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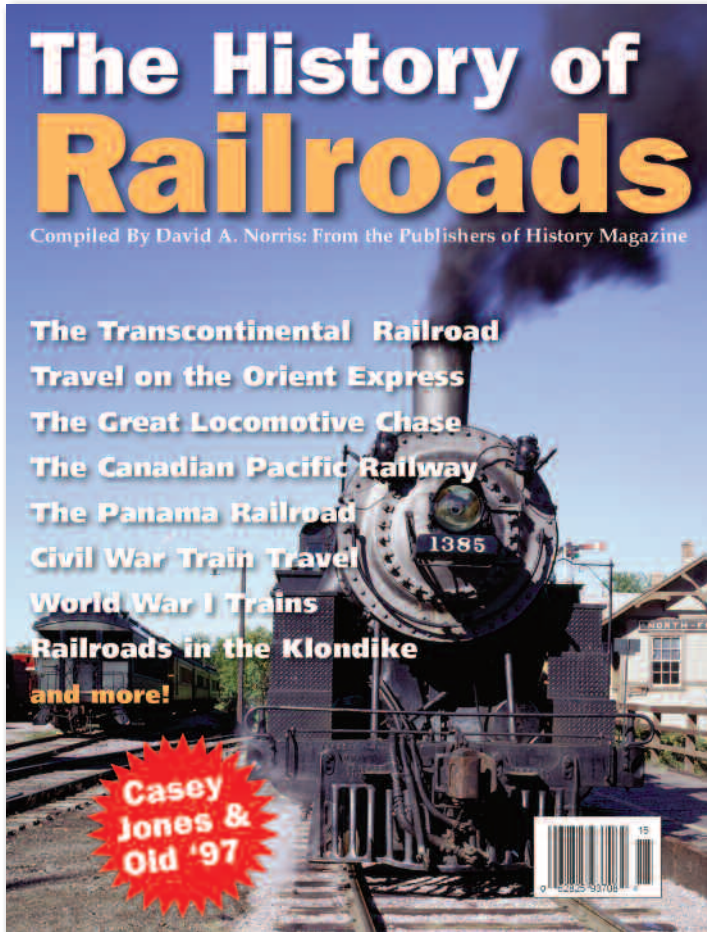
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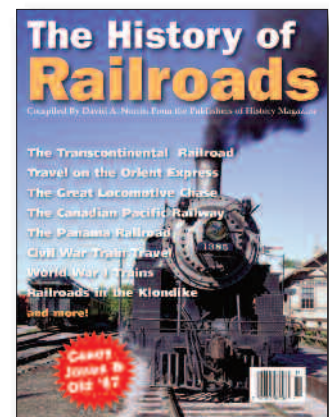
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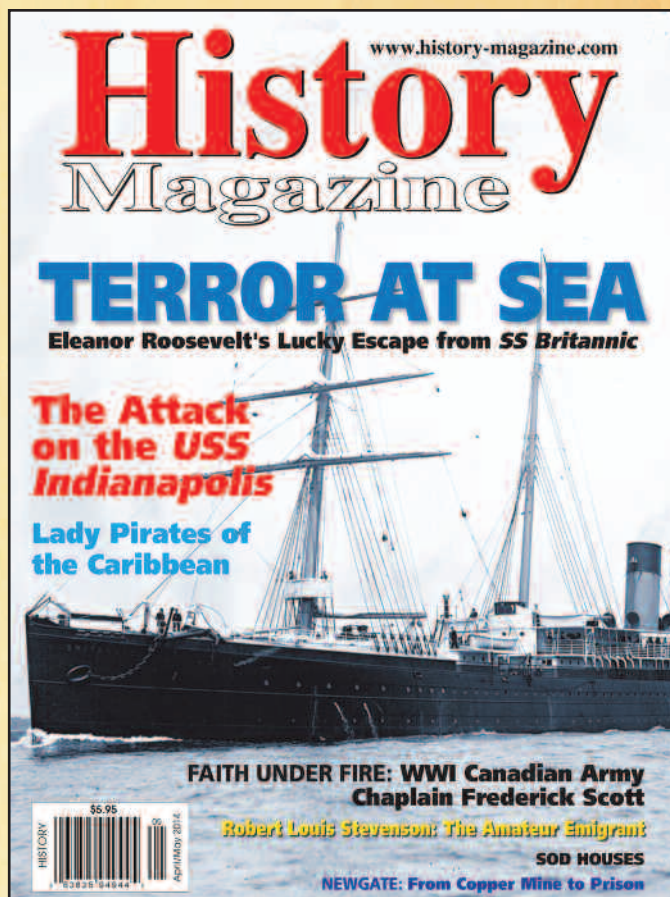
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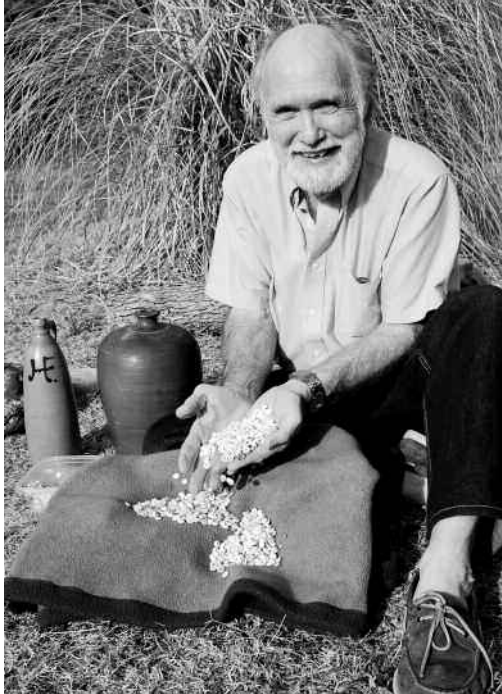
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# THE DEMON CORE

Few WWII buffs know that in August 1945, the US had the materials for a third atomic bomb, to be dropped on Tokyo if the Japanese hadn't surrendered. Even fewer know that its radioactive core was involved in two lethal, supercritical lab accidents. Supercritical meaning, scientists nearly set it off on the lab table...twice.

A week after the war's end, American physicists were still tinkering with "Rufus", the spare core, a plutonium sphere just 3½ inches across and weighing 14 pounds. Above Nagasaki, a similar core had exploded with a force of over 20,000 tons of TNT. Incredibly, the smartest scientists on the planet were still using hand tools to fiddle with it.

On 21 August 1945, 24-year-old graduate student Harry K. Daghlian, Jr. conducted a late-night experiment at the Los Alamos atomic lab. Plutonium-239 decays through slow emission of neutrons; bouncing them back into the source, rather than letting them escape, speeds the fission process. Daghlian stacked ten-pound bricks of neutron-reflective tungsten carbide around the core to increase the radioactive buildup. As he held the final brick over the open top of the reflector, his Geiger counter's clicking turned into a constant buzz: the core was going supercritical, his little blockhouse becoming an uncontrolled tabletop nuclear reactor. Evidently startled, Daghlian



The Demon Core would have exploded with approximately the same power as 23-kiloton "Shot Baker" at Bikini Atoll, 25 July 1946. *Wikimedia Commons*

accidentally dropped the brick... right into place.

Unable to extract it, Daghlian tried to knock over the entire table. It was too heavy. Approximately one minute went by, with the plutonium building toward flash point, until he was able to work a brick out of his atomic

# THE PENNY – A HISTORY OF COMMON CENTS

The dictionary defines a penny as equal to 1/100th of a dollar or 1/12th of a shilling. The pesky little copper coin is the smallest unit of currency, the formal name of the British penny and informal name of the American cent. It has been subdivided into farthings, halfpennies and half cents, but not recently. An Anglo-Saxon king named Offa introduced the penny in 729AD. It was made of silver. They were later made of copper and referred to as pence. The first American penny was made of copper in 1793 and was the size of a modern half dollar coin.

The smallest of value is the penny. You probably don't use them very much and toss them in a drawer. You leave them on the floor by your shopping checkout, by a vending machine or on the ground in a parking lot. Yet the history of the penny shows it is valued the most as it is reflected in some of our most valued idioms and places.

- A penny for your thoughts – A way of asking someone what he or she is thinking about.
- A penny saved is a penny earned – Saving money is as important as earning it so spend it wisely.
- Turn up like a bad penny – Someone showing up when or where they are not wanted.
- Pennies from heaven – Money acquired without effort or risks.



Victoria penny, 1863, Great Britain, Jerry "Woody" from Edmonton, Canada

- A penny wise and a pound/dollar foolish – Someone who is careful about spending small amounts of money, yet can be foolish and extravagant with large purchases.
- A penny-pincher – Someone who is very careful about spending.
- It cost a pretty penny – Something very expensive.

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oven to slow the chain reaction. By that time, he had received a fatal dose of radiation. Within hours, he was nauseous and his hands began to blister. He soon fell into a coma, and 25 days later, he died.

Nine months to the day after Daghlian's accident, Canadian physicist Louis Slotin was conducting a similar demonstration on the same plutonium core, using two 9-inch beryllium hemispheres as neutron reflectors. No less than seven colleagues were watching, apparently without comment, the effect on a Geiger counter as Slotin levered the top cap up and down *with a screwdriver*. At 3:20PM, the screwdriver slipped. The cap closed. Witnesses reported a hot blue glow around the device before Slotin pried it open. He took five times the

radiation dose that killed Daghlian. In minutes, he began vomiting, and after nine days of radiation-induced trauma, he died. Four of the seven coworkers present would eventually die of suspected radiation effects.

After that, Rufus, renamed "the Demon Core", was handled only by remote control. Usually said to have been detonated as first of the 1946 Bikini Atoll atomic tests, it was actually melted down and recast, presumably into one of some 1,050 weapons tested by the US right up to 1992. Because in an atomic blast only a tiny fraction of an A-bomb's core material is converted to energy and the rest is scattered – and since plutonium-239 has a half-life of over 24,000 years – most of the Demon Core is still with us.

— *Don Hollway*

- There are two sides to a penny – There is more than one way to look at a story.
- Trust me, this is worth every penny – Making a safe purchase and worrying about the financial consequences.

Cities, streets, creeks, building and bridges have been named after the penny. Cheap pulp fiction called penny dreadfuls were popular in Great Britain in the nineteenth century and similar stories resurfacing in the 21st century like *Penny Dreadful* are still a sensation. There are even urban legends about pennies. Then there is the "lucky penny". It you find it on the ground with the heads up, you will find good fortune. If you pick it up and find that the date it was minted is your birthday, it is a "super lucky penny". If the penny is found tails up, you should turn it over for another person to find.

Pennies will buy you little today, but they still have value in other

ways. Here are a few:

- Scratch off lottery tickets.
- Use as a screwdriver in a wide bolt.
- Tape one to the tail of your kite as a stabilizer.
- Teach your toddler to count with them.
- Toss them in Wishing Wells.
- Collect rare ones for your coin collection.
- Help your lawn-mower start by rubbing a penny between two points for better engine conduction.
- Use in coin toss to see who gets to start first.
- Toss in deep end of pool to challenge children to dive and get them.
- Spin them on the table when you are bored.
- Place them in the hems of your draperies so they will hang true.
- Place one under a wobbly vase.

— *Laureen Sauls-Lessard*



King James I of England was also James VI of Scotland, and desired to unite all his subjects in one Great Britain. *Public domain*

# THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

**REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE 5TH  
OF NOVEMBER: DON HOLLWAY  
EXPLODES THE MYTHS OF ONE OF  
HISTORY'S FIRST TERRORIST PLOTS**

It's said one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter; certainly the men who hatched the first terrorist bomb plot, in 1604 London, believed themselves champions of their cause. That February, at the home of Robert Catesby, just across the Thames River from the palaces of the royalty and Parliament, they devised a plan to kill their king and lords, all in one stroke.

Catesby was a fervent, recusant Catholic in a country some 95 percent zealously Protestant. England's new king, Scotsman James I, had banned the priesthood, oppressed followers and sought peace with Catholic Spain. Catesby "had be-thought him of a way at one instant to deliver us from all our bonds, and without any foreign help to replant again the Catholic religion," remembered his cousin, lawyer Thomas Wintour, "and withal told me in a word it was to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder; for, said he, in that place have they done us all the mischief, and perchance God hath designed that place for their punishment."

To bring the plot to fruition required manpower, access, and explosives. Catesby's friend, renowned swordsman John Wright, knew just the men.

## CONSPIRACY

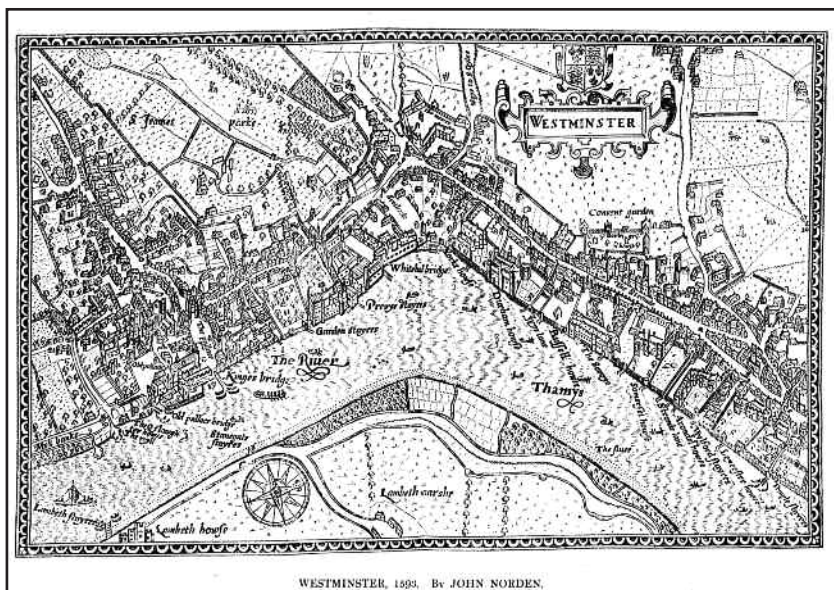
Wright's brother-in-law, fellow swordsman Thomas Percy, had access to the highest levels of government through relatives in the nobility, plus eagerness to strike a blow. "Shall we always, gentlemen, talk," he demanded, "and never do anything?"

And Wintour (also written Winter) recruited Catholic mercenary Guy "Guido" Fawkes. His expertise in gunpowder and mining – tunneling under enemy positions to blow them up – made him prime operator.

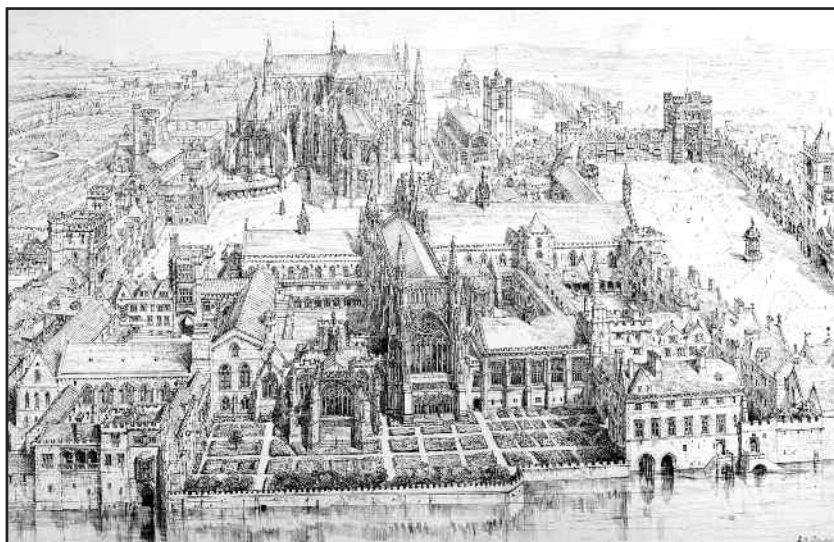




Dutch publisher and engraver Crispijn van de Passe probably never met or even saw the Gunpowder Plotters, but captured their conspiratorial attitudes. *Public domain*



Today, Westminster is central London, but at the beginning of the 17th century, it was west of the city. Royal palace and house of Parliament at left; Lambeth, site of Catesby's house, bottom. *Public domain*



The Old Palace of Westminster. House of Lords at center left. *Public domain*

He despised Protestants in general, Scots in particular, and James most of all.

All five swore an oath of secrecy on a prayer book, and received communion from an undercover Jesuit priest, Father John Gerard, who knew nothing of the plot.

## THE PLAN

Within a few weeks, Percy used his family connections to be appointed a royal bodyguard. This naturally required him to rent lodging in Westminster, the seat of government. The plotters chose a room abutting the Prince's Chamber, at the west end of the House of Lords on the side toward the Thames. Meanwhile, they amassed gunpowder and mine timbers at Catesby's house, across the river. To guard the cache, Wright enlisted Robert Keyes, a former Protestant clergyman turned Jesuit. In December, the plotters moved in. "We all five entered with tools fit to begin our work," Wintour reported, "...until Christmas Eve, in which time we wrought under a little entry to the wall of the Parliament House, and underpropped it as we went with wood."

Wright's brother, Christopher, and Wintour's brother, Robert, were brought in to help tunnel. "Whilst we were together, we began to fashion our business," said Wintour, "and discourse what we should do after this deed were done." They planned to set off the bomb during the State Opening of Parliament, when the King, Queen, and Prince Henry, 10, would gather with all the ministers. With them dead and England in chaos, the Wintours' wealthy brother-in-law, John Grant, would provide horses and supplies for a Catholic uprising.

## THE SECRET LEAKED

As the number of conspirators grew, their secret inevitably got out.



Royal spymaster Robert Cecil, 1st Earl of Salisbury, became Secretary of State under Queen Elizabeth I and also served under her successor James I. *Public domain*

Catesby's servant, Thomas Bates, stumbled onto the plot; Catesby recruited him. Catesby himself confessed to Jesuit priest Father Oswald Tesimond, who was bound by canonical law to keep the terrible confidence. Tesimond's only go-around was to confess to Father Henry Garnet, Jesuit Superior in England. The priests tried without success to dissuade Catesby from his plan. Garnet even wrote to Rome, in the most general terms, for an admonishment from newly anointed Pope Paul V. Catesby was unmoved. "Whatever I mean to do," he told Garnet, "if the Pope knew, he would not hinder for the general good of our country."

The royal spymaster, hunch-backed Lord Robert Cecil, Earl of

Salisbury, always kept his ear to the ground. His sources had picked up whispers of a Catholic scheme, but, to a certain extent, Catholic schemes kept Salisbury employed, and some historians think he was content to let this one brew, in order to reveal it when most opportune for him.

### THE BOMB

Meanwhile, the need for a tunnel had been obviated when the undercroft above it, the cellar directly beneath the House of Lords, became available. Percy quickly rented it, and the plotters surreptitiously moved 20 kegs of black powder from Catesby's house across the river, covering them with leftover mining timbers and bundles of firewood.

