Fox, the officer in charge of organizing the expedition, and said, "You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Fort-Sumpter [sic], even if it should fail; and it is no small consolation now to feel that our anticipation is justified by the result." The "result" was an immediate and entirely predictable outburst of Northern indignation and an enthusiastic response to Lincoln's April 15 call for troops to put down the "rebellion," a response the president described as "most gratifying." Equally revealing were his remarks to his old Illinois friend, Orville Hickman Browning. In his voluminous diary Browning records Lincoln's statement — or was it a boast? — that he was the author of the Sumter strategy. "The plan succeeded," said Lincoln. "They attacked Sumter — it fell, and thus, did more service than it otherwise could."

The South had fired the first shot. Lincoln and his party had found the only way out of their dilemma.

The president's problems were not quite over. Comments in the Northern press on the cleverness of his strategy could cut both ways. There were those who did not like the idea of a plan to maneuver the South into firing the first shot and precipitating a war. There were those, Seward Republicans as well as Democrats, who would ask why Lincoln had not followed Seward's advice to delay, temporize, and so buy time for a peaceful reconstruction of the Union. Lincoln undertook to answer that question on July 4 in a message to a special session of Congress.

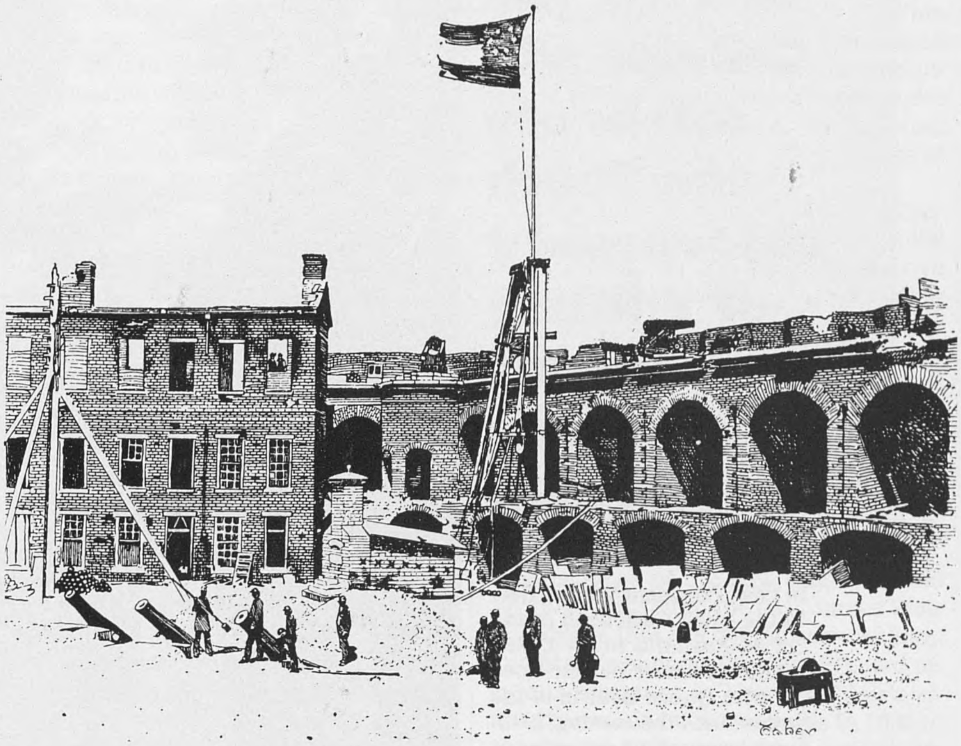
His military advisers had informed him, Lincoln told the legislators, that a force powerful enough to relieve Sumter could not be assembled before Anderson's food was exhausted. Therefore his original plan was to give up Sumter as a military necessity while holding Pickens "as a clear indication of *policy*." In other words, he had tried to follow Seward's advice. Orders had been sent to reinforce Pickens. Then on April 6 he learned that they had not been carried out. New orders could not arrive at Pickens before Sumter's food was gone. The loss of Fort Sumter before a demonstration of national will could be made at Pickens would discourage Unionism at home and might lead to foreign recognition of the Confederacy. Thus he had no choice but to send forward the expedition that he had prepared as a "precaution against such a conjuncture." Lincoln's point in presenting this extraordinarily labored explanation was that events over which he had no control had kept him from pursuing the Seward plan.

