

# All in the Family: The Pinchots of Milford

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“Little that happened in [Gifford] Pinchot’s childhood gave a hint of the calling he would follow,” M. Nelson McGeary asserted in the prologue to his biography of the dynamic Progressive reformer. “Certainly the climate of his early upbringing encouraged acceptance of things as they were.”<sup>1</sup>

Strictly speaking, McGeary’s assertion is true enough. Nowhere in James and Mary Eno Pinchot’s voluminous correspondence is there even a hint that they expected their first born to make the mark he did on the United States in the early 20th-century: to become one of the central architects of the conservation movement while serving as first chief of the Forest Service; to help manage Theodore Roosevelt’s Bull Moose campaign; or serve so successfully as a two-time governor of Pennsylvania. For a biographer to have evidence of such aspirations would have been astonishing—even in parents as ambitious for their children as were the Pinchots. Such a lack of documentary evidence thus turns McGeary’s claim into one of those tropes that biographers occasionally employ to gloss over what seems unexplainable.

Nonetheless, if it appears odd that Pinchot, who was raised in lavish surroundings should have matured into someone who apparently was delighted to enter the political arena and there to challenge “things as they were,” perhaps the problem lies in the biographer’s perspective. For the Pinchots were not at all surprised at the thrust and trajectory of their son’s career in politics. After all, they helped mold Gifford into the man he would become, and did so with the hope he would act much as had his paternal forbears, none of whom shied away from political engagement. The family’s past was prologue.<sup>2</sup>

## Father Knew Best

Becoming Gifford Pinchot had much to do with James Pinchot and with *his* mediation of his family’s history, whose roots drew upon a complex of French and American cultural legacies. This blending began in 1816 when the Pinchot family came to America.

They would cross the Atlantic because Napoleon Bonaparte took to the seas, breaking out of his exile on Elba in late February, 1815, sailing north on the Mediterranean towards the southern coast of France. The Pinchots were happy, it turns out, about both sets of voyages. Within 20 days of Napoleon’s landing in France, in what is known as the “flight of the eagle,” the self-proclaimed “Man of Destiny,” swept into Paris to loud acclaim. Fearing the outbreak of civil war and worried for his own safety, Louis XVIII had already fled to Belgium, opening the way for Napoleon to proclaim a new constitution and begin his second reign. The eagle had landed.<sup>3</sup>

Among those who were overjoyed was Gifford's grandfather, Cyrille Constantine Desire Pinchot, then only 16, who lived in Breteuil, a small, prosperous community hugging the banks of the Noye River, approximately sixty miles north of Paris. Although this youth "warmly espoused" the Bonapartist cause, the European powers of the Congress of Vienna did not, and, labeling Napoleon "an enemy and disturber of the peace of the world," they gathered their armed forces to confront the renewed Napoleonic challenge. Unable to convince his enemies of his pacific designs, in June Napoleon launched an offensive into Belgium to challenge those arrayed against him. Young Pinchot hoped to come to his Emperor's aid. One family legend indicates that his hopes went unfulfilled because he was under enlistment age. Another links his dashed hopes to bad timing: his father, Constantine, a merchant and political figure in Breteuil, raised a detachment of troops, placed Cyrille at its head, and then sent them off to battle, but they failed to reach the French army before its disastrous defeat at Waterloo.

Either way, the Pinchots' political allegiance proved costly; with the return of Louis XVIII to the French throne, and Napoleon's subsequent exile to St. Helena, they apparently fell victim to the "White Terror," a short-lived period of persecutions that marked the Bourbon Restoration. A cousin, said to have been an "uncompromising Bourbon adherent," denounced Cyrille to the royal authorities, a denunciation and its implied threat that the family took seriously: Constantine, his wife Maria, and son Cyrille fled to England, and then on to United States, hoping that the New World would be a safe haven. This was not the last time that a Pinchot would pay the price for deeply-held political beliefs.<sup>4</sup>

The Pinchots were not the first war-weary European immigrants to enter the United States in the early nineteenth-century. But unlike others who took shelter here, this new set of French migrants came well-heeled, and were able thereby to cushion the shocks of the trans-Atlantic migration. Constantine apparently had sold his mercantile concern in Breteuil, but also brought a considerable stock of goods with him, material that enabled him to reestablish himself in New York City. Three years later, he sold his business; with the profits purchased 400 acres of prime farmland outside Milford, Pennsylvania, and a town lot on which he erected a store and a house. Located in the north-eastern corner of the state, lying at the head of the Delaware River Water Gap, the Milford region was home to an increasing number of other French émigré families, no doubt one reason why the Pinchots moved there in 1819. But they had no intention of simply replicating French provincial life: they were eager to exploit this rich land, and in the process refashion themselves as sturdy republicans, as new Americans.<sup>5</sup>

Exploit it they did. Not for them the prescriptions for the harmonic tranquility and meditative agrarian life that another Frenchman, Guillaume-Michel

Courtesy of Grey Towers Collection, USDA Forest Service, Milford, PA



*Cyrille C. D. Pinchot with Edgar Pinchot's daughter Lucy, c. 1865.*

Saint-Jean de Crevecoeur, had proclaimed from his farm, Pine Hill, in nearby Chester, New York in the late-eighteenth century. His vision of a pastoral landscape peopled with industrious farmers whose “simple cultivation of the soil purifies them,” played better in the salons of Paris than in the rutted, dirt streets of early-nineteenth century Milford. The Pinchots were anything but simple, yeoman farmers; they took advantage of the economic interaction between the community’s dusty commercial byways and the bountiful har-

vests that their tenants reaped from the farmlands on which the Pinchots would never live. Profits, not purity, guided their actions and defined their ambition.<sup>6</sup>

They made the earth pay, too. Constantine and Cyrille embarked on a series of entrepreneurial projects that over time brought them considerable wealth and standing. The family's store was the key: it could not have been sited more effectively, standing as it did at the crossroads of Milford, which itself was a hub, at once political and economic. This county seat was also a linchpin in the overland and riverine transportation of goods and services between the agricultural frontiers of western New Jersey, northeastern Pennsylvania and central New York State and the seaports of New York City and Philadelphia. The store's counters, then, served as points of interchange, mixing a variety of local and regional produce with finished goods from the cities and raw material from distant settlements.

One local eminence would later cast a baleful eye on the dubious moral character of this bustling economic activity: "When my father moved [to Milford] in 1821 or 1822," William Bross wrote, "there were certainly not as many righteous men in the town as there were in Sodom. The stores were all open on the Sabbath, and the streets were full of teams loaded with lumber from the back districts, or those from New Jersey exchanging their produce for lumber. In fact, Sunday was the great market and gala day of the week." The material benefits of this lucrative, if less than prim, trade enabled the Pinchots to purchase more arable land and hire more tenant farmers to work it. By the time of Constantine's death in 1826, a decade after his family's flight from France, the Pinchots were among the largest landholders in Pike County. Waterloo had been a blessing in disguise.<sup>7</sup>

Cyrille seemed particularly blessed, at least in ways material. In concert with his mother, he successfully built upon his father's mercantile endeavors: Marie Pinchot ran the family store, freeing her son to plunge into the grand sport of the nineteenth-century economy—land speculation. Although his business records are spotty, those that remain reveal his skill at expanding his land holdings throughout northeastern Pennsylvania and New York State, and later in Michigan and Wisconsin. At times he served as a middleman, especially between French speculators and American landed interests, although he usually invested his own monies.

