

from other western areas, but she has highlighted this process well. At the same time, she indicates that the Wisconsin Territorial Act of 1836 "evidenced a new philosophy, a radical shift in the concept of the territorial system." Relaxation of congressional control meant greater opportunity for local development and developers. This marks another focus of the book: the exploitation of western areas by eastern politicians and businessmen for their own benefit. The political and economic conflicts of the Jacksonian years mirrored this struggle. The Yankee emphasis in Wisconsin politics was unmistakable, even dominating the constitutional convention on the eve of statehood.

This volume is an impressive synthesis that is both well documented and well written. At every point Smith has joined Wisconsin's development and problems to those of the nation at large. An extended bibliographical essay provides a useful guide to writings on early Wisconsin history and the problems of territorial expansion. The footnotes are where they belong — at the bottom of the page — and many fine illustrations enhance the text.

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The Children of Pride. A True Story of Georgia and the Civil War.
Edited by ROBERT MANSON MYERS. (New Haven and London:
Yale University Press, 1972. Pp. 1738. Preface, principal characters,
prologue, epilogue, who's who, index of free and slave, and maps.
\$19.95.)

*He beholdeth all high things; he is a king over all the children of
pride. Job 41 :34*

This book, edited by Robert Manson Myers, is the major part of the correspondence of one large, "well-cousined" family during fourteen crucial years in American history (1854-1868). The family was mainly plantation owners and professional men and their wives and children — all good letter writers with an eye for detail.

The book has three sections: "Many Mansions," picturing the South of the slavery period; "The Edge of the Sword," the war period; and "The Night Season," the struggle to reestablish families in a world turned upside down. Of course, not one of this family realized

that he was writing history that would some day be published and that their letters would interest both general readers and historians. One advertisement for the book aptly termed *The Children of Pride* "the *War and Peace* of the United States"; and so it is.

That the letters survived both Sherman's march through Georgia and Mrs. Mary Jones's moving to her daughter's home in New Orleans in 1869 is a miracle in itself. In her packing for New Orleans, when she had to make a choice between furniture and letters, she chose letters (some of these she later forwarded to her son Charles in New York City). In fact, all members of the family connection were regular letter writers.

Eventually 5,000 items were presented to Tulane University in 1962. Part of the New York collection of 1,300 items was acquired by Duke University and some by the University of Georgia. Thus, by examining collections in Athens, Augusta, and New Orleans, Myers matched letters and answers. He wrote, "The Joneses were ideal collectors: they kept virtually everything; they did not ask: 'Is this important?' . . . Fortunately the Joneses did not discriminate; everything went into the trunk, and most of what they saved has come down to us intact."

What is as remarkable as the survival of the letters is the editor's thorough research and writing of the "who's who," of all people mentioned in the book and his index, arranged under the headings of free and slave. A sampling of the "who's who" would include widows, merchants, planters, lawyers, overseers, an "authoress," many soldiers, many Presbyterian ministers, druggists, politicians, journalists, a police officer, a portrait miniaturist — all kinds of people.

Now to introduce Robert Manson Myers, who is a playwright and literary critic, has taught English at Yale University, the College of William and Mary, and Tulane University. He was Fulbright Research Fellow at the University of London (1953-1954) and Fulbright Lecturer in the Netherlands (1958-1959). He is recently professor of English at the University of Maryland.

It is interesting to contrast Myers's handling of the Georgia letters with the techniques used by editors of two recent books of letters, *Mary Todd Lincoln, Her Life and Letters*, edited by Justin Turner and Linda Lovett Turner, and *Kathleen and Frank*, edited from letters and diaries by their son, Christopher Isherwood. Each chapter of Mrs. Lincoln's letters is preceded by the authors' low-keyed introductory sketch of the national background of events followed by a sum-

mary of her life during those particular years. Isherwood links his parents' letters with family anecdotes and his own personal impressions.

Myers uses neither of these methods to achieve a narrative pattern. Simply by chronological arrangements of the letters and by introducing them with the writer's and recipient's names and the date and place of origin, the entire collection magically becomes a continuous story, a kind of novel.

The entire family in these letters is totally unlike the characters in *Gone with the Wind*; there are no large parties, Paris gowns, hunts, or hunt balls. The Jones women remake and dye old dresses, but nobody stints on books or education. The Jones men and their kinfolk are hardworking planters and professional men, all bearing a loving concern for family and for their negro slaves. All are descendants of New England Congregationalists, who came to Georgia before the American Revolution and became Presbyterians.

The letters forming the main part of the "novel" are those of the Charles Colcock Jones, Sr., family. He was a retired Presbyterian minister, nationally known for his interest in the education and religious training of negroes. His letters mention congregations, synod meetings, individual ministers, national and plantation problems.

Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., is the oldest son, a graduate of Harvard Law School. He is always at hand to help the family with legal problems, such as selling land or slaves. Incidentally, there is considerable interesting material on how slaves were rated for sale and how they were sold. The Jones family and connections rarely sold slaves, but when they did they sold for less, rather than separate a family. Charles also did all the groundwork in finding a farm to serve as a family refuge from the advance of Sherman's forces. His letters while an officer in the Confederate artillery defense of the Georgia coast contain vignettes of camp life. After the war he joined a law firm in New York City.

In Mary Sharpe Jones Mallard, Charles's sister, one sees the nineteenth-century mistress of a Presbyterian manse. Her husband served four churches during his life — the first two in Georgia, the postwar two in New Orleans. Her best letters deal with family matters, the siege of Atlanta, and her nightmarish escape with her children to upper Georgia.

Joseph Jones, M.D., with the fewest family letters in the book, was a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College and became in

turn a university teacher of medicine, a practicing physician, an army surgeon, then a medical researcher. From 1868 to 1894, he was professor of chemistry and clinical medicine in the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana. "Through his research and publications, particularly in tropical medicine and general hygiene, he gained an international reputation"

Mrs. Charles Jones, Sr., is the matriarch who holds the family together, even during General Sherman's sweep through Georgia. Therefore, it is fitting that the first letter in the book, written by her husband to Charles, Jr., at Harvard, describes a typical day in her life before the war. On December 27, 1860, she illuminates Montevideo (their plantation home) in honor of South Carolina's secession. But, she wrote, "an indescribable sadness weighs down my soul as I think of our once glorious but now dissolving Union! *We* have no alternative; and necessity demands that we now protect ourselves from entire destruction at the hands of those who have rent and torn and obliterated every national bond of union, of confidence and affection. When your brother and yourself were little fellows, we took you into old Independence Hall; and at the feet of Washington's statue I pledged you both to support and defend the Union. *That Union* has passed away, and you are free from your mother's vow."

During the war years Mrs. Jones was magnificent. She had tanned hides turned into shoes, nursed the sick, mended, knit, fed everybody, sent boxes of food to soldiers, and saw that salt was provided. Her husband wrote, "My dear wife works beyond account; she clothes most of the people, is now making blankets for the more needy; puts cloth in the loom herself and warps it too. Has been for some days boiling syrup." From one of her letters: "Yesterday I turned out the first blanket from the loom, and 80 yards of cloth" Once she stayed at Arcadia, a plantation without a white woman nearer than eight or ten miles, while she took stock of sheep and cattle. But the experience of reaching the upper-state farm, and later the constant intrusions at Montevideo by thieves from General Sherman's stragglers, the sale of Montevideo and the furniture, the last communion at Midway Church, the forlorn condition of the graveyard in which her husband was buried, the condition of Georgia, and departure for New Orleans and the Mallards, broke her spirit. She did not live many years after moving. She "felt desolate and lonely beyond expression."

In *The Children of Pride* there is much about negro slaves be-

fore, during, and after the war. The first mention of discontent among them is in a letter written by Charles C. Jones, Sr., about negroes who had gone to the enemy or escaped to deserted sea islands — "Whether this spreads remains to be seen. The temptation of change, the promise of freedom and of pay for labor is more than most can stand; and no reliance can be placed certainly upon any."

From Mrs. Mary Jones (1865): "There has been a great rush of the freedmen from all families in the city and from neighboring plantations. Adeline, Grace, and Polly have all departed in search of freedom, without bidding any of us an affectionate farewell. All of Dr. Joseph Jones' servants have left except two."

Many wrote about renting out their slaves to others when money was scarce during the war. For example, "Your Aunt Susan has declined selling Kate and her family on second thought; says she would much prefer to hire her at a moderate rate."

The Reverend John Jones, in writing to his sister, Mrs. Mary Jones, had some afterthoughts about the conclusion of the war: ". . . I wish I could see you more and confer freely with you about our present and future . . . I fear we both [are] clinging too much to a race who are more than willing to let us go, and to a property which has never been very profitable, and which *has passed its best days* for ease and profit. However we may be able to prove the wickedness of our enemies, we must acknowledge that the providence of God has decided against us in the tremendous struggle we have just made for property rights and country. The hand of the Lord is upon us! . . ."

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Fighting Tuscarora: The Autobiography of Chief Clinton Rickard.

Edited by BARBARA GRAYMONT. (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1973. Pp. 182. Illustrations, notes. \$10.50.)

Fighting Tuscarora is more than the autobiography of a remarkable man. It is also a story of one Indian nation's problems with a white majority which saw Indian culture as atavistic and thus not worth preserving. The book also offers great insight into the values of what the social-science literature calls "the traditional leader."

Viewed as an autobiography, the life of Chief Clinton Rickard is a fascinating one. His unhappy youth, the deaths of the first two of his three wives and several of his children, his military service, and his