Unfortunately the president's account is not in keeping with his nickname, "Honest Abe." Lincoln had ordered the Sumter expedition to sail on April 4; obviously he could not have done this because he heard two days later that Pickens had not been reinforced. Furthermore, on March 31, if not earlier, he had received information leading him to suppose his orders with respect to Pickens had "fizzled out." At that point there was plenty of time to send new orders before April 15, when Anderson's supplies would be gone. As for Lincoln's assertion that by April 6 new orders sent to Pickens could not arrive before the April 15 deadline, the truth was he did send orders on April 7, which were carried overland and arrived on April 10. Reinforcements were landed in Pickens on April 12. Finally, in judging the accuracy of the president's statement to Congress one should recall his letter to Fox, his conversation with Browning, and his April 1 letter to Seward.

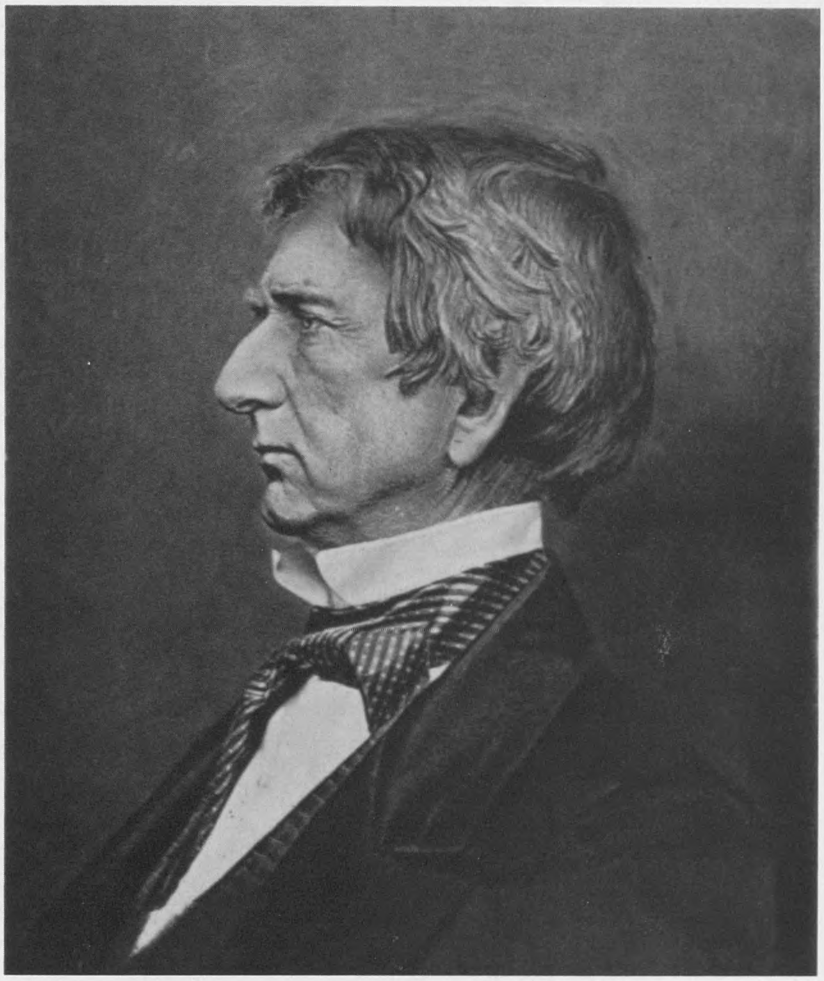
The policy of the Lincoln administration led directly to war. It was a strategy of deceit, not only of the Confederates, who were repeatedly, deliberately and falsely assured that Fort Sumter was soon to be evacuated, but of the Northern people, whom Lincoln told that except for accidental events the fort, where the war had begun, might have been peacefully surrendered. Admirers of the Great Emancipator may still defend him on the grounds that he did what was necessary to preserve the Union. The end, they may argue, justified the means. Throughout history no principle of human action has caused more misery than that. St. Paul is to the point; see Romans 3:8. For that matter, see Isaiah 28:15.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A professor of history at William and Mary and a frequent contributor to the William and Mary Magazine, Dr. Johnson is an authority on the Southern history and the Civil War.



The policy of the Lincoln administration led directly to war. It was a strategy of deceit, not only of the Confederates, who were repeatedly, deliberately and falsely assured indirectly by Secretary of State Seward (below) that Fort Sumter was soon to be evacuated, but of Northern people, whom Lincoln told that except for accidental events the fort, where the war had begun, might have been peacefully surrendered.



In 1989 the College will celebrate the 300th anniversary of William and Mary's accession to the throne.

ERIC O. AYISI

In 1986, President Verkuil flew to the small Caribbean island of St. Eustatius in the Dutch Antilles where he discussed with Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands the coming 300th anniversary of the accession of Dutch-born King William III and Queen Mary II to the throne of England.

