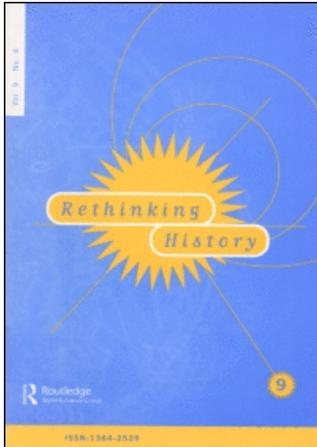


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Four Episodes in Re-creating a Life

Martha Hodes

This four-part reflection concerns a white, working-class woman in New England who married a West Indian man of color in 1869. The first part tells the story of the death of the woman's first husband in the Confederate Army during the American Civil War; the second part recounts what little the archives reveal of the years between the end of the war and the woman's remarriage, to the West Indian man, four years later. The third part spins two possible scenarios for the initial meeting between the white widow and the man of color; the last recounts the author's visit to a house in Vermont where the woman lived in the 1860s, prompting an imaginative leap to fill in the archival gap.

Keywords: Race; Romantic Love; Civil War; Letters; Speculation; Historical Imagination

I. Suicidal

Soon after Union victory in April 1865, the news arrived, and it was bad. Robert E. Lee had already surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant, and John Wilkes Booth had just assassinated President Lincoln, when Margaret Russell posted a letter from New Hampshire. 'It is with a sad heart that I write you this eve', she informed her sister-in-law Eunice Stone in Massachusetts. 'I hope you will pardon me for opening your letter, it came last eve. I felt that I could not let it be. I did not think of death at first but I soon found out that it told me what we have feared would be.'¹

Eunice Richardson and William Stone had married in their native New England in 1849. Eunice toiled in the mills, William learned the carpenter's trade, and both pictured a steady climb upward. Within a decade, though, their visions of a comfortable life collided with the persistent reality of economic depression, and the Stones headed for the thriving Deep South city of Mobile, Alabama, their hopes tentatively renewed. In Mobile, a white man's wealth depended on cotton and slaves, but William remained

stranded outside the arena of plantations and ports, and Eunice found little interruption from hard times.²

Maybe William enlisted in the Confederate Guards of the 24th Alabama infantry in order to provide a reliable income for his wife and son, or maybe—as the family up in New England wanted to believe—he was forced into the enemy army against his will. Whichever version was true, the outbreak of Civil War recast the city of Mobile into *a foreign land and a hostile nation*, as far as Eunice was concerned. Those were the words she used in the last piece of communication to reach her kin before Confederate authorities consigned most northern mail to the dead-letter office. Eunice remained a staunch supporter of the Union, and soon thereafter she and her young son boarded a train back north. She was seven months pregnant.³

Perhaps Eunice made the unusual decision to return to New England without her husband because she knew it would be impossible to care for two children without the help of extended family, or maybe she was determined that her second child not be born in the South. For the next four years, Eunice cleaned other people's houses and took in their washing, but servants' wages did not go far; she also imposed upon relatives, patched and re-patched the same dress, fed her son and daughter wild blackberries and dandelions, and accepted firewood from the ladies of the Universalist Samaritan Society.

Eunice Stone never set down exactly how she felt about her husband fighting for the Confederacy in the Civil War. As for the possibility of coerced enlistment and imminent desertion across Yankee lines, she admitted *many misgivings* about such a script. *If it should ever be your lot to meet with him*, she wrote to her two brothers in the Union Army, *try and correct his false views if he has any*. Like other soldiers' wives, Eunice tempered her reveries of reunion with preparations for widowhood. *I do not much expect to see William again since that terrible battle*, she conceded after the bloody northern victory at Shiloh. *I do try to see a silver lining in every dark cloud of adversity*, she wrote another time, *but when I look on my little ones and think of the uncertainty of their fathers return there is such a swelling up, such a grief in my heart that I almost sink at times*.⁴

One day in January 1863, Eunice referred to herself as a widow. The remark was intended to be lighthearted: her boy Clarence had collected seventeen cents running errands, Eunice reported, then added, *He is a rich widows son*. What she did not know then was that the vision she constantly pushed away would shortly come true. The eight cards filed under 'Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers', in the Alabama Department of Archives and History in Montgomery, indicate that William