Pinchot was particularly interested in forested lands. To maximize profits, he, like other lumber investors of his day, clear cut the woods, set up temporary sawmills to process the lumber, secured the logs and boards together into rafts, and then, during the spring, would ship these down rain-swollen rivers to market in the ports of New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. This was a complex and tricky passage, and the markets were unstable, one year to the next, as Pinchot's partner, John Wallace, advised him in 1834. That spring

Courtesy of Pike County Historical Society.

*Map of Milford,  
Pennsylvania.*



Wallace had ridden the rafts down the Delaware, stopping to sell them in New Hope, Trenton, and other points. Unlike previous years when buyers had flocked to the river banks to inspect the wood, this year, a year of tight credit, they stayed away, and Wallace found he was “running after them much.”

By the time Wallace had landed in Philadelphia, the credit crunch had discouraged most buyers: “I hope Old Uncle Nick Biddle [head of national bank...] will open his heart and help the friends of the Bank (that buy lumber) to money, for I am tired of this place and would like to be dismissed from this market to enjoy the peace of home once more.” Three years later, however, during the Panic of 1837, when that peace should have been more elusive still, Pinchot hit it big, receiving an order for 100,000 board feet of hemlock joists. Regardless of the size of the monetary returns, however, each year Cyrille Pinchot reinvested his capital in another set of timber stands, and the cycle would be repeated.<sup>8</sup>

The environmental consequences of this cycle, so emblematic of the preindustrial pattern of lumber development, were considerable. Unregulated by anything other than market demand, lumber entrepreneurs cut a swath through the American wilderness, leaving behind denuded hills, eroded terrain, and silted rivers. The scars in the landscape only deepened between the 1830s and 1860s when, to feed the insatiable appetite for wood sparked by the so-called transportation revolution, which included an expanding network of turnpikes, canals, and railroads, Pinchot and others employed more technologically-advanced and efficient means to cut, mill, and transport the trees of America. The machine in the garden was a powerfully destructive force, one that later generations of Pinchots would work assiduously to control.<sup>9</sup>

For Cyrille Pinchot, however, the machine was a constructive engine that enabled him to harness nature’s energies both to enhance his material world and to contribute to the growth of the republic. By the 1850s, for instance, he had solidified the Pinchots’ stature in Milford. Cyrille was the largest taxpayer in the community and the township’s tax collector. He inhabited a stately, “beautifully-crafted Greek-revival home” across the street from which stood the family store, said to be the community’s most prosperous. He plunked down a reported \$30,000 to buy a horse farm, one of his passions, and his political connections paid off in that he was selected to represent the United States in settling Indian claims to western lands. In him private good and public service were conjoined.<sup>10</sup>

Cyrille Pinchot’s awareness of this interplay between the environment, economic activity, and political advantage—and the lessons to be drawn from it—emerged fully in the curious incident of the Milford railroad bridge. At stake in its construction was the community’s continued prosperity, at least as defined by Milford’s role as a regional trans-shipment point for goods heading to urban markets lying to the east and south. Until the late 1840s, the Dela-

Courtesy of Pike County Historical Society.



*Pinchot's Block, featuring the Stone Building and Family Store. (The Stone building was designed by Calvert Vaux, for James W. Pinchot, in 1863. The ground floor served as the village post office; the second floor as an artist studio and residence. Thanks to Betsy Fahlman, at Arizona State University for pointing out Vaux's design.)*

ware River and its watershed had sustained the region's transportation needs and economic growth, a pattern that Pinchot and others had reinforced through their investments in land transportation, specifically in stage lines and turnpike construction. One of these roads, the Milford and Owego Turnpike, of which Cyrille Pinchot was a manager, had established a reciprocal flow of goods and services between Milford and other, more interior communities, including those in the New York Finger Lakes and the emerging coal producing regions of Pennsylvania's northern tier.

This productive marketing of Milford was threatened, however, when, in the late 1840s, a new, more efficient and ultimately cheaper form of transportation pulled over the horizon: the Erie and Delaware Railroad. By 1848, its tracks had snaked northeasterly from New Jersey and connected with the eastern bank of the Delaware River at Port Jervis, New York—eight miles north of Milford. The railroad's charter then called for its lines to cross the river at Matamoras, Pennsylvania, follow the river valleys to Binghamton, New York, ultimately striking out for Buffalo and Lake Erie. In its geographical wanderings lay a critical message: the railroad would redirect the region's economy along a new axis, an axis that would bypass Milford.<sup>11</sup>

Milford fought back. Cyrille Pinchot and other prominent local entrepreneurs sought to obtain a spur line running between Milford and Matamoras so that their market might have direct access to the Erie's trunk line. There was only one problem. Engineers for the Erie quickly discovered that it would be prohibitively expensive to enter Pennsylvania at Matamoras, for to continue the railroad's northerly path would require blasting a three-mile rail bed through the massive outcropping known as the Glass Factory Rocks; estimated cost: \$100,000 per mile. They suggested instead that the railroad span the river at Sawmill Rift, four miles north of Port Jervis, thereby avoiding the stony obstacle. To do so, however, would require a formal change in its charter with the Pennsylvania Legislature. "This, it would seem, should have been a simple thing to accomplish," observed an early chronicler of the Erie's history, "but the Company would discover that there were other things to obstruct its work besides rocky barriers and a scanty treasury."<sup>12</sup>

Among those obstructions was Cyrille Pinchot. He and other members of the Milford elite, who through their political representation in Harrisburg had received a charter for the Milford and Matamoras Railroad, realized that this legal document meant nothing if their proposed rail line could not link up with the Erie at Matamoras. By their quick action, and through shrewd political negotiations, these men were able to stall the Pennsylvania legislature's vote on the Erie's application to change its charter. Time, they knew, was on their side: the Erie Railroad Company was mandated to reach Binghamton by late December, 1848, or lose its New York State charter. Because it could not afford a delay, the railroad, in exchange for legislative sanction of its new right-of-way, agreed to build "a double bridge across the Delaware at Matamoras, arranged for both the passage of wagons and for a railroad track, to maintain the bridge forever, and to lay a track from the station at Port Jervis to and across the bridge." Milford was saved.<sup>13</sup>

Or so its boosters thought. The Erie's directors, however, had no intention of building the bridge, or at least not without trying to avoid doing so. It challenged the legislature's actions on the floor and in the courts, delaying tactics that gave the company time to push its line through to Binghamton. In response, Pinchot and his peers, guided by local representative H. S. Mott, waged an extended battle in the state capital that forced the state's Attorney General to sue the Erie in the early 1850s. The suit was successful. Combined with persistent legislative pressure, it led Mott to write Pinchot in 1852 that the "bluff game, the hand of which I exhibited to you, has at last prevailed and the Company have agreed through their agent to put up the bridge as soon as it can be done." He urged his neighbor to "let our friends know that they need not fear but don't suffer any boasting." This caution was well advised, for it was another two years before the bridge was finally erected.<sup>14</sup>

When it was, the iron trestle, complete with its track linking it to the Erie and Delaware's Port Jervis terminal, stood as a symbol of the active role local capital (and capitalists) could play in transcending geography and nature, and in shaping the contours of a nationalizing industrial economy. Tiny Milford, with its population of less than two thousand, had worked the levers of democratic politics and parlayed its political influence in such a way as to bend railroad tracks to meet its particular needs. Cyrille Pinchot's contribution to this adaptive response to changing circumstances, with its beguiling sense of power and of possibility, suggested how thoroughly he had adopted the American *mein*.

The bridge took on a different meaning, however, when one pivoted 180 degrees away from it, and, instead of being transfixed by the shiny track pointing towards Port Jervis, one faced the village of Matamoras on the Delaware's western bank. This new vista was a letdown, for running away from the bridge was a simple, rough wagon trail that wandered off to Milford, some six miles to the south. There was no railroad line, and none would ever be built between the two communities, either. This critical project never got off the ground because bumptious Milford had been drained of many of the very resources it had fought so hard to retain in its bruising battle with the Erie. Theirs had been a Pyrrhic victory.