The Other 300th Anniversary

By PARKE ROUSE JR.

Paul Verkuil won't soon forget Feb. 13, 1986. On that day, not long after he took office as the 24th President of the College of William and Mary, he flew from Williamsburg to the tiny island of St. Eustatius in the Dutch Antilles and met Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands, her consort Prince Claus, and their son, the crown Prince Willem-Alexander.

"She recognized my name as Dutch," said Verkuil enthusiastically, "and we talked about the coming 300th anniversary of the accession of King William III and Queen Mary II to the throne of England."

The Dutch-born William made history as the progressive ruler from 1689 to his death in 1702, and the Dutch want the world to remember him.

The St. Eustatius meeting fell on the day of the 298th anniversary of William and Mary's enthronement at Whitehall Palace in London. It signaled the truimph of England's relatively peaceful "Glorious Revolution," which brought notable political, educational and religious benefits for the British and their colonies. Among them was the founding of the College of William and Mary.

And that's why Paul Verkuil was in St. Eustatius. He wanted to talk with Queen Beatrix about the College's role in the international Glorious Revolution Tercentenary that Dutch scholars had proposed. As a result, the College will join the official commissions and governments of the Netherlands and Great Britain in a series of exciting transatlantic events.

"I think of the Glorious Revolution as the first step toward the College's creation," Verkuil said. "Only five years later the monarchs granted the Royal Charter that created it."

The College's role in the celebration was further assured when President Reagan signed a joint resolution of Congress in Aug. 1986 designating William and Mary as the American coordinator for the celebration in this country. Wasting no time, President Verkuil met with celebration planners in Amsterdam and London and appointed a 12-person Tercentenary Committee headed by Thaddeus W. Tate, director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture and professor of history at William and Mary. The committee is projecting an imaginative series of events including art and rare book exhibits, conferences, musical performances, campus addresses by eminent Dutchmen and Britons, historical publications and an alumni tour to retrace Glorious Revolution events in the Netherlands and England.

"The best thing about all this is that it makes the College better known," Verkuil said in his second-story Brafferton office overlooking the College Yard. "When we get to the 300th anniversary of the College's charter in 1993 the world will be more aware of William and Mary." The College has also appointed a national commission for the 1993 birthday, which is chaired by Henry Rosovsky '49 of Harvard, with former Chief Justice of the United States Warren E. Burger '73 LL.D., Chancellor of the College, serving as honorary chairman.

Many celebration plans have already flowed out of the tiny Netherlands, where Stadtholder Willem of Orange — who became William III of England — was born. When Verkuil came to the College in 1985 he found a letter from the Anglo-Dutch committee, inviting his participation.

"I sensed a real opportunity for the College," Verkuil recalled. In a hurried trip to Amsterdam and London he learned the plans from the scholars and statesmen behind them. Prince Charles is patron of the British group and Princess Margriet, Queen Beatrix's sister, heads the Dutch group.

The Congressional resolution that designates the College as coordinator of the U.S. celebration was strongly supported by Senator John Warner and Congressman Herbert Bateman '49. President Reagan signed it on Aug. 23, 1986.

Verkuil was accompanied on his trip to St. Eustatius by Professor Eric Ayisi, associate professor of anthropology and assistant to the provost, who is directing ethnographic research on the island. The president concedes he has a special interest in Dutch history, for his father was born and reared in Leiden before emigrating to the United States and settling on Staten Island as an optician. There son Paul was born 47 years ago — in the same year, he learned, as Queen Beatrix. He has visited relatives in Leiden and has other relatives in Holland.

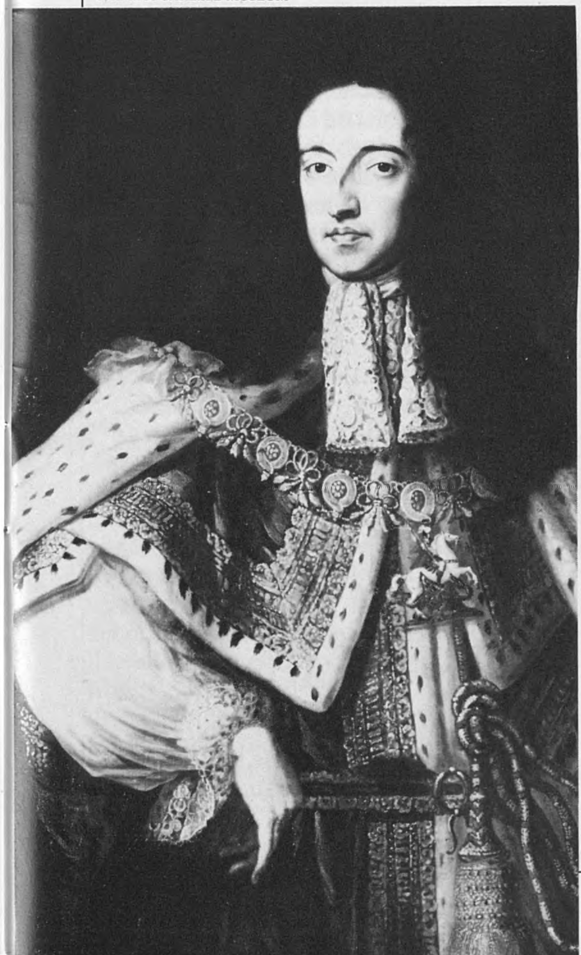
Verkuil sees the Glorious Revolution as pertinent today because it produced Great Britain's Bill of Rights, which inspired similar legal guarantees by some of the British colonies, including colonial Virginia, and led to the Bill of Rights of the U.S. Constitution in 1791.