In July, plague hit London. Parliament was prorogued until October. Lying for weeks in the damp riverside basement, the gunpowder went bad. "Mr. Fawkes and I myself alone bought some new powder, as suspecting the first to be dank," wrote Wintour, "and conveyed it into the cellar and set it in order as we resolved it should stand." Eventually the charge came to 36 barrels, amounting to 18 hundredweight – over 2,000 pounds of black powder, one ton of explosive.

### FINAL COUNTDOWN

On 3rd October, the opening of Parliament was set for 5th November, a Tuesday on the old Julian calendar. In those weeks, the plotters finalized their plan. Fawkes would sleep overnight in the cellar and in the morning, light a slow fuse to the explosives, giving him time to escape by boat to the Continent, where he would use his military connections to gain the acceptance and support of foreign governments. Meanwhile, the others would raise the rebellion. For that, Catesby enlisted Ambrose Rookwood, a wealthy landowner with a large stable of horses, and Sir Everard Digby, who had been knighted by James, but recently converted to Catholicism. Digby would take Princess Elizabeth, 9, hostage, and thereby hold royal power. Finally, on 14 October, Catesby brought in a final plotter – the 13th – his cousin through marriage, Francis Tresham.

Tresham, the somewhat ne'er-do-well son of the sheriff of Northamptonshire, was no stranger to intrigue, said even to have spied for Salisbury on his own Catholic relatives at court, his brothers-in-law Lords Stourton and Monteagle. Still, he had second thoughts over their fate, and that of other Catholic

lords taking part in the opening ceremony. Catesby declared, “the innocent must perish with the guilty, sooner than ruin the chances of success.”

## THE LETTER

Not quite two weeks later, Lord Monteagle received an anonymous letter, advising him in part, “*as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift your attendance at this parliament; for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time...they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament; and yet they shall not see who hurts them.*” Monteagle promptly handed the note over to Salisbury, who questioned several prominent Catholic lords, but, still a few weeks from the target date, did not yet inform the king, who was away from the city on a hunting trip.

To this day, the authorship of the letter has never been proven. Tresham is most often suspected, but Monteagle and even Salisbury himself are accused of manufacturing the evidence to curry royal favor. One of Monteagle’s servants, a relative of the Wright brothers, tipped off the plotters. Catesby and Wintour immediately suspected and confronted Tresham, who protested his innocence so adamantly that, lacking proof, they did nothing. Catesby told Wintour “he would see further as yet and resolved to send Mr. Fawkes to try the uttermost.”

Fawkes found the powder under Parliament still ready. With the plot known, but not yet uncovered, the conspirators decided to see it through.

## THE KING DECREES

When James returned to London on the Friday preceding the Opening, Salisbury showed him Monteagle’s letter. The king, not yet a year old when his father

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated by a gunpowder bomb in 1567, immediately surmised “that the danger mentioned should be some sudden danger by blowing up of powder.”

The Houses of Parliament were thoroughly searched. Monteagle himself led Thomas Howard, Lord Chamberlain to the king, into the undercroft Monday evening. Finding a great pile of wood billets and bundles of kindling, property of renter Thomas Percy, “...the Lord Chamberlain, casting his eye aside, perceived a fellow standing in a corner there, calling himself the said Percy’s man, and keeper of the house for him.” It was Guy Fawkes, passing himself off as nothing more than “John Johnson”, a lowly manservant on duty.

The lords reported to the king. The name of Percy, notorious swordsman and recusant Catholic, was recognized. James ordered “...that those billets and coals should be searched to the bottom.”

## DISCOVERY

Around midnight, Westminster Justice of the Peace Sir Thomas Knyvet led a search party back to the undercroft and, “finding Thomas Percy’s alleged man

standing within the doors, his clothes and boots on, at so dead a time of the night, he resolved to apprehend him.” A thorough search revealed not only the hidden kegs of powder, but slow fuze and a pocket watch on “Johnson”.

In the early hours, Fawkes was taken before King James, to whom he regretted only failing to carry out his mission. Getting nowhere, the king told his captors, “If he will not otherwise confess, the gentler Tortures are to be first used unto him, ‘*et sic per gradus ad ima tendit*’ [and so by degrees proceeding to the worst], and so God speed your good work.”

In the Tower of London, Fawkes was probably subjected at first to the manacles – hung from a wall by the wrists – but according to Father Gerard, “...the common voice was that he was extremely racked in the first few days.” Fawkes’ signatures on succeeding confessions deteriorate to a mere hand-shaking scrawl. By Thursday, 7th November, the stalwart soldier had given up everything, and rumors of the treachery were all over London.

The conspirators had long since fled the city, still hoping to kidnap the Princess Elizabeth. Urgent messages sent to Father Garnet



Upon discovery, Guy Fawkes remained defiant before King James, who ordered him tortured. *Public domain*

and other priests for support met only pleas for surrender. Friends and family shut their doors rather than join them in treason. On a rainy Thursday night, the last fugitives sought sanctuary at Holbeach House, Staffordshire. Finding their powder wet, they spread it out before the fire to dry, with predictable results. A stray spark sent it up in flames.

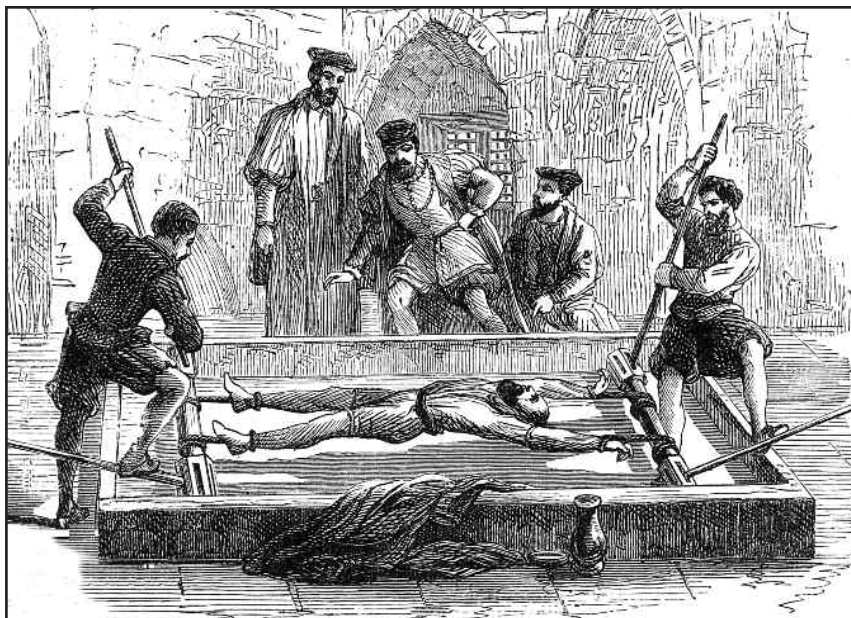
## LAST STAND

When Wintour caught up to them early Friday morning, he found his brother-in-law Grant blinded, “his eyes burnt out”. Catesby and Rookwood were burned too. Only Percy and the Wrights remained with them. “I asked them what they resolved to do,” Wintour remembered. “They answered ‘We mean here to die.’”

At eleven that morning, Sir Richard Walsh, High Sheriff of Worcestershire, arrived with some 200 men to lay siege to the house. Wintour was shot first, through the shoulder. The brothers Wright never got the chance to use their vaunted sword arms. Both were shot dead, and Rookwood after them. “Then,” Winter recalled, “said Mr. Catesby to me (standing before the door they were to enter), ‘Stand by, Mr. Tom, and we will die together.’” With his own sword arm useless, Wintour took position with Catesby and Percy, only to see both killed by one bullet.

## DEATH SENTENCE

Wintour was taken alive. The other conspirators were soon swept up, along with their sympathizers, enablers, any number of innocent Catholics, and everyone else within Salisbury’s long reach. Tresham took ill and died in the Tower. Fathers Tesimond and Gerard escaped to the Continent, but Garnet was caught, tried and executed in May 1606. The rest



Even in 1605, the rack was considered so horrible that only King James could authorize its use against Guy Fawkes. *Public domain*

underwent interrogation. (No tunnel under Parliament was ever found. Either it was destroyed in the 1800s or the whole story was a government fabrication to which Fawkes and Wintour, under torture, agreed.) The conspirators were tried and found guilty.

On 30 January, Robert Wintour, Everard Digby, John Grant, and Thomas Bates were hanged, but slowly, near unto death from strangulation. Only then were they cut down, castrated,

disemboweled, and quartered. The next day, Thomas Wintour, Rookwood, Keyes, and Fawkes were likewise taken to the Old Palace Yard at Westminster, before the building they’d planned to blow up. Keyes jumped, trying to break his neck, but the rope broke. He suffered the full punishment. Fawkes, saved for last, required the hangman’s assistance to climb the scaffold. Then he too jumped, broke his neck and escaped justice.



Three days after the plot was uncovered, Catesby, Thomas Wintour, the Wright brothers and the rest of the plotters made a last stand at Holbeche House, Staffordshire. *Public domain*

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## LEGACY

It's not mastermind Catesby (who, along with Percy, was exhumed and decapitated, their heads mounted on spikes outside the House of Lords), but Fawkes who is remembered. To this day, Britons celebrate every 5th November with bonfires burning masked effigies of him. After its role in the 2006 movie *V for Vendetta*, the iconic Fawkes mask became a symbol of resistance worn by dissidents the world over, from Anonymous activists and the Occupy movement to the Arab Spring and, of course, Brexit.



An anti-coup protester wearing a Guy Fawkes mask during a demonstration in Cairo, Oct. 2013. Public domain

In some ways, the end intended by the Gunpowder Plotters was meted out by fate. In 1834, the houses of Parliament accidentally burned to the ground. (Today's palace is of Victorian construction.) And though James I survived the Gunpowder Plot, 43 years to the day after the first of his assassins were executed, his son, Charles I, was to great acclaim beheaded by his own subjects, in the course of a civil war fought in part for religious freedom. *Em*

## FURTHER READING

*Faith and Treason:*

*The Story of the Gunpowder Plot* by Antonia Fraser

*The Gunpowder Plot: Faith in Rebellion*  
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[youtube.com/watch?v=zI9WMJX85Eg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zI9WMJX85Eg)

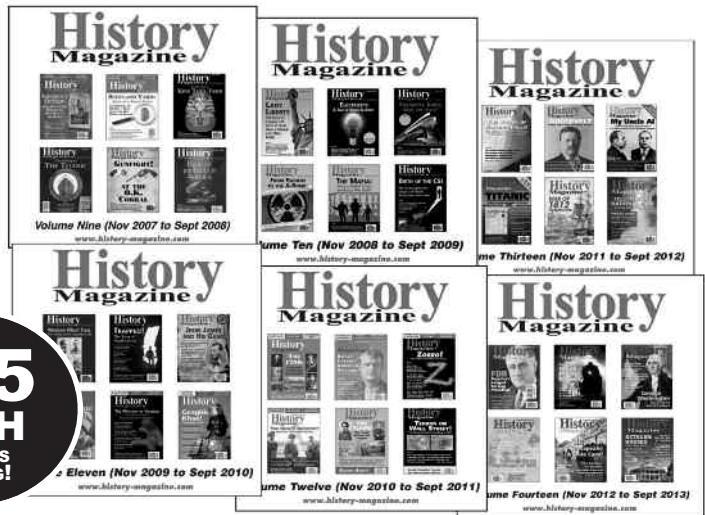
Frequent contributor **DON HOLLWAY** last wrote in our December/January 2017 issue, on the history of the guitar. His article on the pursuit of WWII German battleship *Bismarck* will appear in an upcoming issue.

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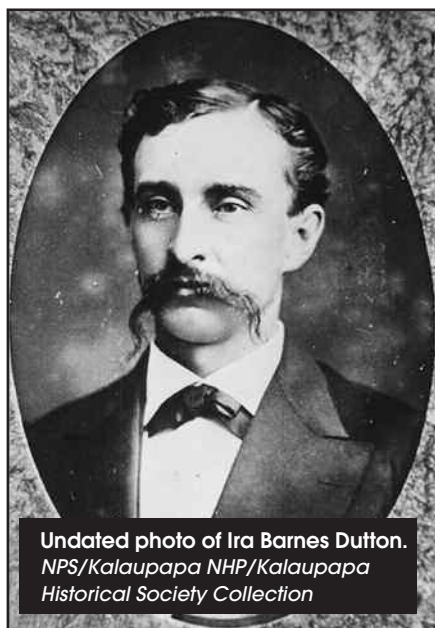
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Undated photo of Ira Barnes Dutton.  
NPS/Kalaupapa NHP/Kalaupapa  
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# BROTHER DUTTON

## Patriot and Missionary

**MARGARET MOEN LOOKS AT THE  
LIFE OF A MAN WHO FIRST SERVED  
HIS COUNTRY, BUT ALSO LATER  
GAVE HIS ALL IN A LIFE OF  
“SPLENDID CHRISTIAN SERVICE”**

A striking young couple – Civil War veteran Lieutenant Ira Barnes Dutton and Ohio native Louisa Headington – wed on 1 January 1866 in Mount Vernon, Ohio.

That same week, 12 victims of leprosy, three women and nine men, arrived at Kalaupapa peninsula, Molokai, the first to be exiled there under Hawaii’s 1865 isolation law.

Both of these events – one happy, one tragic – led to disasters. But Lieutenant Dutton emerged from a failed marriage and subsequent dissipation to become Brother Joseph Dutton, an administrator and medical aide who lived at, and uplifted, the Molokai colony.

Dutton’s life was split between his mainland life and his Molokai service, and upheavals rocked both those halves. But two constants marked him: his patriotism and his bent for service. Those traits stemmed from his all-American upbringing and his time in the Civil War.

Notably, Dutton manifested his patriotism most openly on Molokai, even though Hawaii didn’t become part of the US until Dutton had lived there for 12 years.

Ira Dutton was born on 27 April 1843 in Stowe, Vermont, to Ezra Dutton, a shoemaker, and Abigail Barnes Dutton, a schoolteacher. Ira was the oldest of four: two brothers, Ezra and Owen, died in childhood and a sister, Abigail, lived to age 22. Ira lived to age 87.

When Ira was four, his family moved to Janesville, Wisconsin. His mother taught him at home until he was about age 12, wrote author Charles J. Dutton (no relation) in *The Samaritans of Molokai* (published in 1932). He then entered the Janesville Academy. In 1859, Ira was at Milton Academy, according to Alva Edward Garey’s 1913 *Students of Milton Academy Who Served in the Civil War*. He attended both Baptist and Methodist Sunday Schools.

Young Ira first worked on the *Free Press* newspaper, and later at James Sutherland’s Book Store, foreshadowing his later voluminous letter writing.

In true-blue fashion, teenaged Ira was active in sports. The

Janesville baseball club chose him to be “talleyman”, says a 5 July 1860 report in the *Janesville Daily Gazette*. A year later, the newly formed Janesville Gymnastic Club elected him as secretary.

The Gymnastic Club, according to Charles Dutton, transformed itself into a Zouaves outfit, a pre-Civil War militia group marked by snazzy uniforms and intricate drills. Ira Dutton was active in the Janesville Zouaves.

War loomed as the Zouaves organized, and Ira Dutton enlisted on 9 September 1861, joining the 13th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company B, along with many other Zouave cadets. The *Company Descriptive Book* recorded that Dutton was fair-haired and fair-skinned with blue eyes, standing five feet seven inches tall.

Shortly after his enlistment, the Baptist Sunday School where he taught gave him “a valuable rubber overcoat”, reported the 1 October 1861 *Janesville Daily Gazette*.

Quickly promoted to quartermaster-sergeant, Dutton helped provide supplies and shelter for the sick during a winter measles

epidemic at Camp Tredway, Wisconsin, a hint of his future medical work.

Dutton's service lasted for the war's duration and he saw much of the country, though his regiment didn't see a great deal of fighting, performing mostly guard and garrison duty. The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System states that the regiment lost five enlisted men killed and mortally wounded, and lost 188 enlisted men by disease.

One of its most memorable engagements took place in the fall of 1864. General John Hood's Army of Tennessee menaced the Union garrison at Decatur, northern Alabama, in an attempt to cross the Tennessee River and then retake Nashville. General R.S. Granger led the Union forces at Decatur and Dutton served as his quartermaster. Those Union forces, including the 13th Wisconsin, numbered only about 5,000, but stopped the much larger Confederate force from crossing the river there.

The city of Decatur figured into 1st Lieutenant Dutton's personal history as well. Near there, he met his future wife, Louisa Headington. Charles Dutton wrote: "The date when the two first met seems to have been about a year before the War ended, and the place was a town not far from Decatur, where Dutton had gone with several of his fellow officers to a social affair at the house of one of the well-known Union families of the neighborhood." Louisa, her mother, and her sister had come from Ohio to visit Tennessee friends.

Ira and Louisa fell in love. They married weeks after he mustered out of the service – even though friends of his had warned him against the match.

Much of Dutton's postwar history is as misty as the fogs over

Kalaupapa, but Charles Dutton and other sources state that his wife spent far more than they could afford and then, after several episodes of unfaithfulness, she ran off with another man to New York at the end of 1867.

Ira and Louisa never reconciled, despite his efforts, and he obtained a divorce in 1881. She died soon after.

Dutton remained reticent about the details of those "secret years". He did later admit to his drinking problem: Gavan Daws wrote in *Holy Man: Father Damien of Molokai* (published 1973) that Dutton estimated he consumed "about a barrel of whiskey a year". In 1876, Dutton swore off alcohol.

During his postwar years, he held several substantial jobs, despite his drinking. The National Park Service biography calls Dutton a "functioning alcoholic".

Much of his work was in government service. First, he worked for two years as a quartermaster's agent, locating and reburying the Union dead in national cemeteries. The 1870 US Census lists him as a railroad clerk residing in Memphis. From 1875-1883, Dutton again worked for the government, this time settling war claims.

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*Dutton was as vigorous a letter writer as he was a laborer. The National Park Service website says his address book contained 4,000 names and bags of mail delivered to him at times weighed up to 50 pounds.*

---

But a need to atone for his past clutched him.

Why he eventually decided upon such a demanding atonement is unclear, since he wrote in

a 1918 letter to the *Janesville Daily Gazette*: "I'm not conscious of having injured anyone, save myself, nor of any crookedness in business or in public duties." But he was soon on the path to Molokai.

After study and reflection, he decided to enter the Catholic Church as the best way for him to do penance.

He was baptized at Saint Peter's in Memphis on his fortieth birthday, 27 April 1883, and took the name Joseph. Mrs. Benedict J. Semmes, who was married to a cousin of Confederate Admiral Raphael Semmes, was the godmother of this Union veteran.