Its dimensions are glimpsed in part in a letter Frederick Bailey, Secretary of the Milford & Owego Turnpike, sent to Pinchot in 1851 in the midst of the long political struggle over the bridge. Pinchot had apparently urged the company to help underwrite the cost of building a Milford and Matamoras rail line, and evidently had spoken of the importance such a transportation connection would have for the regional economy and the turnpike's financial future as well, a connection Bailey fully appreciated. "It would seem but natural and reasonable that the Road Company should assist in this matter," he responded, and indeed "the Will is good, but the flesh or means is very Weak." It was so, he noted, precisely because of the very boom in railroad construction on which Pinchot had hoped to capitalize. To the north, the expanding operations of the Erie, which had pressed beyond Binghamton by this time, had diverted commerce to such an extent that the turnpike's "tolls have sunk more than half." To the west, another railroad was moving out of the Pennsylvania coal country to connect with the Erie at Great Bend, New York, "and the attention of our citizens is now drawn to the making of Plank Roads and other improvements . . . so as to intersect and avail themselves of this thoroughfare." In this context, a bridge or railroad in the east in Milford—indeed, Milford itself—would be of little value to those living farther west. The town was now on its own.<sup>15</sup>

So was the Milford & Owego Turnpike. Bailey acknowledged as much when he urged Pinchot to continue on as one of the road's managers, and to

“advise and assist us in every way in your power to sustain it and keep it passable.” But even he knew how impossible the road’s situation had become: “at present,” he wrote, the turnpike’s future “looks rather dark.” So dark was it that by the end of 1851, in light of the railroad’s tremendous competitive edge, the company was forced “to throw open [the] gates to the public,” and a decade later the road’s charter was officially repealed. That legal denouement masked just how swiftly the Erie Railroad had rearranged the region’s economic structure and transportation systems; within three years of its arrival in Port Jervis, its capital (and capitalists) had come to dominate entrepreneurial activity within the Delaware River watershed. No better demonstration of this was its willingness to build the Milford Bridge, and leave it standing: empty of purpose, so full of meaning.<sup>16</sup>

This reversal of Milford’s fortunes was not simply commercial, but demographic as well. Down the Erie’s rails went any number of the community’s ambitious sons and daughters, seeking greater prospects in the larger world. William Bross, whose father had arrived during the Milford’s boom in the early 1820s, headed west, settling in Illinois where he would serve as the state’s Lieutenant Governor and as one of Chicago’s leading journalists. Edward Mott, whose uncle had been instrumental in the battle to force the Erie to build the Milford bridge, left for New York City where he worked as a reporter for the *New York Sun* and, in a rich irony, published a popular history of the Erie Railroad. The children of other leading citizens, including those of the Dimmick and Wallace families moved, too. Some, such as Samuel O. Dimmick, may have only crossed the river to Port Jervis, yet even this short migration testified to the larger shift in the region’s economy. Dimmick, for example, whose family operated the Dimmick Inn in Milford, continued the family’s hostelry business by establishing the Union House, a hotel designed to take advantage of the Erie’s considerable presence in that burgeoning city. That it was the site of boisterous celebrations upon the arrival of the first Erie passenger train seems all too apt. A brain drain was on.<sup>17</sup>

It ran through the Pinchot family, too. Cyrille Pinchot, whose first wife had died childless in the early 1820s, shortly thereafter married Eliza Cross; together they raised five children, Edgar, James and John, Mary and Cyrille. During the late 1840s and early 1850s, amidst unending debate over Milford’s prospects, the three older Pinchot children left home. Mary married an attorney and moved east to Bridgeport, Connecticut. Both of the older sons migrated to New York City to make their mark in its explosive antebellum economy. They would make it, too, financial success that, following their retirement in the late 1860s and early 1870s, enabled them to refurbish Milford, thereby contributing to its economic transition from a fading entrepot to a booming tourist mecca.

Courtesy of Grey Towers Collection, USDA Forest Service, Milford, PA.



*Eliza Cross Pinchot, date unknown.*

### Boys to Men

Edgar Pinchot, who had first worked in partnership with his father in Milford, went to New York in 1848, where he became a grocery wholesaler, an extension of his endeavors in the Pinchot family's store. He soon became a wholesale druggist, however, a shrewd shift of orientation, for medical care was undergoing a profound transformation in the middle years of the nineteenth century. It was then that Americans developed their ongoing fascination with the marvels of medical technology, and there was much to marvel: by the 1860s a "therapeutic revolution" was underway, which included the widespread use of hypodermic medication, a technology that in turn required

what one historian has called the “standardization and technological improvements in pill-making,” as well as an evolving sophistication of means by which “to prescribe, dispense and use” these techniques and medications. New York City lay at the heart of these alterations, as it did with so many related health professions, such that Edgar Pinchot and his peers participated in the development of a national pharmaceutical profession. This significant cultural shift had decided economic consequences: Edgar Pinchot, for one, did well enough so that, when struck with a nagging illness, he could retire in 1867, after a mere sixteen years in the business, at the age of forty-one. From then on, he would lead a life of gentlemanly leisure, spending the next two years traveling throughout Europe, before resettling in Milford. Leaving his hometown had enabled him to return.<sup>18</sup>

Edgar returned in style. The outward display of his success was unequivocal, amply reflected in the “elegant brick residence” he constructed upon his arrival from Europe, and the quantity of town and farm land that he came to purchase—over one thousand acres. The interior emblems were no less reflective of his enhanced stature: Pinchot, who had been a patron of the arts in New York, and whose support of artists had led to his election as a Fellow for Life in the National Academy of Design, hung selections of his small art collection, which included one by Sanford Gifford, on the walls of his new home. In its large library, “richly and judiciously filled with the best thoughts of the world” he found “restful diversion.”

Yet this druggist-turned-gentleman was not so diverted that he “lost close and sympathetic touch to human kind.” On the contrary—politics, he knew from his father, was a critical element of community life, and Edgar was eager to take on the role of public servant. But, unlike Cyrille Pinchot, for whom business and politics were extensions of one another, Edgar entered the political arena as a mark of his retirement from commercial toil, a pose of disengagement that led him to serve in an unsalaried capacity as county judge, presidential elector and long-time chairman of the Pike County Republican Party. His interest in “political, civic and social matters was keen and his share in moulding them was important,” a position of control that, according to a local historian, won him “the merited consideration and deep respect of the community.”<sup>19</sup>

And why not? Edgar Pinchot’s gentlemanly demeanor and civic activism played to and off of Milford’s new posture as a respite from the hurly burly, a scenic, tranquil environment to which tourists from the metropolitan northeast could repair and be refreshed. They came by stage and carriage from Port Jervis to relax in what a piece of booster literature grandly proclaimed as “one of the most beautiful and healthy summer resorts in the whole Union.” The visitors were to revel in its “unrivalled” scenery dotted with numerous “lakes and waterfalls,” well stocked streams teeming with trout and black and striped

Courtesy of Grey Towers Collection, USDA Forest Service, Milford, PA.