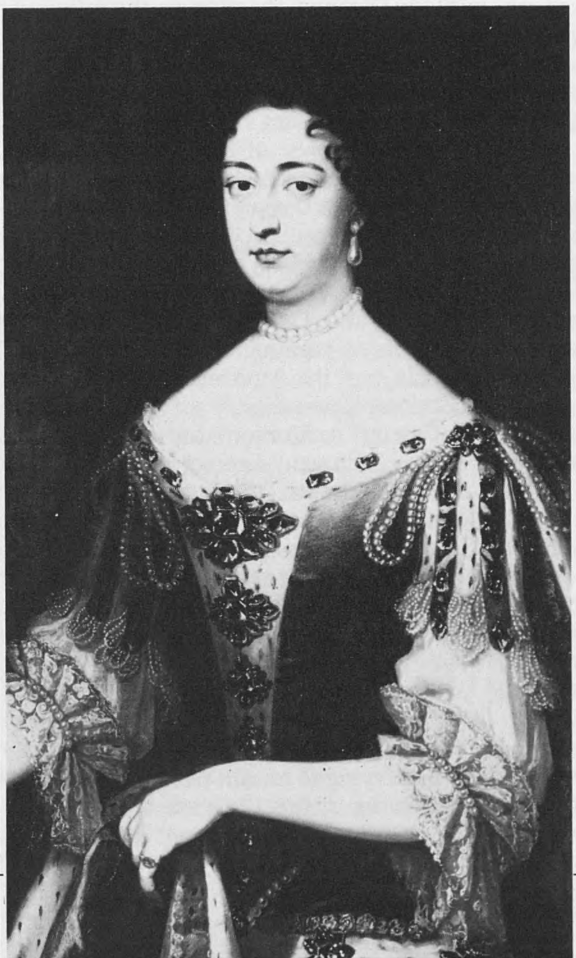
In Europe the Anglo-Dutch celebrations will revive heroic memories of 1688 when the British protested the divisive religious effects of the reign of King James II, a Catholic. In response to popular urging, the Protestant William of Orange crossed the English Channel with an army and succeeded the deposed James, who fled to France. In 1689 William and his wife Mary accepted Parliament's invitation to rule as joint sovereigns, their power henceforth limited by Parliament.

After news of the new reign reached Virginia, it inspired the Rev. James Blair to propose that the colony seek William and Mary's support for a college and religious seminary in Virginia. Blair's efforts persuaded the monarchs in 1693 to charter the College, which began its life in Williamsburg two years later.

Representatives of the College are among international leaders already invited to a parliamentary gathering in London on July 20, when the British nation honors the accession of William to the throne. Queen Elizabeth II will receive addresses from the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Chancellor Warren Burger, Hays

THE MUSCARELLE MUSEUM





Known as the "Glorious Revolution," the enthronement of King William III and Queen Mary II brought notable political, educational and religious benefits for Britain and its colonies, including the founding of the College of William and Mary. William and Mary has been designated in a joint resolution of Congress as the American coordinator for the celebration of the Glorious Revolution in this country.

Watkins, rector of the College, and President Verkuil will represent William and Mary.

Later next year Queen Elizabeth will attend Dutch ceremonies in the Netherlands, and Queen Beatrix will honor similar events in Great Britain. President Verkuil hopes that Holland's Princess Margriet and a British governmental leader can similarly represent their nations at Charter Day exercises in 1988 and 1989 at the College.

Other Glorious Revolution events are also taking shape on the College's calendar. Chairman Thad Tate's committee is working on more than a dozen events for the two academic terms. Verkuil has already declared a student holiday on the Williamsburg campus for Feb. 13, 1989, the 300th anniversary of William and Mary's accession. He will solicit student suggestions for imaginative and appropriate "fun and games."

