

**UPPER
OHIO VALLEY
HISTORICAL
REVIEW**



**Volume VIII
Number Two
Spring-Summer 1979
Price 1.50**

UPPER OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL REVIEW

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The cover illustration shows the Wheeling Nailers in an 1887 picture of a baseball game with Lima, Ohio at the old Island Stadium Ballpark. The cover design is by Paul Padgett, Assistant Professor of Art, West Liberty State College.

The *Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review* is published twice a year by the Wheeling Area Historical Society, Dr. Kenneth Robert Nodyne, Editor. The *Review* is printed for the society by West Liberty State College. The *Review* is distributed free to members and sold to the public at \$1.50 a copy. Mail subscription rate is \$4.00 per year (\$3.00 subscription plus \$1.00 mailing and handling).

Articles from those interested in local history are welcomed, and should be sent to the editor at West Liberty State College with a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

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“Wheeling’s Sunday Sensation: The 1889 Wheeling Nailers”

by
David T. Javersak

For at least a century baseball has been the national pastime, and since attendance figures were first compiled in 1901, more than a billion fans have passed through the turnstiles at the nation’s ballparks. Traditionally, the largest crowds have watched Sunday games or double-headers.

While Sunday baseball is an accepted part of modern American weekend leisure, it at the turn of the century, was forbidden in many cities and towns. In Wheeling, an ordinance read: “If a person, on a Sabbath Day, be found laboring at any trade. . . except in household or other work of necessity or charity, he shall be fined not less than \$5 for each offense.” Because of this law, the sensational Wheeling sports story of 1889 unfolded.

During the late 1880’s Wheeling fielded a team in the professional though not major, Tri-State League which, in addition to the Wheeling Nailers, comprised the five Ohio towns of Canton, Mansfield, Hamilton, Springfield and Dayton. From early May through mid-September, these teams played a rigorous schedule of 110 games.

The Wheeling nine experienced winning seasons in 1887 and 1888 and, as a result, the local fans “looked forward to the 1889 season with much interest.” On opening day, 2,200 Wheelingites turned out to see the home team win a doubleheader. A sports’ writer for *The Intelligencer* called the opening, “the most auspicious circumstance.” At the end of the first week, the Nailers were in first place, and the local press sang their praises: “Better ball playing than that at Island Park. . . is not to be seen anywhere.”

By early June, however, the team suffered through two poor road trips during which its winning percentage “went down like a thermometer in a cold snap.” The players performed poorly in the field and batted anemically. Fan support dropped, and the local writers grew sarcastic: the Nailers became “Our Spasmodics.” In one reporter’s opinion: “The Wheeling baseball club is a good deal like the month of March. It started out like a roaring lion, but winds up as gentle as a lamb.”

In response to their critics, the Wheeling Baseball Association, owners of the local club, made several lineup changes which resulted in returning the Nailers to their winning ways. Unfortunately, attendance remained poor.

In late June, President W.B. Powell, of the Association suggested a remedy to Wheeling’s attendance difficulties: Sunday games. According to a report in *The Intelligencer* of June 28, Powell believed Sunday ball, played in all the Ohio towns, kept “the Tri-State League from being financially swamped.” Records showed that receipts from a Sunday

game totaled more than \$1000, and Powell confidently stated that a Sunday game in Wheeling could generate at least \$1200. Moreover, Powell pointed out the financial discrimination suffered by the Nailers in not being allowed to play on Sundays.

As the season entered the early days of July, the Wheeling team had climbed back into the pennant race and was tied for second place on July 4th. On that day, the local nine played two games: the morning tilt drew 3500 supporters and the afternoon game attracted over 4000. Ropes were strung around the field to restrain the crowd, whose admissions “were added additions to the treasuries. . . .”

While the large crowds at these games were related to the holiday, the next game saw more than 700 paying partisans; however, the next few outings were witnessed by few Wheeling sports enthusiasts. Attendance at the July 9th game was so poor that the profit came to only \$2. *The Intelligencer*, recognizing the team’s turnabout, “hoped” for a “marked improvement” in fan patronage.

This lack of community support caused the Association to contemplate the scheduling of Sunday games: “Two good Sunday games would let the management out of the hole it is now in, and they would be willing to forego all other Sunday games.” Somewhat reluctantly, then, the Wheeling management set a game for Sunday, July 14. By this controversial move, the Association hoped to generate greater fan interest, increase the treasury and, most importantly, save the franchise. This was a precedent-setting decision, for Wheeling had never witnessed a Sunday game for which an admission was charged.

Sunday newspapers carried advertisements for the game with the Dayton Club. By game time, Island Park held 1300 fans who represented a cross-section of the community: businessmen, “several ladies,” young boys and workmen, including a delegation of glass workers who were in Bellaire for a union convention. Before the teams took the field, W.S. Meek of the *News-Letter* addressed the fans and asked their patience in this experiment. Trying to forestall any criticism from those community leaders who frowned on Sunday games, Meek instructed the fans that there was to be “no loud shouting” nor “noisy demonstration.”

The fans complied: “the silent audience,” wrote a reporter, “seemed very strange.” When a Nailer batter doubled with the bases loaded in the first inning, the team’s supporters neither cheered nor shouted, but “gave out several long drawn sighs and ahs of satisfaction that sounded like escaping gas from some far-off gas well.”

Players and coaches also exercised extreme caution before the game. Rather than dressing at their hotel rooms or homes, as was customary, the Nailers and the Dayton players dressed on the Island grounds. Instead of taking coaches across the Suspension Bridge, the men took skiffs across the Ohio River. Once off the field, both sides agreed not to dispute any calls by the umpire.

As a last precaution, justice of the peace, D. Zane Phillips, and some local police, became a part of the scenario. With the first pitch, Phillips, as prearranged with the Association, walked to the plate, halted the game, and ordered the players of both teams and the umpire to be placed under arrest. The magistrate's bond, again by prearrangement, had already been paid by the Association. Then Phillips released the players, ordering them to appear in his court Monday morning. There, it was expected that Phillips would fine the Association for violating the law against Sunday labor and that the gate receipts would more than make up for any fines. Having taken all these precautions, the game resumed, only to have it stopped by another justice of the peace.

After the first inning, with the score 4-0 in the home team's favor, George Arkle, another magistrate, ordered his men onto the field. Responding "somewhat reluctantly," these officials arrested the local heroes and the Dayton team. Almost at once, the crowd became hostile, hissing and jeering the constabulary on every side. Some fans tried to get at the local law officers with bats and bricks, but the "cool-headed friends of the club" prevented the "indignation of the crowd over-reaching proper limits."

Nevertheless, the officers with their detainees had to seek shelter in the grandstand's dressing rooms. After most of the unruly crowd went home, the constables led the players to the skiffs and took them to police headquarters where Arkle set bond and ordered all parties to appear in his court at 10 A. M. Monday morning.

Wheeling's first professional Sunday sports' event came to an ignominious halt — never to be completed, but the drama continued to unfold. By morning, the arrests were the talk of the town. *The Intelligencer's* editor was "happy" to see that Arkle preserved "some semblance of the Sabbath. . .," but the townspeople seemed to support the players.

Many citizens ridiculed Arkle and the police with some demanding that if baseball was to be barred from the Sabbath then local parks should be closed and taverns forbidden to open. The editor while acknowledging the evils of taverns being open on Sundays, nonetheless asked his readers to disapprove the actions of the Wheeling Baseball Association by absenting themselves from week-day games. While the play of the Nailers had often gone unnoticed during the first part of the season, their "Sunday Sensation" captured the imagination of all.

At 9 A. M. Monday, the teams appeared in Phillips' court and were bound over to the next term of the Circuit Court. An hour later all parties met in Arkle's chambers, "crowded almost to suffocation." Attorneys for the Association argued that Arkle's arrests were illegal because he had no warrants. Moreover, the defense questioned whether the law forbidding Sunday labor could be applied to baseball players.