Dutton spent two years studying at the Trappist Monastery, the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky. But he decided he was meant for a more active calling.

While visiting New Orleans with a priest friend, he went to a convent reading room. There, he chanced upon an item in a Catholic magazine about Belgian Father Damien De Veuster's work at Molokai, wrote Charles Dutton.

"It was a new subject and attracted me wonderfully", Joseph Dutton later recalled, according to Gavan Daws. "After weighing it for a while, I became convinced that it suited my wants – for labor, for a penitential life, and for seclusion as well as complete separation from scenes of all past experiences."

He added that he was not looking to hide, but for an opportunity to begin again, as well as to do good for others and to do penance. He wondered, however, how he could get to Molokai and if he could be of any service there.

To answer these questions, Dutton went to see Charles Warren Stoddard, a professor at the University of Notre Dame who had visited the Molokai settlement.



Stoddard assured him he could be of use there, and also gave him travel instructions.

Joseph Dutton arrived on Molokai on 29 July 1886, after sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu and landing there 18 July. In Honolulu, the Board of Health gave him permission to go to the leper settlement.

Damien “took to him immediately”, wrote Daws. The priest described Dutton as “truly an exemplary self devoting man”, heralding the successful relationship between the calm Dutton and the temperamental Damien.

By then, conditions at the settlement had greatly improved from its early, disastrous days of lawlessness, vice, and deprivation. The National Park Service – Kalaupapa became a National Historical Park in 1980 – says on its website: “Starting in 1873 major improvements were made due to the arrival of Father Damien and the interest and support of the next two Hawaiian Kings, William Charles Lunalilo and David Kalakaua.”

Nonetheless, Dutton found plenty to do under still rough conditions at the settlement, located on the windward side of the peninsula, below the Molokai pali. Now known as Brother Joseph Dutton – although he remained a layman and was not a monk – he brought his Civil War skills to bear on the labor at hand. He worked as a clerk, builder, medical aide, and administrator, taking on more responsibility when Damien died in 1889 of leprosy.

By that year, the settlement population had swelled to 1,100, according to Daws. When a new Hawaiian government came to power in 1887, its Board of Health stepped up the isolation of leprosy victims. This increased the burden on Dutton and others there.



**Joseph Dutton at Father Damien's grave.** NPS/Kalaupapa NHP/Kalaupapa Historical Society Collection



**Joseph Dutton at Baldwin Home, Kalawao.** NPS/Kalaupapa NHP/Kalaupapa Historical Society Collection



**Joseph Dutton and male patients.** NPS/Kalaupapa NHP/Kalaupapa Historical Society Collection

Dr. Arthur Mouritz, a settlement physician in the 1880s, praised Dutton's “divine temper” which nothing could ruffle, and noted his proficiency in “cleaning and dressing the sores, ulcers, and other skin troubles” of the leprosy patients.

In his 1916 book *The Path of the Destroyer*, Mouritz also described Dutton's skill in running the Baldwin Home for boys and single men, and in reconstructing it. Protestant philanthropist Henry Perrine Baldwin provided the funding.

Soon after the 1894 opening of a new Baldwin Home, Dutton acquired an American flag, and gave a speech when it was raised on the grounds.

Charles Dutton noted that as late as 1928, with the 85-year-old

Brother Dutton's health about to fail, “One of the tasks he would not delegate to others was the care of the flag; each morning he ran it up, each evening he took it down...”

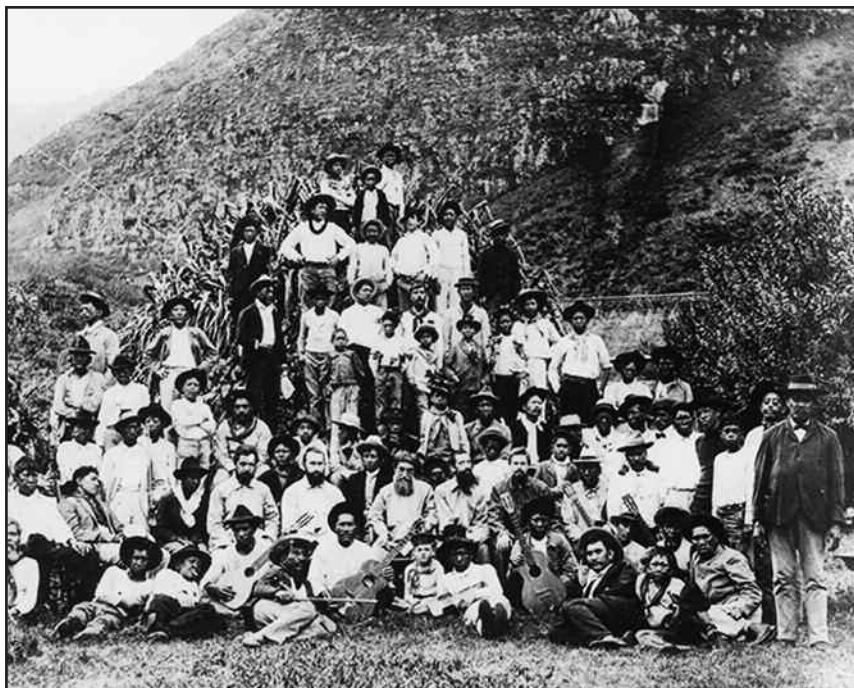
“He always wrote of his country as though it were a living being of flesh and blood”, and felt “great joy” at the US annexation of Hawaii in 1898.

Brother Joseph, in a letter quoted by Charles Dutton, once described the settlement's “marked advance in conditions” after the US took over the islands, and said that, “this would be expected”. He noted the improvement in medical facilities and added: “The appropriation by Congress was generous, and we have everything science can give. A great change since 1903.”

On 16 July 1908, in response to Dutton's request and on orders from President Theodore Roosevelt, the Great White Fleet diverged from its course and sailed along the Kalaupapa peninsula to salute Dutton and other settlement residents. That same day, Brother Dutton wrote to Admiral Charles Sperry to express the settlement's "most hearty thanks". He pointed to the improvement in the residents' lives, describing them as a "people also becoming better acquainted with our Uncle Sam, and better satisfied to be Americans". Most of the patients there were Hawaiian.

Dutton, in a 1918 letter to a friend in Memphis, revealed his patriotic interest in World War I and told how "our lepers have bought \$3,000 worth of thrift stamps – the money earned chiefly by those who are still able to do some work". The National War Commission on 10 April announced the leprosy victims' purchase of the thrift and war savings stamps; a number of stateside newspapers ran the story.

Throughout his life, Brother Dutton maintained a membership in the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR) – a fraternal organization for Union veterans. A story in *The Wisconsin State Journal*, 13 August 1922 pointed to a portrait of Brother Dutton at the capitol's GAR Room: "Since 1886 this noble man has



Joseph Dutton and Brothers with male patients at Baldwin Home in Kalawao.  
Sacred Hearts Archive - Diocese of Hawaii

been in Hawaii caring for the lepers."

Brother Dutton got recognition from higher levels of government as well. President Warren G. Harding, in a 1923 letter quoted by Charles Dutton, told him he had long heard of his "splendid Christian service". He added: "Only quite recently my attention was drawn to the fact that now, at the age of eighty you are still carrying on this wonderful work and are still enjoying good health."

But his eyesight began to fail and his health was declining. Joseph Dutton spent his final months in a Honolulu hospital and died there on 26 March

1931, at age 87.

In all those years of uninterrupted service, Dutton accepted no compensation and directed that his military pension be donated to charity.

He lived to see great advances at the settlement, including its expansion to the drier, warmer leeward side of the peninsula in the 1890s. Dutton also saw the number of patients decline, to slightly more than 600 in 1910. But he did not live to see the discovery of an effective treatment for leprosy, now known as Hansen's disease, in the 1940s, much less to see the repeal of Hawaii's isolation law in 1969.

*Kim*

*The National Park Service website says that 14 cemeteries are located at Kalaupapa – Catholic, Protestant, Mormon, Buddhist, and Hawaiian – with inscriptions in Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, and English. Up to 8,000 patients died at the settlement during its century of existence.*

*Brother Dutton is buried at Saint Philomena Catholic Church Cemetery, Kalaupapa National Historical Park.*

**MARGARET MOEN** is a St. Paul, Minnesota-based writer and editor whose articles have appeared in *Your Genealogy Today*, *VFW Magazine*, *American Spirit*, and many more. She has a special interest in military family history.

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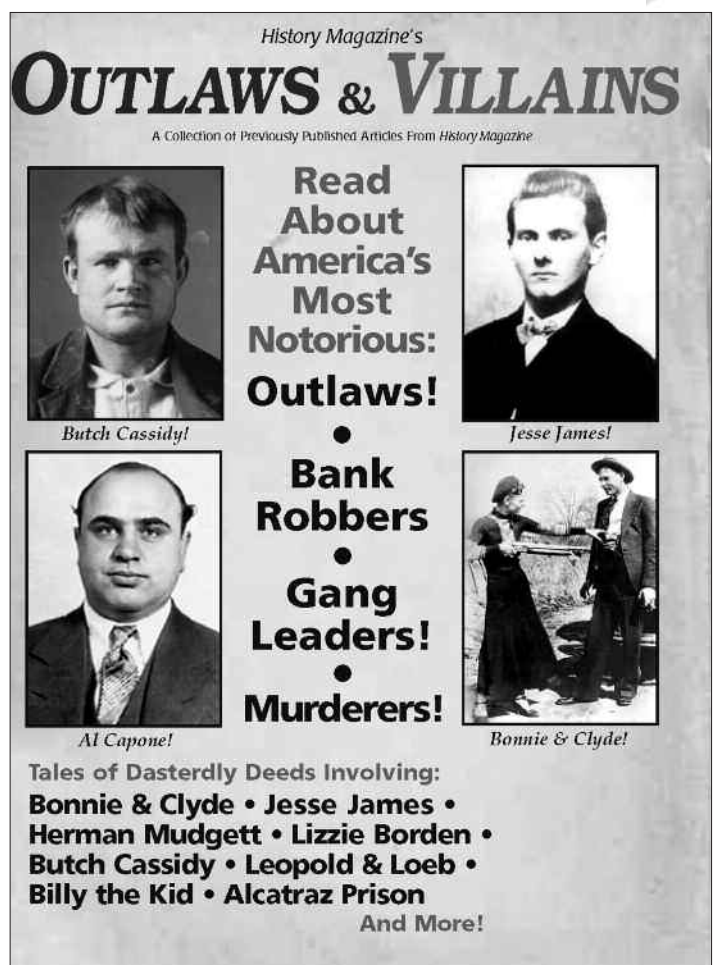
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# THE ENTICING BEAUTY OF THE OSAGE ORANGE

**MELODY AMSEL-ARIELI LOOKS AT A PLANT SPECIES WITH REMARKABLE QUALITIES AND A STORIED HISTORY**



LEFT: Fruit of the *Maclura pomifera*—the Osage orange tree. Public domain RIGHT: Osage Orange, split open. Public domain, photograph by Mahieddine23 from Wikimedia Commons

**T**he Osage orange, graceless and tenacious, played a leading role in the saga of early America. This gnarly, deciduous tree is indigenous to the historic home of the Native American Osage Nation, which spanned areas of today's Arkansas, Alabama, Texas and Oklahoma. It became known to science only in 1804, however, when Meriwether Lewis, studying species beyond the 17 states of the Union, sent slips and cuttings, which he described as Osage *apples*, to President Thomas Jefferson.

From a distance, perhaps, its bright green fruit *does* look like apples. Up close, however, there is no mistaking those fragrant, smooth-skinned beauties for these hefty, thick-skinned, brainy-furrowed, outlandish globes, 4 to 5 inches in diameter. Nor are their bitter, sticky, milky, interiors – shunned by all except squirrels who crave their seeds – less bizarre.

The term “orange” is misleading as well. It refers not to the Osage fruit, but to its bright, orange-yellow heartwood, roots, and bark. This may be why many call this plant mock-orange or monkey

orange. To confuse matters further, it is also known as hedge apple and horse apple.

Osage Native Americans reputedly treated eye ailments with tea brewed from the plant's thick, fleshy roots. In addition, they wove ropes from its scaly bark and produced a color-fast orange dye from its shavings, roots, and bark. These fierce fighters and big game hunters also crafted exceedingly strong war clubs, battle bows, and hunting bows from its exceptionally dense, flexible wood, often traveling hundreds of miles in its quest. They also traded this valuable commodity with Comanches,

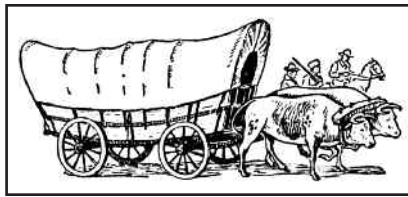
Kiowas, Pawnees, and other Great Plains tribes. A single Osage bow was, at that time, worth a stack of beaver pelts, a horse, or even a horse and blanket.

Because early French explorers and trappers dubbed the Osage orange tree *bois d'arc*, wood-of-the-bow, many, to this day, know it as bodark, bow wood, or bowood.

This plant may have first reached neighboring Missouri, another noted Osage orange region, when pioneering farmers and ranchers found the cost of lumber fencing prohibitive. Even if these highly adaptable trees were planted several feet apart, extending branches soon filled in their gaps, while thorny shoots, sprouting from their wide-spreading roots, created new trees. Moreover, if settlers wove their young branches together and pruned them down, they could produce even denser hedges.

Within three to four years, these living fences – “hog-tight, horse-high, and bull-strong” – were impenetrable by man and beast. Indeed, noted the *Virginia Farmer’s Register* in the early 1800s, “...when fairly established, they will never need removal [and] would inspire a degree of security which cannot be felt by those persons who are in the habit of patching up decaying fences...” Indeed, wrote Prof. J.B. Turner in 1816, “One hedge around a farm, with but one gate well locked, would render all a man’s horses, implements, and fruits, as safe from all thieves and de-predators as though they were all in his cellar.” In addition, if planted close together, a row of Osage orange trees, each reaching up to 60 feet high and spanning 6 feet across, made splendid windbreakers and dust catchers.

By the 1860s, Osage orange hedge mania had taken root across the land. As a result, its seeds – 200 to 300 gleaned from a single green globe, rocketed from eight dollars to well over fifty dollars a bushel. Millions of nursery-generated seedlings also reached locations far beyond their



Covered wagons featuring non-shrinking, unbreakable Osage orange-wood wheels or axles were ideal for crossing the Plains. Public domain

native range.

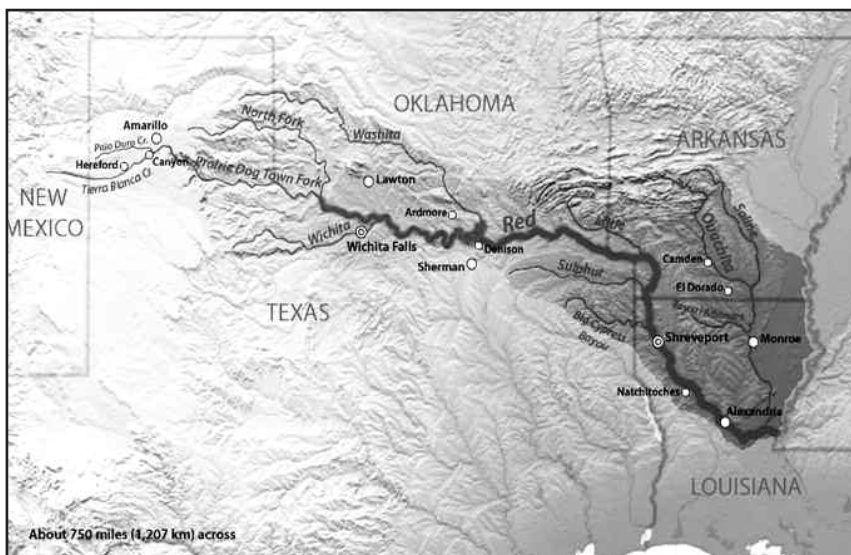
In a sense, the Osage orange travelled westward by wagon as well. Many pioneers, at the urging of expedition guides like US Army Captain Randolph B. Marcy, for example, outfitted their wagon train wheels, which were prone to cracking under weighty loads, with durable *bois-d’arc* hubs and rims. These, he explained, far stronger than those constructed from white oak common in the Northern states, were “... best for the plains, as they shrink but little, and seldom want repairing....”

Regarding another pioneer peril, Marcy warned, “No people probably on the face of the earth are more ambitious of martial fame...than the North American savages ... The prairie warrior is occasionally seen with the rifle in his hand, but his favorite arm is

the bow, the use of which is taught him at an early age. [These] are usually made of the tough and elastic wood of the “*bois d’arc*,” strengthened and reinforced with sinews of the deer wrapped firmly around, and strung with a cord of the same material. They are from three to four feet long.... By constant practice [the warrior] acquires a skill in archery that renders him no less formidable in war than successful in the chase.”

With the invention of cheap barbed wire in 1874, often Osage hedges, dotting long-established farmsteads or bordering abandoned pastures, were left to grow wild. Many evolved into dense, sheltering habitats for small mammals and birds. Others were laboriously uprooted.

The orange wood itself, however, continued to find many uses. Though it fired sparks in all directions, was prone to popping, and its searing heat reputedly cracked hearthside bricks, Osage was a favored fuel. It was also fashioned into durable hand-hewn cattle yokes, treenails (wooden pegs), gates, cart and carriage wheels, tool handles, mine support timbers, and railroad ties. Through the early 20th century, this water-resistant wood, when planked, also served as pavement-blocks, a solution for muddy or dusty urban streets. Since it is nearly impervious to sub-soil moisture and fungal damage, it also provided rot-resistant grave markers, boundary markers, and especially – fence posts. Cutting dense green-wood Osage posts by hand, splitting them with wedges and sledge hammers, sharpening them at one end, then driving them into the ground with mallets was a back-breaking business. However, they often outlasted the wire strands they bore.



Red River Basin. Public domain, drawn by Shannon1, shaded relief data from NASA RTM North America

The Osage orange has served other purposes as well. When harsh dust storms scoured the prairies in the 1930s, for example, the United States Forest Service, at the behest of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, planted over 200 million deciduous trees, including Osage oranges, across a hundred-mile-wide zone. This invasive species not only gripped the soil quickly, but also created shelterbelts – protection for fields and farmhouses from strong winds and dust.

Though the close-grained Osage is so difficult to work, many contemporary craftsmen appreciate its fine, orange hue and the ease in creating an unusually high polish. Others enjoy utilizing its range of earthy orange, yellow, and mossy green natural dyes.