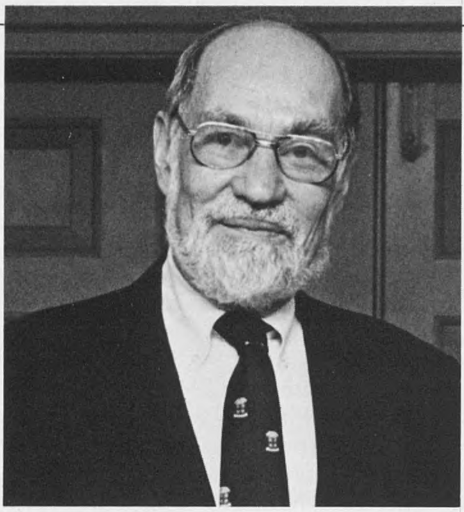
Also being planned is a Society of the Alumni-sponsored visit to the Netherlands and Great Britain next summer, covering William of Orange's triumphal progress from the Hague across the English Channel to Whitehall Palace. The visit may include commemorative events along the route, which would be arranged by the Anglo-Dutch committee.

The College is also working with museums and learned societies on several events. Robert P. Maccubbin, professor of English, is on leave from teaching to work with the Grolier Club on an exhibition of documents and graphics to open this year at the club's galleries in New York City. The exhibition will then move in 1989 to the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., and to the Newberry Library in Chicago.

The Grolier Club, which specializes in rare books, prints and manuscripts, will also publish an elaborate catalogue of the exhibit, titled *The Age of William III and Mary II: Power, Politics, and Patronage, 1688-1702.* Maccubbin and his wife, art historian Martha Hamilton-Phillips, are curators of the exhibition and are co-editors of the exhibition catalogue, which will be a large reference volume on England and the Netherlands in the 1690s.

Eighteenth Century Life, a scholarly journal edited by Professor Maccubbin, will publish two special issues during the celebration. A group of invited contributors will explore aspects of popular culture and daily life of the William and Mary era, with one issue devoted to England and the other to the Netherlands.

Another major College event will be an international scholarly conference on "The World of William and Mary" to take place Feb. 9-11 of 1989. In addition to the College, three prestigious organizations will serve as co-sponsors: the Folger Shakespeare Library, the Center for the History of British Political Thought at the Folger and the North American Conference on British Studies. Dale Hoak, professor of history, is serving as conference organizer. More than a dozen scholars from the Netherlands, Great Britain and the United States will present papers and addresses on such themes as the constitutional foundations of the British and American bills of rights, international perspectives on the Glorious Revolution, the religious history of the era and the Anglo-Dutch-colonial cultural connections. The conference planners anticipate a large attendance of scholars from the three countries. A number of public lectures that form part of the conference program will be opened to the public.


Thaddeus W. Tate, director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture, serves as chairman of 12-person committee to plan the celebration of the 300th anniversary.

Another smaller, invitational conference is tentatively planned for March 1989 by the Institute of Early American History and Culture. It will bring 15 scholars to campus to discuss "Liberty, Rights, and the American Legacy of the Glorious Revolution."

Two art exhibitions are projected by Mark Johnson, director of the Muscarelle Museum of Art at William and Mary, supplementing larger shows in London and the Hague. One will be "So Good a Design: Anglo-Dutch Sources for the Architecture for the College and Williamsburg, 1688-1733" which will deal with the influence of Dutch and English architecture of the period. Johnson will be curator jointly with James D. Kornwolf, professor of fine arts. Johnson is also trying to obtain from Amsterdam a showing of the 17th century prints of Dutch printmaker Romeyn de Hooghe, depicting events of the Glorious Revolution.

Planning for musical events for the Tercentenary in Williamsburg is in the hands of Margaret Freeman, associate professor of music. One possibility is the première of a period opera using stage sets, costumes and instruments appropriate to the William and Mary reign. A European tour for the College choir and chamber orchestra is being considered, and the committee hopes to organize other performances by local and touring groups.

Other American museums are planning events to tie in with the Tercentenary. In Williamsburg, the 1988 Antiques Forum of Colonial Williamsburg will discuss "The Glorious Revolution in Things," meaning art and architecture. It will depict the influx of Dutch artists, craftsmen and cultural influences into Great Britain with the accession of William and Mary.

"We're working without a budget thus far," said Verkuil, "but we're hoping to get alumni support along the way." Already the Dutch American West India Foundation of New York has promised support from receipts of its annual Peter Stuyvesant benefit ball in New York City, held under patronage of Princess Margriet. President and Mrs. Verkuil were guests at last fall's ball on Oct. 1 at New York's World Trade Center.