For several hours, the best legal minds in Wheeling debated the finer points of West Virginia law. In the end, Arkle ruled his actions correct

and also bound the teams over to the Circuit Court.

Objecting to Arkle's findings, the defense announced that it would seek a writ of *habeas corpus* before the Circuit Court, where the case was heard on July 17. For seven hours attorneys argued before the circuit judge. As the courtroom proceedings unraveled, the teams, in custody of deputies, went over to the Island Park and played a game in which Wheeling clobbered Dayton, 23-5. The teams appeared in court in the early evening to hear the judge throw out Arkle's charges but uphold the action of Justice Phillips.

With the financial status of the team still uncertain, in light of the legal reactions to the July 14 game, the Association met on July 20 to discuss the future of the franchise. Funds were secured to pay the players' salaries, but everyone agreed that better attendance was a financial necessity. The first action was scheduling a "pick-up" game on Sunday, July 21, at which 400 fans watched the Nailers play well-known area amateurs. The second step, one over which the Association's management had little control, was for the team to start a winning streak.

Unfortunately, the road trip, which started on July 23, proved a total disaster. At its start, the team was in second place; at its conclusion, in fifth. "Colonel Hollow-Eyed Defeat" and "Major Hard Luck" ruined whatever chances the Wheeling Nine had to regain the graces of the local fans. After its seventh straight defeat by the lopsided score of 21-6, a writer lamented: "Only a few more games such as that of yesterday will be necessary to cut the already small non-paying attendance down to nothing and sink Wheeling's club unwept, unhonored, and unsung in the grave of oblivion."

Even Sunday games, with all their accompanying notoriety, could not help the club. On three more Sunday occasions, August 4, 18 and 25, the Nailers engaged teams from cities like Pittsburgh and East Liverpool, but the crowds were quite small.

If the sports columns of *The Intelligencer* serve as a barometer of interest, few in Wheeling were interested in the Nailers. Accounts of the home team's exploits shrank to no more than a few sentences and the line score. When local columnists did comment, sarcasm was heavy. An August 2 story read in part: "The umpire comes and goes, but no matter who officiates, the home team gets worsted all the same."

Commenting on the fan patronage, the same reporter noted that "the customary crowd of five ladies, sixty-nine gentlemen, fourteen boys, and Gutman's white dog made up the audience."

Possibly, the "Sunday Sensation" alienated many who boycotted subsequent games in protest. Most likely, however, the lack of interest in the Nailers is best explained by the team's continuing bad luck on the field. Even the acquisition of a new manager and two new pitchers could not forestall the losing slide, causing the local press to remark that "the end is only a few days distant."

As the season entered its last days, the press, in the short coverage it gave the team, continued its attacks on the "nondescript aggregation" who seemed "determined to stay at the bottom of the percentage table. . . ."

A sports writer doubted that the "tail-enders of the Tri-State League" could play well even if their batters had "flat bats a yard wide and a balloon for a ball." Even the last game of the home season, played on Sunday, August 25, only drew 400 fans. "As a matter of course," this game went into the loss column.

When the Association first proposed Sunday baseball, management saw it as the salvation of the franchise; they could not foresee, however, the disastrous losing streak. To be sure, Sunday games might have enhanced attendance and revenues, if the team was a winner. With the exception of the old New York Mets, losers attract few followers, even if they add to their reputation by playing on the Sabbath.

As the team sank lower in the standings, few Wheelingites cared when, or even if, they played. Although the team played three Sunday games in August, the authorities made no effort to stop any of the games or to assess fines; possibly they chose not to add insult to the injury of a losing team. From scandalous notoriety in July, the Nailers fell to the depths of the misbegotten and forgotten in August. The anti-climatic end for the Wheeling nine came even before the season ended in mid-September.

On Friday, August 31, the property of the club was sold at a trustee's sale. For \$450, a gentleman bought the franchise, the stands and the fencing. With that sale, all mention of the 1889 addition of the Nailers ceased; further, the press made no mention of the judicial matters that grew out of the "Sunday Sensation." Evidently, the team's sale ended the season in the eyes of the local papers. Sunday baseball had not saved the franchise.

Although Wheeling fielded other professional teams in the 1890's and after 1900, Sunday baseball did not make its entry into Wheeling until the 20th century. As late as May 1, 1900, *The Intelligencer's* editor wrote that city folk were "not prepared to countenance" Sunday baseball, because it was "too radical a departure from custom."

Note: The account of the 1889 Nailers was taken from the pages of *The Intelligencer*, April through September, 1889.

**The Duties of Home and War: The Civil War Letters of
John G. Marsh,
29th Ohio Volunteers
(A Selection)
Edited by
C. Calvin Smith, Ph. D.**

INTRODUCTION

The 29th Ohio Volunteers were formally organized as a result of a request from Joshua R. Giddings who was a member of the United States House of Representatives. Giddings had served in the lower house of Congress for twenty years and was well known for his anti-slavery views. The request to organize a company of volunteers grew out of Giddings' disappointment at the conduct of soldiers recruited from his district at the start of the Civil War.¹

Apparently the first recruits were not of Giddings' political persuasion. He now set out to organize a company that was more in line with his political thoughts. He had from the beginning viewed the war as one being fought for the abolition of slavery.

Volunteers for the 29th Ohio Volunteers were recruited almost entirely from Giddings' congressional district (Jefferson and Hartsgrove, Ohio) and were of the same basic political persuasion.² The volunteers were often known as Giddings' Regiment. The company was formally organized on the grounds of the County Agricultural Society at Jefferson, Ohio, by Thomas Clark, who was a West Point graduate. After organization, the company received its basic training at Jefferson for three months. It was then transferred to Camp Chase near Columbus, Ohio, where it became Company I, 29th Ohio Volunteers, Infantry.

On December 25, 1861, the 29th Ohio Volunteers left Camp Chase for service on the front line. Their activity was confined to the Eastern Theatre of the war, taking part in the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley and the Eastern Peninsula. One of the soldiers of the 29th, who served with distinction in the Shenandoah Valley and the Peninsula, was John G. Marsh.

At the age of twenty-five, Marsh, who volunteered for service in Giddings' Regiment on October 29, 1861, was young, observant, had a good education, was popular, and rose quickly in the ranks of the service. On December 30, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant and on June 26, 1862, to first sergeant. Thereafter, his star continued to rise, as he was finally commissioned a second lieutenant on January 28, 1863, although he was not officially mustered at that time. He was wounded in the Battle of Cedar Mountain (August 9, 1862) and in the Battle of Gettysburg (July 3, 1863), the latter proved to be fatal and Marsh died in the field hospital on July 4, 1863.

Throughout his service career Marsh had shown a sincere and deep-felt concern for the physical and material well-being of his family. Although his paydays were irregular, he shared with his family whatever he had above personal expenses. Not only was he devoted to his family, but he was also devoted and loyal to the army.

Thomas Clark, who was the commanding officer of the Second Division, XII Army Corps, in the Battle of Gettysburg, described Marsh as a meritorious young officer.³ Captain Edward Hayes, Marsh's immediate superior at Gettysburg, spoke of Marsh as "a prompt, cool, brave, efficient, and valuable officer whose loss would long be regretted by the officers and men with whom he was associated."⁴

The following selected correspondence between Marsh and his family will give the reader an insight into the character of the man as an individual and as a soldier. The letters are typed in the form in which they were written. Abbreviations have been spelled out in their entirety and a minimum of punctuation added. The style remains that of the author.

The following sources have been used for purposes of documentation: Robert V. Johnson and Clarence C. Buel, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, 4 vols., New York, 1887-88; J. Hamp Se Cheverell, *Journal History of the Twenty-Ninth Ohio Volunteers, 1861-1865*, Cleveland, 1883; Records of the War Department, Office of the Adjutant General, Record Group 94, National Archives, Washington, D.C.; and *The War of the Rebellion. . . Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, 128 vols., U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 1880-1901.