Stone died in an Atlanta hospital on 11 February 1863. Whoever filled in the forms did not know where he was born, the cause of his death, or how to reach his family. *Well tomorrow is Williams birthday*, Eunice wrote a few weeks after that. *O if we could only know if he be living or dead.*⁵

Then, in the spring of 1865, came the letter, probably composed while William was dying, for Eunice's sister-in-law Margaret Russell thought there was 'great reason to be thankfull that we could hear from him' and would 'allways remember the last good by'. Whatever William's enclosed farewell note may have explained, it was not preserved with the family papers; probably Eunice kept it for herself.⁶

After that, Eunice's fragile world shattered. One of her brothers had already died fighting for the Union, and now her husband was dead, too, and on the enemy side at that. 'She has ben verry sick', her mother imparted, and was rapidly becoming 'verry much worse', for Eunice was unable even to sit up. The exact diagnosis is difficult to determine, since the doctors pronounced her clear of any specific disease, but the news had clearly provoked some incarnation of a breakdown. Eunice was weak and delirious—'said she felt as tho she had ben living in Mobile', her mother added, that place where William had donned the Confederate grey and where, in Eunice's feverish imagination, all her troubles began. Eunice had conveyed a recurrent melancholy in her wartime letters (*I dont seem to be worth anything*, she had written; she had *the blues*, felt *played out*, and kept on *giving way to despair*); now her sister Ann felt that William's death would be 'more than she can bear'.⁷

As a devout Universalist, perhaps Eunice knew the poem from the church magazine, *Rose of Sharon*, that went like this: 'I long to close my tearful eyes,/Recline my weary, aching head/Upon the couch where all is peace,/And rest among the early dead'. When she was able to sit up and write again, she put it this way: *I believe there comes a time with almost everyone when it would be sweet to die*. Once she had nurtured a kernel of optimism, but now, Eunice wrote to her beloved and only remaining brother, Henry, *my star of hope has set, gone down in darkness and despair and left a dark empty void. Where peace and joy should have a home, is nothing, nothing, nothing.*⁸

II. A Handful of Letters

Four years later, Eunice married a man of color, a well-to-do sea captain from the British West Indies. The wedding took place in Dracut, Massachusetts, near the mill city of Lowell, in the autumn of 1869. One week later, the couple, along with Eunice's two children, sailed to the

groom's home on Grand Cayman Island, where they were to live for the rest of their lives.⁹

Between the news of William Stone's death and Eunice's departure for the Caribbean, there survive only a handful of her letters. Three were composed from Vermont in the winter of 1866, where the widowed Eunice, still weak and unwell, had retreated to live with her late husband's relations. 'I do hope the poor child will get better soon', wrote another sister-in-law, Melissa Rankin, from the hamlet of Morristown that February. 'We will try and get her cured up.' The Rankins were good to her, Eunice insisted. She had *a fire every night and morning*, Moses Rankin brought her oysters, fruit and whiskey, *and seems, she marveled, to want to do all he can for me*. A rise in Eunice's spirits surfaced in little morsels of humor, as when she joked about the elderly neighbor who boiled her tea from outdoor slush (*Melissa and I think we shall not take tea with her untill the snow drift is gone*). In these months, Eunice also renewed an interest in national affairs. *What do you think of proceedings in Washington?* she queried her mother, as the radical Republicans unveiled plans for black equality. Still, sadness and anxiety remained steady companions in Morristown, *a little out of the way place* in between the capital of Montpelier and the Canadian border. Daughter Clara, now four years old, was with her, but son Clarence was boarding with an aunt and uncle in New Hampshire, and the separation intensified the loneliness. *Tomorrow is Williams birthday*, Eunice wrote in March. Another time, she promised to pay her mother back for anything she could contribute, *but can not send any more now for the same reason that Jack could eat no supper*. Eunice was on the mend, but still too sick to work.¹⁰

Eunice's last letter from Vermont was written in December of 1866, this one from the nearby town of Cabot. Now she was staying with yet another relation, cleaning and washing for neighbors again. *You think I was feeling blue when I wrote you last!* she exclaimed to her sister Ann, cautioning that *I have so many things I want to say to you, I can not say them all so will not try*, then adding, near letter's end, *I have heard nothing from any of the Friends yet*. After that, there are no more surviving communications from Eunice for three years, until she composed a good-bye letter in late 1869, on board the vessel that would take her to the West Indies.¹¹