In recent years, scientists have been investigating the economic potential of chemicals derived

from Osage orange plants. Oil extracted from its seeds, for example, offers promise as a viable biodiesel. Its fruit, rich in enzymes that break down proteins and amino acids, may be suitable for industrial or commercial uses like food preservation, meat tenderization, or cheese production. Though the Osage is inedible by humans, pomiferin, an isoflavone found in its fruit and wood, has proven to be an antioxidant as strong as vitamin E or C.

Because the Osage orange tree remains amazingly free of insect damage, many, despite scientific doubt, believe it is a natural pesticide. So, to repel fleas, spiders, and similar pests, they place its ripened fruit in kitchens and entrance ways. Though each, it is said, remains potent for only two to three months, replenishments can sometimes be purchased in food markets across

the Midwest. Alternately, Osage orange (*Maclura pomifera*) seedlings can be ordered through the Missouri Department of Conservation at nominal cost. *Em*

*Note: The author grew up near an Osage orange tree hedge. She spent a good part of her childhood cutting into its fruit, marveling at its uniqueness. She also wondered why these were called monkey-oranges. Now she knows.*



**MELODY AMSEL-ARIELI** is an American-Israeli freelance writer whose articles have appeared in genealogical and historical magazines across the UK, US, and Canada. She is the author of *Between Galicia and Hungary: The Jews of Stropkov (Avotaynu 2002)* and *Jewish Lives: 1750-1950 (Pen & Sword, 2013)*. Visit her website at <http://amselbird.com>.

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Daily Echo reporter John Ronayne was fatally injured near the railway footbridge that spanned the railway tracks from the bottom of Duffus Street to the head of Pier 7. The surviving abutment is on the far left of the damaged superstructure. A portion of "View From Pier 8," a panorama by W.G. MacLaughlan. Courtesy of Joel Zemel

# WHOLE COMMUNITY WIPED OUT WORSE THAN BOMBARDED TOWN

## MICHAEL DUPUIS OFFERS A LOOK INTO THE AFTERMATH OF THE 1917 HALIFAX EXPLOSION THROUGH THE EYES OF ONE JOURNALIST WHO RECORDED THE CATASTROPHE FOR RELEASE TO THE CANADIAN PRESS

In an extract from his new book, Michael Dupuis provides a graphic account of the 6 December 1917 Halifax Explosion's aftermath by George Yates, Prime Minister Robert Borden's private secretary and former *Toronto Globe* journalist. Yates was so disturbed by his tour of the city's devastated North End on 9 December, he could not sleep that night. To relieve stress, he wrote a "pen picture" of his experience, and the next morning delivered it to the local Canadian Press bureau with instructions to send it out nationwide. The *Toronto Telegram* ran Yates' story on 10 December.

From pages 64-67 of *Bearing Witness: Journalists, Record Keepers and the 1917 Halifax Explosion* by Michael Dupuis. Copyright 2017 by Michael Dupuis. Reprinted by permission of Fernwood Publishing.

### CANADIAN PRESS DESPATCH

Halifax, Dec. 10 – The catastrophe is almost too dreadful to admit of description in coherent, matter-of-fact English, and yet too complete for adequate portrayal by means of the indiscriminating camera. To properly appreciate it one must be able to conjure a picture of what was once in

contrast with what no longer is. I have visited Halifax on many occasions, have seen the North street station, Richmond and Willow park in normal times and when swollen with the normal flux of war. I have seen the panoramic beauty of the Dartmouth shore at all seasons, and always in restful contrast to the somewhat sombre, decidedly crowded and for the most part frame-constructed district that sloped back from the tracks up the hill on which this historic old city stands. It was the home district of the working classes with here and there an isolated, though stately, relic of other times.



It was this hard-working, wage-earning community that Thursday morning's tragedy wiped out. Wiped out is exactly the proper phrase. In the hard-shelled towns of Flanders some walls do stand after intense bombardments. Here a single devastating blast passed up the hill, and, in the twinkling of an eye, crushed the breath of life out of two thousand people and rendered twenty thousand homeless and destitute. This morning I walked over what had been a dwelling, among the debris of which an old man worked alone.

It was merely a flattened heap of wreckage, offering no obstruction to the eye and very little to the feel. What once had been a backyard looked out over the exact scene of the explosion. In the cutting below were the railway tracks, in the foreground the narrows, leading from the harbour proper to the seclusion of Bedford Basin, and, probably half a mile across the Dartmouth shore. In the railway yards scores of men laboured to re-establish communications where the tracks had been washed out by the tidal wave that followed the explosion. And which left behind dead fish and other evidences of marine life embedded in the wreckage at the base of the cliff on which I stood.

The blizzard, which had raged for fifteen hours, had doubled the task of tired and disheartened men. Imagine, ye with intact rooms and snug double windows, the influence of a terrific gale of wet, clinging snow, sweeping over the city with scarcely a pane of glass intact, and carrying its chill contact in a falling temperature over thousands of beds of pain. But towards morning the gale subsided into a steady, though bitter, northeast breeze, and now the sun lit up a melancholy scene....

To the right, over on the Dartmouth shore, hard aground, but seemingly not in bad shape, lay the *Imo*, the Norwegian Belgian relief ship, which collided with the French boat with its dreadful cargo. To the left a few sombre piles, and one distorted steamer, slammed bodily against a pile of wreckage, which had once been a dock, was all that was left of Piers 6, 7, 8 and 9. To these piers had come the fire chief and his deputy and men when the alarm of fire was turned on, and to the same spot hurried reporter Ronayne of the *Chronicle*, who had gossiped cheerily with me at my room in the Queen's Hotel when the Prime Minister opened his campaign in Halifax the other week.

Soldiers had hurried to the scene – how many I do not know, but I have talked with one man who told me he and others had found at one point a score of bodies of men, who stripped of clothing and, in some instances, even of flesh, were quite evidently military men, because of the scraps of khaki rags in their immediate vicinity. It was indeed a rendezvous with death, and death overtook even the man who turned in the alarm.

But death was no respecter of persons in the neighbourhood of the explosion. A few blackened timbers along the track to the left represent the Richmond station where every employee was killed. The despatcher [Vince Coleman] phoned to a confrere up the line, "Ammunition ship is on fire in the harbour, and there is likely to be an explosion, but I am going to beat it." Just then the explosion occurred, and they found his body in the basement.

Of the yardmen not ten per cent remain; of seventy spare trackmen not two had reported for duty this morning. That mass of wrecked and twisted rolling stock in the Richmond yard represents some four hundred freight cars, and seventy or eighty passenger coaches have been temporarily placed out of commission...

A passing sleigh pauses and a man joins the little group of on-lookers. It is the Prime Minister of Canada gathering first hand the intimate details of the appalling disaster of the city of his youth and early manhood. Along the road comes another sleigh – an open cutter. The driver walks behind, and with him walk two downcast men. There are passengers in the sleigh, but they mercifully covered, though not sufficiently to hide the ghastly contortions of their twisted frames. Across the street is a heavy wagon turned upside down. In the shafts lie the remains of two horses,



Damaged Halifax Herald building, 7 December 1917. From *Views of the Halifax Catastrophe* by Harold T. Roe

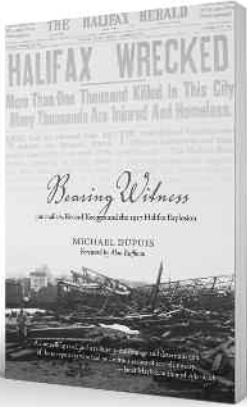
one completely cut in two, with what seems to be a plate from the ill-fated vessel. This team had reached the street from a roadway leading back about fifty yards to what had been a foundry.

There a jumble of bricks and a brightly burning pile of coals marks the tomb of forty men, who met death at the bench and lathe. None escaped. On the roadside the remains of two motor cars torn absolutely to splinters. The old man referred to is working aimlessly over the wreckage of what had been his home. He threw to one side an artificial limb. "That," he said, seeming to think that the incident required explanation, "belonged to the lodger downstairs. He won't need it anymore. He was a railwayman, and he lost his leg, and they put him on a crossing. He's gone. When my old woman heard that the boat might blow up she went up to the daughter's place on the hill there. You can see the place, still smoking, from here."

"Did she escape injury?" I asked, as it seemed to me the old man had left the story unfinished. "Oh no," he answered simply. "She and the daughter and four were burned up. It's funny I should find the cork leg undamaged, don't you think?"

Two men approached. One had the usual bandages around neck and face that mark the hundreds of walking victims of flying glass, the other with hollow, lack-lustre eyes, and blackened hands and face, carried a sack on his shoulders. It was of sinister shape and blood-stained, possibly all that was left of his family.

I was prepared for that by the story a railroad friend told me earlier to-day about a man carrying a small box on his shoulder who was enquiring for a train. He seemed dazed and someone asked him what he had in the box. "That," he replied, "is all that I have left of my wife and two children. I am taking them to Windsor to bury them."



**Michael Dupuis launches**  
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On the other side of the street, a short distance from the dead horses, was what seemed to be a bundle of bedding. On the top, as a protection from the snow, was spread some frayed kitchen linoleum.

To prevent the wind from blowing this away was a piece of scaffolding. Instinct warned me not to seek the obvious explanation, but a compelling curiosity caused me to raise a corner of the linoleum. I was relieved to see nothing but some bedding, and turned to look at a camera man from a Boston paper, who was making a series of photographs in the vicinity. At this I heard a cry of horror from my companion. He had pierced the veil and raised the blanket. I caught one quick glimpse of the bed's dead occupant, for which I shall always be sorry, as now my memory is indelibly seared by an impression I would gladly forget.

It was enough but not all. As we drove back past the diggers in the ruins by the foundry a man came forward and asked my companion if he was going down town, and if so, would he call at the undertaker's and have them send out a sleigh. "We have found two more," he said, pointing to two wrapped bundles, one pitifully small.

To-night they brought the car around to the new ocean terminals to North street. All the way in through the devastated area piles of

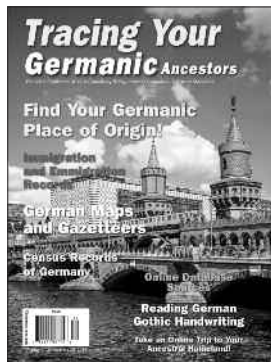
burning coal, of which there is now an acute scarcity and still smoldering wreckage threw a ghastly light over a scene of wreckage more complete than the star-shelled lighted No Man's Land. I write this on a siding alongside of the North street station, familiar to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. The platform is sprinkled with splintered glass, and the building is roofless, windowless and doorless, where the interior is filled with confused masses of wreckage and drifted snow.

I begin to feel that I know what war must mean. *Em*

**MICHAEL DUPUIS** is a retired history teacher, writer and author. His work focuses on the role of journalists in important historical events. In 2012, he contributed "Canadian Journalists in New York" in *TITANIC Century Media, Myth and the Making of a Cultural Icon*, and in 2014 published *Winnipeg's General Strike Reports From The Front Lines*. His new book, *Bearing Witness: Journalists, Record Keepers and the 1917 Halifax Explosion*, will be released April 2017 and launched in Halifax at the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic on 3 June 2017. See the ad on the back cover of this issue.

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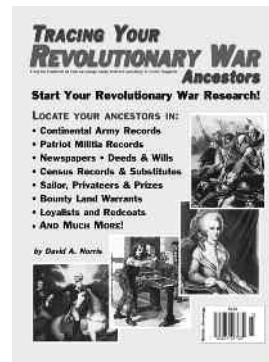
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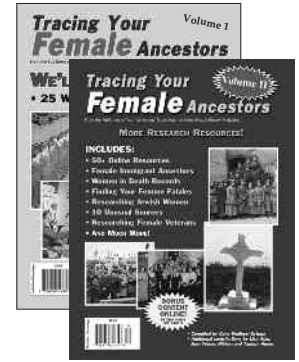
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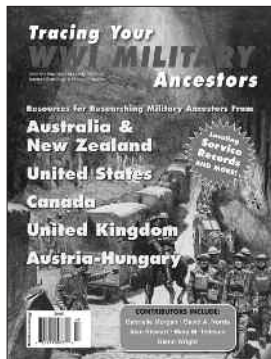
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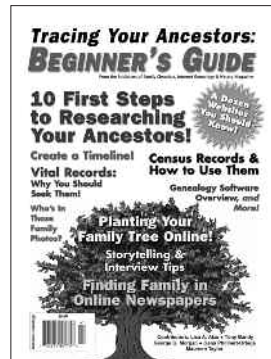
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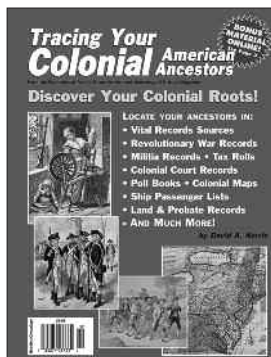
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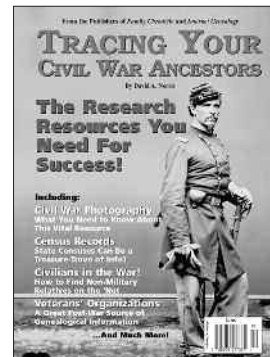
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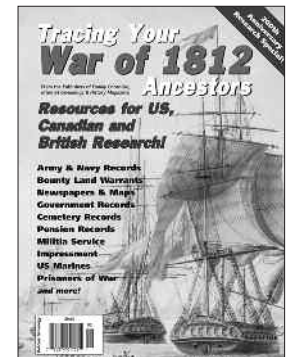
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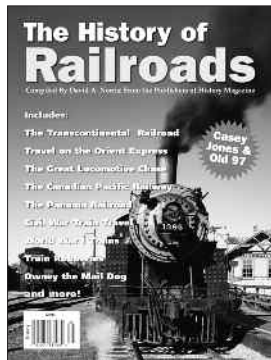


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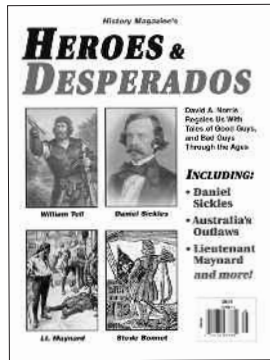
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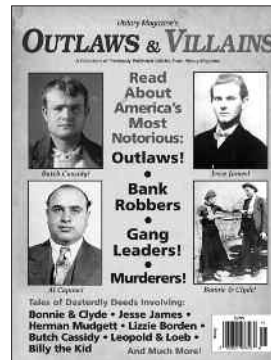
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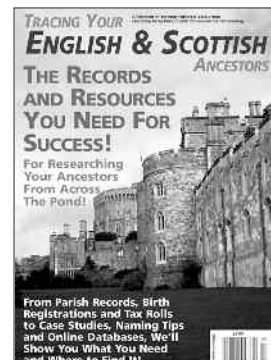
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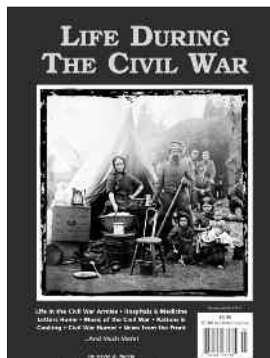
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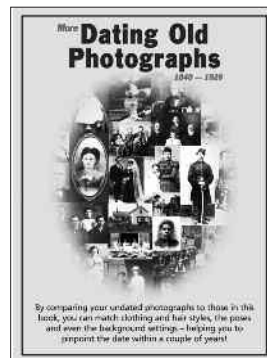
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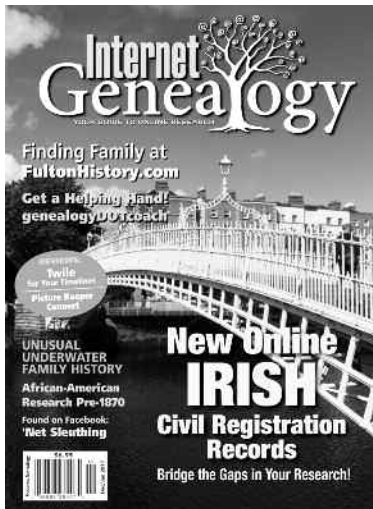
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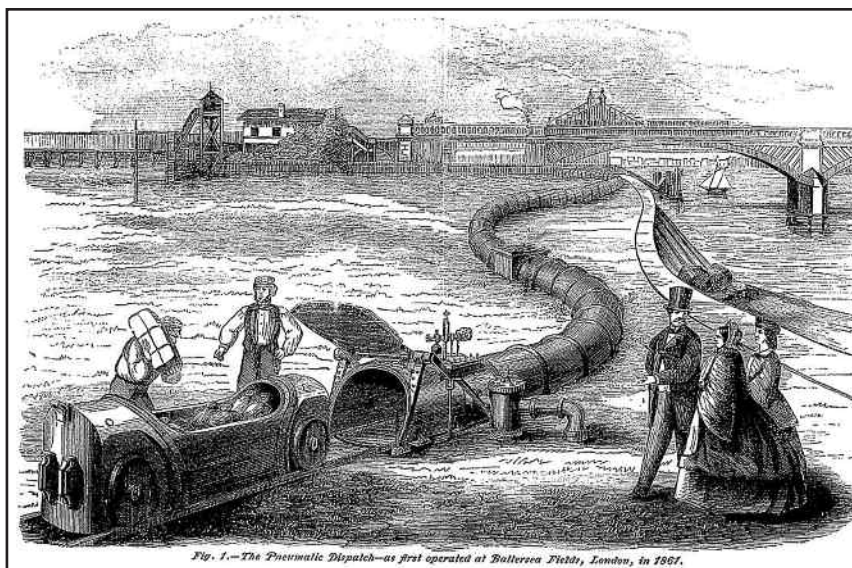


Fig. 1.—The Pneumatic Dispatch—as first operated at Battersea Fields, London, in 1861.

# Letters in a Tube: THE RISE AND DEMISE OF PNEUMATIC MAIL

**CHARLES BUSH M.D. LOOKS AT THE  
INNOVATIVE AND ONCE POPULAR  
METHOD OF MAIL DELIVERY**

**T**hrough the ages, many innovative methods have been devised to make mail delivery possible. Before automation, a variety of animals were used to aid the postman in making his appointed rounds. As early as 1275, the Hanseatic League was employing horses to deliver the mail. From 1860 to 1861, hard-working ponies served the Pony Express in delivering mail in the western United States. In Alaska, Canada and parts of Scandinavia, dogs and even reindeer were harnessed to pull sleds full of mail to their destinations. In the outback, the Australian Postal Service Camels were used. Even today, the United States Post Office uses donkeys to bring mail five days a week to the town of Supai, Arizona, deep within the Grand Canyon.

Many ingenious mechanical methods have also been utilized to move the mail. During the 1870-71 siege of Paris, Parisians made use of large hot air balloons to transport their letters across

Prussian lines. Between 1929 and 1936, several ships of the German North Lloyd Company carried airplanes during trans-Atlantic crossings. When a ship came within 600 to 800 miles of its port

The first trial of a practical pneumatic delivery system took place in England at Battersea in 1861. Its success led to the development of London's pneumatic mail dispatch system.