THE LETTERS

Letter One

The following letter was written by Marsh on January 15, 1862, approximately three months after he volunteered for service in the Union army. He is informing his family of his health, army position, and future expectations in the service, and his desire to continue to help support the family by sharing his army pay with them.

Camp Chase¹
January 15, 1862

Dear Father:

I received your letter last night, and today sit down to reply. I shall not answer Mis(s) Johnsons letter. Shortly before I enlisted I wrote, telling her I was about enlisting, and requesting her to send my things home by

Mrs. Andrews. She replied saying Mrs. Andrews refused to bring them. I then wrote to have them forwarded by express which is the last I have heard from her until I received yours.

My health is good. Rheumatism does not bother me very much, and I gues(s) it will not. I have not seen one unwell day since I enlisted. Our company is fully organized. My position is Second Sergeant.² but our Second Lieut[enant] will resign as soon as he receives his pay, then there will be another election in which my chances are better than any other man in the company. Captain Smith and Lieut(enant) Philbriads both promise me all the influence they have, and I do not brag when I say I was always popular in the company. On the other hand if the Colonel should refuse an election, it will go by promotion and I will be Orderly Sergeant. So my prospects are good either way.

We have received no pay yet but expect to be payed up to the 31st of Dec(ember) this week. When we get paid I will send you some money. I cannot promise very much however. The clothes I wore away I desired sending home, but my satchel was lost on the road from Jefferson here with all the clothes in it.³ So when I send you some money you must buy something to wear. I wrote to Almira⁴ this week giving all the news which you have received and this.

I would rather you would not mention the position I am expecting to get, time enough for that when I get it. I must close for this time. I enclose a few stamps for postage and please write as often as you can. It is not probable that I will get home for some time, but I will help you some. I saw in a newspaper the name of R.O. Marsh, teamster 8th reg(iment) among the exchange prisoners, I hope it is so. My love to Mother and the girls also to yourself. No more at present from your son.

John G. Marsh.

Letter Two

As of March 10, 1862, Marsh had been in service approximately six months. In the following letter he informs his father of his promotion and new duties as forage master. He also informs his father of the progress of the war and reveals an insight as to the nature and duration of the war. He recognizes the Confederacy is fighting an all or nothing war and echoes their determination to fight for total victory or defeat.

Marsh's description of the Shenandoah Valley reveals his keen observation of nature in its raw beauty, but it also reveals his recognition of the waste, destruction, and loneliness caused by war. It shows his realization that war is not glamorous, as he felt it was as a boy, but a cold and cruel affair that makes animals out of human beings.

Camp Tyler, Edinburgh, Virginia
April 10, 1862.

Dear Father:

I once more find time to write to you and hasten to improve the opportunity. My health is not as good as it has been through the winter. These long march(es) and (the) lying out nights have given me a touch of Rheumatics.⁵ First to remind me I suppose that there is an end to human endurance. But I am also a little fortunate for I have been act(ing) as forage master,⁶ and henceforth I am privileged to ride when the reg(iment) moves. My pay will be some more than it was if I can hold my position in the company, which I think I can. My pay will be \$28.00 per month out of which I will clothe myself, but if I only draw a privates pay in the company my extra pay will make me \$24.00 per month. I have to do no marching, drilling, or squad duty. About all I have to do is deal out the corn and hay to the horses and see that the teamsters feed and take care of their teams. So you see I am in a fair way to stand the bargain.

I suppose the papers don't have much to say about our fight. There are so many glorious victories being won that we expect them as a matter of course and unless an unusually Bloody fight, and decisive victory occur, it is hardly noticed.

Last evening we received news of the capture of Island No. 10, and that the rebels were badly whipped (at) Corinth.⁷ You would have felt better, I will bet my ear, if you could have heard the shouts and cheers that went up from regiment after regiment. And the bands playing the Star Spangled Banner. I guess we surprised the natives in our demonstrations of joy, for the rapid strides freedom was,⁸ and is everyday making. Many are predicting that two months will find us at home, I cannot see as they do. It is Americans we are fighting and the most reckless of this reckless Nation. The leaders *must* win or they are ruined irretrievably. And so I conclude, as long as there is any of their territory unoccupied by the National forces, just so long will there be Rebels in arms. I expect to spend the summer in Dixie.

This valley (Shenandoah) is a beautiful country. Running north east by south west and drained by the Shenandoah River which runs near the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The grass is green, the little wild flowers are blooming on the mountain side, the buds are springing and opening into life beneath the warmth of the bright sunshine, the birds are singing sweetly in the dark green tops of the pine and cedars, yet this beautiful place look(ed) *oh so desolate*. Miles may be traveled and no fences seen. Two thirds of the houses are uninhabited, the stock is all driven off, nothing except soldiers, government teams, tents, and cannons are to be seen. And down upon all this the sun look approvingly and the stars complacently, and the moon smilingly. Is it not singular that nature does not change its aspects in times of war.

On the night after the Battle of Winchester, I lay down upon the cold ground, without any supplies, and tried to get a few moments sleep, but the excitement through which I had passed made sleep impossible,

so I took a stroll over the battle field to see the effects of our fire: It was terrible. The small bushes were cut to pieces and every tree was filled with balls. The dead lay thickly in those woods and behind the stone wall, some torn all to pieces with shell, some badly mangled with grape shot, but by far the larger portion were killed with rifle balls.⁹ I was curious to note the different expressions on the faces of the dead. Some seemed to have died in the greatest agony, others wore a smile even in death. And still others seemed possessed of the very spirit of cruelty and revenge. I can think of nothing to express their look except, *Infernal*.

I wandered beyond the battle ground and in a thicket of vines found three wounded men. Their groans were heart rending, the cold night had so stiffened them that they were in deepest agony. I built a fire, brought them some water from a mud hole near by, and then went back to show the ambulance where to find them. One of them said that they were sure in the morning they would take supplies in Winchester but expected to enter the town at the heels of the flying Yankees.

Poor fellows, I can't help pitying them if they are Rebels, for they have no doubt been deceived. In the excitement of battle I could aim at them when only forty or fifty yards from me, as coolly as I ever did at a squirrel. But now it seems very much like murder. They would throw up their hands and fall almost every time we would get a fair shot at them, and we would laugh at their motions and make jest of their misfortune. I don't nor can't imagine now how we could do it. The fact is, in battle, man becomes a sinner and delights in the work of death. And if his best friend falls at his side he heeds it not, but presses on eager to engage in the wholesale murder.

When I was a baby I was a great admirer of military stories, now their honors seem tarnished with blood and with the tears of widows and orphans. Ah no, no war for me, unless my country, and country's liberties are in danger, then *conquer or die* is my motto.

General Jackson's pickets occupy the opposite side of the river from us, the pickets and scouting parties amuse themselves some of the time by shooting at each other and sometimes the batteries take (a) hand in (it). No one hurt on our side (but) I hear desertions from the Rebels are of a daily occurrence. They say that the force of rebels at Mount Jackson is not over seven thousand, thirty left one day (deserted) in a body taking their guns along.

This Division may have another fight (with) Jackson, but I don't think any of us will get another chance at them. The fact is Jackson won't have men enough in six weeks for a rear guard unless he gets reinforcements from the south. We occupy the country where his troops were raised and they are getting sick of rebellion and want to be at home with their families.

April 16, 1862

Dear Father: I had to leave my letter unfinished and go to Winchester with a train of wagons, have just returned. I found the regiment paid up to the first of March. I enclose \$20.00, fifteen to be paid on the Smith note, and five for you to use as will benefit you most. In your next letter please write how much there is yet due Smith, as I wish to send enough the next time to lift the note.¹⁰ I must close for now I have to start for Winchester again in an hour. My love to mother, Eva and Eden. Remember me to all my friends and write as soon as this is received. This from your son. Direct as follows

John G. Marsh
Winchester, Virginia
Co 29 Regiment OVI
Shields Division

Letter Three

When the 29th Ohio Volunteers left Camp Chase (near Columbus, Ohio) for active duty in the Shenandoah Valley it was constantly on the move up and down the valley until it was sent to join General McClellan's Peninsula campaign in May of 1862. The regiment left the valley for Fredericksburg, Virginia, on May 12, 1862. Their launching point was the town of New Market. The following letter traces his route of travel from New Market to Fredericksburg, Virginia, for the benefit of his sister, Almira.