III. Two Scenarios

The greatest mystery of Eunice's story lies in her transformation from suicidal widow to contented bride. I found the 1869 marriage registration of Eunice Stone and William Smiley Connolly among the vital records for the town of Dracut in the Massachusetts State Archives in Boston, but

(at least so far) I have found not a shred of evidence in any document—not a census listing, a church membership roll, a maritime record of arriving ships—that so much as hints at the circumstances of the couple's meeting. *From the time I first began to be acquainted with him*, Eunice later recalled from Grand Cayman, *I had respect for him, and that grew into love which his gentle affection has increased till I am most devotedly attached to him*. Yet where and how Eunice *first began to be acquainted with* the sea captain never received any elaboration. Where had she encountered this man of color? How did she come to know him? What stirred her to fall in love with him? I could turn only to the extant letters themselves, reading and re-reading, begging them to confess what they knew.¹²

Voices in the archives fall mute for different reasons. In the most innocent interpretation, Eunice stopped writing letters after December 1866 because she moved back from Vermont to Massachusetts, in close enough proximity to visit her mother and siblings with some frequency. In a less innocent interpretation, though, the letters that do exist point to missing correspondence (*You think I was feeling blue when I wrote you last!*). Another question vexed me, too: how, when decades of family correspondence had been so carefully preserved, could nearly three full years' worth of letters have vanished? Maybe the envelopes from 1867, 1868 and most of 1869 had met the mundane fate of deterioration beneath a leaking attic roof, or maybe they were simply discarded by an uninterested descendant during a vigorous New England spring cleaning. But what if all those pages had been purposefully thrown out, say in the 1890s or 1950s, the facts and emotions therein deemed best forgotten by a family member disgusted by (or even fearful of) documents that described an ancestor's courtship across the color line?

In my historical imaginings of the initial encounter between Eunice Stone and William Smiley Connolly, two prospects emerged. In the first, Eunice met Smiley (as he was called) sometime after she returned to Massachusetts, from her sojourn in Vermont. Her mother's home in Dracut stood across the bridge from the city of Lowell, and although Lowell lay inland, Caymanian seamen were known to sail for nearby Boston in the nineteenth century. Eunice may have found her way to Boston, perhaps to work as a servant, but since captains often kept their schooners in port for weeks at a time, loading and unloading goods, it is more probable that Smiley traveled north to Lowell. Perhaps he wished to purchase cloth directly from the mills there, or maybe he just wanted to see that model industrial city for himself. In this scenario, Eunice and Smiley could well have met at the Pawtucket Congregational Church, just across the Dracut bridge. True, Eunice embraced the Universalist faith, but her family's roots

were Congregationalist. True, too, the Connollys of Grand Cayman were devout Presbyterians, but Smiley might have stopped into the Pawtucket church since a few prominent families of color worshiped alongside the white congregants. Indeed, the minister whose name appears on the couple's marriage license served as an interim pastor there in the 1860s. That is what the church official told me when I telephoned; when I described my research, she readily agreed to the plausibility of Eunice and Smiley's meeting there, emphasizing the church's integrated congregation in the nineteenth century. That is as far as the facts took me with the first imagined scenario.¹³

In my second scenario, Eunice and Smiley had met while Eunice was still the wife of William Stone, and Smiley himself a married man back in the West Indies. This was a more daring plot line, and yet the evidence could be made to cooperate. For one thing, the city of Mobile served as a frequent port-of-call for Caymanian ships—more frequent, certainly, than Boston. There was a house of worship in Mobile, too, that emerged as a credible venue of intersection. Smiley's complexion (he was of mixed African and European ancestry) was probably light enough to permit him entry into the downtown Government Street Presbyterian Church—his own faith; as well, the pastor in those years was a northern man, which could have prompted Eunice to find a sanctuary there, most especially as North–South tensions mounted in Mobile during the months before the Civil War broke out. (Whether Eunice believed Smiley to be a white man when she first encountered him remains unknown, but as she wrote later, speaking of a sister's happy marriage, *I would not change Husbands with her, if hers has got a white skin. I know mine has not.*) The parameters of the couple's camaraderie in Mobile would no doubt have been constrained, though not constrained enough to foreclose remaining in touch after Smiley had completed his business dealings and left the gulf port city. Next I envisioned Eunice writing to inform Smiley of her husband's death in the war, perhaps in response to the sea captain's ongoing inquiries into her well-being. After that, Smiley's correspondence would have openly, if gently, courted his now-widowed friend—his own marriage had broken up by then, or would soon enough.¹⁴