*Inwall, the home of Judge Edgar Pinchot.*

bass, a “rugged county” replete with “deer and other wild game.” If the guests ever tired of the locale’s watery wonders, they were encouraged to tour Milford’s fine homes and hotels, many of the floorboards of which were massive, carved out of its once-extensive forests. Indeed, one story picked up in the New York newspapers in 1885 spoke of a new house in Pike County whose yellow pine flooring, pulled from an 160-year-old homestead, measured two feet wide, the size and antiquity of which led a “wealthy Philadelphian” summering in the neighborhood to offer to buy the wood for “a price . . . which would have almost paid for the new house.” In this lay a telling comment on the manner in which Milford’s sublime landscape and touristic appeal had been recycled from its past.<sup>20</sup>

No one was more audacious in the quest to reconfigure Milford’s past, and thus its built environment, than Edgar Pinchot’s younger brother, James. Beginning in 1863, when he razed a building next to the Pinchot family’s store to make way for a new post office, he forever schemed to gentrify the scruffy village in which he was raised. To bring those schemes to fruition required extensive land ownership. He urged his father, who had invested in rural holdings, now to buy “village real estate” outright or to control it through the purchase of mortgages. James Pinchot evidently planned to build a chapel

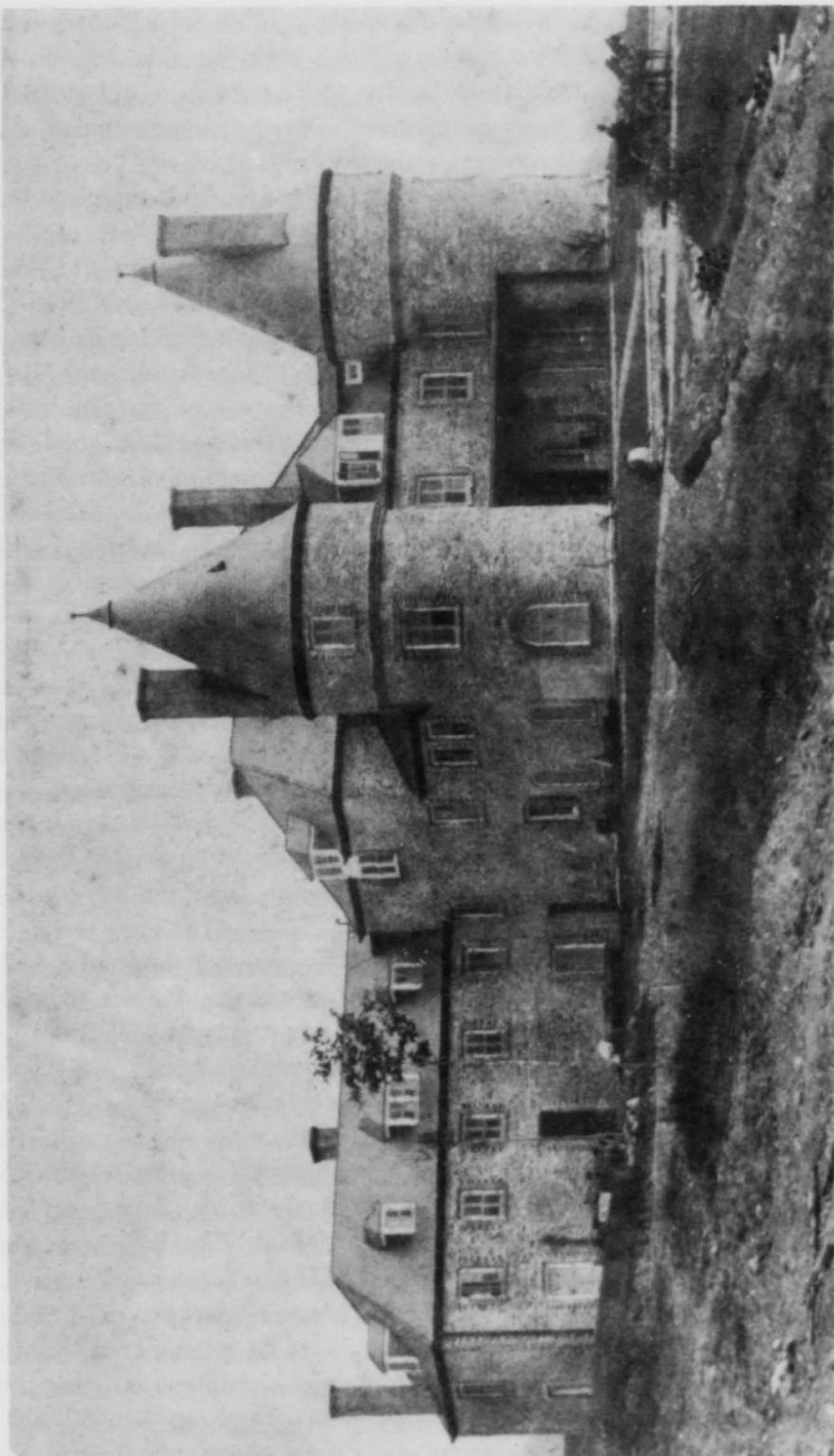
and a library on some of this land, uplifting symbols of moral perfection and social beneficence. Artist John Weir was certain that the chapel would “be an attraction,” but only if “it fulfills the aesthetic demand that associates religion with beauty,” an association he knew Pinchot grasped: “Your own life and surroundings say that [you do], so you can’t get away from it!”<sup>21</sup>

James Pinchot did not even try. While touring the summer-green English countryside in 1871, for instance, he continually marvelled over the contrast between its clean lines and neat fences and Milford’s dust and blight, writing his mother that he wished “every one in Milford could see [these hamlets] to know how much could be done in beautifying our village.” Beautifying the villagers was also part of the plan. Indeed, he was repeatedly struck by the clash between the ugliness of human life set within an edenic countryside. This was as apparent to him in Ireland, whose “peasantry is about what we see at home,” as it was in Italy, where the distinctions were greater. Amidst the Italian gardens of plenty, in which he inhaled the tangy scent of orange and lemon groves, Pinchot also sniffed the more pungent, sweaty aroma that marked the country’s “squalid, dirty, ill-looking . . . lower classes.” He had firm hopes that a redesigned Milford would scrub away such affronts to gentility; a refined land meant a refined people.<sup>22</sup>

Pinchot was not alone in his distaste for the great unwashed, or in his hunger for refinement. As with others of the American cultural elite, he built these concerns into the very architecture of his country estate in Milford, construction for which began in the middle 1880s. He hired celebrated architect (and close friend) Richard Morris Hunt, whose designs catered to the aspirations of the upper crust, to design “Grey Towers,” a Norman-Breton blue-stone manor that dominated the physical and social landscape. Its imposing, fortress-like exterior, complete with three 60 foot turrets, was matched by an impressive interior that contained a medievalized great hall, 23 fireplaces and 44 rooms, each crammed with furnishings that matched those “of the old baronial days.” The manse’s siting on a “commanding eminence” overlooking the village of Milford and the Delaware River, intensified its visual impact: the sheer size and scale of this “summer castle,” when combined with its self-conscious evocation of the Pinchot’s French ancestry (a bust of Lafayette, tucked in a niche in its eastern wall, gazes across the rolling hills of western New Jersey to the Atlantic, and beyond), drew all eyes—tourist and local alike—upward. In lifting them up, James Pinchot acknowledged his own elevation.<sup>23</sup>

He was not to this manor born, of course: Grey Towers was, rather, the crowning achievement of the twenty-five years he spent working in New York City, work that had brought him considerable wealth. Even more money came as a result of an advantageous marriage to Mary Eno, which in turn had heightened his awareness of the social function of the cultural elite.

Courtesy of Grey Towers Collection, USDA Forest Service, Milford, PA.



*Grey Towers, after construction, 1886.*

Whether these were his aspirations when, in 1850, during his nineteenth year, he sallied forth to New York, is anyone's guess. But it is clear that even before he departed Milford, while working with his father in land speculation ventures and lumbering operations, James Pinchot displayed a marked ability to utilize friendships and contacts to the family's (and his own) advantage. It was a skill he would hone throughout his life, and would later seek to inculcate in his own children.