Fredricksburg, Virginia
May 25, 1862

My Dear Sister:

I once more sit down to write a few lines home, although you are in debt to me four or five letters now. But before you go any further with this letter get the map I left at home and follow me through the long wearie march we made to reach this place.

New Market in the Shenandoah Valley was our starting point. We left there on the morning of the 12th (May), marching in an easterly direction over the Blue Ridge Mountains. It was a very warm day, the road dusty and the march over the mountains very tiresome. We encamped at sunset by the side of a mountain stream, the tired soldiers are a hasty supper, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and laying down on the green grass were soon buried in sleep, natures sweet restorer.¹¹

The morning hour of the 13th found us under way, reached the village of Luray about noon. The inhabitants were all *Secesh*.¹² Once in a long time we would meet some persons who would make cold professions of

loyalty, but Union men or women are as scarce as *Hens teeth*, to use one of the *Rev. Mr. Evans* very expressive similes. The day was, if anything, more sultry than the preceeding one and when the soldiers reached the spot chosen for our bivouac, darkness had settled over the earth. They came straggling along into camp, foot loose, dusty, and almost exhausted. Very few waited for any supper, but stretching their aching limbs upon that bosom of their mother earth, they were soon lost in all forgetfulness of all toil.

It needed no reveille to arouse us on the morning of the 14th for here the gray dawn had tinged the Western sky. Rain was pouring down in torrents, it was decidedly uncomfortable to be awakened from deep sleep and happy dreams of home by the cool rain drops spattering in your face, but then you are thoroughly awake at on(c)e. No rolling over, yawning, and wishing for another nap. Well, it rained all day without interruption and the boys ploded their way through rain and water to Front Royal on the Manassas Gap Railway. Now have you found the road thus far on our journey, if you have, I will proceed.

On the 15th (May, 1862), we again started on the road to Richmond, rained again all day until first sunset. When the clouds broke and rolled off eastward, the golden sunbeams flashed over the hill tops and once more it was pleasant. This day we were on the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Our brigade was in the center and when it reached the summit I stopped to view the scene. Before me the first and third brigades, stretching down the mountain side for nearly two miles, behind me the second brigade coming up the hill. The long train of wagons were moving slowly on either side, it was worth stopping to look at. But this was not all, the innumerable hills fell one above another, stretching far as the eye could reach. Some with gently sloping sides, others steep and rocky, standing in solitary grandeur, with the foot of man never yet pressed upon their dizzy heights.

But I must hasten. On the evening of the 17 (May) we reached Warrenton County, country town of Fauquier, a very handsome village, all the people better *secesh*. Here we lay over one day and on the 19th (May) marched to Warrenton Junction, the first station south of Manassas. We remained here another day and then started for this place (Fredericksburg, Virginia) where we joined General McDowell on the 22 of May, having been just ten days on the march.

It is said this force, about eighty thousand strong, moves on Richmond tomorrow, it may and may not be true. My health is good. Give my love to Edith and the babies, father, mother, and Eva.¹³ And write me a good long letter telling all the home news. With lots of love to you, your brother

John G. Marsh
Co I 29 Regiment OVI
Shield Division
Washington, D.C.

P.S.

I sent some money home, write if it has been received. Love to sleep some.

Letter Four

At the time the following letter was written Sergeant Marsh was still serving in the Shenandoah Valley. He is writing to reassure his father and family of his health, reminding him that his fate is in God's hands. The letter also shows Marsh's continuing concern for the welfare of his family and his desire to make his father and friends take pride in his accomplishments as a man and soldier.

Camp of 29 Ohio Volunteers 14
May 27, 1862

Dear Father:

The long looked for letter from home arrived last night, and I was much pleased to find therein a line from you. Father you should not feel troubled about me, I do not feel any anxiety myself and it seems to me you should not. I am in God's keeping and if it be his will I shall hop through all dangers safely. If not, he doeth all things well.

I am proud to know that I carry myself and do my duty so as to compel the *respect* of even copperheads, ¹⁵ not that I place much value on *that*, but for the feelings of pride and joy which I know swells the heart of my father and friends. He must indeed be a coward who, having as good a father and as many kind friends as I have, would cause them to blush from his manhood. I'd rather suffer a thousands deaths than to appear to you a coward.

I think that it will not be best to send anything to me as express charges are so high, weather so hot, and our stay in one place for any length of time so uncertain. I am glad my mare is with foal this spring, but am at a loss what to use say about next year. If I was at home I would want to use her and would want her in the best of trim. I guess you need not suit her this spring, I want her to lay over one year any how.

I have not any news to write you. Everything indicates a stay of some-time here, but sometimes all signs fail. Tell Almira I'll attend to her letter soon. Please write again and tell me if you received the \$50.00 I rushed to Lagrange for you and if uncle scolded about waiting so long for his money. Love to all

Respectfully your son,
John G. Marsh.

Letter Five

The following correspondence between John G. Marsh and his father again reveals the former's concern about the physical and material welfare of his family. It also shows the irregularity of paydays which Marsh seemed to be concerned about.

June 18, 1862 ¹⁶

Dear Father:

I wrote Loyd yesterday, and I send \$25.00 dollars by Lieut[enant] Fritz of the 8th Reg[iment]. He is to leave it at Tim Somirer's store in Lode where you will get it. I wish the Smith note lifted and Mat Campbell paid. That is unless you need money, if you do I guess Mat can wait a little. I would send more if the Quarter Master could pay me my extra pay. We received only two months pay, there are two months more due. I got \$35.00 the Q. M. owes me \$24 dollars and Uncle Sam, 34 dollars more. Tell Rufus the 8th Boys are all well, I am writing from there now. Write as soon as you receive the money. Love to all.

Yours affectionately
John G. Marsh

Letter Six

In addition to the usual information given by Marsh in his letters the following gives an insight into the rapid rate of inflation that took place during the war and how it affected the serviceman. It also reveals the contents of the summer diet of the regiment while in Virginia. More importantly it reveals the growing concern of Marsh for his own physical survival.

Camp Wade ¹⁷

July 22, 1862

Dear Father:

As I am feeling rather poorly to day, you will not expect much of a letter from me. I don't know what ails me. For some time now I have had a poor appetite and headache. I guess it will all work off when we are again in the field chasing the Rebels, which Dame Rumor says will be within a week. I received your batch of letters last night and this must answer all of them for the present, perhaps I will feel more energetic in a few days.

I am glad to hear the new house in [sic.] progressing so finely. *I enclose five dollars.* I wish I could make it more but we have all been living expensive [ly] since we came to Alexandria. Everything is so high, potatoes three dollars per bushel, butter 25 cents a pound, and everything is in porportion. [sic.] If we leave this week, as rumor says, I will send home another five.

Ida says they had some new potatoes. Well we have been living on new potatoes, green peas, beans, cucumbers, beets, and onions all the time since we came here. And yesterday we had green corn. Blackberries can be had by the bushel for the picking.

Weaver boys are well as usual. Nathan Miller starts for home this morning. I send some dresses to Ida and Eva and pictures to Edith and her babies, also General Beauregard. ¹⁸ Well Mother I suppose they will be received before this letter reaches you. Write often and I will answer.

I have gone back into the company as Orderly and I will work higher if death does not overtake me. Hoping you will write soon. I am your son.

John

Letter Seven

The following letter (October 27, 1862) shows the effect that a letter from home has upon a soldier in times of war. It also reveals Marsh's desire to help his family financially, especially in the completion of their new home. It also gives a good example of the growing rate of inflation. His letter of July 22, 1862, listed the cost of butter at twenty-five cents per pound, as of October, 1862, the price had increased to forty cents per pound.

