

Mary Howard Schoolcraft

(– 10 Mar 1878)

The Evening Star, August 4, 1873

Mrs. Schoolcraft has exchanged her house on F street near 14th for a row of brick cottages on S street between 13th and 14th, valued at \$30,000.

Schoolcraft. At No. 122 East Capitol street at 11 p.m. on the 10th March, 1878, Mrs. Mary A. Schoolcraft, widow of the late H.R. Schoolcraft. The Funeral of Mrs. Mary H. Schoolcraft, widow of the late Henry R. Schoolcraft will take place on Thursday, March 14 from 122 East Capitol street at 10 o'clock a.m. Services at Trinity church at 10:30 o'clock a.m. (New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, S.C. and Savannah, Ga. Papers please copy).

Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography

Mary Howard Schoolcraft, b. in Beaufort, S.C., was his (Henry Schoolcraft) assistant in the preparation of his later works, when he was confined to his chair by paralysis and unable to use his hands. They were married in 1847, five years after the death of his first wife. Mrs. Schoolcraft was the author of "The Black Gauntlet, a Tale of Plantation Life in South Carolina" (Philadelphia, 1860).

Allen C. Clark, *Richard Wallach and the Times of His Mayoralty*, Columbia Historical Society, Vol. 21, p. 232-3

Appeared from the press in 1860 "The Black Gauntlet: A Tale of Plantation Life in South Carolina." The authoress is Mary Howard Schoolcraft, the wife of the Indian historian, Henry Rose Schoolcraft. It is a Southern story of the same style but in representation and purpose exactly opposite to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is carried in elegance of expression, profundity of thought and wide scope of learning. A critic said "the ability with which Southern institutions are sustained must place it in the library of every son of the South." She says in the dedication:

"I have for twenty years studied the Bible with more interest than any other book; yet from Genesis to Revelation, I cannot find a sentence that holds out the idea that slavery will ever cease while there are any heathen nations in this world; or indeed will ever cease in this present world; for in the final winding-up of all things, daguerrotyped to St. John in the Book of Revelations, we still find bondsmen alluded to in very many places . . . South Carolinians, you know, are 'old fogies,' and consequently they do not believe with the Abolitionists, that God is a progressive being."

To her opposing champion she has:

"I might, tis true, amuse my fancy like our daring, dashing, witty romancer, Mrs. Stowe, by imagining a millenial world, where all are born equal, where one man is not a dribbling idiot, and another a genius like Napoleon, Calhoun, or Webster."

Mrs. Schoolcraft wrote in printing characters, upright and square. The writing had striking oddity. The writer has watched her write--it was as if she was drawing. She was tall, stalwart. She was as a Titan goddess. Her features were classic and looks severe. Her black eyes burned and made the weak-eyed blink. Still the real estate brokers were not afraid of her. They persuaded her to trade her valuable residence, 1321 F Street, clear of debt, for equities in new residences in rows. Her spread-out interests she traded for like interests and from bettering herself she got so deep in debt there was no extrication.

She finally knew the gnawing of hunger and the chill of freezing, and the writer verily believes she made herself a sacrifice to unbreakable pride and yielded her mortality to starvation.