*Public domain*

of call, the airplanes were loaded with mail and catapulted from the ship's deck. By using this unusual form of early airmail, the mail reached its destination from 2 to 3 days faster than by ship's mail alone. In 1959, the United States tried its own version of ship to shore mail delivery using guided missiles. The experiment proved to be impractical and rocket mail was quickly abandoned.

Perhaps no attempt to expedite mail delivery was more successful over a longer period of time than was the pneumatic mail service. With the advent of the industrial revolution, the size of most large metropolitan areas increased rapidly. As the populations of these major cities swelled, the demand to distribute an ever-expanding volume of both business and personal mail quickly and efficiently became more pressing. One attempt to accomplish this task was the development of a series of underground tubes that distributed mail from one large central main post office to smaller district post offices located throughout the cities. This expedited delivery system was known as the pneumatic mail service.

The pneumatic mail delivery system was based on the tenants of pneumatic science. Pneumatic science is the study of the behavior of air and other gases under pressure. The basics of pneumatics have been known since the time of the ancient Greeks. Another aspect of the pneumatic mail delivery system involved the vacuum pump, invented by Otto von Guericke in the mid-1600s. The application of pneumatic science together with the invention

of the vacuum pump set the stage for the development of machines that could move materials, including mail, underground from one place to another.

The system worked as follows; a series of underground tunnels was constructed that linked a central post office with numerous smaller branch post offices. Within the tunnels, a network of tubes was placed that connected each post office with every other post office within the system. Mail was then put into mailbags and the bags placed into special pods or “carriers” that fit into the tube. These carriers varied in size from small railway cars to canisters less than half a meter long. At every post office, there was a “station” or portal where a carrier full of mail entered the system of pneumatic tubes. Once the carrier was in the tube, “blowers” were activated. These blowers were large fans that created positive pressure at one end of the airtight tube or a vacuum at the opposite end. The air pressure differential acted to push or suck the carrier from the sending station to the receiving station where the mailbags were recovered. In complex pneumatic mail systems such as those installed in Paris, Vienna and New York City, “diverters” acted to open and close access to various tubes insuring that the mail was delivered to the selected receiving station.

England was the first country to employ pneumatics to transport mail. In 1854, Josiah Latimer Clark installed a 200 meter long pneumatic tube between the London Stock Exchange and the office of the Electric Telegraph Company of London. Known as the “Pneumatic Dispatch”, this system served as a transporter for telegrams only. In 1855, upon observing the success of the Pneumatic Dispatch system, the

postal reformer Rowland Hill, hired two engineers to investigate the possibility of connecting London’s General Post Office to the West District Central Post Office via a pneumatic tube. A year later, the engineers reported that such a system could be constructed, but would be very costly. In 1859, a group of English businessmen founded the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. Their idea was to raise private capital to build narrow gage railway tracks enclosed by pneumatic



**Sir Rowland Hill, social reformer and inventor of the postage stamp, who developed the Uniform Penny Post. Hill pioneered the concept of pneumatic mail delivery in England in 1856.**

*Public domain*

tubes that could carry large quantities of mail between the various London post offices. The company would then rent access to the system to the Post Office Service. The first trial of this system took place at Battersea in 1861. When the trial proved to be successful, a permanent line was installed in 1863 that ran between the Euston railway station and the North West District Post Office of London. The trip of about half a kilometer took less than one

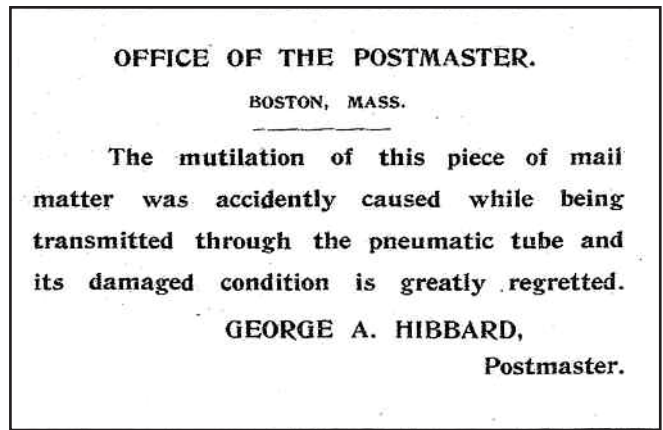
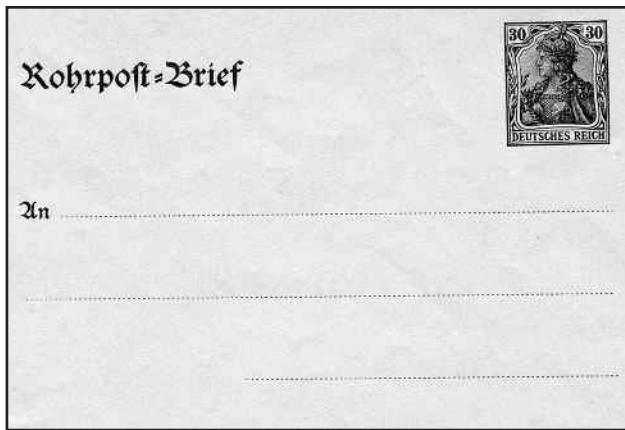
minute to complete. The same trip by a horse drawn mail wagon through the traffic of London’s streets took more than twenty minutes. The system functioned well at first. However, as time went by, it became evident that the large carriers often became stuck within the tube. The project was abandoned in 1874.

Noting the early success of pneumatic mail delivery in England, in 1866, France began the installation of an elaborate network of pneumatic tubes under the streets of Paris. Using the already existing city sewer system, the first experimental tubes linked the telegraph office at the Grand Hotel to the Place de la Bourse (the old Paris Stock Exchange). The tube system rapidly expanded over the next 13 years. Initially, only telegrams and official correspondence were allowed to flow through the tubes.

Administration of the entire operation was placed in the hands of the Telegraph Department. In 1879, the Post Office Department took control of operating the tubes, and the system opened for use by the general public for the first time. By 1888, the network of pneumatic tubes had spread all across the city. From 1879 through 1898, private messages had to be written on official postal cards or lettercards. After 1898, any letter or postcard that would fit in the relatively small pneumatic carriers was permitted.

A plan was conceived to expand the Paris pneumatic mail service to the surrounding suburbs. Unfortunately, World War I intervened from 1914 until 1919. After the War, because of the cost, the plan was never revisited. Instead, pneumatic mail was delivered to various post offices on the outskirts of the city and from there, final deliveries to surrounding towns and villages were





LEFT: Official Rohrpost envelope used in Germany's pneumatic mail system, 1910. *Courtesy of author* RIGHT: Postmaster's label that was attached to any letter, postcard or parcel damaged during transit through the Boston pneumatic mail network. *Public domain*

accomplished by means of bicycles and later motorcycles. The Paris pneumatic mail system continued to function until 1984 when it was replaced by computers and fax machines.

Other countries as well had begun installing pneumatic mail networks. During the late 1800s and early 1900s, Germany, Austria, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Ireland, Algeria, Argentina and Brazil all had functioning pneumatic mail service in at least one of their major cities. These networks varied in size from Leningrad with 2 stations connected by just 400 meters of tubing to Vienna with 53 stations and 82.5 kilometers of tubing.

Most of the pneumatic networks began as a way of transporting telegrams and express official mail from telegraphic offices to government buildings or private business enterprises. However, within a short period of time, private letters, postcards and even parcels were given access to the systems.

In Germany, pneumatic mail service (the Rohrpost) began in December of 1876. Lasting until 1976, at its peak, the Rohrpost was one of the largest pneumatic mail services in Europe with over 400 kilometers of tubing that

carried millions of pieces of mail every year. In Germany, as well as in some other countries, including France and Austria, and later Brazil and Czechoslovakia, official postal stationary was used within the pneumatic mail systems. While Italy also had pneumatic mail service, it stood alone as printing special postage stamps for use

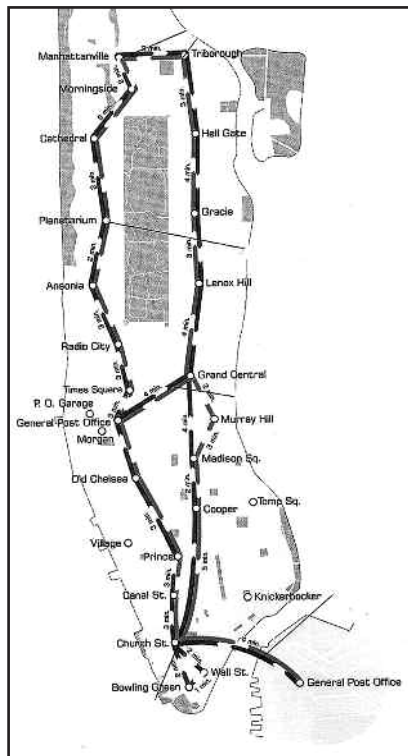


Diagram of the extensive New York City pneumatic mail network. The trip from the General Post Office (bottom right) to the branch post office in Manhattanville (upper left) took 36 minutes. *Courtesy of author*

on pneumatic mail rather than using official postal stationary.

In the United States, Philadelphia, New York City, Boston, Chicago and Saint Louis developed underground pneumatic mail networks. Philadelphia was the first to do so in 1893. New York City inaugurated pneumatic mail delivery on 7 October 1897. The first tube connected the General Post Office to the Produce Exchange, a span of some 1,145 meters. Many politicians and New York dignitaries attended the opening ceremony. The first carrier dispatched through the tube from the General Post Office contained no mail at all. Instead, it arrived at the Produce Exchange with a Bible wrapped in a cotton American flag together with a copy of the Constitution and other papers. The return trip brought a bouquet of violets. Total time for the first round trip was slightly less than 3 minutes. Subsequent deliveries that day produced a suit of clothes, a candlestick and a live black cat. At the end of her journey, the cat seemed confused, but still in possession of the majority of her nine lives. During later years, dogs, mice, guinea pigs, a rooster, monkeys and even a live goldfish in a bowel made the same journey. Imagine what the SPCA

would say about such shenanigans today!

The New York pneumatic mail service eventually encompassed more than 43 kilometers of tubing connecting 23 post offices throughout the city. Each of the system's carriers could hold up to 600 letters. Traveling at speeds of up to 56 kilometers per hour, the carriers could handle nearly 100,000 letters per day or about 30 percent of all of the city's mail. The postal workers who processed this mail and maintained the pneumatic stations were affectionately known as the "Rocketeers".

New York's pneumatic mail service was expensive, costing the Post Office Department \$9,500 per kilometer per year to run. During World War I, the service was suspended while funding was diverted to support the War

effort. After the War, automobiles and post office trucks carried more mail than had been delivered by the pneumatic tube system in pre-war days.

Like New York City, Boston also offered pneumatic mail service beginning in 1897. As late as 1926, new branches of the Boston pneumatic mail system were still being dedicated. Boston encountered the same problem with their pneumatic system that New York and other major cities were confronting. Letters, postcards and parcels often met with major misadventures along their pneumatic travels for which local postmasters had to apologize to irate recipients.

Chicago began pneumatic mail service in 1904. Its system depended on a series of suction pumps that literally pulled the pneumatic mail carriers from

one station to another. Some of Chicago's stations had their own distinctive postmarks. Not to be outdone by New York City, the carrier on Chicago's inaugural run delivered a Bible wrapped in a silk American flag and a bouquet of roses for its postmaster!

In the end, the pneumatic mail service systems proved to be too expensive to maintain and could not compete with newer electronic forms of communication. Today, all that is left of most of these systems are the deteriorating underground tubes and, of course, the many letters and postcards that survived their pneumatic journey. *Em*

**CHARLES BUSH** is a regular contributor to *History Magazine*.



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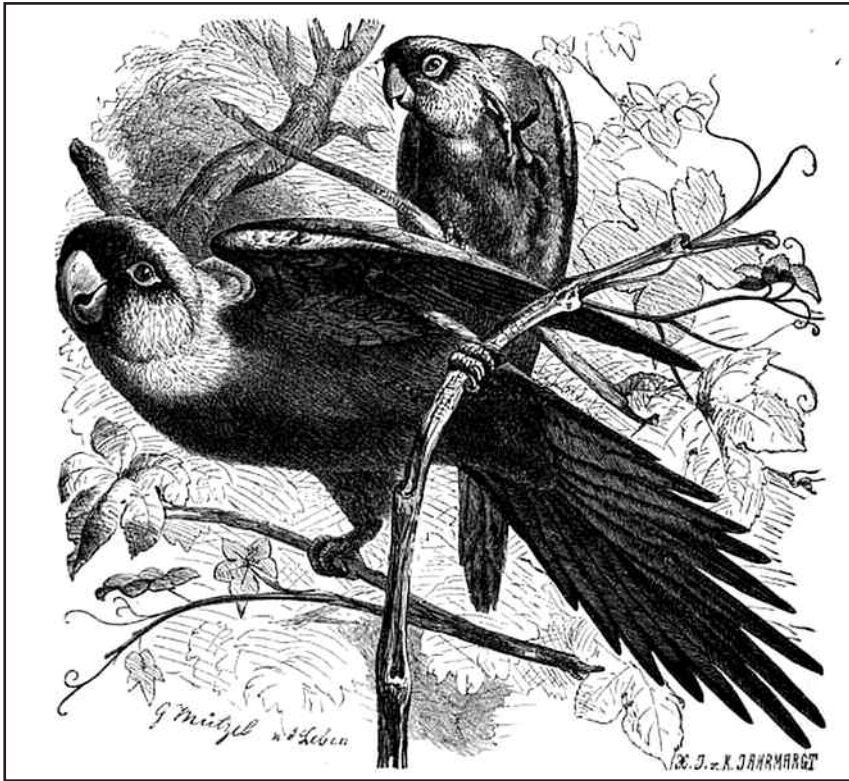
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The usual calls of the Carolina parakeet were described as noisy squawks. But, when taken as pets, some of these birds could be taught to repeat words and phrases, like other members of the parrot family. *Public domain*

were found in a range from Florida, north to the Great Lakes, and west past the Mississippi River as far as eastern Colorado. On 26 June 1804, Lewis and Clark spotted a large flock of “Parrot-quettes” near the present location of Kansas City, Missouri. So common were these birds in the Midwest, they were also called “Illinois paroquets”.

English explorers noted colorful parrots, “parrats”, “paroquets”, and “parakitos” in North America in the late 1500s. In 1662, Jesuit missionaries from Canada noted reports of flocks of parakeets in what is now Kentucky and Tennessee. Iroquois allies returned from those lands wearing “scarves and belts they had made from these birds by a process of interweaving”. The colorful plumage of the Carolina parakeet would be one contributing cause to its extinction.

Virginian chronicler William Byrd wrote of the native parakeets in 1729, “They are very Beautiful; but like some other pretty Creatures, are apt to be loud and mischievous.” In the fall, colonial apple orchards were “visited with numerous flight of paraqueets, that bite all the Fruit to pieces in a moment for the sake of the kernels. The Havock they make is Sometimes so great, that whole Orchards are laid waste in Spite of all the Noises that can be made, or Mawkins [scarecrows] that can be drest up, to fright ‘em away.”

Compensating for their destruction of orchards, Carolina parakeets feasted on seeds of the unwanted cocklebur. These weeds flourished in farmlands, and the sharp points of their numerous

# THE CAROLINA PARAKEET

## DAVID A. NORRIS LOOKS AT THE HISTORY BEHIND THE DECLINE AND EVENTUAL EXTINCTION OF NORTH AMERICA'S NATIVE PARROT

Once, a species of brightly colored parakeet flocked in the millions in the forests of North America. As with other relatives of the parrot family, some of these North American parakeets were kept as pets, and they could be taught to “speak” by echoing human words and phrases. These unique birds, called Carolina parakeets, no longer exist. Several unfortunate factors combined to drive them into extinction by 1918.

The Carolina parakeet (*Conuropsis carolinensis*) was predominantly covered with green feathers. Flashes of color marked their bright yellow heads, orange foreheads, and some yellow wing feathers. Full grown birds were up to 13 inches long, with a wingspan

reaching to 23 inches. Their lifespan in the wild remains unknown, as no proper studies were conducted until it was too late. Carolina parakeets were seen to live up to 30 years in captivity.

The name of the Carolina parakeet is a little misleading. They

seeds made terrible tangled messes when snarled in sheep's wool, or the mane and tails of horses. Farmers had no alternative to cutting off the matted hair and burs.

Writers described the usual calls of the Carolina parakeet as harsh, discordant squawks. The sounds of a large flock carried for several miles. When captured, the parakeets could become docile and live as content and affectionate pets. However, John James Audubon warned that "they cut to atoms pieces of wood, books, and, in short, everything that comes in their way."

Opinions differ on their ability to learn human speech from their owners. Some sources flatly stated that the Carolina parakeet could never learn to "speak". Audubon wrote that "they are incapable of articulating words, however much care and attention be bestowed on their education..." Others found that some birds easily picked up several words and phrases, if repeated to them often enough.

Unfortunately for the survival of the Carolina parakeet, a deeply ingrained instinct made the birds cluster around a dead or injured member of their flock. When they were under attack from hunters, it was a fatal behavior flaw.

And, there were many reasons to hunt the birds. Farmers hated the parakeets because of the damage to their crops. Despite their small size, some people ate them. Writing of the "Illinois parrot" in 1781, ornithologist John Latham wrote, "Their flesh is accounted admirable by some, being well relished by both the French and Indians. The English are not so fond of it; but I have been told by some, that Parrot soup, well made, is an excellent dish".

Carolina parakeets were also hunted for their feathers, which were a popular trim for ladies'



Brightly colored Carolina parakeets were once native to much of the US, ranging as far west as Colorado and occasionally as far north as the Great Lakes. *Public domain*

hats. Under pressure from hunting, parakeet populations collapsed quickly in the middle of the 19th century. By 1900, they had vanished from most of their range other than isolated pockets in Florida and the deep South.

By the beginning of the 20th century, other birds such as the snowy egret were slaughtered in such numbers for their plumage that they, too, were in danger of extinction. It was popular at the time to trim ladies' hats with large, showy feathers, or even entire bird wings. The impending loss of many species of birds prompted Congress to pass the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in 1918. Acting in conjunction with Great Britain (on behalf of Canada), the treaty prohibited the killing of non-game migratory birds.

This legislation came too late to save the Carolina parakeet. The last of these birds in captivity, a male named Incas, died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1918. In death, Incas had an eerie link with another once-common North American bird driven to extinction. He died in the same cage in which Martha, the last remaining passenger pigeon, had died in 1914. *Len*

**DAVID A. NORRIS** is a regular contributor to *History Magazine*, *Internet Genealogy* and *Your Genealogy Today*. His most recent special issue for *Moorshead Magazines Ltd.*, *Tracing Your Revolutionary War Ancestors*, is currently available at our online store.