Here is where I coaxed Eunice's letters to divulge a bit more to me, re-reading each word for disguised intimations or obscured glimmers of information. If Eunice had met Smiley Connolly in Alabama in the early 1860s, and if Smiley had proposed to Eunice following her husband's death in the Civil War, then Eunice's journey to Vermont in the winter of 1866 made much more sense: why, after all, I had puzzled, would Eunice have left her mother's home in Massachusetts, while still convalescing, to make

the arduous journey through February snow and ice by stagecoach? As it turned out, the rituals of Victorian courtship commonly involved a drama in which the woman tested her future husband's devotion, and the retreat to Vermont could well have been Eunice's fulfillment of this social convention. *When I was trying to see if I could bear to tear myself from him:* Eunice later wrote those words from the West Indies, albeit without any amplification of when or where she had met Smiley, or the contours of the lonely trial to which she had subjected both of them.¹⁵

Had Eunice, then, fled to Vermont in the middle of winter, and while still in poor health, in order to isolate herself from her immediate family in the face of such a troubling marriage proposal, in order to decide whether or not to forsake the man she loved, and ultimately in order to measure Smiley's response to her potential abandonment of their romance? There was more, too. Now I saw that Smiley could be implicated in the reference that sister Ann thought Eunice was *feeling blue* when she last wrote, or in the assertion that *I have so many things I want to say to you, I can not say them all so will not try*, or even in the comment that *I have heard nothing from any of the Friends yet*—that capitalized and underlined word standing as code for the suitor from whom Eunice awaited word.

After that, I combed through earlier letters for discrete hints of the couple's acquaintanceship. *Miss Clara is the same madcap as ever*, Eunice wrote of her young daughter in 1864, invoking the common Caymanian manner of address (she was 'Miss Eunice', her husband 'Mr Smiley'). Had Eunice just received a letter from the sea captain, asking after the children, then unwittingly echoed that West Indian turn of phrase in a letter to her mother? And another spare hint: *Well Henry*, Eunice wrote to her brother in 1865, adding a few words in the space left over on a letter from their mother, *Mother ran ashore or aground, I dont know which, before she filled her sheet*. Did that attempted metaphor foretell thoughts of the gentleman mariner? And still more, for now yet earlier letters yielded the possibility that what had come to pass back in Mobile had been a real tryst, and that Clara was actually Smiley's child. *She has a very white fair skin*, Eunice wrote of her newborn daughter in 1862, perhaps in relief, or maybe just to preclude any suggestion of scandal. Maybe Eunice had rushed back North, in the midst of war and while perilously close to childbirth, in order to avoid having to face her husband William when the baby came. Then, from the West Indies years later, Eunice wrote, in reference to Smiley, that *Clara loves her Father much and thinks there never was another like him*.¹⁶

If Eunice had tried to tear herself away from her beau during that Vermont winter of 1866, she discovered instead that he was, as she later

recounted, *firm in his attachment and faithful in his love for me*. Smiley Connolly had passed the test of steadfastness, sending reassuring or pleading letters to Eunice's Dracut address (to be forwarded by her mother), accompanied by a few well-chosen gifts to woo the heart of a woman struggling to support herself and two children (sheets of fine writing paper, I imagined, or woolen shawls to keep the children warm). Mail took a long time to traverse the distance between the Cayman Islands and New England, with every possibility of becoming lost, thus extending the courtship across time as well as geography; then, after Eunice reached her decision, and only when the schedule of an industrious sea captain permitted, Smiley would have arranged a trading voyage to New England. In 1869, the *Lowell Daily Courier*, along with other local papers, carried the notice in their marriage columns: 'In Dracut, Nov. 3, By Rev. Moses Patten, Mr. Wm. S. Conally of Grand Cayman, West Indies, and Mrs. Eunice L. Stone of Lowell.' This completed the story that filled the empty archival plane between Eunice's 1866 Vermont letters and the 1869 Massachusetts marriage registration.¹⁷