Much remains to be done, but the fast-moving Paul Verkuil looks to the College's Tercentenary Committee to accomplish it. Besides Professors Tate, Hoak, Maccubbin and Freeman, it includes Mark Johnson, James Axtell, professor of history, and David Holmes, professor of religion; the Rev. Harry E. Krauss III '67 of Narberth, Pa.; Douglas Smith, director of museum studies for Colonial Williamsburg; William N. Walker, director of university relations for William and Mary; and Thomas Wren, a doctoral candidate in history at the College, who serves as secretary.

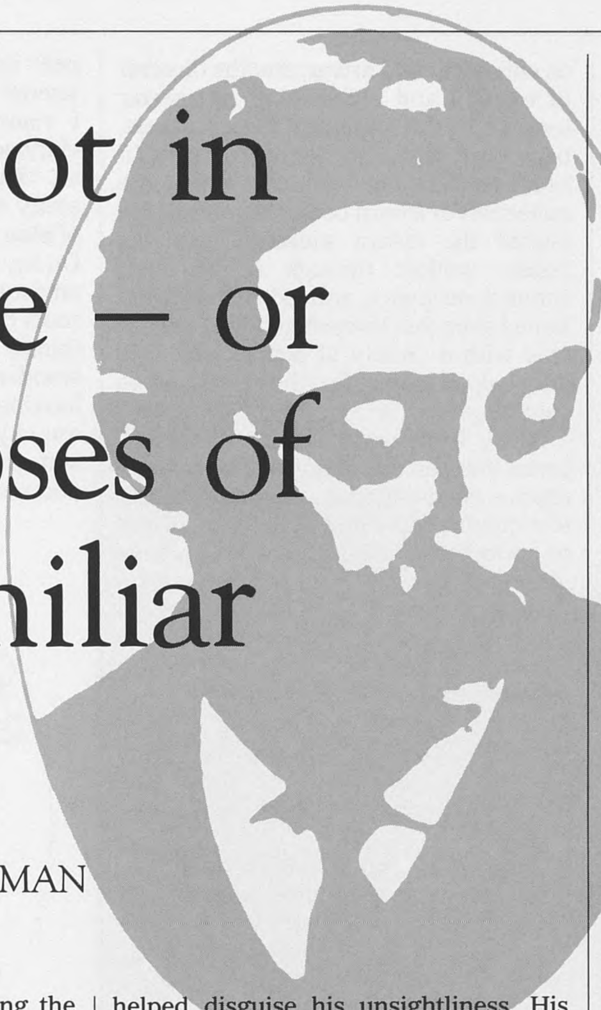
"We have a lot to do, but we're moving," said Verkuil, who is also increasingly involved in plans for the 300th anniversary celebration in 1993 of the founding of William and Mary. It is plain to see that James Blair's 23rd successor as president of the 295-year-old College has his next five years' work cut out for him.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Parke Rouse is a free-lance writer living in Williamsburg, Va. He is the author of three books about William and Mary: "James Blair of Virginia," "Cows on the Campus" and "A House for a President."

Barefoot in Matsue – or Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan

By MARGARET FREEMAN



A cold wind knifed along the roads bordering the canals that intersect Matsue. My husband and I had come to this small city on the Japan Sea in search of Lafcadio Hearn and, like him, we felt the December cold. The weather in Tokyo and Kyoto had been gentle. We remembered that it was the cold that had in its way determined Hearn's whole future. Sick and unable to cope with a second Matsue winter, Hearn had made the decision to marry and be tended by the kindly daughter of a samurai family. By her he fathered four children and when he became a Japanese citizen some years later, he took the name Koizumi Yakumo, making her family name Koizumi part of his.

This strange man, who died a Japanese subject, was born in 1850 in the Ionian Islands to a Maltese-Greek mother and an Anglo-Irish father. Deserted in time by both parents, he had lived an uneasy life in Ireland, England, and France. When he lost one eye in a schoolboy accident, he was left with two lifetime problems, his actual sight limitation and his sensitivity about his appearance. The wide-brimmed black felt hat, for example, pictured on the back cover of the Matsue Hearn Museum catalogue, was adopted in a conviction that it helped disguise his unsightliness. His vision he could do nothing about, and trouble with his other eye often clouded his years.

On the long journey that would take him in time to Matsue, he arrived in America in 1869, almost destitute. Only gradually did he find his way into journalism, first in Cincinnati, and then in New Orleans. As his journalism gradually drew admirers and some financial success, he indulged in his fascination with exotic folk and ghost tales. His first published book, *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature*, is one of many retellings of ghost stories and strange tales from many cultures.