During his adolescence, for instance, James boarded for a time at Goshen Academy in Goshen, New York, some seventy-five miles east of Milford. One of his teachers and mentors there, Henry Fitch, who maintained a correspondence with James in the years following his young charge's studies, left Goshen in the late 1840's to join the Erie Railroad Company as its first General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Fitch is credited with structuring the rail line's complex timetable, regularizing the conduct of its passenger services, and formulating a ticketing system that stabilized the company's finances. In 1849, shortly after he had begun these extended labors, his former student, James Pinchot, now eighteen, contacted him about the possibility of selling lumber to the Erie for use in the construction of its bridges and track, contact that was all the more remarkable because it dovetailed with Cyrille Pinchot's political machinations and legal maneuvering that were then forcing the Erie to build a bridge from Port Jervis to Matamoras. Fitch, who presumably knew nothing of the elder Pinchot's activities, happily supplied James with a detailed list of the Erie's purchasing agents. In so doing he gave the Pinchots access to a new, more rational and regular market for their lumber than the fickle and seasonal ones that they had been chasing along the banks of the swollen Delaware River. Critical to the successful pursuit of mammon, James Pinchot was learning, was the personal touch.<sup>24</sup>

James touched Fitch once more in 1852. Two years after he had moved to New York, he hit upon a method by which to regularize the sale of Pinchot family-owned farmlands throughout northeastern Pennsylvania. "You will remember that Mr. Fitch, my old teacher, is in the employ of the N.Y. & E.R.R.," he advised his father, who could hardly have forgotten this essential fact, and "knowing he must be necessarily acquainted with the agents through whom the emigrants are influenced to go west by the Erie R.R., I called on him to see if he could not assist me in some way." He could. Fitch apparently agreed to use his influence with "the agent of the German Society" to channel emigrants to Milford to buy land from the Pinchots for \$17 or \$18 (or more) per acre; the Pinchots' share of the sale would be \$15 per acre, James proposed, and the Erie would skim off the rest, a deal with which Mr. Fitch was reportedly "much pleased." It never hurt to have good friends in high places, a point James Pinchot would drive home with his own sons Gifford and Amos. Partly in honor of his well-placed mentor, he sent them to Fitch's alma mater—Yale College.<sup>25</sup>

In other ways, James Pinchot proved a quick study during his first decade in New York City, successfully pursuing a number of lines of commerce while developing a rich social network. Initially, he clerked within a mercantile establishment before striking off on his own into the business of interior furnishings. First as Partridge, Pinchot & Warren, then just Pinchot & Warren, the companies sold a broad array of wallpaper, window shades, and curtains either manufactured in their own plants in New York and Pennsylvania or imported from England and Europe. The customer base expanded sharply throughout the 1850s, reflecting the city's own surge in population—it leaped from 515,000 in 1850 to nearly 814,000 ten years later—that rapidly expanded outward into northern sections of Manhattan Island, spilled across the East River into Brooklyn and the Bronx, and flowed west, across the Hudson, into New Jersey.

Much of this metropolitan migration was in search of better housing, and these residential consumers, rich and middling alike, used ever larger amounts of disposable income to redecorate their homes. Established businesses and the emerging corporations, which were beginning to construct the first multi-level, grand office buildings, were also entering the market for furnishings. The biggest single purchasers of the wares that Pinchot & Warren offered, however, appeared to have been the massive “pleasure palaces”—hotels—that came to dominate the antebellum skyline of New York. The material benefits derived from this boisterous market in interior decoration were, Pinchot would later acknowledge, “so out of proportion with the amount of capital invested,” that he hesitated to speak of them. The small town boy had made good.<sup>26</sup>

He did good, too, philanthropic impulses that marked him as a rising gentleman of means and standing. A sign of this was Pinchot's fascination with and support of contemporary American landscape art, specifically the work of the second generation of the Hudson River School. He became close friends with artists such as Samuel Gifford, Jervis McEntee, Eastman Johnson and Worthington Whittredge, for a time roomed with sculptor Launt Thompson, and associated with the poetic muse of American nature painters, William Cullen Bryant. These friendships evolved into patronage as Pinchot's financial successes mounted. By the late 1850s, he had begun to purchase examples of his friends' work, subsequently loaned them for exhibitions in the United States and Europe, and later would donate some of his collection to museums, thereby bringing these artists to greater public attention.

Pinchot's patronage was linked to the development of cultural institutions, too. He believed, as did other members of the emerging mercantile elite, that commercial New York needed the cosmopolitan gloss of London and Paris, and was thus active in the affairs of the National Academy of Design—like his brother, Edgar, he became a Fellow for Life—and was among those who early on subscribed to the establishment of the Metropolitan Mu-

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seum of Art. Still in his thirties, James Pinchot had emerged as one of the city's important art collectors, a status that Whittredge captured in a letter of introduction he wrote for Pinchot and his bride, Mary Eno, when they travelled on their honeymoon to Rome in 1864. Noting that Pinchot was "intimate with most of the artists here," he urged his peers to open their doors to him for he was a "friend and lover of the fine arts."<sup>27</sup>

That Pinchot befriended these artists was linked to his love of their work. Surely it is not a coincidence that Pinchot, who grew up in the Delaware River Valley in which human labor and energy had wrestled a good living from a rich land, was drawn to canvases that spoke eloquently of this complex environmental transformation. Some of his purchases, such as Worthington Whittredge's "The Old Hunting Ground" (1864) and Sanford Gifford's "Indian Summer on Claverack Creek" (1868), were wistful elegies to unspoiled landscapes, or rather to a time in which human activities were in concert with the surrounding terrain. These works were retrospective in focus—a grounded birch bark canoe lies rotting in the middle ground of "The Old Hunting Ground"—and thus also offered a subtle comment on the contemporary damage associated with the progress of civilization. That America was the Garden of Eden, and that Americans were participants, however necessary, in its defilement, critical themes in Hudson River iconography, gained more explicit articulation in what was arguably Pinchot's most important acquisition, Gifford's "Hunter Mountain, Twilight" (1866). Its foreground, a sagging, heavily logged-over slope, with a thin stream running toward a farmhouse cast in shadow, rises up to meet the somber mountain, a "melancholy tenor" accentuated by the "sickle moon and an evening star" barely visible in the sunset sky. This twilight carried a message.<sup>28</sup>

The power of "Hunter Mountain, Twilight" was intuitively understood by its creator and his patron. Samuel Gifford, who had grown up near Hunter Mountain and whose grandfather had been employed in the region's once-ubiquitous tanning industry, was no doubt aware that tanners had slashed through the vast stands of hemlock so as to extract the tannin in its bark, environmental depredation that was evoked in the painting's stumped-littered canvas. James Pinchot knew all about stumps, too, for his family had also prospered through the wholesale destruction of a once-sylvan land, a destructiveness he later repaired when he replanted the forests that had once stood on the hills surrounding Grey Towers. The axe, a symbol of economic progress and cultural poverty, of conquest and death, was double-edged.<sup>29</sup>