# THE UNDERWATER DISCOVERY OF THE GEORGIANA: PART I

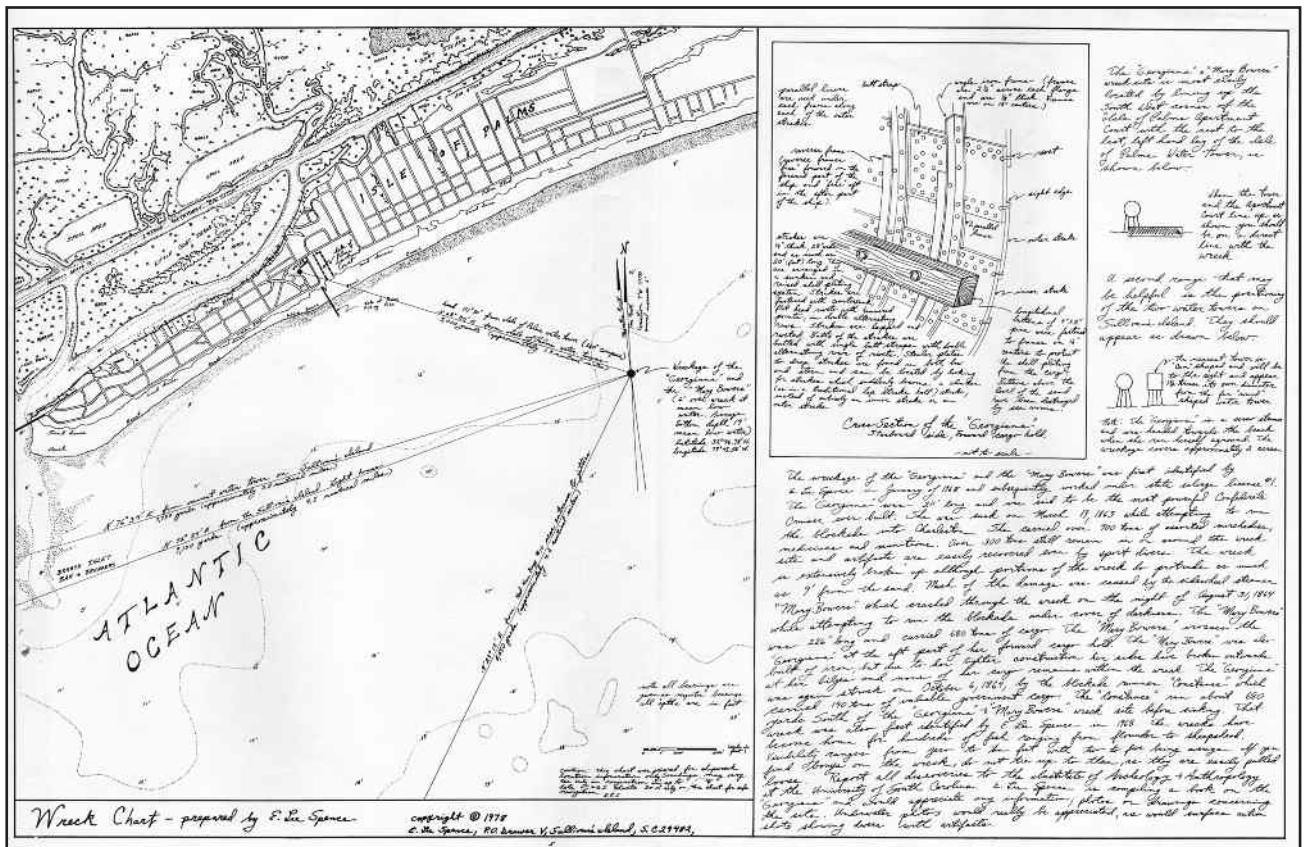
## JOHN CHRISTOPHER FINE LOOKS AT SUNKEN TREASURES OF THE CIVIL WAR AND THE REAL HISTORY OF *GONE WITH THE WIND*

All images, except Wreck Chart image, copyright 2012 Myriam Moran

**G**one With The Wind author Margaret Mitchell was a star reporter with the Atlanta Journal newspaper before she became a novelist. When she wrote her epic story about a family set in the Victorian age of southern comforts that encompassed the Civil War, it was awarded the 1936 Pulitzer Prize. Three years later, David O. Selznick produced the movie *Gone With The Wind* based on the book.

The film story of *Gone With The Wind* rings with sentiment all over

the world whenever it is shown. A South Carolina marine archaeologist, historian and diver has discovered the real story. The true adventure is as dramatic and daring as the original novel and film; more so because it combines history with sunken treasure and



"Wreck Chart" (map showing location of the Civil War era blockade runner *Georgiana*, with a cross section of the wreck), created by Edward Lee Spence in 1978. HunleyFinder at English Wikipedia

intrigue with danger and dispute.

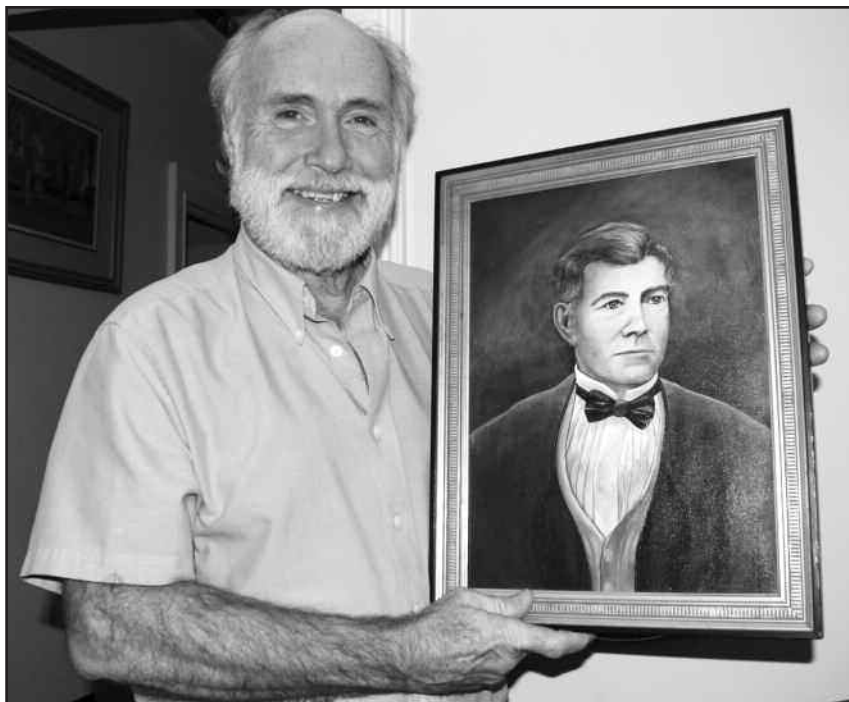
Dr. Edward Lee Spence, called Lee by his family and friends, is a southern gentleman. His heritage dates to the first settlement of America. He is named for a distant relative, General Robert E. Lee. His interest in ocean exploration began when he was thirteen years old, living in Orleans, France where he attended the American School. His father was a US Army Intelligence Officer. Colonel Spence's work required that the family move as his postings changed. Lee was studious and had a hankering for adventure, the result of reading books about diving, sunken ships and exploration.

The librarian at the American School in Orleans directed him to copies of books about Civil War navies. His quest led him to read about blockade-runners that skirted the US Navy in daring trips to run supplies, arms and ammunition into southern ports.

A historic figure that entered Lee's life at this early age was a southern businessman, banker and ship owner, George Alfred Trenholm. Trenholm, of Scottish ancestry, was born 25 February 1807. He died 9 December 1876. When the Civil War broke out, 54-year-old Trenholm was generally above the age of enlistment. He was too valuable an asset for the Southern cause to be lost in battle in any event.

Before the war's end, Trenholm put his life on the line by agreeing to serve as Treasurer of the Confederate States of America, but his main pursuit during the war was operating a fleet of blockade-runners. He turned a vast fortune for himself keeping the largely agricultural South supplied with war materiel. He also kept Southern ladies supplied with fancies.

Dr. Spence eventually discovered several sunken blockade-runners owned by George Trenholm. His



Dr. Edward Lee Spence with portrait of George Alfred Trenholm painted by Judson Arce de Lignieres.

underwater exploits and research led Dr. Spence to another discovery: the fact that George Trenholm is the real Rhett Butler, the person upon whose life Margaret Mitchell based her main character for *Gone With The Wind*.

The *Georgiana* was built in Glasgow, Scotland. While many ruses were employed by the Confederates to hide the existence of the ship from Union spies in England, it was widely known that the ship was being built. The brig rigged, iron-hulled 580-ton steamer arrived in Liverpool, England on 4 January 1863.

Dr. Spence discovered a dispatch from the US consul that described the powerful steamer. "The steamer *Georgiana*, just arrived at Liverpool from the Clyde. She is new and said to be a very superior steamer. She arrived at this port on the 4th instant (January 1863). Yesterday while lying here she had the Rebel flag flying at her mast. She has not yet been entered to load at the Customs, but by the advertisement on the

slip enclosed is to load and clear for Nassau. 'Brig Rigged steamer *Georgiana* s.s. – Liverpool 580 tons, Capt. Davis – hull painted black – built of iron – round stern, carvings and name on the same gilt – bust female figurehead – painted white – poop deck, iron railings around same painted white – draws when loaded fifteen feet aft and fourteen feet forward – steams twelve knots."

Dr. Spence found this and many other references to the *Georgiana* in newspaper reports and archives. He reviewed *Lloyd's Register* for the date the *Georgiana* was launched and found the Confederate cruiser shown as "205'6" in length, 25'2" in breadth and 14'9" in depth of hold." *Lloyd's Register* listed that the *Georgiana's* tonnage at 519 gross and 407 net with three bulkheads.

"The *Georgiana's* cargo was consigned to Fraser and Company. It was one of three blockade running firms owned by George Alfred Trenholm," Dr. Spence said. Dr. Spence also discovered that the ship was named for

George and Anna Trenholm's infant daughter, Georgiana. "Like Rhett and Scarlett's daughter Bonnie, Georgiana died as a child."

From his early research in the American School Library in Orleans, France at age 13, Edward Lee Spence determined he was going to find not only the Confederate steamer *Georgiana*, but he was haunted by the Confederate submarine *H.L. Hunley*. "I decided I was going to find 'em," Dr. Spence declared, retrieving his early memories. "They were wrecked off Charleston, South Carolina. My family was from Charleston and the family decided that that's where we were going to go when my father got out of the Army."

Dr. Spence researched the vessels from microfilmed newspaper

accounts. "The *New York Times* described the *Georgiana* as more powerful than the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*. The idea of finding the most powerful Confederate cruiser ever built appealed to me. I don't know why I thought the *Georgiana* had never been found, but she hadn't."

When Dr. Spence was in high school, his family moved to Charleston. His patient research and waiting now came to fruition. He asked local divers if they ever dived on the *Georgiana*. None had. He asked shrimp boat captains if they snagged their nets on shipwrecks.

"I began taking flying lessons. I paid \$15 for a one-hour lesson. I flew along the Isle of Palms doing corkscrews so I could search. Finally one day, I spotted a mud boil. Then two more. I found the

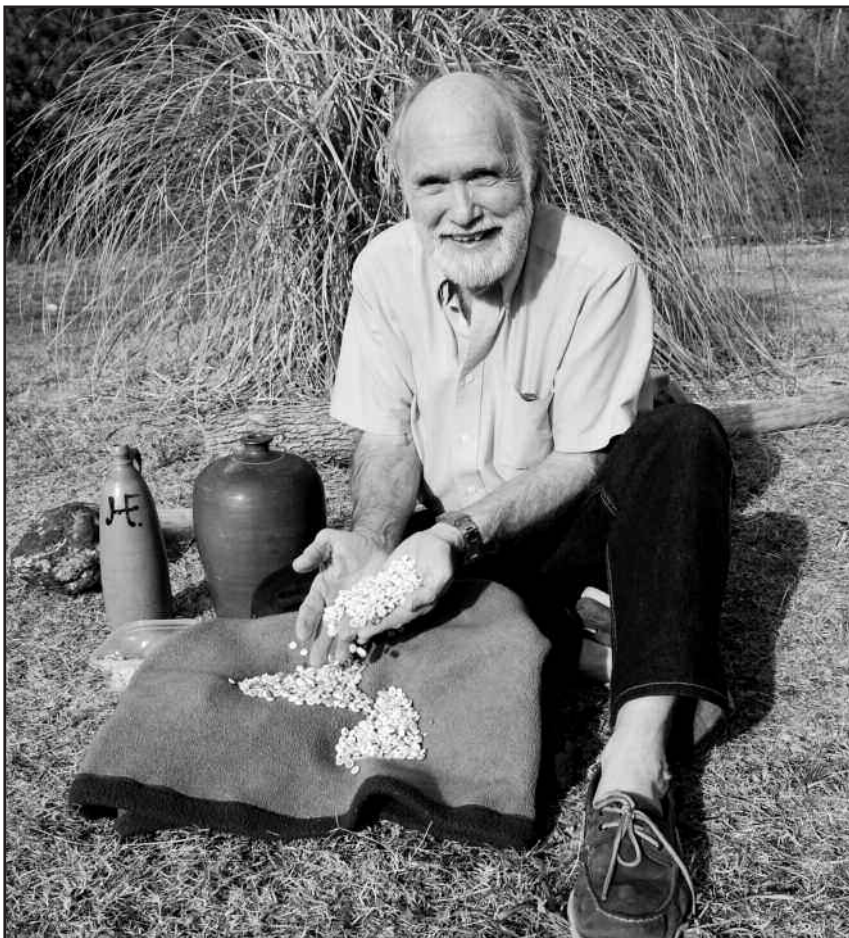
*Georgiana*, *Mary Bowers*, *Norseman* and *Constance* by the mud boils. The *Georgiana* and *Mary Bowers* were about a mile offshore of the Isle of Palms about where the historical record said they were. Even though the water is only 15' deep at low tide, the visibility was so poor I could not see them from the surface," Dr. Spence said.

He explained that mud boils are caused when the current moves across the bottom and picks up mud. "As it hits a shipwreck, it comes up to the surface like a boil in a spring. Muddy water comes up off the sea floor. There is a lot of mud on the bottom. It comes out of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers and from Charleston Harbor and other rivers as well. As the ocean current moves across the bottom, it carries mud with it. An obstruction like a shipwreck deflects it upward. It's very pronounced," Dr. Spence explained.

"If you're anchored over a shipwreck, you see this mud coming up off the bottom and that's where you're diving," Dr. Spence added.

Nineteen-year old Lee Spence enlisted the aid of veteran shrimp boat Captain Wally Shaffer. Captain Shaffer's nets were getting hung up on unidentified obstructions that Spence believed were the wrecks he was after. He willingly took young Spence out to the site on his boat the *Little Lady* and later the *Carol El*. Spence found the *Georgiana* from the air in 1965, his first dive on the wreck from the *Little Lady* was in 1966 or 1967. "There was zero visibility. I was totally blind underwater and there was a real bad current," Dr. Spence remembers that first dive.

"I managed to find a clay beer bottle that was still corked and a brass door lock. I brought them up. Shaffer was not impressed. On another dive, he said he was



Dr. Edward Lee Spence with collection of artifacts he recovered from the Confederate Cruiser *Georgiana*. He is holding glass buttons in his hands.





**LEFT: Spoke from the helm of the *Georgiana* showing charring. *Georgiana*'s superstructure and deck were made of wood. When the ship burned, two spokes were below the water line on deck. Charring is shown on the spoke. RIGHT: Camp kits of knife and spoon were found by the case on the *Georgiana* wreck.**

going to throw me overboard if I brought up any more broken stuff. Fortunately, he was only half serious, as I brought up a lot of broken stuff," Dr. Spence recalled with a smile.

Captain Shaffer saved the young diver from a shark that he saw swimming on the surface. "In one motion, he reached down and grabbed my tank manifold and pulled me into the boat," the diver recalled.

The second dive on the *Georgiana* was more productive. Ron Gibbs, a historian/archaeologist with the National Park Service accompanied Spence below.

"It was the best visibility I ever had on that wreck. I could see the forward cargo hold, twenty feet across. Two things looked like cannons. They weren't cannons; they were rows of stacked dinner plates sitting on edge. Their cases had rotted away. We brought up plates, mugs, saucers. The *Georgiana* was supposed to have a second set of china for the Confederate States Ship *Alabama* on board. It was fancy china for the officers and crew. We found barrels and barrels of china and thousands of shards of broken stuff. I found one piece of broken china with a rope border around it. Last year, I finally saw some of the *Alabama*'s china and con-

firmed that the piece I saved all those years was from the *Alabama*," he added. He held up a shard of a china plate, its blue rope border evidence that the shipwreck Dr. Spence discovered was carrying a second service of officer's china for the *Alabama*.

Dr. Spence found two handles off *Georgiana*'s helm. "I found them down in the wreck in the area of the forward cargo hold, where they ended up, not where they started. They are charred from fire. Her decks were awash, these must have been the bottom two handles and were protected by the water washing over her deck as she burned. You can see the charring where the spokes burned," he explained. Dr. Spence indicated that while the ship's hull was iron, her decks and superstructure were wood. To preserve the handles, he kept them in fresh water for five years before finally saturating the wood with polyethylene glycol.

Dr. Spence and his team of divers found surgical instruments, brass tourniquet screws, and an ivory spool for surgical thread. The divers discovered bone handled toothbrushes, fingernail brushes, boxes of Oolong Chinese tea, folding camp knife and spoon sets in their original crates that contained a thousand each. They

brought up boxes of a thousand musket balls each as well as percussion caps. "Labels on the percussion caps said they were waterproof, they weren't," Dr. Spence smiled.

---

*One of the important finds were two sizes of Blakely projectiles. The Blakely cannons were state of the art for the Civil War. Dr. Spence found 2.8" and 4.35" in solid shot and exploding shells.*

---

"The *Georgiana* was built under a subcontract from Laird Bothers in Glasgow. Laird Brothers was the company that built the CSS *Alabama*. Vavasour in London cast her cannons in 1862. The company's name and year of manufacture were clearly stamped on her trunnions. What told me the wreck was the *Georgiana* was its location, its construction and the fact that it had a side wheel steamer on top of her."

"But that wasn't enough for a local historian who worked for the newspaper; he wanted to see proof and demanded that I prove the guns were Blakely guns, before

he would write that the ship was the *Georgiana*. He had seen Vavasseur marked on the trunnions. He was disputing that I had the right ship because the *Georgiana* was known to have carried very rare 'Blakely guns'. I got the historian to go back to the boat where we had the cannons on deck. Most of each gun was cast iron. Each had a thick wrought iron reinforcing band around its breech. That portion was in terrible condition on both guns. By looking carefully, we finally found the capital letters BLAKELY'S PATENT stamped into the band. Finally, the reporter/historian credited me with finding the *Georgiana*," Dr. Spence recounted the drama.