Frederick City, Maryland
October 27, 1862

Dear Father:

I received yours, Almira's, and Rufus's letter this evening and sit down to reply immediately. My health has been poor for the last two weeks, but tonight I find myself as well as ever. I wish I had some money I could send you in this letter, but unfortunately our payday ran over two months, so I can send you none. I am now making out the pay rolls for September and October. We all expect to get four months pay before the 10th of November. When it comes I shall send you some. I don't know but you are right about the boots being better made of kids. I was just thinking of having them softened.

I am going to see if I can get leave to go home and see you when we get our pay. Although I am sure it will be of no use and perhaps the money would be better expended if given to you. I am thinking this war is to be long and bloody yet, but perhaps the end is nearer than we imagine. Keep up the good spirits father. While I live you can apply to me for assistance and be sure of getting help, if I can possibly raise it. I have no one but myself to provide for, and an approving conscience is of more worth than mines of gold.

You don't say how much the house lacks of being finished so you can occupy part of it. If I could have been at home we would have contrived some way to have got along with it. I sometimes think I done wrong in leaving at the time I did, but as it is done there is no use of vain regrets but try and make all the amends in my power. You ought not to expose yourself, but stay in doors as much as possible. This you can do if Rufus remains at home. Are you not afraid Rufus will lose all his pay if he remains away from camp without leave. I think it had better be looked to. He nor you could afford to lose so large an amount.¹⁹

I received a letter from Loyd not long since. He appears to be enjoying

himself. Couldn't Loyd let you have some money or is he as bad off as the rest of us. There is no news to write. "All quiet on the Potomac" will again become a standing announcement I fear, although there seems to be something tremendous brewing.

About that box of provisions Ida wrote about, if you could send some butter, cheese, and any kind of sauce or dried fruit, it would save me several dollars. I have been so far the last few days that it seems impossible to eat the army rations and I have to buy such things of the commissary at enormous prices. Butter \$.40, cheese \$.25, and other things [in] proportion [sic.]. But don't put in any pies, they would spoil before they would reach here. If you have made sausage, send me a small link of them. If its going to inconvenience you in the least don't think of sending it. And don't send it at all unless it be within the next 10 days, for we are not sure of wintering here.²⁰ We are having a regular November Easter now, cold winds and cold rain. Every time I step out I think of those boots, you go to Gilbert and ask him if he is afraid to trust a soldier for two or three weeks, and if he is, --, well I won't say what but you can fancy my opinion of him.

Write to me father as soon as you receive this. I would like to hear from you more often. With much love I am your son, John. Love to all, I'll attend to those other letters soon.

Letter Eight

John G. Marsh was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant on January 28, 1863, but not officially mustered. Apparently it was a battlefield promotion. The following letter is a request to have that commission approved and Marsh to be officially mustered into his new rank.

Head Quarters
29th Ohio Vols near Sausburg, Virginia
June 20, 1863

S. Thomas
Adjutant General USA:

General Thomas I have the honor to make application through you to the Secretary of War for an order to the mustering officer of this (2nd Division 12th AC) Division to muster as 2nd Lieutenant John G. Marsh of CO I 29th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, who was *commissioned* as such in January last, which commission was lost and no official intelligence of his appointment having been received until lately.²¹

The mustering officer declines to muster without authority from the Secretary of War for the reason that the regiment has now as many officers as it is entitled to for its number of men. Deducing those who will soon be discharged or be transferred to the *artillery* corps, we have no more than is required. I would therefore respectfully ask that authority be given

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Captain Vecole to muster this Sergeant John G. Marsh to 2nd Lieutenant from May 1, 1863, believing that by so doing justice will be rendered to the meritorious young officer and the service benefited.

I have the honor to be
Respectfully your able servant
Thomas Clark, Lt Colonel
29th Ohio Vols, Commanding

P.S.

Since writing this memo, my own resignation has been accepted and reviewed. Be good enough to return the accompanying papers with actions and orders directed to Commanding Officer, 29th Ohio Vols or J. G. Marsh.

T. Clark

NOTES

¹J. Hamp Se Cheverell, *Journal History of the Twenty-Ninth Ohio Veteran Volunteers, 1861-1865* (Cleveland, 1883), p. 18.

²*Ibid.*

³Records of the War Department, Office of the Adjutant General, Record Group 94, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

⁴*The War of the Rebellion . . . the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (70 vols. in 128, Washington, D.C., 1880-1901), ser. I, vol. XXVII, pp. 843-844.

¹Camp Chase was located near Columbus, Ohio. It served as the training ground for the volunteers of the 29th Regiment and as the point of departure for their first battle engagement which took place in the Shenandoah Valley. For a detailed story of the movements and battle engagements of the 29th Ohio Volunteers see J. Hamp Se Cheverell, *Journal History of the Twenty-Ninth Ohio Volunteers, 1861-1865* (Cleveland, 1883).

²Private Marsh was promoted to Second Sergeant December 1861. See, United States Army Service Records, National Archives, War Department, Record Group 94, Washington, D.C. Hereafter cited as Service Records.

³The majority of the men of the 29th Ohio Volunteers were recruited in the vicinity of Jefferson and Harts Grove, Ohio, assembled at Jefferson, and transferred to Camp Chase. See Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, p.24

⁴Almira is one of John G. Marsh's sisters.

⁵In March and April of 1862 the 29th Ohio Volunteers were in the vicinity of New Market, Mount Jackson, and Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. They were in pursuit of the Confederate General Stonewall Jackson who was conducting lightning raids in the valley to divert Union attention from Richmond, Virginia. They were often without food and shelter which may account for Marsh's state of health. See Se Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 37-42.

⁶Marsh was appointed forage master on March 20, 1862. See Service Records.

⁷The Union victories at Island Number Ten (April 7, 1862) and Corinth (May, 1862), took place in the Western Theatre of the war. Marsh's tour of duty was limited to the Shenandoah Valley and Peninsula campaigns. For more information on the above battles see Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence C. Buel, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (4 vols., New York, 1887), I, p. 549; David Donald and James G. Randall, *The Civil War and Reconstruction* (Boston, 1969), pp. 206-207.

⁸The majority of the members of the 29th Ohio Volunteers viewed the Civil War as a war to end slavery. The regiment was known as Giddings' Regiment in honor of Joshua R. Giddings, an outspoken anti-slavery advocate in the Ohio House of Representatives. The regiment was raised almost entirely in his district. See Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, p. 12.

⁹The first Battle of Winchester (March 22-23, 1862), took place on the Strasburg Road, seven miles from Winchester, Virginia. Jackson (Confederacy) v. Shields (Union). Part of Jackson's forces were stationed behind a stone fence along side the Strasburg Road. See Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 37-38 and 40-41.

¹⁰Reference to Smith's note probably refers to the purchase of a farm from the latter.

¹¹The route the 29th took from New Market in the Shenandoah Valley to Fredericksburg, Virginia, is outlined on the attached map.

¹²*Secesh*: A derogatory term used to describe southern secessionists.

¹³Edith and Eva are John's sisters.

¹⁴The camp of the 29th Ohio Volunteers was located on the east

bank of the Shenandoah River between Newtown and Front Royal, Virginia. General Banks had retreated to this position after being defeated by Jackson at Winchester on May 25, 1862. See Se Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 44-45; Donald and Randall, *Civil War and Reconstruction*, p. 212; *War of the Rebellion . . . the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (70 vols. in 128, Washington, D.C., 1880-1901), ser. I, vol. XII, pt. I, p. 528. Hereafter cited as *Official Records*.

¹⁵Copperheads were northerners who sympathized with the Confederacy. They were viewed with scorn by Union soldiers.