Its symbolic impact may have cut across generations. "Hunter Mountain, Twilight," when it was not on tour to American or European exhibitions, was hung prominently in the Pinchot family homesteads in which Gifford Pinchot would come of age, first in their townhouse in New York's Gramercy Park, then at Grey Towers, in Milford, and later still in a family home in Washing-

ton, D.C. There a young Gifford, for whom the artist already served as godfather and namesake, and who would inherit the work upon his father's death, may well have meditated on the painting's disturbing set of meanings, pondering exactly what implications it held for him, who, with his father's ardent encouragement, hoped to establish the profession of forestry in America. After all, regulating the ravages of intensive logging that Samuel Gifford had depicted would become Gifford Pinchot's profession. One of New York's major art dealers, Samuel Avery, would later recognize this apt conjunction when he wrote James Pinchot that his son's early forestry reports—"noble reports of a noble work"—did honor to the young man's "combined names." Life replicated art.<sup>30</sup>

That this was so, that in the Pinchots, "Hunter Mountain, Twilight" could not have had "two owners better attuned to its terrible beauty," is significant for another reason. Gifford Pinchot, long denounced as being simply a utilitarian conservationist, may well have hewed his allegiance to scientific forestry to fit within an aesthetic sensibility. In his hands, the forester's tools could become a paintbrush.<sup>31</sup>

This cross-generational link between the Pinchots' avocation and vocation depended on James Pinchot starting a family, of course. He had put this off during the 1850s while he was consumed with the building of his fortunes. Too consumed, it turned out, for his health—spiritual and physical—periodically broke. In late 1854, for instance, he acknowledged in a letter to his parents that he had readily set aside his religious faith, a waywardness that the Reverend Ward Beecher, whose Plymouth Church in Brooklyn Pinchot occasionally attended, had challenged, if not corrected. "I went to Church with Ed [his brother] this morning at Beecher's, and heard a very superior sermon. It was on the duty of Christians and made a strong impression on me." Beecher evidently scolded his congregation for "keeping all our religion for Sundays and particular occasions, and said these things should not be so." This was a classic Beecher rebuke, for the minister had gained a considerable reputation for his delight in confronting the wealthy, and those who wished to be, with the potential immortality of trade. The "Devil teaches Christians to use the world's selfish maxims," he once asserted. "It is here that he persuades them to smother their conscience." Recognizing that this blanket indictment covered him, Pinchot cried out to his parents that unless "in some way reminded of our continued worldliness . . . we are continually carrying our worldliness too far. In fact I have lately almost entirely neglected everything else."<sup>32</sup>

James Pinchot advised his parents in this same letter that his physical health had collapsed briefly several months earlier. His recovery had not been full. Indeed, he associated his spiritual malaise with bodily maladies—another Beecher-like association—and for the next couple of years the topic was a consistent thread in his correspondence home. In response to yet another dis-

tress call in 1855, his father finally urged an extended rest. "What if you should do nothing for one year. Where would be the damage[?] Perhaps it will prove the best spent year in your life," Cyril Pinchot concluded, adding: "You can come home and raise chickens." Unwilling to be cooped up, however, James Pinchot drove on, and was finally forced to accede to his father's advice when, four years later, he suffered from what physicians diagnosed as "hemorrhages of the lungs." He spent the better part of 1859 travelling on horseback throughout the American South. No longer saddled with worldly cares, enjoying sustained and rigorous exercise, James Pinchot revived.<sup>33</sup>

As part of his resurrection, he began to dance. Or at least to attend the social whirl of New York's grand society, its fetes, cotillions and balls. The invitations were numerous for a bachelor who, like Pinchot, moved easily among the civic elite, was comfortably ensconced in the masculine world of the city's leading literary and social clubs—the Century and Union—helped flog its cultural ambitions, and cut a prosperous figure. Portraits of him reveal him to have been a man of powerful frame, if slightly rotund, with a soft face and a willowy set of mutton chops. He was a presence. Even in his absence. As artist Launt Thompson reported to a vacationing Pinchot during the summer of 1863, there had been "many inquiries after you." So insistent were they that Thompson was "rather forced by experience to believe that the mammas regard you with considerable favor, if not more." More, such that the press of their affection was not altogether maternal: "we don't want our future wife to be a mamma before we get to her," Thompson winked salaciously; "daughters sometimes are rebellious, sometimes mammas." Still, Pinchot's friend concluded, "I think the daughters like you too." James was a catch.<sup>34</sup>

He seemed to have caught many of his artist friends off-guard, too, when, in 1864 he married Mary Eno, eldest daughter of Amos R. Eno, a wealthy merchant of New York. Most managed to miss the grant event—Eastman Johnson overslept, Jervis McEntee was out of town, and Launt Thompson confused the late May, 1864 date with another. McEntee at least understood the significance of being newly-wedded: "I can appreciate ~~ally~~ your bright anticipations," he wrote. "Believe me when I wish you all the real happiness you have as good a right to expect, that the wedding day shall not be the coming joy, but that time shall but confirm and fulfill all the promises of today." One of those promises was quickly fulfilled when, on August 11, 1865, Mary gave birth to their first child, Gifford, named after his father's friend and favorite artist. James could barely keep his exultation under wraps. "The people of Milford . . . plied me with about a hundred questions about the baby—our baby," he wrote his wife while visiting his parents a month later, "all of which I answered in a modest, becoming manner."<sup>35</sup> Unanswered, of course, was the question of what kind of life this child would come to lead. That did not stop James and Mary Pinchot from pondering the nature of his future "position,"

and how it would reflect upon the family's accomplished past. They need not have worried overmuch—the education they provided, the social and political climate they created, and the expectations they articulated had their intended effect.<sup>36</sup>

Well before he became a government servant and then an elected official, Gifford Pinchot made it clear that public service was his patrimony. Days after his twenty-fourth birthday, for instance, he rose before the citizens of Milford at a celebration marking the centennial of the United States Constitution, and spoke of the obligations of citizenship. “We are trustees of a coming world,” the young man enthused, but “we are first of all . . . citizens of Pike County, Pennsylvania, and it is here that we are to realize, if at all, the blessings of the great birthright which has descended to us from the courage, perseverance, and energy of our forefathers.” The only way for the citizenry to merit that blessing was to feel, “every man of us, not only that we have a share in the commonwealth, but that the commonwealth has a share in us.” When he concluded that the state thereby had “a right to our service, to our thought, and action” he spoke in the language of noblesse oblige and republican virtue, the twin political inheritances intertwined in his family's transatlantic heritage. One of those who picked up on this familial echo in Pinchot's words was William Bross, who like his contemporary James Pinchot had left Milford for the wider world. Writing from his *Chicago Tribune* offices, Bross extolled the young man's commitments but was not surprised by them: “Knowing so much of your ancestry, all of who were intelligent, honest & enterprising people, I shall lose faith in the doctrines of heredity if your success in life is not marked and commanding.”<sup>37</sup> Family values matter.

## Notes

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1. M. Nelson McGeary, *Gifford Pinchot: Forester-Politician* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960), p. 3. Others who have written about Pinchot's career essentially have adopted McGeary's analysis of the Pinchot family and Gifford's childhood, including Harold T. Pinckett, *Gifford Pinchot: Public and Private Forester* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1970); Martin T. Fausold, *Gifford Pinchot: Bill Moose Progressive* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1961); T. H. Watkins, "Father of the Forests," *American Heritage* February/March 1991, pp. 86-87; Dale White, *Gifford Pinchot: The Man Who Saved the Trees* (New York: Julian Messner, Inc., 1957), pp. 19-30 offers a fanciful depiction of Pinchot's "rebellion" against the "family pattern." Peter Wild, "*Pioneer Conservationists of Western America* (Missoula: Mountain Press, 1979), pp. 46-47 offers a useful corrective, noting Pinchot's parents had raised him to "a model of a Victorian gentleman, with a highly developed sense of justice for the underdog."