Even as neighbors gossiped viciously, Eunice's mother and sisters accepted her most shocking choice of husbands with considerable equanimity. ('I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter', Smiley wrote to Eunice's mother, revealing a degree of affability between the two. 'I have the kindest regard for your husband', sister Ann wrote later, 'hope he will think of me as a sister for as such I esteem him'.) Eunice's brother Henry, on the other hand—with whom Eunice had shared her suicidal considerations, and who had returned from the Civil War a Union hero—never spoke to her again (*I wanted to tell Brother Henry how much I had always loved him and how his treatment had pained me*, Eunice wrote just before sailing away). Like the majority of white northern soldiers, Henry had not gone to war to fight for the right of black men to marry white women, and that most certainly was not what he envisioned coming home to. Nor did Henry ever write to Eunice in the West Indies (*For Brother Henry and Wife I do not know what to say, for whenever I have heard from home I have never heard from them*, she mourned in 1875).¹⁸

I realized then that if anyone had deliberately consigned those three years' worth of missing letters to the trash heap or the fireplace, it was Henry. He was also, it turned out, the one relative who had reason to be deeply concerned about the family's local reputation, as he moved up the ladder from wage-earning youth to company executive in the Lowell mills, at the precise historical moment that witnessed the triumph of Jim Crow segregation and white violence in post-Reconstruction America. It was

Henry, moreover, who eventually became steward of the family papers, wielding the authority to shape the collection as he saw fit. This I knew because I had located a descendant, Henry's great-granddaughter, who had inherited the papers; she had not read through them before she sold them off, and she had never once heard mention of Eunice ('I had no idea I had black relatives!' she marveled when I visited her in Massachusetts). Fortunately, Henry did not thoroughly suppress Smiley's existence in the family archives. Either he lost interest in the purge or was stopped by someone else; or maybe he reconsidered when he realized that to erase Smiley Connolly would entail the destruction of the last letters Eunice had ever written.¹⁹

IV. Conjuring

In Morristown in mid-July, I proceeded to the Noyes House Museum where I met Bill Lizotte, ninth-generation Vermonter and president of the Morristown Historical Society. He led me on a generous tour, including the Universalist Church (since converted into a senior center) where Eunice worshiped in 1866. When I unfolded a copy of a nineteenth-century map with the names of residents printed next to each house, Bill showed me the way to where Melissa and Moses Rankin had lived. We found the home where Eunice had taken refuge after the Civil War, gazed from across the road, then located Moses Rankin's gravestone in a nearby cemetery.

But I wanted to know more, for I had stood too close to the place where Eunice had written the letters that might have been expunged from the historical record by an angry brother. By the time I traveled to Vermont that summer, I had re-traced Eunice's journeys from New England to Alabama to the West Indies. I had chatted with a neighbor near the house where Eunice and William Stone had lived in Mobile (since divided into apartments, then rebuilt after a car crashed into it). I had stood outside the home where Eunice had convalesced in Dracut (though I had not had the nerve or the time to knock on the door that day). I had also accompanied Smiley's great-granddaughter, from his first marriage, to the now-empty expanse of sand where Eunice and Smiley Connolly probably lived on Grand Cayman Island. That last venture constituted the closest I had come to conjuring Eunice's ghostly presence; Connolly descendants in Cayman recalled for me the 'big house' with its 'big veranda' that stood by the water before it was destroyed in a twentieth-century hurricane.²⁰

The next day, I drove back up to Morristown from my Montpelier bed-and-breakfast, this time stopping first at the corner store, housed in the

building that once served as the post office where Eunice mailed her letters that dismal Vermont winter, and where she also possibly picked up envelopes that contained earnest entreaties from the loyal sea captain. The young woman behind the counter listened to the story of my research before enthusiastically encouraging me to knock on the door of the former Rankin home, down the road.

There was no answer at the front, so I walked around to the side. Midday on a Saturday, a car in the driveway, laundry on the clothesline: someone should have been inside. Apprehensive, not wishing to disturb or intrude, I willed myself to knock more loudly, even opened the unlocked door to the side porch and rapped on the inside door. Finally, a woman emerged. Uncharacteristically, I had not prepared any words, and so came out with, 'I'm writing a book about someone who lived in this house in 1866'. The woman offered me a seat at her kitchen table while she retrieved the files from her late husband's search through the property deeds, and in his notes we found the name Rankin. I told Eunice's story before the woman led me through her home. The interior had been greatly altered in the intervening 137 years, she explained—the center hallway, stairwell and chimney moved; small rooms on the first floor opened up—but the woman also pointed out original beams and walls that had known Eunice's presence. She rummaged through a drawer to find snapshots of the house in winter-time (how it looked when Eunice lived there) and gave them to me. The unbroken quilt of snow in the photographs lent a timeless quality to the surroundings, making it easier to envision Eunice's presence at the front door.