¹⁶The exact location of the 29th at this point is unknown. The regiment had participated in the Battle of Port Republic (June 9, 1862). Afterward they retreated down the Shenandoah Valley to the town of Luray. From here the regiment moved east to join General McClellan's Peninsula campaign. See Se Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 48-49.

¹⁷Camp Wade was located outside Alexandria, Virginia. The regiment remained here until July 25, 1862; they were then ordered to join the forces of General Pope who was operating in central Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley. See Se Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 48-49; Donald and Randall, *Civil War and Reconstruction*, p. 217.

¹⁸Marsh is probably referring to a picture taken of General Beauregard (Confederacy).

¹⁹Rufus was John G. Marsh's brother. He had returned home (Homer, Ohio) from the Union army without official leave. John is apparently more concerned about Rufus's loss of pay than he is of his brother's AWOL status. He was probably counting on Rufus to share his pay with his father in order to help pay for their farm and the building of new house.

²⁰The 29th Volunteers remained in Frederick City, Maryland, from October 1862 to December 10, 1862; they then left to join the Union forces at Harpers Ferry. See Se Cheverell, *History of the Twenty-Ninth*, pp. 60-61. It is doubtful that Marsh was with the company at this time. He was sick and was sent to the military hospital at Alexandria, Virginia, on December 15, 1862, and remained there until January, 1863. See Service Records.

²¹John G. Marsh was commissioned Second Lieutenant on January 28, 1863. See Service Records.

The Germans of Wheeling: Part One

by
William M. Seaman, Ph. D.

Examination of the roster of names of those who settled Wheeling in the last quarter of the 1700's reveals that those pioneers were predominately English (Biggs, Boggs, Morgan, Shepherd et al.), with a sprinkling of families whose names are Celtic (McColloch, McLain, McLure, McMechen et al.). A very few are apparently Germanic, such as Wetzel, which is Dutch or German. Van Metre, obviously Dutch, and Zane, said to be Danish or German (Zahn).¹

The German people were not among the primary colonizers of America, as were the Spanish, French, English and Dutch. This is perhaps, due to the fact they were somewhat landlocked and, especially, to the fact there was no German nation as such, but a conglomeration of separate states.

Aside from a few individuals of German stock who settled here and there, the first great wave of German immigrants came over in the late 1600's and early 1700's, driven by need for land and a living, and by religious and political persecution. One need only read the account of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) to understand the devastation of land and people caused by the wars that followed on the heels of the Reformation.

When William Penn received a grant in 1681 to settle Pennsylvania, he invited Germans to his land of refuge. They came by the thousands, principally from the Palatinate and other Rhine areas. These were chiefly Protestant groups: Lutherans and members of the Reformed Church, as well as Quakers, Mennonites, Amish, Dunkards and Moravians.² An account of their hardship at sea is given in an excerpt from Mittelberger's *Journey to Pennsylvania in the Year 1750*, quoted in Commager's *The Heritage of America*.³

Germans in Wheeling have related similar perilous voyages in the 1800's. Goethe's epic poem *Hermann und Dorothea* (1797) tells of the plight of refugees of his day, who were driven from the Rhine area by the French.

The Germans in Penn's colony moved, in the 1700's, farther west from the Philadelphia area to Lancaster County and later still farther as the land opened up. The next periods of immigration from Germany came in the years following upon political upheavals in that distressed country: after a revolution in 1830, after another in 1848, and in relation to Prussian expansion about 1870. There were few Germans in Wheeling until the 1830's and the three waves of immigration mentioned are reflected in upsurges of Germans taking out American citizenship about those dates, as recorded in a typed *Index to Naturalization* in the office of the Clerk of Ohio County Court, where the earliest naturalization of a German is listed

for 1837.

The question naturally arises why the Germans were attracted to the Wheeling area. Professor Emeritus William I. Schreiber at the College of Wooster (Ohio), who has written about the Amish in Ohio, thinks that the provisions of the Northwest Territory Ordinance (1787) guaranteeing freedom of religion and banning slavery, attracted sects like the Amish.⁴ But those who came to Wheeling in the 1800's were not religious refugees and Wheeling was not quite in the Northwest Territory.

Faust notes that opportunities in America were well advertised in German books and newspapers and that there existed companies which solicited emigrants. Once the first people arrived they wrote back home to invite friends and relatives to join them.⁵ It is also pointed out that this area had cheaper land available than in the east and was less crowded. Other important factors which attracted immigrants were the extension of the National Road to Wheeling in 1818. Concurrently, there was the rapid growth of industry in Wheeling.

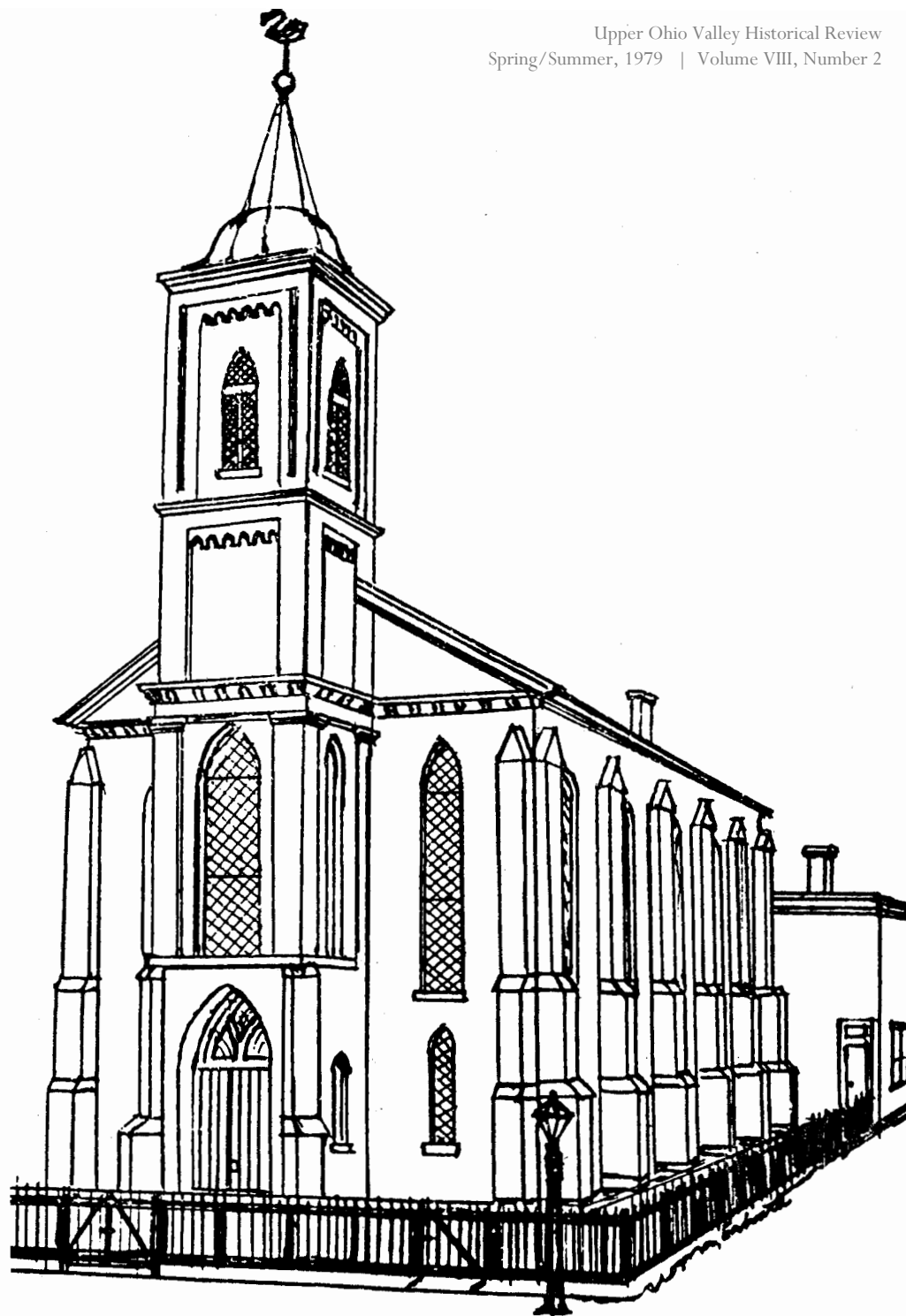
Glassmaking began here in 1819 and by 1835 there were five glass factories. Nail making began in 1818, to grow rapidly over the next decades. The Top Mill was built in 1832.⁶ Although the majority of German immigrants must have been farmers there was not much land available for agriculture in this area. So the new citizens turned to factory labor, and their names are to be found in city directories as millhands, glassworkers and, later, as cigarmakers.