2. Pinchot's maternal ancestors were also deeply involved in American political life. Members of Mary Eno's family served in the state legislature of Connecticut, and as congressional representatives from Connecticut and Missouri. From them, and from her father, a wealthy real estate speculator in New York City, she learned how to use the levers of power to her (and later her son's) considerable advantage. See Char Miller, "The Greening of Gifford Pinchot's," *Environmental History Review*, vol. 16, Fall 1992, pp. 4-6; and Char Miller, "Relative Power: Mary Eno Pinchot and the Politics of Wealth and Duty," unpublished manuscript.

3. William Fortescue, *Revolution & Counter-Revolution in France, 1815-1852* (New York: Basil Blackwell, 1988), pp. 1-16; Guillaume de Bertier de Sauvigny, *The Bourbon Restoration* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1966), pp. 93-111.

4. Cyrille Pinchot's actions in France are discussed in "Edgar Pinchot," in *Commemorative Biographical Record of Northeastern Pennsylvania* (Chicago: T. H. Beers, 1900), pp. 277; and in Alfred Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties, Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia: R. T. Peek, 1886), pp. 862-863; Napoleon's collapse is detailed in Daniel P. Resnick, *The White Terror and the Political Reaction after Waterloo* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1966); Guillaume de Bertier de Sauvigny, *The Bourbon Restoration*, pp. 102-107; 117-119; 134-135; Pinchot, *Breaking New Ground*, p. 10 offers a third version of his grandfather's exploits, noting that he was forced to leave France for participating in a plan to free Napoleon from St. Helena.

5. Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties* pp. 860-861.

6. J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, *Letters from an American Farmer* (New York: Penguin Books, 1981), pp. 71; Gay Wilson Allen and Roger Asselineau, *St. John de Crevecoeur: The Life of an American Farmer* (New York: Viking Penguin, Inc., 1987), pp. 32-45; Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties* pp. 860-861.

7. The early history of Milford is detailed in Mathews, *History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties*, pp. 860-864; William Bross, quoted in *Ibid.*, pp. 883-886.

8. John Brodhead to Pinchot, 9 August; 30 August 1839; John Wallace to C. C. D. Pinchot, 15 April; 6 May 1834; Wallace to Pinchot, 5 May 1835; Seth Couch to Pinchot, 9 February 1836; John Brodhead to Pinchot, 19 May 1837; R. R. Boughton to Pinchot, 18 September 1837, Gifford Pinchot Papers, Library of Congress (all letters cited in this article are located in this collection); for an historical analysis of this preindustrial pattern of lumbering, see Thomas R. Cox, "Transition in the Woods: Log Drivers, Raftsmen, and the Emergence of Modern Lumbering in Pennsylvania," *Pennsylvania Magazine of Biography and History*, vol. 104, July 1980, pp. 345-364; Robert K. McGregor, "Changing Technologies and Forest Consumption in the Upper Delaware Valley, 1780-1880," *Journal of Forest History*, vol. 32, April 1988, pp. 69-81.

9. Thomas Cox, et al., *This Well-Wooded Land: Americans and Their Forests from the Colonial Times to the Present* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1985), pp. 110-190;

McGregor, "Changing Technologies," p. 69-81; James Elliot Defenbaugh, *A History of the Lumber Industry of America*, two volumes (Chicago: The American Lumberman, 1907).

10. Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties*, p. 863; on tax matters, see "Cyrille Pinchot" file, Grey Towers National Historic Landmark; Carol Severance, "The American Art Collection of James Pinchot," seminar paper, Cooperstown Graduate Programs, Fall, 1993, pp. 1-2, copy on file at Grey Towers National Historic Landmark, Milford, PA.

11. On turnpike development, see correspondence between Fred Bailey and C. C. D. Pinchot, 18 February 1840; 11 June 1842; 7 March 1843; 13 April 1843; 17 June 1843; 20 November 1847; 15 April 1851; "The Milford and Owego Turnpike," in Emily C. Blackman, *History of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania* (1873), pp. 511; and Rhamanthius M. Stoker, *Centennial History of Susquehannah County, Pennsylvania*, revised edition (Baltimore: Regional Publishing Company, 1974), pp. 47-49; Bross recollections in Mathews, *Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties*, pp. 883.

12. Edward H. Mott, *Between the Ocean and the Lakes: The Story of the Erie* (New York: John S. Collier, 1901), pp. 89-90.

13. Mott, *Between the Ocean and the Lakes*, pp. 90; 345; the legislative and legal maneuvering are tracked in George H. Minor, *The Erie System*, second edition (Cleveland: The Gates Legal Publishing Co., 1936), pp. 165-166.

14. Mott, *From the Ocean to the Lakes*, p. 345-346; H. S. Mott to C. C. D. Pinchot, 14 April; 23 April; 28 April 1854; Minor, *The Erie System*, p. 173.

15. Frederick Bailey to C. C. D. Pinchot, April 15, 1851.

16. Bailey to Pinchot, April 15, 1851; Stoker, *Centennial History of Susquehanna County*, p. 47-48; 655; Mott, *Between the Ocean and the Lakes*, p. 345-346.

17. Biographical data is drawn from Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties*, p. 863-865, 868, 892-893; *A Commemorative Biography of Northeastern Pennsylvania*, pp. 270, 277, 369, 580; Mott, *From the Ocean to the Lakes*, pp. 344-345; Edward Mott, *Pike County Folks*, a popular and patronizing compendium of back country tales, is a reflection of the distance—literary and physical—that

this one former resident had traveled from his birthplace.

18. "Edgar Pinchot" in *Commemorative Biographical Record of Northeastern Pennsylvania*, pp. 277-278; H. Wayne Morgan, *Drugs in America: A Social History, 1800-1980* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1981), pp. 10-28; Glenn Sonnedecker, "Contributions of the Pharmaceutical Profession toward Controlling the Quality of Drugs in the Nineteenth Century," in John B. Blake, ed., *Safeguarding the Public: Historical Aspects of Medical Drug Control* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1970), pp. 97-111; James Harvey Young, *Toadstool Millionaires: A Social History of Patent Medicines in America Before Federal Regulation* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1961), pp. 205-210.

19. "Judge Pinchot Dead," *Milford Dispatch*, in Edgar Pinchot files, Grey Towers National Historic Landmark; "Hon. Edgar Pinchot," *Commemorative Biographical Record*, pp. 277-278.

20. Descriptions of Milford's scenic wonders come from E. H. Mott, *The Erie Route: A Guide of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway* (New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co., 1882), pp. 25-26; *Commemorative Biographical Records of Northeastern Pennsylvania*, pp. 277-278; Mathews, *A History of Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties*, pp. 852; 883; 868; newspaper article quoted in Defenbaugh, *A History of the Lumber Industry in America*, vol. 2, pp. 563-564; E. H. Mott, *Pike County Folks* added to the region's 'quaintness' and thus its touristic appeal. Later, travelers could pause in respect for the community's dearly departed: Edgar Pinchot was among those who hired landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. to construct a new community cemetery, the design of which, in keeping with the late nineteenth century's fascination with naturalistic settings that inspired the pleasures of melancholy, was at once bucolic and sentimental, a garden of graves. The dead, in short, played as integral a part in the refashioning of Milford as had the living. On the cultural significance of rural cemeteries such as Milford's, see Blanche Linden-Ward, "Strange but Genteel Pleasure Grounds: Tourist and Leisure Uses of Nineteenth-Century Rural Cemeteries," in Richard E. Meyer, ed. *Cemeteries and Gravemakers: Voices of American Culture* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1989), pp. 293-328; Neil Harris, "The Cemetery