Hearn's life followed a consistent pattern, both in his reactions to the places he lived and in his relationships with his friends. Periods of intense enthusiasm were followed by uneasiness and, in time, rejection. There were few places or friends that could weather this. When New Orleans almost inevitably palled, he felt drawn to the West Indies. In the town of Saint Pierre on Martinique he thought he had found an earthly paradise. In two years he left Martinique for New York, but all his life Saint Pierre remained the elusive golden paradise to which he must return. His golden dream, that is, until in 1902 Mont Pelée erupted and in a single day destroyed Saint Pierre forever.

Back in the United States, he chanced to read a book on the Far East and suddenly yearned to go there. Through some friends at *Harper's* and the generosity of the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and Steamship Lines, he was able to achieve his wish, and arrived in Yokohama in 1890 prepared to write sketches of all he saw. By great good fortune he had been given introductory letters to two people in Japan. One was Paymaster Mitchell McDonald, an American naval officer stationed at Yokohama, a warm and competent man who refused ever to be rebuffed and who worked for Hearn's interests even after Hearn's death. The other was Basil Hall Chamberlain, professor at the Imperial University in Tokyo. He took a kindly interest in Hearn, so that when the inevitable break came with *Harper's*, Professor Chamberlain was able to place him as an English instructor. And that is how Hearn arrived in Matsue, and, indeed, why 97 years later we arrived there too. But we arrived comfortably by rail; Hearn could take the train only to Kobe, and then had to travel for four days over the mountains by jinrikisha.

Matsue was at that time a tidy small city of 35,000. Water surrounds it; the Ohashi River flowing through the city joins Shinji Lake and the Japan Sea. Mountains, too, surround it, so that Hearn's letters are full of vistas of skies, hills and water, vistas of hazy luminosity, contrasting with the sharp details of observed life. The "Chief City of the Province of Gods," as Hearn calls it in an essay in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, welcomed this strange but caring foreigner. His contract, requiring him to teach English in two government schools, brought him in daily contact with minds new to his Western modes of thought. The schools were unheated, and only in the teacher's lounge, where each desk had a small charcoal hibachi, was there a bit of warmth. He found the first winter bitter, with houses "as cold as cattle barns," and although in most ways he was as happy as he had ever been, the approach of the second winter helped him decide to marry and be cared for. It was a good marriage. Setsuko brought him ghost and folk tales as well as companionship and good care. He bought a pleasant samurai estate facing a small river, a home still in existence and carefully tended by the people of Matsue. Yet the cold was too much, and before long he felt he must leave Matsue.

The farewells were astounding. After one banquet, all the military cadets of the normal school escorted him home; the next day cholera broke out and in two days many were dead. Even with the terror of cholera, 200 middle school students and their instructors came to his gate early on the morning of his departure and escorted him from his home to the steamer. Indeed, he loved Matsue, and Matsue loved him.

His ensuing years in Kumamoto, in Kobe, and in Tokyo brought distinction, and also the satisfactions and troubling responsibilities of an extended family. These years, until his death in 1904, enter our story only by way of posthumous collections of the lectures on English Literature he had given during his final years as English professor at the Imperial University of Tokyo.

We had come to Matsue because of friendship — not for Hearn, whose writings I then knew only by repute, but for James Phillips Berkeley, Lieutenant General, U. S. Marine Corps. General Berkeley, who has lived since retirement in Norfolk, was godson to Mitchell MacDonald, who had settled in Yokohama after retiring from the navy, and had become manager and part owner of the old Grand Hotel there. He was killed in the great earthquake of 1924, killed according to family tradition when he rushed back into the hotel to rescue the portrait of General Berkeley's mother that hung over the grand staircase. The friendship of the families dated back to the time that General Berkeley's maternal grandfather had been a paymaster, too, stationed in Nagasaki with the responsibility for buying coal for U.S. Navy ships. General Berkeley's father, a U. S. Marine officer like him, visited Japan with Roosevelt's Great White Fleet in 1908, so an involvement with Japan was part of General Berkeley's life long before he was stationed there during the occupation years.

Four volumes of Hearn's final writings had come to General Berkeley, three of them presented to his maternal grandmother and autographed by MacDonald. A generous thought prompted him to offer these to the city of Matsue. The 1985-86 correspondence between General Berkeley and various officials in Matsue reveals warm appreciation for the proposed gift and a surprisingly strong love for MacDonald, because he had been such an unstinting friend to Hearn.

