All these instances may seem picky, but when an editor sets out to produce an expensive and authoritative edition, it is important to get everything right. I will continue to be interested in Cramer’s work, and I will buy all of the editions of Thoreau he edits because they are treasure troves of valuable information, but I will be careful in assuming that they are completely reliable.

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Winthrop emerges in the first part as a high romantic of sorts who seems to have sought peace in the New World even as he sanctioned the mayhem necessary to accommodate him and the thousands who came to occupy the colony. The book’s second and longest section focuses on links between the next two owners of Ten Hills Farm: the immigrant woodcutter William Royall and John Usher, an investor with especially voracious ambitions to profit from the slave trade. Usher owed his wealth to his father, Hezekiah, whose profits from West Indian slavery and shipping enabled him to bestow upon his children a seventeenth-century fortune that today would amount to almost three million U.S. dollars.

The eponymous “Master” of the book’s third section is William Royall’s grandson Isaac, who left Massachusetts for Antigua, where the family invested in the Atlantic slave trade and, by extension, in
its attendant evils of physical violence, spiritual assault, and emotional trauma. Isaac, the single-minded entrepreneur, “turned his fate toward slaves and sugarcane on island soil” to become “sugar baron, master, and slave trader” (pp. 135, 139). He developed a close partnership with Jonathan Belcher, the Harvard-educated, slave-owning governor of Massachusetts and later of New Jersey. Royall was Belcher’s “‘go-to’ man for slaves” (p. 140), and extant correspondence between the pair lays bare the appetites that shaped that unholy market. Royall and Belcher also shared enduring connections to the nation’s earliest universities. Belcher was instrumental to the founding of Princeton University. In Massachusetts, the elegant Royall home in Cambridge still houses Harvard University’s presidents, and a Royall bequest enabled Harvard to establish its law school and its first endowed chair in law.

In part 4, “The Petitioner,” Manegold turns back to Massachusetts to trace how Isaac Royall Jr. attempted to capitalize on an inheritance that emerged from decades of investment in trade, land, and enslavement as tensions increased between colonists and the motherland of England. Manegold’s story begins to come full circle as she muses that what Isaac Royall Jr. wanted most during this increasingly revolutionary moment was “peace” (p. 207). His love of the land that Winthrop first demarcated and claimed for Englishmen kept him in Massachusetts just a moment too long. It was not until British soldiers began marching across the lands of Ten Hills Farm that he finally realized that “[m]oney, power, property, and connections—the four stars he was born with, the four stars that guided his every action—could no longer keep him safe” (p. 212).

As Royall’s exile began, people of African descent in Massachusetts launched persuasive legal claims to gain their freedom. Unfortunately, Manegold’s retelling of this chapter in history contains disappointing lapses. Her account of Mum Bett, the enslaved Sturbridge woman who was inspired to take to the courts in pursuit of her liberty, demonstrates a startling misreading of a key and documented American history. Manegold fails to mention the highly relevant detail that Mum Bett’s husband was one of the estimated five thousand black soldiers who constituted five percent of the patriot forces, served in integrated units, and received pay for their service and heroic Revolutionary War efforts. Manegold makes note of the eminent scholar W. E. B. Du Bois but does not point out that Mum Bett was his great-grandmother. This is a sobering missed opportunity to contextualize both black and white legacies. Du Bois, like the Royalls, has enduring
connections to Harvard University. In 1895, five years after he graduated *cum laude* with a Bachelor of Arts degree, Du Bois became Harvard’s first African American Ph.D., and the Du Bois Institute for African and African American Research at Harvard is named after him. *Ten Hills Farm* also inaccurately identifies the catalyst for Mum Bett’s pioneering suit. It was the abuse of Mum Bett’s sister—not of her daughter, as Manegold claims—that prompted her to enlist the legal assistance of Stockbridge attorney Theodore Sedgwick. These unfortunate misrepresentations of the history that Manegold has otherwise worked so hard to present underscore the enduring truth of the lines that conclude the author’s own “Note to Readers.” Meditating on the need to close the gap between the most persistent histories of America and those that remain incomplete, Manegold asserts, “We need this knowledge, to be whole,” and it is this stirring phrase that concludes the work (p. 269).

Readers will appreciate *Ten Hills Farm* as an accessible history of early Massachusetts that does much to revisit the intimate links and essential contracts that ensured the prosperity and longevity of white settlers in New England. Manegold moves deftly between centuries and carefully reorients her contemporary readers, reminding them that the Boston highways and the teeming neighborhoods of Cambridge, Charlestown, and Somerville were in their earliest incarnations riverbanks, hills, and meadows. The narrative mapping that Manegold sustains may succeed in encouraging those aware of the history that lies beneath their feet, quite literally, to dig deeper. Eloquent and plain-spoken meditations on America’s past, such as those found in *Ten Hills Farm*, will help readers to hear and to seek out the ancient stories that resound still in our twenty-first-century worlds.

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