What could the inside of this house tell me about how Eunice had met the sea captain? Nothing specific, of course, except that it nourished a historian's imagination. In Vermont that day, I came a little closer than I had in Alabama or Massachusetts or Grand Cayman, as I walked within the walls where Eunice had rested by a fire, warmed her insides with whiskey, thought about the politics of Reconstruction, and grieved for her Confederate husband. In those painful months, it seemed, she had also pondered a marriage proposal from Smiley Connolly, the man she had begun to admire while still the wife of a Confederate soldier—perhaps more than admire, I reminded myself. Eunice's immediate postwar thoughts of Smiley, then, had impelled a degree of remorse that transmuted a widow's anguish into suicidal ponderings. On Sundays up in Vermont, Eunice had walked through the snow or ridden a sleigh two miles to the Universalist Church, to face the *darkness and despair*, the *dark empty void*, in the presence of the benevolent God of Universalism, a faith that foretold a joyful ending to one's sojourn on earth.

After that, I believed that Eunice and Smiley had met in the Deep South before the Civil War, then rekindled their delicate romance when the war ended. When Eunice fled far north in despair, Smiley composed persuasive letters to her—their content is not hard to conjecture, for he later wrote to Eunice's mother that his wife looked 'more beautiful to me every day', and described her as 'my dear Eunice which is dear to me as my own life'. In that house in Morristown, Eunice agonized over accepting the sea captain's hand in marriage. Then, for the next three years, Smiley took his schooners to Jamaica and Honduras, the Gulf South and maybe New York, but always he sent letters to New England. In those years, too, Eunice recorded her romantic dilemma in letters to her mother and sisters, and it was those pages that her brother Henry destroyed. Eventually, Smiley came to New England for Eunice, and in November 1869, with the minister of the forward-thinking Pawtucket Congregational Church willing to officiate, the couple went forward with the wedding. A week later, along with Eunice's son and daughter, they sailed for the West Indies.²¹

For me, this version of Eunice's story made the most sense of the meager archival evidence. Certainly, it satisfied the historical specifics of the couple's intersection in a port city frequently visited by Caymanian sea captains. It made sense of Eunice's excursion to Vermont, and it lent potent meaning to otherwise pedestrian sentences in the letters—like Eunice's invoking the metaphor of a shipwreck when her mother ran out of things to say. But this scenario also appealed to me for reasons that had less to do with the evidence. The earlier, Mobile meeting introduced a satisfying current of tension into Eunice's life: that when her husband joined the Confederate Army, she had an amorous interest in a man of color; that even as she mourned her husband's death, a gentleman caller waited in the wings. This scenario also took Eunice out of the more ordinary realm of a war widow looking to remarry, and placed her in a state of intense conflict, in which discontent with her husband's politics led to infidelity, at least in her heart. This version made Eunice a more complicated historical actor, harder to understand and therefore more realistic. Had I found the more conventional, postwar version of the couple's meeting satisfactory, I probably would not have bothered to research nineteenth-century courtship rituals, nor would I have searched Eunice's letters for oblique references. But once I did, I found that the story buried within the letters offered a more sound—and for me, a more compelling—interpretation, both of the evidence and of Eunice's life.

Of course Eunice packed up Smiley's love letters when she departed for the tropics in 1869. There, the precious pages quickly became brittle

under the Caribbean sun, then likely met the same unexpected fate as Eunice herself. In the autumn of 1877, Eunice, Smiley and the children embarked on a turtle-fishing voyage to the Mosquito Cays off the coast of Nicaragua. West Indian travelers often brought their valuables—money, letters—with them, in an effort to guard against loss in the advent of a hurricane at home. Instead, the family met the September storm at sea. Back in Cayman, islanders noticed the extreme tides and swells and surmised what had come to pass for the fleet of turtle-fishers: 66 lives were lost, reported the Presbyterian church newsletter, including 55 Grand Caymanians and ‘the wife of one of the captains’. Eunice was 45 years old when the ocean deep closed around her, her beloved family, and Smiley’s love letters, in the Caribbean Sea.²²