Discovery of the Blakely cannons added to the proof that he had found the *Georgiana*, a fact young Spence never doubted for a moment after his initial dive. He found a brass coat of arms that would have been mounted on the *Georgiana's* safe, but didn't find the safe. The ship was reportedly carrying \$90,000 in gold to pay off the crew at the end of the voyage. Dr. Spence suspects the safe is still buried in the wreckage. "It drew 14 feet of water and it is in 14 feet. The *Georgiana* stuck out. They did a lot of work on it after the war, but there is no record of them finding the safe or the gold," he added.

Not every dive on the *Georgiana* went without incident. Dr. Spence and his team found many jars and bottles. "I pulled up a crockery storage jar that was heavy. I decided I could float it to the surface if I added air. I turned the jar upside down and shoved my regulator in. That forced the cork inside the jar and I added air from my regulator. I put the regulator back in my mouth and threw up. The jar had camphor used in medicine in it. That jar went to the surface

unescorted," he remembered.

Storage jars seemed to present assorted challenges. Another large storage jar had a toadfish living inside it. When Dr. Spence put his hand in it, the fish chomped down on him. So intense was the pain that he initially feared he'd lost his fingers.

The *Georgiana's* cargo of medicine, merchandise and munitions was critical to the South. Its loss dealt a blow to their cause.

"They were expecting it. Union spies hung around shipyards to see what was being built for the South. A privateer cruiser was rumored being built. Gunners were hired, but Union spies couldn't find her. *Georgiana* only had a shipyard number," Dr. Spence explained.

---

*"To confuse Union spies,  
everything southern agents  
were doing was in the name of  
Louisiana, a ghost ship. People  
were supposedly being recruited  
to work on the Louisiana.  
They were actually being hired  
to work on the Georgiana.*

---


When the ship was completed, it was taken from the yards in Glasgow to Liverpool. While she was taking on cargo, Union agents instigated a police inspection. Since England was officially a neutral country, only ships without munitions or arms were allowed to leave English ports. They were not supposed to be building armed cruisers or warships for the Confederates."

"The police came aboard and reported, 'The *Georgiana* is so flimsily built that if a gun was fired from her deck, she would shake from stem to stern.' I think

the police were paid off and gave a false report to cover up, like others had before. When the *Alabama* sailed, they said she was a merchant vessel. Most blockade-runners were extremely shallow draft vessels intended for only one long distance crossing from England to Nassau and then used just for the short runs back and forth between the Bahamas and the Confederate coast. *Georgiana's* intended use as a privateer is supported by her deep draft and heavier than normal construction."

Dr. Spence tracked the maiden voyage of the *Georgiana* to Nassau. The British colony was a transit point for ships running the Union naval blockade of southern ports. Bermuda was another island that figured in the intrigue of supplying the South with shipments of arms and supplies. In Nassau, a lawsuit was begun by Union agents citing that the *Georgiana* was intended for warlike purposes. Newspapers reported that her officers were wearing gold braid of the Confederate Navy. The ship managed to get out of Nassau from under the lawsuit. The blockading squadron had been notified to be on watch.

*Em*



Watch for John C. Fine's conclusion to the discovery of the *Georgiana* in the June/July issue of *History Magazine*.

**Dr. JOHN CHRISTOPHER FINE** is a marine biologist and expert in marine and maritime affairs. He is a Master Scuba Instructor and Instructor Trainer. The author of 25 books, his articles appear in magazines and newspapers in the US and Europe.

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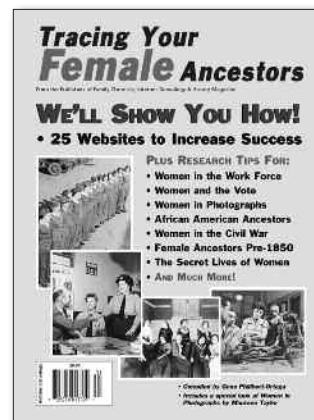
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Constructed in 1817, the Niagara Courthouse and Jail at Niagara where Benjamin was convicted and sentenced to death.

Courtesy Niagara Historical Society

# THE REMARKABLE MRS. WAIT

## DR. STUART D. SCOTT RECOUNTS THE STORY OF A COLONIAL WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TO SAVE HER HUSBAND FROM THE DEATH PENALTY, THEIR SEPARATION AND EVENTUAL TRAGIC REUNION

**T**he young man's hands were holding tightly to the delicate hand of his young love, their fingers intertwined through the bars of a dark cell in Niagara's Courthouse and Jail. The prisoner had been convicted in the treason trials of 1838 and sentenced:

*You, Benjamin Wait, shall be taken from the court to the place from whence you came, and there remain until the 25th of August, when between the hours of 11 and 1, you shall be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck, until you are dead, and your body shall be quartered. The Lord have mercy on your soul!*

(Letters From Van Dieman's Land, 1843)

One fellow prisoner, James Morreau, a Pennsylvanian, had also been tried, convicted and hanged. Morreau had chosen to spare his family the immediate shame and bereavement of his darkest hour, but Benjamin was more fortunate in having his wife Maria in constant attendance

during the Niagara Trials. And now Maria, a young Canadian of strong radical principles in her own right, but no doubt feeling inescapable grief, terror, and ravaged hope at the reading of the verdict, was at Benjamin's cell. Yet, even in the agony of such anxiety, her uncommon strength

of character was emerging as she offered words of comfort to Benjamin, not to lose faith and that justice would prevail. Benjamin's own words registered his despair:

*"I was hurried away to the iron bound stone cell... My life I had never valued... But, I have never before considered it in connection with the desolation my fate would entail upon my family – or the sad and sorrowful adieus that must be given – the tears and grief of a wife – the bereavement of a dear child – and a separation from the friends of my happy days."*

(Letters from Van Dieman's Land, 1843)

Maria was unprepared to accept either her husband's life being wretchedly shortened by execution, or the prospect of a lonely and impoverished life for herself. By evening of the first day when sentencing was passed down, Maria had set herself a formidable goal: to prevent her husband's dying a criminal's death by traveling to Quebec for a direct appeal to a higher jurisdiction. So begins the story of Maria Wait, whose devotion and spirit in the struggle against colonial authority marks her as an extraordinary nineteenth-century profile in courage.

### THE REBELLION

Long standing grievances in Upper Canada, not against the Crown, but against a privileged and corrupt provincial administration, led to reform movements and eventual revolution. The triggering event of the 1837 Rebellion or Patriot War as it is sometimes known, was the armed attack on

Toronto in December 1837 led by Scottish immigrant and radical publisher/politician William Lyon Mackenzie. Following the failure of the opening act at Toronto, the flame of rebellion began to burn even higher, this time among sympathizers on the American side of the border. In the name of Canadian independence, then, self-styled American 'patriots' banded together in a secret association of Hunters, avowing their hatred of monarchical government. Together with their refugee Canadian compatriots, they carried on a sustained, if disorganized, campaign of cross-border raids, each hostile act being defeated in the end by superior British forces. Thus, in the summer of 1838, the young radical, twenty-five-year-old Benjamin Wait was captured by British defenders in one such invasion at the Short Hills near St. Johns in Upper Canada's Niagara peninsula.

## THE APPEALS

Disregarding the arguments of friends and family, that she should stay and comfort Benjamin, Maria left her 10-month old daughter, Augusta, in the care of family and undertook a daunting 700-mile dash to Québec, seeking the help of Lord Durham, Governor General of British North America. After precious time was lost in gaining a meeting and his attention, His Lordship agreed to halt the execution pending further investigation. Maria's heroic effort then became a maddening race with time as Durham's decision had to be conveyed to Upper Canada's intractable Lieutenant-Governor George Arthur who was known for his readiness to let the law take its course in the case of the rebels. When he finally complied, official word had to be relayed to Niagara where Benjamin

was measuring time, minute by minute. In the absence of explicit instructions from the Lieutenant-Governor to the contrary, the jail authorities were moving forward with preparations. The scaffold was ready, yet no word of reprieve had reached Niagara by the night before the set execution date, and on the following morning, the expected dispatch still had not arrived. In the end, though, a theatrical scene of deliverance unfolded at the Niagara Jail when word of the stay of execution arrived with moments to spare.

---

*Benjamin had escaped the hangman's noose, but what had seemed like a final breath was simply a pause in a long period of judicial reckoning and punishment.*

---

The question of what to do with convicted rebels was problematic, but Benjamin, whose death sentence for treason had been commuted to transportation, next found himself on English soil. More precisely, he was imprisoned aboard the *York*, one of several prison hulks anchored at Portsmouth. In February 1839, from the *York*, he wrote to Maria, and again a few weeks later to inform her that the Niagara prisoners, himself included, had been ironed and transferred to the *Marquis of Hastings*, a 452-ton merchantman under charter to the convict service. Benjamin's second letter added the unwelcome news that the *Marquis* was readying for its long voyage bearing Benjamin and his Short Hills companions to an unknown future in the remote penal colony in Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania as it is known today.

At their last meeting in Canada, at Kingston's Fort Henry, Maria and Benjamin said what needed to be said before red-coated regulars from the 93rd Regiment of the Queen's Own Light Infantry marched them off under heavy guard. True to form, Maria declared that if England were the final destination, as many supposed, she would follow. Benjamin was mildly appalled at the prospect of such a trip for a young wife and mother, yet aware, too, of the well-earned lesson that by her efforts he had narrowly escaped the gallows himself. Watching from shore, Maria gave a final wave of her handkerchief, a material expression of their sense of loss, regret, and adieu. She was near collapse from standing in bleak November wind and by the kindness of a stranger, she was taken in for shelter and a warming dose of hot wine and water. Temporarily, at least, she had to concede defeat in her struggle against colonial authority to free her husband. When Benjamin's February letter written from the *York* reached her, the news stunned his stout-hearted wife:

*Although I was for a time, overpowered by this astonishing reality, as well as the affecting adieus breathed in his letter, it aroused me again to action.*

(Letters from Van Dieman's Land, 1843)

Bravely (or crazy as some might have said) and true to her unwavering faith and persistence, Maria, still barely into her twenties, marshaled the necessary support to continue her campaign to free her husband, this time traveling to England, and even resolving, if necessary, to find her own way to Van Diemen's Land to share exile with her husband and

father of little Augusta. Following a 21-day crossing of the Atlantic, Maria landed at Portsmouth:

*where I could, from my hotel window, see the York hulk, on board of which my poor dear husband spent last winter, in wretched suffering; but as the object of my solicitude, with his unfortunate companions, had gone still farther, I looked upon the engine of cruelty with feelings of mingled horror and reverence; the latter for having once held a being dear to me.*

(Letters from Van Dieman's Land, 1843)

Later, in London, and by now believing in her own power of persuasion, Maria petitioned everyone of influence, including a plainly opportunistic appeal to the Queen. Throughout the empire and beyond, the world knew of Victoria's forthcoming wedding to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and what better chance to touch the Queen's heart than the occasion of her marriage – one of life's most tender milestones?

*To Her Most Gracious Majesty  
The Queen  
The Petition of Maria Wait*

*Madam,*

*One of your Canadian female subjects in circumstances of the deepest sorrow, ventures to supplicate your Majesty's clemency.*

*By a bereavement far more bitter than natural death, she has been deprived of a Husband, and her infant child of a Father. This individual, Benjamin Wait, was engaged in the late insurrectionary movement in the province of Upper Canada and has been sent to New South Wales to expiate his offence by banishment for life.*



**Queen Victoria, 1887. Photo by Alexander Bassano. Public domain, and also in the USA because photo created prior to 1923**

*Though as a devoted wife she feels all the severity of this ignominious and lengthened punishment, yet she presumes not to question its justice, but only desires most humbly to submit to your Majesty's generous consideration the various circumstances which plead so strongly for a mitigation of the sentence, and her sorrowful heart is encouraged by the thought that she supplicates a Sovereign of her own sex, who has already entitled herself to the admiration and confidence of her*

*subjects by tempering justice with mercy. Her husband is only twenty-five years of age, a period at which experience and judgement are not sufficiently mature to control the passions when powerfully excited by political discontents, and when the example of fellow citizens, and the stimulus of a false enthusiasm are so prone to lead into misconduct and error. He and his family had suffered in their pecuniary affairs by various acts which they considered oppressive,*

to remedy which he rushed into measures which your petitioner deeply deplores. But he was guilty of no long continued hostility to your Majesty's government. He was not an agitator but a peaceable subject of correct moral conduct, an honest, upright, and much respected citizen, testimonials of which are given by almost all the Magistrates and other distinguished persons throughout the Niagara district, and appended to a Petition very unanimously signed by the inhabitants of his native District praying for his pardon which was placed in the hands of His Excellency Sir George Arthur. Copies of the testimonials I herewith transmit to your Majesty....

Your Majesty's very humble and devoted subject and servant,  
Marie Wait

## ENDPOINT

In the closing part of her petition to the Queen, Maria noted that Canadians would view a favorable answer from Victoria as a "... living memorial of the humanity and benevolence of their beloved Queen." Whether the Queen ever saw the letter, now archived in England's Public Record Office (PRO HO/18/4), is open to question. As it turned out, the Waits' story is one of great devotion and sad irony. Benjamin served more than two years in a fixed term of labor as a member of the convict population, and secretly, while his wife was exerting every effort on her husband's behalf, he was taking the matter of his freedom into his own hands. Against great odds, Benjamin Wait was one of only three ever to escape from the island penal colony and in July 1842, husband and wife experienced the infinite joy of reunion at Niagara Falls, New York. Tragically, the pleasurable prospect of



Planning an escape from the island. Line Drawing by Seth Colby, Author's collection

a new life turned to grief within ten months when Maria died giving birth to twins.

Though rich in characters, the history of the Rebellion of 1837 produced few heroes or heroines, as such, with the notable exception of Maria Wait. No tittering, delicate female from the pages of Victorian novels, this indefatigable young mother, facing pressures few can imagine, devoted herself in passionate engagement with government at the highest levels for the survival and freedom of her activist husband Benjamin. For her loyalty and

inexhaustible determination to sustain the bonds of her marriage, Maria Wait earned a unique and interesting place in the story of Rebellion history. *Sm*

**Dr. STUART D. SCOTT** trained as an archaeologist and is retired from a professorship at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of *To the Outskirts of Habitable Creation: Americans and Canadians Transported to Tasmania in the 1840s* (iUniverse, 2013).

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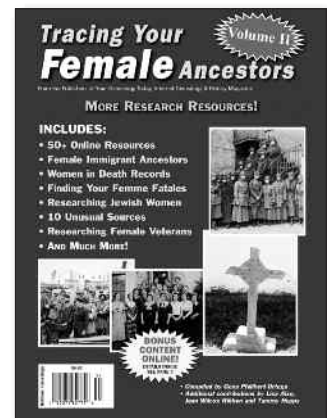
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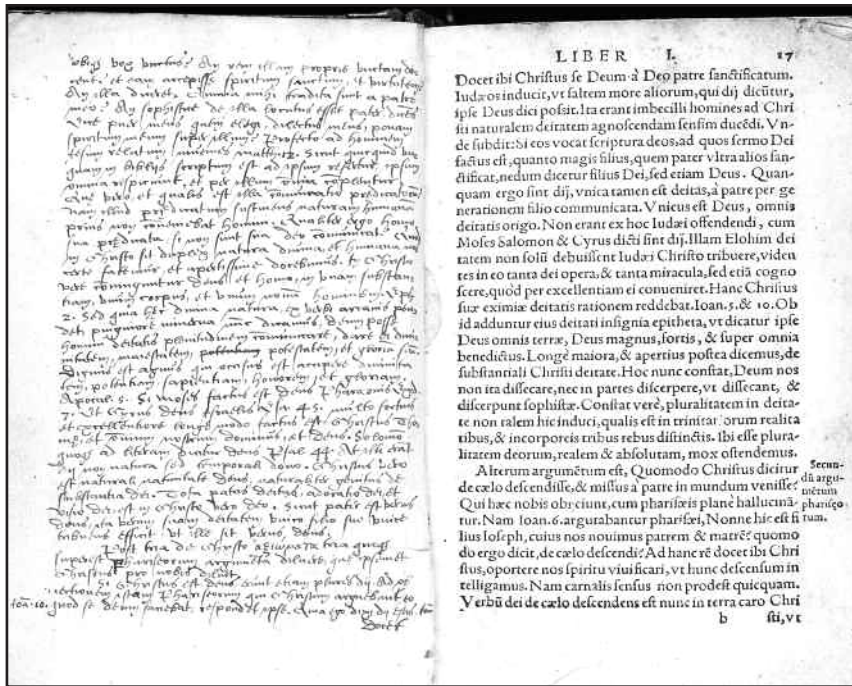


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Pages 16 and 17 of the *Restitition*.  
Courtesy of Dr. Julius Bonello

professor, a veritable Emmett Brown, came in for a minor malady. After dealing with his medical quandary, I inquired as to what was new. He stood up, animated and wild eyed, telling me about a reference he had found in the library listing rare and famous antique books. He was fascinated with one in particular written in the 1500s, for which almost every copy was burned or otherwise destroyed. The author had been declared a heretic and was burned at the stake along with the last known copy. Although he knew the vague outlines of the story, he did not recall the name of the book or the author.

For the next 30 years, I treated thousands of patients, taught hundreds of medical students, raised a family, and yet quite often found myself musing about the identity of this author.

A few years back, I came upon an article that told of an early discovery of the pulmonary circulation that was buried in a religious tome that had been destroyed. This literature was the first to describe pulmonary circulation and its relationship to oxygenation of the blood. Hmmm... could this be the one??

Delving further into medical history, I came across the name Michael Servetus. Servetus, a Spanish theologian, physician, cartographer and Renaissance humanist, documented the first discovery of pulmonary circulation in the Western world. However, I could find no reference to the location of such documentation. Finally, my research led me to the book, *Hunted Heretic* with details of Servetus and his ill-gotten end as well as the name of his book and the year of his demise. To my dismay, only 3

# BREATHING LIFE INTO HISTORY

## A Search for the Rarest of Books

### JULIUS BONELLO AND ANDREI FROEHLING MOUNT A SEARCH FOR THE 16TH CENTURY TEXT THAT FIRST MENTIONED THE DISCOVERY OF PULMONARY CIRCULATION

Looking out the speeding train's window at the verdant hills of northern England, I finally realized that my dogged quest was coming to an end. Traipsing through libraries and receiving smudged faxes from museums all had brought me to this point. As I detoured in Edinburgh that evening, I felt my heart racing slightly. I finally realized my 30-year odyssey was almost complete. I was to see the book in the morning.