Although the first German immigrants came from the Palatinate, those who came in the 1800's were from all parts of Germany, as can be seen from naturalization records and biographies. They no longer fled from religious persecution but, as older residents attest, most often to avoid military service. This was coupled, as always, with the lack of means to make a decent living in the old country.

The influx of so many Germans into Wheeling changed the entire complexion of the city. Accounts in the *Intelligencer* in the 1860's often identify an individual, especially one caught in a crime or involved in a street altercation, as a "German," just as others were designated an "Irishman" or a "Negro." This is typical of the attitude toward a member of a minority group. But as the Germans melded into society, rose economically, and achieved respectability, such terms of opprobrium ceased.

Indeed, judging from census records, the Germans apparently became a majority, for analysis of the census of 1900 shows that in West Virginia there were 6,537 persons of German descent, 3,342 Irish, and only 2,622 English. A glance at directories of recent date still show a high percentage of German names in Wheeling.

The Germans naturally brought their own culture and customs with them. The first manifestation of this is in their churches. Wingerter notes that the distinctive influence of German nationality may be traced in the



"The Goose Church" – Zion Church about 1885
(Drawn from an old photograph, somewhat faded)

growth of their own churches.⁸ In 1835 the first of these, St. Johannes German Evangelical Church was organized. In 1850 a group led by Pastor Zimmermann withdrew to form what is today the Zion Lutheran Church.

St. Johannes became St. John's German Evangelical Protestant Church and is now St. John's United Church of Christ. Older residents knew it as the "Whiskey Church," because, some said, so many saloon-keepers were members, but a more likely reason for the nickname is that a wealthy merchant provided the money for its building. Zion Lutheran also had a nickname - "The Goose Church," because on its steeple there was a figure of a swan, a symbol of Martin Luther.

The dates of these earlier churches in the 1830's provide a clue to the time when the Germans arrived. The first German Methodist Episcopal church anywhere in the world was founded in 1839. St. James Lutheran dates from 1856, St. Alphonsus German Catholic from 1858, and St. Stephanus German Reformed Evangelical Church from 1875.⁹

The Germans brought with them a fondness for music, especially choral singing, chiefly men's choruses. In time there existed in Wheeling six of these singing societies, named Arion, Beethoven, Germania, Maennerchor, Mozart and South Side Singing Society, some with their own halls. Such choral groups were to be found in various German communities about the country. The earliest was apparently the one in Philadelphia, founded in 1835.¹⁰

In 1849 *Saengerfeste* (song-fests) were instituted which were competitions among various city groups. (For an account of the *Saengerfeste* of 1860 and 1885 in Wheeling, see the article by Edward C. Wolf in the Autumn-Winter 1978 edition of the *Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review*).

Beer has always been particularly associated with Germans. So it is not surprising to find the 1886 city directory listing 62 saloons. Four of six breweries at that time were owned by Germans, Schmulbach's and Breymann's being especially large establishments.

Germans also introduced the growing of grapes and production of wines. *Intelligencer* news items in the 1860's often speak of grapes growing on the hills along the Ohio River. One who has visited the Rhine valley, with its large numbers of vineyards on the hills, can easily see why this enterprise was transported here.

The 1886 city directory lists seven grape growers and wine manufacturers, all German. Among these was Rev. Peter Kreusch, whose establishment was on the east side of Wheeling Hill, the area still called "The Vineyard" or "Vineyard Hills."

It is noteworthy that in 1886 Germans were engaged in many business enterprises, especially in foods, an area in which small shops could operate with modest capital. For example of 25 bakeries 19 were German operated, of 61 butchers 48 were German; most of the grocers had German names. Some of these, like Mr. Bayha, the baker, brought their

expertise with them. Most of the others must have gone into business by learning new skills. At any rate, in about 50 years a surprising number of Germans moved up the economic scale by going into business for themselves. In 1870 the German Bank of Wheeling was organized.

The most German characteristic of all was, of course, the language, to which the people clung for as long as they could. One can imagine the difficulty of coming to a strange land and having to learn English. We are told of girls who took positions as governesses, and learned English by helping the children with their school work. Most of the German community must have been bilingual. To engage in relations in the outside community they had to use English, but in the home German was spoken, although in restricted circles one might speak German all day.

Although German churches were organized in some measure as a kind of clannishness, probably the purpose was more to worship and hear sermons in the mother tongue. Zion Lutheran Church was monolingual (German) for 17 years, then bilingual, finally monolingual again (English only). The last German service was on December 7, 1941.¹¹

The Reverend George C. Vetter, present pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, believes that the insistence on using German for so long in churches lost them many members to other denominations, as fewer people knew the language.

The importance of the German language in Wheeling can be seen in the fact that in 1886 the public schools employed four German teachers, and the writer can remember that in 1914 a German teacher came once a week to his grade school to give German lessons to those students desiring it. The last of these circulating German teachers was Miss Minnie Lohse.

The persistence of the language is attested to in the fact that a German language newspaper was published in the city from 1848 into the 1900's under various names.¹²

Much of the present study has dealt with language and names, as they have been found in directories, census lists and biographies. German names can, for the most part, be identified linguistically, but early on there was a tendency toward anglicization which can be confusing or misleading.

Miller, for example, may be English or the German Mueller. People often changed the spellings of their names to make it easier for others to pronounce them. Sometimes immigration or court officials took it upon themselves to change spellings as they saw fit: Lewedag is written as Lavedock, which is the way the name sounds; Jaeger becomes Yager, Gaertner is Gardner, Boeshar is Bashar, and so on.

Pride in ancestry and ethnic cohesiveness may be the reason for the founding in 1883 of the German Pioneer Society "for the purpose of tracing particulars relative to earliest German settlers of the city of Wheeling." It was still in existence in 1914. Efforts to locate any records of the society have been unsuccessful.

The end came swiftly with the catastrophe of World War I, when a tide

of hatred of all things German swept the country. The teaching of the German language was virtually eliminated throughout the country. German words were anglicized (e.g. sauerkraut became "liberty cabbage") and people with German names were suspect. Germans in Wheeling had to avoid speaking German publicly and they ostentatiously bought war bonds and displayed the flag. There were some angry demonstrations against Germans who were thought not patriotic enough. Some people changed their names to English equivalents.

Unlike such cities as Milwaukee and St. Louis, there is little about Wheeling which acknowledges its German heritage except, perhaps, for the German names in directories. There are few today who study the German language. Here and there are some reminders, such as Altenheim ("Home for the Aged"), the inscription Apotheke on the building at 22nd and Market Streets which once housed Menkemeller's drugstore, and an occasional person who calls cottage cheese "smear-case." The process of the melting-pot has been completed.

NOTES

¹ C.B. Allman, *The Life and Times of Lewis Wetzel* (Nappanee, Ind.: E.V. Publishing House, 1939), 2, says the father of Lewis Wetzel was born in Holland. Albert B. Faust, *The German Element in the United States* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1909) v. 1, 412, says Wetzel family was from the Palatinate; 1,419 states that the Zanes were German. Peter Boyd, *History of the Northern West Virginia Panhandle* (Topeka and Indianapolis: Historical Publishing Co., 1927), 81, says that the Zane family were of Danish origin, moved to England, then to America.