- Beautiful," in Charles O. Jackson, ed., *Passing: The Vision of Death in America* (Westport: Greenwood Press, 1977), pp. 103-111.
21. James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, September 24, 1871; John Weir to James Pinchot, May 17, 1870.
22. James Pinchot to his mother, August 21, 1871; James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot June 16, 1864; James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, 30 December 1869; Richard L. Bushman, *The Refinement of America: Persons, Houses, Cities* (New York: Knopf, 1992), pp. 238-279; 313-401. Among those drawn to Milford's gentrified landscape was the eminent philosopher Charles S. Pierce; see William A. Pencak, *History, Signing In: Essays in History and Semiotics* (New York: Peter Lang, 1993), pp. 22-33.
23. Matthews, *A History of Warren, Pike and Monroe Counties*, pp. 863-864; David Chase, "Superb Privacies: The Later Domestic Commissions of Richard Morris Hunt, 1878-1895," in Susan R. Stern, ed., *The Architecture of Richard Morris Hunt* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1986), pp. 164-165; Paul R. Baker, *Richard Morris Hunt* (Cambridge: MIT University Press, 1980), pp. 337-340; Bushman, *The Refinement of America*, pp. 353-401.
24. James W. Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, 5 March 1845; Henry Fitch to James Pinchot, 1 November 1846; Henry Fitch to James Pinchot, 9 November 1849; on Fitch's work for the Erie, see Mott, *Between the Ocean and the Lakes*, pp. 379-380; Edward Hungerford, *Men of Erie: A Story of Human Effort* (New York: Random House, 1946), pp. 95.
25. James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, 16 August 1852; Albert Fishlow, *American Railroads and the Transformation of the Ante-Bellum Economy* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965), pp. 201n, indicates that railroads "captured a very large share of the traffic" in internal migration in the 1850s; the Erie Railroad was one of the most successful in this regard, hauling, for instance, more than 50,000 migrants in 1855; this speaks well to Fitch's abilities and James Pinchot's intuition that his former schoolmaster was well positioned to help sell Pinchot lands.
26. Partridge, Pinchot & Warren advertisement, July 12, 1858; New York City population figures and residential patterns appear in Edward K. Spann, *The New Metropolis: New York City, 1840-1857* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1981), pp. 432-433; Ivan D. Steen, "Palaces for Travelers: New York City's Hotels in the 1850s as Viewed by British Visitors," *New York History*, vol. LI, April 1970, pp. 269-286; James Pinchot quoted in Gifford Pinchot, "Biographical Sketch of James W. Pinchot," July 7, 1936; McGeary, *Pinchot*, pp. 3; William Seale, *The Tasteful Interlude: American Interiors through the Camera's Eye, 1860-1917*, second edition (Nashville: American Association for State and Local History, 1981), pp. 10-27 details the shifting tastes in decoration that fed Pinchot's business, as does Florence Montgomery, *Textiles in America, 1650-1870* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1984), *passim*.
27. Pinchot's close relationship with various artists emerges in his correspondence located in the Gifford Pinchot collection at the Library of Congress, and in Anthony F. Janson, *Worthington Whittredge* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989), pp. 132-133, 154-156, and *passim*; Ila Weiss, *Poetic Landscape: The Art and Experience of Sanford R. Gifford* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1987), pp. 105, 11, 147-148, 153; Spann, *The New Metropolis*, pp. 205-241; Eliot Clark, *History of the National Academy of Design, 1825-1953* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1954), pp. 53-104; Calvin Tomkins, *Merchants and Masterpieces: The Story of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*, revised and updated edition (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1989), pp. 15-48; Worthington Whittredge to Rogers, May 21, 1864; Eastman Johnson, letter of introduction, May 25, 1864.
28. John K. Howat, *American Paradise: The World of the Hudson River School* (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1987), pp. 229-231; Janson, *Whittredge*, pp. 81-93; Novack, *Nature and Culture*, pp. 156-157.
29. Weiss, *Poetic Landscapes*, pp. 259-260; Janson, *Whittredge*, pp. 81-90; Barbara Novack, "The Double-Edged Axe," *Art In America*, vol. 64, January-February, 1976, pp. 44-50; Nicolai Cikovsky, Jr., "The Ravages of the Axe: The Meaning of the Stump in Nineteenth-Century American Art," *Art Bulletin*, vol. 61, December 1979, pp. 610-626.
30. Samuel Avery to James Pinchot, 25 December [n.d.], quoted in Severance, "The American Art Collection of James W. Pinchot," p. 117.
31. The "terrible beauty" quote from *American Paradise*, p. 231; Donald Worster, *Nature's*

*Economy* (San Francisco: Sierra Books, 1987), pp. 266-269 is among those who stress Pinchot's utilitarianism; foresters were not simply painters, of course, but loggers, too. And so, like the Hudson River School painters who had conflicted emotions about the axe, Pinchot linked himself with those who "hated to see a tree cut down," even knowing "you cannot practice Forestry without it." Pinchot, *Breaking New Ground*, p. 28.

32. James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, November 5, 1854; Beecher quoted in Clifford E. Clark, Jr., *Henry Ward Beecher: Spokesman for a Middle-Class America* (Champaign: University of Illinois Press, 1978), pp. 77-78; William G. McLaughlin, *The Meaning of Henry Ward Beecher: An Essay on the Shifting Values of Mid-Victorian America, 1840-1870* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1970), pp. 98-118.

33. James Pinchot to C. C. D. Pinchot, 13 March 1855; 16 March 1855; McGeary, *Pinchot*, pp. 3; James Pinchot's collapse may be attributable as well to the death of his youngest brother, Cyril, in 1858 or 1859. James had been like a father to Cyril: at the same time that James heard from his father on health matters, so he had counseled Cyril to remedy his sickly demeanor, intensify his work habits, straighten out his waywardness, and reform his soul. In an unrelenting stream of letters, James alternately challenged, provoked, and scolded Cyril, an overbearing concern that was tied to the fact that James helped underwrite Cyril's education, first at boarding school and later at Union College. This hyper-vigilance about the state of one's health was a kind of family neurosis, and clearly carried over into

the lives of James' children, who often complained about their father's oversolicitousness. The source of his intense concern may well be located in Cyril's demise just before he graduated from college. James Pinchot would not fail his children as he may have thought he had his brother: James Pinchot to Cyril H. Pinchot, 10 April 1855, 16 May 1855, 7 June 1855, 24 January 1856, 25 October 1856, 21 July 1857, 24 November 1858.

34. Thomas Coutoure, Charcoal Sketch of James W. Pinchot, 5 April 1873, Grey Towers NHL Collection; Launt Thompson to James Pinchot, 23 July 1863.

35. The wedding was announced in the *New York Times*, 27 May 1865; Jervis McEntee to James Pinchot, 23 May 1864; Eastman Johnson wrote a hilarious description of how he overslept in a 25 May 1865 letter to James Pinchot; Mary Pinchot to James Pinchot, 21 May 1865; James Pinchot to Mary Pinchot, 1865.

36. Miller, "The Greening of Gifford Pinchot," pp. 4-8; Pinchot, *Breaking New Ground*, pp. 1-39.

37. Mary Pinchot to James Pinchot, August 21, 1888; Pinchot, *Breaking New Ground*, pp. 1-5; On Pinchot's childhood, see Char Miller, "The Greening of Gifford Pinchot's," *Environmental History Review*, pp. 4-6; McGeary, *Pinchot*, pp. 8-16; Gifford Pinchot, "An Address of Gifford Pinchot, Esq., Delivered at the Celebration on Center Square, August 28, 1889, to Commemorate the Second Centennial of the Republic," in *Milford Dispatch*, August 29, 1889; William Bross to Gifford Pinchot, September 9, 1889.