I spent the first years of my medical career in Champaign-Urbana, home of the University of Illinois. Many of my patients were professors and, being the eternal student, I took opportunities to pick their brains regarding any new finds or interesting asides.

One day, about 33 years ago, a disheveled and wild-haired psychology

copies of Servetus' text exist today. How this came about can be explained within the context of the historical facts of this author.

## MICHAEL SERVETUS (1511-1553)

Still recovering from the apocalyptic 15th century, Europeans of the early 1500s were ripe for the extraordinary events that would take place over the next 25 years. The Reformation spawned by the rise of Humanism, and buoyed by the invention and proliferation of the printing press, was slowly freeing European society from the iron grip of the Catholic Church. Literacy and secular education were on the rise. Copernicus' *De Revolutionibus* was ushering in the Scientific Revolution. In 1511, while da Vinci was studying anatomy in Florence and Michelangelo was finishing up the ceiling in Rome, author Miguel Serveto Conesa was born in a small town in the Aragon region of Spain.

Not much is known of Miguel's childhood. We know he excelled in languages because by the time he was 13, he could read and write Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Having quickly outgrown Aragon's academic resources, Miguel's parents



Senior author standing at Servetus' childhood home. Photo by Tessa Bonello

sent him to the University of Zaragoza, where he became the personal secretary to Juan de Quintana, an influential faculty member. Quintana, a Catholic, but an ardent admirer of Humanism, allowed Miguel to read not only the assigned texts, but also the classics and works of contemporary authors, including the proponents of the Reformation which by this time was in full swing across western Europe.

Miguel transferred to the University of Toulouse in 1527. Although the city of Toulouse was very Catholic and conservative, the University was rather liberal and a breeding ground for radical thinking. It was here that Miguel Latinized his name and became Michael Servetus. The students of Toulouse reveled in their opportunity to read contemporary authors and even some subversive texts that were otherwise banned within the city, including the Bible. Servetus, able to read Latin and Greek, obtained a copy of the Bible written by a Spanish humanist and approved by the Vatican. It contained the biblical writings in its original Greek with the Latin Vulgate translation running in a parallel column. Servetus realized that the Catholic Church had misinterpreted the original writings. Specifically, the Trinity, its persons or its essence was not to be found in the original Greek version.

The Nicaean Council had foisted on the faithful the idea of the Trinity. To Servetus, it was a contrivance. He believed that Jesus was always a man. It was pure sophistry. Two years later, he witnessed the ostentatious spectacle of the Pope exercising his temporal powers, again via the Council, in the coronation of Charles V. In his mind, the contrast between this and the sandaled Savior was too much. Servetus wrote: "Oh,

the most evil of the beasts harlots most shameless". The seed of heresy was planted.

By 1530, Servetus' transformation from Catholic to heretic reformer led him to the city of Basel, Switzerland. Basel at that time, led by its University, was a very liberal open-minded place, and one of Europe's leading cities for the Reformation. Upon arrival, Servetus became a houseguest to Johannes Oecolampadius, one of the leading reformers in the city. Over the next year, Servetus, emphasizing his opposition to the Trinity, became a roommate non-Gratis. So much so that toward the end of the year he communicated with his host by letter only.

After a year in Basel, Servetus, feeling the mounting tension to his more radical thinking, decided to leave to find a more tolerant city. Strasbourg was where Servetus knew that he would find fellow reformers who would embrace him and his idea. He wished to spread his ideas to the people and Strasbourg was home to many printing press owners; some even brave enough to distribute the heretical works. At 19, he was ready to publish.

*Errors of the Trinity* was published in 1530. This scholarly 130-page work, with 52 biblical references attracted immediate attention across Europe. Just as quickly, the Catholic Church declared Servetus a heretic. The Spanish Inquisition sent out spies to locate the author, even luring his younger brother to help locate his sibling. By the time of their arrival, Servetus had disappeared.

Under the pseudonym Michael Villeneuve, Miguel matriculated into the University of Paris in 1532. Paris at that time was embroiled in an internecine battle between Catholics and Reformers. Early on, Villeneuve found

himself in discussions and arguments with an upperclassman, Jean Chauvin, who soon would join him in the ranks of heretics. Chauvin found this now famous author's arguments rather distasteful. So, distasteful that Chauvin challenged Villeneuve to a debate. He thought he could change Villeneuve's mind. However, the debate never took place – Villeneuve did not show up. Jean Chauvin, later to change his name to John Calvin, was beside himself. However, because of the bloody battles that were taking place in Paris, both men soon departed; Calvin to Geneva and Villeneuve to Lyon. Calvin's revenge would have to wait.

In Lyon, the printing company of Gaspard and Trechsel employed Servetus. While editing, he formed a relationship with a Montpellier-trained, humanist physician, Symphorien Champier, a prolific author. Mentored by Champier, after one year in Lyon, Servetus, following Champier's advice, decided to return to Paris to study medicine. It was during this time that he made a discovery which gave Servetus an "imperishable place in the annals of science"; the vital role of the pulmonary circulation.

Medical students in the 1600s were taught that venous blood communicated with arterial blood via small holes (foramina) in the heart. This was based on the second century Roman physician Galen's physiology and anatomy texts, which had been used by medical schools for the past thousand years. This theory stated that mixing took place in the left ventricle and from there, "sustained blood" was distributed throughout the body. Servetus, in dissections both human and animal, could not find these small holes. He did not believe they existed. He also thought the

pulmonary artery was too big for solely sustaining the lungs. At the same time, the brilliant dissector remembered the Genesis passage: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and the blood changes color." Servetus concluded: "The vital spirit is generated from a mixture made in the lungs of the inspired air with the elaborated refined blood which is communicated from the right ventricle to the left." As we shall see, he will not publish this for another 15 years. And because it is announced in a book on theology, it will not be discovered for another 150 years.

At the request of a former student, now an Archbishop in southern France, Servetus settled in Vienne. Here he would spend the next 12 years in relative peace being a physician and a part time editor for his former employer Gaspard and Trechsel. Unbeknownst to everyone, Servetus had secretly started writing his next heretical work, his *Magnum Opus*.

Veering from his *modus operandi*, Servetus began to discuss and argue religious themes with intellectuals of Vienne. One, a printer who Servetus would occasionally work for, found Servetus too brilliant and his arguments too profound. He referred him to a friend of his who lived in Geneva who could argue equally as well as Servetus. That friend's name was John Calvin.

Thirty letters were exchanged between Villeneuve and John Calvin. In one of his early letters to Calvin, Servetus sent along a copy of his manuscript. In return, Calvin sent him a copy of his manuscript. Servetus criticized the book and annotated it, line-by-line, with dissenting and critical comments. After reading

Servetus' manifesto, Calvin referred to him as Satan and wrote: "... should he come I will not suffer him to get out alive". A warning Servetus never read.

Servetus' *The Restitution of Christianity* was published in January 1553. The letters exchanged with Calvin comprised the first 16 pages. Servetus found a publishing company in Lyon who decided to secretly print it in presses hidden in the woods outside Lyon. Four months later, one thousand copies were ready for shipment. The first shipment of 500 books were dispatched to Frankfurt, another 500 to Lyon and a third was sent to a bookseller in Geneva. Before they went on sale, Calvin obtained a copy.

He immediately ordered the burning of all copies of the book and ripped out the first 16 pages of his own copy. Through his subordinates, he contacted the Catholic authorities in Vienne to arrest Servetus, whom they knew as Villeneuve. They questioned him and even searched his home, but could not find enough evidence to arrest him. Frustrated, Calvin sent a copy of Servetus' writing to Vienne, along with the names of the publishers. At this point, Servetus was arrested and charged with heresy. On his third night of incarceration, Servetus escaped. He wanted to travel to Naples, Italy where he knew there was a colony of Spanish reformers that would welcome him. His journey, to the puzzlement of historians, took him north to Geneva. Because church services were mandatory, he attended, was recognized, and promptly arrested.

Armed with his encyclopedic knowledge of the Bible, Servetus valiantly defended himself. After 74 days living under deplorable conditions in his prison cell, Servetus was found guilty on two

counts; anti-Trinitarianism and anti-paedobaptism (infant baptism). The court ordered execution. Calvin recommended beheading, but the court ruled that he should be burned at the stake. On 27 October 1553, he was accompanied by a court official who begged Servetus to recant his beliefs during his procession. His march ended on a small hill outside the walls of Geneva. Green wood was chosen for use in his pyre to prolong his agony. The last publicly known copy of his book was chained to his waist during his execution.

Today, only three copies of the *Restitution of Christianity* survive and all reside in libraries. The Viennese copy was found in London in 1665 by a Hungarian count. He returned to Hungary and eventually it was given to the king, Joseph II. Upon his death, it was donated to the Royal Library of Vienna. The French copy was originally found in Germany around 1697. Because of its annotations in the margins, historians believe that this was the copy used by the prosecution in the trial. It disappeared and was found 20 years later in London. It was sold to a French book collector, and in 1784, auctioned to the Bibliotheque Royale in Paris for \$875,000 by today's value. The third copy resides in the University of Edinburgh library. It was purchased along with 800 other books by a bibliophile traveling through Europe as the tutor for the son of the Duke of Queensberry. Shortly after the son returned to Edinburgh, he died of pneumonia. His father bequeathed all his son's books to the university library. However, the tutor kept one. Upon his death, he bequeathed this book to the University, the third copy of the *Restitution*.

In the summer of 2014, I was asked to present a paper in Birmingham England.

Preparing for my trip, I searched Google maps and realized Edinburgh was just a hop, skip and a jump from Birmingham. After my presentation, I took a train and arrived in Edinburgh on 3rd July. The next morning, I arrived with my required two picture IDs and an unopened letter addressed to myself. I passed through a metal detector and took a private elevator to the fourth floor. There, I had to take everything out of my pockets remove my coat and place my phone in a locker. I was led to a climate-controlled room. Glancing around, I noticed that some people were wearing white gloves. I asked for a pair, but I was reassured that if you're looking at a book, they are not needed. A woman sat me at a long table; a silk pillow was placed in front of me and I waited... I wondered how I would



Site of the execution of Michael Servetus near Geneva, Switzerland on 27 October 1553. Photo courtesy of Dr. Julius Bonello

see it. Was it in a box or behind glass, I wasn't sure. Just then, the librarian returned with a very small box, she opened it and placed a shockingly small book on the pillow. Was it truly within my reach? I quickly, but carefully, opened the book and turned the pages. Immediately I realized whose copy this was; John Calvin's. The first 16 pages had been replaced by handwritten text. Calvin's personal copy. Wow! History is alive. *Hum*

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**ANDREI FROEHLING** (second author) is a fourth-year medical student at the University of Illinois College of Medicine at Peoria, Illinois and hopes to become a surgeon after he graduates from residency.

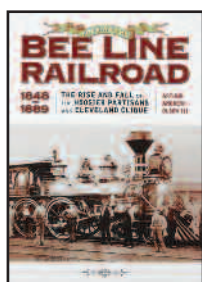
# HINDSIGHT

APRIL/MAY 2017

## FORGING THE BEE LINE RAILROAD, 1848-1889

### THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOOSIER PARTISANS AND CLEVELAND CLIQUE

by Arthur Andrew Olson III



In the 1830s, as the Trans Appalachian economy began to stir and Europe's Industrial Revolution reached its peak, concerned Midwesterners saw opportunities and risks. Success of the Erie Canal as a link to East Coast economic markets whetted the appetites of visionaries and entrepreneurs, who saw huge opportunities. Amid this perfect storm of technology, enterprise,

finance, location, and timing arose some of the earliest railroads in the Midwest.

By the late 1840s, three such vision-driven railroad ventures had sprung to life. Two small railroads carrying goods to Midwestern markets – the Indianapolis & Bellefontaine in Indiana and the Bellefontaine & Indiana in Ohio – spawned early enthusiasm, but few citizens would look beyond the horizon. It was the admonition of Oliver H. Smith, founder of the Indiana line, who challenged the populace to look farther: “to decide whether the immense travel . . . and business of the west should pass round or go through central Indiana.”

Soon, the two local lines would crystallize in the minds of people as the “Bee Line”. In Cleveland, meanwhile, a clique of committed businessmen, bankers, and politicians came together to finance the most prosperous of all early Midwestern railroads, extending from Cleveland to Columbus. Their aspirations expanded to control the larger Midwestern market from Cleveland to St. Louis. First by loans and then by bond purchases, they quickly took over the “Bee Line”.

Hoosier partisans' independence, however, could not be easily brushed aside. Time and again they would frustrate the attempts of the Cleveland clique, exercising a degree of autonomy inconsistent with their dependent financial underpinnings. Ultimately, they acquiesced to the reality of their situation. After the Civil War, even the group from Cleveland fell victim to unscrupulous foreign and national financiers and manipulators who had taken their places on the boards of larger trunk lines expanding throughout the Midwest.

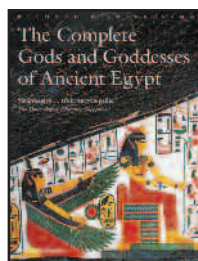
Exhaustively researched and meticulously documented, *Forging the “Bee Line” Railroad, 1848–1889* is the first comprehensive scholarly work on this most important of early Midwestern railroads.

Published by Kent State University Press; 268 pages

ISBN: 978-1-60635-282-3; Price: \$ 44.95

## THE COMPLETE GODS AND GODDESSES OF ANCIENT EGYPT

by Richard H. Wilkinson



The lives of pharaohs and commoners alike were dominated by the need to honor, worship, and pacify the huge pantheon of deities. From lavish tomb paintings and imposing temple reliefs to humble household shrines, countless tributes throughout

Egypt reflect the richness and complexity of their mythology. This book examines the evolution, worship, and eventual decline of the numerous gods and goddesses – from minor household figures such as Bes and Taweret to the all-powerful deities Amun and Ra that made Egypt the most completely theocratic society of the ancient world, and made Egyptians, according to Herodotus, “more religious than any other people.”

- “Rise and Fall of the Gods” considers the origins of Egypt’s deities, their struggles to control cosmic forces, and their eventual decline.
- “Nature of the Gods” examines the forms, appearances, and manifestations of the deities, as well as the transcendence of preeminent deities such as Amun.
- “Worship of the Gods” introduces the rituals and mysteries of formal Egyptian worship, including the importance of temples and festivals.
- “Kingship and the Gods” discusses the all-important position of the king, who served as a bridge between the gods and humanity.
- “The Many Faces of the Divine” is a unique catalogue of Egypt’s gods and goddesses grouped according to their primary forms, discussing their iconography, mythology, and worship, and their influence over time.

With hundreds of illustrations and specially commissioned drawings, this is a comprehensive and authoritative guide to the deities that lay at the heart of Egyptian religion and society.

Published by Thames & Hudson

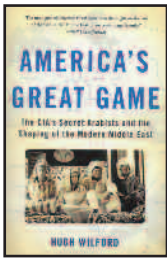
256 pages; 400 illustrations

ISBN: 978-0-500-05120-7; Price: \$39.95

## AMERICA'S GREAT GAME

### THE CIA'S SECRET ARABISTS AND THE SHAPING OF THE MODERN MIDDLE EAST

by Hugh Wilford



In *America's Great Game*, celebrated intelligence historian Hugh Wilford reveals the surprising history of the CIA's pro-Arab operations in the 1940s and '50s by tracing the work of the agency's three most influential – and colorful – officers in the Middle East. Kermit “Kim” Roosevelt was the grandson of Theodore Roosevelt and the first head of CIA covert action in the region; his cousin, Archie Roosevelt, was a Middle East scholar and chief of the Beirut station. The two Roosevelts combined forces with Miles Copeland, a maverick covert operations specialist who had joined the American intelligence establishment during World War II. With their deep knowledge of Middle Eastern affairs, the three men were heirs to an American missionary tradition that engaged Arabs and Muslims with respect and empathy. Despite their good intentions, these “Arabists” propped up authoritarian regimes, attempted secretly to sway public opinion in America against support for the new state of Israel, and staged coups that irrevocably destabilized the nations with which they empathized. Their efforts, and ultimate failure, would shape the course of US-Middle Eastern relations for decades to come.

Based on a vast array of declassified government records, private papers, and personal interviews, *America's Great Game* tells the riveting story of the merry band of CIA officers whose spy games forever changed US foreign policy.

Published by Basic Books  
400 pages  
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Price \$17.99 (US)  
\$34.50 (CAN)

## ORCHID

### A CULTURAL HISTORY

by Jim Endersby



At once delicate, exotic, and elegant, orchids are beloved for their singular, instantly recognizable beauty. Found in nearly every climate, the many species of orchid have carried symbolic weight in countless cultures over time. The ancient

Greeks associated them with fertility and thought that parents who ingested orchid root tubers could control the sex of their child. During the Victorian era, orchids became deeply associated with romance and seduction. What is it about the orchid that has enthralled the imagination for so many centuries? And why do they still provoke so much wonder?

Following the stories of orchids throughout history, Jim Endersby divides our attraction to them into four key themes: science, empire, sex, and death. When it comes to empire, for instance, orchids are a prime example of the exotic riches sought by Europeans as they shaped their plans for colonization. As he shows, orchids – perhaps because of their extraordinarily diverse colors, shapes, and sizes – have also bloomed repeatedly in films, novels, plays, and poems, from Shakespeare to science fiction, from thrillers to elaborate modernist novels.

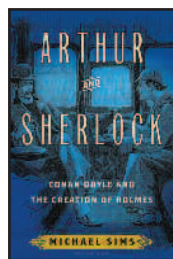
Published by The University of Chicago Press  
288 pages; 15 color plates, 45 halftones  
ISBN: 978-0-226-37632-5; Price: \$30.00

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## ARTHUR AND SHERLOCK

### CONAN DOYLE AND THE CREATION OF HOLMES

by Michael Sims

As a young medical student, Arthur Conan Doyle studied in Edinburgh under the vigilant eye of a diagnostic genius, Dr. Joseph Bell. Doyle often observed Bell identifying a patient's occupation, hometown, and ailments from the smallest details of dress, gait, and speech. Although Doyle was training to be a surgeon, he was meanwhile cultivating essential knowledge that would feed his epistolary dreams and help him develop the most iconic detective in fiction.

Michael Sims traces the circuitous development of Doyle as the father of the modern mystery, from his early days in Edinburgh surrounded by poverty and violence, through his escape to University (where he gained terrifying firsthand knowledge of poisons), leading to his own medical practice in 1882. Five hard-working years later – after Doyle's only modest success in both medicine and literature – Sherlock Holmes emerged in *A Study in Scarlet*.

Filled with details that will surprise even the most knowledgeable Sherlockian, *Arthur and Sherlock* is a literary genesis story for detective fans everywhere.

Published by Bloomsbury; 256 pages; ISBN: 978-1-632-86039-2; Price: \$27.00

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