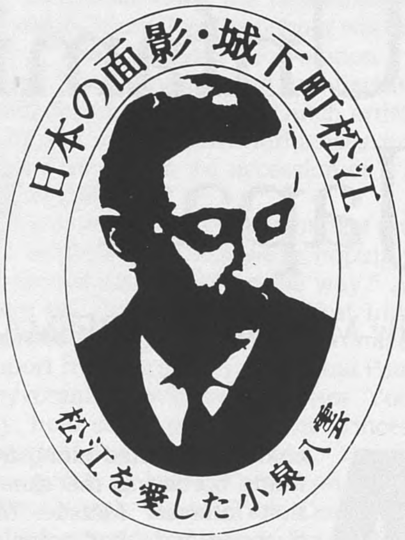
In time the books arrived, and the mayor of Matsue sent warm wishes and a fine gift of kimono cloth to General Berkeley. When our friend heard that we were to be in Japan, he asked us to visit the city of Matsue, and it pleased us to do this.

Our stay in Matsue was an exceptionally happy one. The vice mayor supplied us with a car and driver, and the director of tourism and a charming interpreter took us to the important Hearn places, beginning with the handsome new library-concert hall complex where the collection of Hearn books is housed. We visited the Hearn museum, saw his house, walked through a preserved samurai residence, and fed on the locally famed soba (buckwheat noodles), served cold with a variety of pickles and fish, and helped along for those unused to cold noodles with small cups of sake.

Away from our guides, we had enjoyed further friendliness from many chance encounters. A woman in a confectioner's shop who gave us a small bag of bonbons, so pleased was she to have foreign visitors. A proprietor of a shop selling chawan (tea bowls) who served us green tea, whipped to a froth with a bamboo whisk. Two young girls who shared a table with us at a yakitori restaurant, asking me the seemingly inevitable question, "How old are you?" The daughter of the owner of a choice lacquer shop happily trying out her school English.

Many of the sights of Matsue remain; it is the sounds that have disappeared. "The pounding of the ponderous pestle of the kometsuki, the cleaner of rice," "the boom of the great bell of Tokoji," the cries of the vegetable vendors and of "the women who sell little thin slips of kindling-wood for the lighting of charcoal fires," and, most regrettably gone, the pattering of geta (wooden clogs) over the wooden bridges — "rapid, merry, musical, like the sound of an enormous dance."

But now we had seen the principal landmarks of Matsue, and it was time to climb the steps of Matsue Castle, the 17th century fortified keep that broods over the city. As Hearn has it in his *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,* "From under the black scowl of the loftiest eaves, looking east and west, the whole city can be seen at a single glance, as in the vision of a soaring hawk." The broad wooden stairs were inviting, unlike the worn and dangerous spiraling stone of so many English castles. But as I began to mount, I was called back. I had forgotten the important rule of shoe-removal, and was courteously directed to a bin of unisex, unisize scuffs. If in my short stay in Japan I had not mastered the hashi (chopsticks) then at least, however unpredictably, food did reach my mouth. Yet somehow I never found a way to keep scuffs on my feet in climbing stairs. Now, after our ground-level tour of Matsue, I wanted to scan the whole horizon. I wanted to see where "the view plunges down three hundred feet to the castle road, where walking figures of men appear no larger than flies." Cold wood is almost as inhospitable as cold stone, but I removed my scuffs and, barefoot, climbed to the top. I was glad I had done so. "Before me the fair vast lake sleeps, softly luminous, far-ringed with chains of blue volcanic hills shaped like a sierra. On my right, at its eastern end, the most ancient quarter of the city spreads its roofs of blue-gray tile; the houses crowd thickly down to the shore, to dip their wooden feet into the flood." And there, looking out over the sprawling now modern city, we almost felt the gentle truculent ghost of Lafcadio Hearn beside us and were glad that we had come.


日本の面影・城下町松江
松江を愛した小泉八雲

Born in the Ionian Islands to a Maltese-Greek mother and an Anglo-Irish father, Lafcadio Hearn moved to America and then to Japan where he became a literary figure while serving as an English professor at the Imperial University of Tokyo.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Margaret Freeman has been a faculty member at William and Mary for 20 years, with one decade in the English department and one in the Music department, where she presently serves as chairman. In December 1987, while on a trip to Japan with her husband, A. Z. (History department), she was able to combine two special enjoyments. One is to travel to unfamiliar places at unseasonable times; in November she had been in the Outer Hebrides and in the November before on the Orkney Islands. Another is to read the writings of offbeat literary figures who have settled for a time in foreign lands and mused upon their experiences — Isak Dinesen in Africa, George Borrow in Spain, Samuel Butler in New Zealand, and in this case, Lafcadio Hearn in Japan.

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