Acknowledgments

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Notes

- [1] Margaret Russell to Eunice Stone, Claremont, NH, 19 April 1865, Lois Wright Richardson Davis Papers, Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collections Library, Duke University, Durham, NC. All cited letters are from this source; I have added minimal punctuation for readability.
- [2] Marriage registration of William C Stone and Eunice L Richardson, Manchester, NH, 21 October 1849, New Hampshire Bureau of Vital Records, Concord, NH. The story can be traced in the 500 or so letters in the Davis Papers (see note 1); the full story will be told in a forthcoming book to be published by W.W. Norton.
- [3] Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Mobile, AL, 7 May 1861.
- [4] Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 9 February 1862. Eunice Stone to Charles Henry Richardson and Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 7 December 1862. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 27 April 1862. Eunice Stone to Ann and David McCoy, Claremont, NH, 13 March 1862.
- [5] Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, January 1863[?], fragment. William C Stone, Company I, 24th Alabama Infantry, Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers, Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, AL. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 8 March 1863.
- [6] Margaret Russell to Eunice Stone, Claremont, NH, 19 April 1865.
- [7] Lois Davis to Margaret Russell, Dracut, MA, 3 May 1865. Lois Davis to Charles Henry Richardson, Dracut, MA, 15 May 1865. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 26 May 1864. Clarence Stone and Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 29 May 1864. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 1 June 1864. Ann McCoy to Lois Davis, early May 1865 (?).

- [8] Edgarton (1840): 225. Eunice Stone to Charles Henry Richardson, Dracut, MA, 23 July 1865.
- [9] Marriage registration of William S Connolly and Eunice L Stone, Dracut, MA, 3 November 1869, Massachusetts Vital Records, vol. 218, p. 166, Massachusetts States Archives, Boston, MA.
- [10] Melissa Rankin to Lois Davis, Morristown, VT, 25 February 1866. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis and Charles Henry Richardson, Morristown, VT, 8 March 1866. Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Morristown, VT, 11 April 1866.
- [11] Eunice Stone to Ann McCoy, Cabot, VT, 24 December 1866.
- [12] Marriage registration of William S Connolly and Eunice L Stone, Dracut, MA, 3 November 1869, Massachusetts Vital Records, vol. 218, p. 166, Massachusetts States Archives, Boston, MA. Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 7 March 1870.
- [13] Conversation with William Warren Conolly, East End, Grand Cayman, 22 July 1998; some descendants spell the name with one *n*. Mayo (1993). Varnum (1888, pp. 79, 116). Telephone conversation with Joyce Frazee, Pawtucket Congregational Church, Lowell, MA, 11 May 2000.
- [14] Conversation with William Warren Conolly, East End, Grand Cayman, 22 July 1998. 'Presbyterian Churches' (n.d.). Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 7 March 1870.
- [15] Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 7 March 1870. Lystra (1989, pp. 157–191).
- [16] Eunice Stone to Lois Davis, Claremont, NH, 18 August 1864. Lois Davis to Charles Henry Richardson, Dracut, MA, 3 August 1865, Eunice Stone appended. Eunice Stone to Charles Henry and Luther L. Richardson, Claremont, NH, 7 December 1862. Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, 7 March 1870, East End, Grand Cayman. Eunice also referred to Smiley as Clarence's father, perhaps as a means to cover over the true meaning of those words, in regard to Clara.
- [17] Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 7 March 1870. *Lowell Daily Courier*, 6 November 1869.
- [18] William Smiley Connolly to Lois Davis, Boston, MA, 6 October 1869. Ann McCoy to Eunice Connolly, Dracut, MA, 16 February 1870. William Smiley Connolly to Lois Davis, Provincetown, MA, 13 November 1869, Eunice Connolly appended. Eunice Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 29 March 1875. On Union soldiers' attitudes, see McPherson (1997, pp. 117–130).
- [19] Telephone conversation with Jane Allerton Cushman, Brewster, MA, 26 March 2001.
- [20] Conversations with Theoline (Conolly) McCoy, Bodden Town, Grand Cayman, 13 July 1999; also Cleopatra Conolly and Lou (Connolly) Coleman, East End, Grand Cayman, 27 August 2000.
- [21] William Smiley Connolly to Lois Davis, Provincetown, MA, 13 November 1869. William Smiley Connolly to Lois Davis, East End, Grand Cayman, 1870?
- [22] Smith (1 February 1878, p. 33).

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