² *Encyclopedia Americana*, s.v. Pennsylvania Dutch.

³ Henry S. Commager and Allan Nevins, *The Heritage of America* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1951), 76-79.

⁴ William I. Schreiber, *Our Amish Neighbors* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1962), 10-11.

⁵ Faust, v. 1, 583ff.

⁶ Elizabeth Y. and Robert G. Ainsworth, *Wheeling, a Pictorial History* (Norfolk: Donning C., 1977), 14, 16. Gibson L. Cranmer, *History of Wheeling City and Ohio County* (Chicago: Biographical Publishing Co., 1902) 318. Josephine Jefferson, *Wheeling Glass* (Mt. Vernon, O.: Guide Publishing Co., 1947), 13.

⁷ Faust, v. 1, 577.

⁸ Charles A. Wingerter, *History of Greater Wheeling and Vicinity* (Chicago and New York: Lewis Publishing Co., 1912), 503. William M. Erhard, *A Century of Service*, short history of Zion Lutheran Church (Wheeling: Wheeling New Lithograph Co., 1950), 9-10, 18.

⁹ Wingerter, 503.

¹⁰ Faust, v. 2, 271-276.

¹¹ Erhard, 13, 39.

¹² Wingerter, 477. Much use has been made of the microfilms of the *Wheeling Intelligencer* in the Ohio County Public Library and of city directories there. Callin's Wheeling City Directory has been quoted extensively because at that date German immigration had slowed down and the population had stabilized; it was used also because the writer possesses a copy and has had opportunity to study it for some years.

BOOK REVIEWS

Clement Eaton, *Jefferson Davis* (New York: Free Press, 1977. 334 pp. Bibliography and Index).

Few figures in American history have had as much written about them as the first and only president of the Confederate States of America. From the time the tide of the Civil War turned against the South, to Clement Eaton's new biography, everyone writing about the war has ventured an opinion on the merits or demerits of Jefferson Davis.

Yet, surprisingly, a modern treatment of Davis' life has been long in coming. While virtually every Confederate brigadier has commanded at least one recent biography, President Davis has been represented only by Hudson Strode's seriously flawed multivolume endeavor, and by specialized studies on various phases of Davis' administration.

Thus, readers will welcome this new contribution by Professor Eaton, a longtime noted Southern historian who, in his retirement, has attempted to combine new scholarly discoveries and recent analytical interpretations into a single volume account. He has taken cognizance of many varying evaluations of Davis and his time, attempting to incorporate the newest insights into his work.

The merits of the book are considerable. It is neither overburdened with detail nor does the author take a traditional "life and times" approach to the point of losing sight of his man. Professor Eaton is also judicious. Although one may disagree with his assessment of Davis' appreciation of the Trans-Mississippi problem, the Southern wartime financial dilemma, or the appointment and dismissal of generals, Eaton's opinions are usually well centered and not quixotic. They point to the central fact that Davis was the best the South had to offer in 1861.

The South's defeat, taken as a symbolic whole, was implicit in the rigid formalism and Victorian legalism of a society vehemently united against nineteenth century liberalism. The Mississippi cotton planter, born in Kentucky but a short distance from the humble cabin of Thomas Lincoln, was not, and never could be, the innovative, imaginative leader needed by the Southern revolution. The social-climbing, rail-splitting, backwoods-corporate lawyer from Illinois turned out to be much the better war leader.

Professor Eaton's book will not be the last word on the subject. There are a few errors. For example, Robert Ward Johnson, the United States and Confederate Senator from Arkansas, is persistently identified as Waldo Johnson, the Missouri Confederate Senator.

The major complaint which can be made against Eaton's effort is that Jefferson Davis, the subject, remains obscured. Part of this problem stems from Davis himself, a secretive, highly personal man, who placed considerable emphasis on pride, honor, and dignity. A perfect Victorian, he becomes difficult to write about, leaving few revealing letters and giving few persons an intimate glimpse into his real, as opposed to his public, personality.

Professor Eaton's last chapter "The Sphinx of the Confederacy," is perhaps an indication that Davis has been able, almost one hundred years after his death, to remain inviolate from his biographers, his personal life's riddle still unanswered.

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Society, Freedom, and Conscience: The American Revolution in Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York. By Jack P. Greene, Richard L. Bushman, and Michael Kammen. Ed. By Richard M. Jellison. (New York: Norton, 1976. v + 223 p. Notes and index.)

Society, Freedom, and Conscience promises much within the economic, social and intellectual framework of the period of the Revolution in three colonies. This work started out as three studies originally given as the McClellan lectures at Miami University in 1973, 1974, and 1975. Richard M. Jellison provides an excellent and informative introduction which summarizes succinctly the subject areas the three authors emphasize: Greene, Society, Bushman, Freedom, and Kammen, Conscience.

Green's concern is the political, economic, and social culture of the Virginia gentry in the middle decades of the eighteenth century and the high level leadership it provided.

Bushman deals with the surprising awareness displayed by the small Massachusetts farmer of the political and social issues impelling that colony toward Revolution.

Kammen deals with a relatively new phase of Revolutionary New York; the insistence by both patriot and British authorities in districts they controlled, of loyalty oaths with no room for a neutral position.

All three essays are well written, interesting, and command the literature in their respective fields more than adequately. Greene has excerpted from his larger study of the relationship between society, ideology, and politics in colonial America. His concern is the ruling gentry of Virginia which gave an excellent account of itself in the quality of leadership it provided. This group governed with the permission and trust of the remaining 95 per cent of the population because its judgment was respected and its integrity almost always above question.

Generally, this class gave the impression of handling legislative and administrative questions in terms of the larger interest. More than this, it dominated the governors firmly and kept them, as a rule, from betraying the colonial for the imperial interest. The conclusion of the Seven Years War brought on issues which threatened to disturb the political tranquility of the

Old Dominion, such as the threat (promise) of greater control from London which seemed to coincide with a decline of the tobacco market, the economic under-pinning of the colony. But the effects of the latter were not developed by Greene sufficiently. This was the main flaw in the work.

Bushman plows virgin soil in dealing with the political consciousness of the backwoods' farmer who has not been adequately treated previously. He ascertains that this class was kept stirred up from the time of Governor Andros to General Gage by the phantom prospect of an imposed feudal lordship from the British administration and the resulting reduction to the status of tenantry. The issue of paper money, strong for several decades kept the farmers on edge.

John Adams' *Dissertation on The Canon and Feudal Law* (1765) and other writings touched raw nerves and created a responsive audience in the Bay State countryside, which proved to be the true undergirding of revolutionary support in that commonwealth. Because the issue was the nightmare of feudal control of the land, winning the backcountry was of equal value to the propagandistic efforts of his cousin Sam.

Kammen is opening up colonial New York as a scholarly preserve and comes closest to fulfilling the sense of the book dealing with the issue of conscience for New Yorkers caught in the middle: Tories and neutrals unlucky to be found upstate and continentals and neutrals held in New York City. The thrust of the problem for people confronted with one or more contradictory oaths was the inability of those who preferred not to take a position to stay neutral.

To make the issue more devastating, many suffered badly who were honest enough to refuse. Others got away without much damage by falsely swearing to an oath in which they did not believe. The classic revolutionary problem of loyalty, and the new standards of loyalty demanded by a revolutionary regime has been presented with clarity and concern. Further studies on this subject from his pen will be awaited with great interest.

The package does not hold together well as one piece. As I see it, the individual parts are more valuable than the whole, which is not congruous. Either there should have been a common question for the three states, or else their different perspective should have been applied for a more intensive picture in one state. The promise of the title was not fulfilled, and our only consolation is that the authors know their separate fields well.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Wheeling Area Historical Society and the Editorial Board of the *Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review* wishes to thank West Liberty State College and its President, Dr. James L. Chapman, for the assistance the College and Administration have rendered in publishing the *Review* during these past two years. We also wish to thank Louis J. Corsetti and the Journalism Department for their assistance.