

EVENTS OF 33D STANZA

The 34th Stanza in the Life of Henry Thoreau

FALL 1850	JULY 1850	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
WINTER 1850/1851	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER 1850
SPRING 1851	JANUARY 1851	FEBRUARY	MARCH
SUMMER 1851	APRIL	MAY	JUNE 1851

Following the death of [Jesus Christ](#) there was a period of readjustment that lasted for approximately one million years.
 -[Kurt Vonnegut](#), THE SIRENS OF TITAN



JULY 1850




1850/1851: [Henry David Thoreau](#)'s 34th stanza began on his birthday, July 12th, Thursday, 1850.

- The “Thoreau/Alcott Home” at 73 Main Street and then at 255 Main Street inside Concord, the clapboards of which for so many years would be painted yellow that even in deeds it was referred to as “the [Yellow House](#),” would from 1850 through 1862 be the residence and boarding house of the Thoreau family, behind which was their pencil shed.
- [Emerson](#) sent him to Fire Island to search for personal effects and papers of [Margaret Fuller](#).
- While [Emerson](#) was terming him a “cold intellectual skeptic” he was defending his honor by cursing himself – saying that if this were true, it should “wither and dry up those sources of my life.” Although [Horace Greeley](#) was offering to pay him for an essay on “Emerson, his Works and Ways,” this essay proved impossibly painful for Thoreau to write.
- He began his 1st COMMONPLACE BOOK labeled “*Extracts, mostly upon Natural History.*”
- When native Americans camped along the Concord River, he took careful note of their materials and techniques. He began a separate notebook on [Canada](#) and a separate series of notebooks on “Ante-Columbian History.”
- He became a corresponding member of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#).
- He began a separate notebook on [Canada](#) and a separate series of notebooks on “Ante-Columbian History.”

EVENTS OF 35TH STANZA

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BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1850
BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1851

 July 12, Friday, 1850: Robert Francis Pate Jr. was tried at the Central Criminal Court for his assault on Queen Victoria on June 27th and found guilty. His father Robert Francis Pate, a gentleman who had served as Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire and High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, suggested to this court that the ignominy of imprisonment in the British Isles accompanied by a birching would be distressing to his family, and so he was sentenced to penal transportation for 7 years. He would be sent with 260 other convicts (from the lower classes) on the *William Jardine* departing on August 9th, to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) where he would arrive on November 14th, 1850. Upon his arrival there it would be overlooked that he was a gentleman, and he would be treated like a common criminal, but this would continue only for a period of less than a year, after which he would be allowed to perform community service until the completion of his sentence. (He would get married with a heiress, Mary Elizabeth Brown, and eventually they would return to London from Tasmania and lead a quiet life. The New York Times would report in 1899 that this episode had inflicted "a wound upon her Majesty the scar of which she still carries.")



June 10, 1840
May 29, 1842
May 30, 1842
July 3, 1842
June 19, 1849
June 27, 1850
February 29, 1872
March 2, 1882

James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved travel diary. At this point they were 3 months into their epic journey and most eager to arrive at the promising gold fields of California:



1850-1851

1850-1851

Friday 12 and 92[d] day out

Left our encampment 4-20 m. Fine morning. Traveled 31 miles. Road good. Land about the same. Found a fine large spring in a valley about 8 miles from this place. 1 of our horses fell in it, but we soon choked him out. The roads has been horribly dusty, a steady cloud.

Thomas Henry Huxley wrote to Miss Heathorn:

Falkland Islands

I have great hopes of being able to send a letter to you, via California, even from this remote corner of the world. It is the Ultima Thule and no mistake. Fancy two good-sized islands with undulated surface and sometimes elevated hills, but without tree or bush as tall as a man. When we arrived the 8th inst. the barren uniformity was rendered still more obvious by the deep coating of snow which enveloped everything. How can I describe to you "Stanley," the sole town, metropolis, and seat of government? It consists of a lot of black, low, weather-board houses scattered along the hillsides which rise round the harbour. One barnlike place is Government House, another the pensioners' barracks, rendered imposing by four field-pieces in front; others smaller are the residences of the colonel, surgeon, etc. In one particularly black and unpromising-looking house lives a Mrs. Sullivan (sic) the wife of Captain Sullivan, who surveyed these islands, and has settled out here. I asked myself if I could have the heart to bring you to such a desolate place, and myself said "No." However, I believe she is very happy with her children. Sullivan is a fine energetic man, so I suppose if she loves him, well and good, and fancies (is she not a silly woman?) that she has her reward. Mrs. Stanley has gone to stay with them while the ship remains here, and I think I shall go and look them up under pretence of making a call. They say that the present winter is far more savage than the generality of Falkland Island winters, and it had need be, for I never felt anything so bitterly cold in my life. The thermometer has been down below 22, and shallow parts of the harbour even have frozen. Nothing to be done ashore. My rifle lies idle in its case; no chance of a shot at a bull, and one has to go away 20 miles to get hold even of the upland geese and rabbits. The only thing to be done is to eat, eat, eat, and the cold assists one wonderfully in that operation. You consume a pound or so of beefsteaks at breakfast and then walk the deck for an appetite at dinner, when you take another pound or two of beef or a goose, or some such trifle. By four o'clock it is dark night, and as it is too cold to read the only thing to be done is to vanish under blankets at soon as possible and take twelve or fourteen hours' sleep.

Mrs. Stanley's Bougirigards, which I have taken under my care during the cold weather, admire this sort of thing exceedingly and thrive under it, so I suppose I ought to.

The journey from New Zealand here has been upon the whole favourable; no gales-quite the reverse-but light variable winds and calms. The latter part of our voyage has, however, been very cold, snow falling in abundance, and the ice forming great stalactites about our bows. We have seen no icebergs nor



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anything remarkable. From all I can learn it is most probable that we shall leave in about a week and shall go direct to England without stopping at any other port. I wish it may be so. I want to get home and look about me.

We have had news up to the end of March. There is nothing of any importance going on. By the Navy list for April I see that I shall be as nearly as possible in the middle of those of my own rank, i.e. I shall have about 150 above and as many below me. This is about what I ought to expect in the ordinary run of promotion in eight years, and I have served four and a half of that time. I don't expect much in the way of promotion, especially in these economic times; but I do not fear that I shall be able to keep me in England for at least a year after our arrival in order to publish my papers. The Admiralty have quite recently published a distinct declaration that they will consider scientific attainments as a claim to their notice, and I expect to be the first to remind them of their promise, and I will take care to have the reminder so backed that they must and shall take note of it. Even if they will not promote me at once, it would answer our purpose to have an appointment in some ship on the home station for a short time.



[THOREAU MADE NO DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM JUNE 22D THROUGH JULY 15TH]



July 13, Saturday, 1850: [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) was seated with the family at the funeral of [Zachary Taylor](#).

An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF JULY 13

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were 3 months into their epic journey and crossing the Humbolt River, while there was a great need to push forward as many of the wagoners were running low on provisions:

Saturday July 13 and 93[d] day

Struck tent at 4 a.m. All well. We have had excellent roads, but dusty. We left one of our horses behind that was wore out. 7 miles from our morning camp, we crossed the long-looked-for Humbolt River. This is a stream, varies in width from 15 to 20 and 30 foot. Current runs 3 miles an hour, about 3-½ ft deep. Followed up the river, crossed a branch of the river, crossed a small bluff and went west till we stuck the river again. Kept up the river. Lined level, grass in abundance. Water good in the river. No wood for fuel. We used wild sage and ox dung to cook our supper. The land where we have camped tonight is mire-y and



1850-1851

1850-1851

we have to cut grass for our horses. The land on these bottoms is rich. In front of our camp in a south direction is the pasture of the Rocky Mountains. On top is an abundance of snow. The days is warm and nights comfortable. There is great pushing on the road, as a great many is getting short of provisions. 6 p.m. Made 28 miles.



[THOREAU MADE NO DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM JUNE 22D THROUGH JULY 15TH]



July 13, Saturday, 1850: William Wordsworth had been struggling with an autobiographical poem in blank verse since 1798, when he was 28 years of age. He had never given this a title, referring to it as the “Poem (title not yet fixed upon) to Coleridge.” He had prepared a final manuscript in 1839. The Poet Laureate had died during April 1850, at the age of 80, leaving instructions in his will. As instructed in the will, his widow Mary Wordsworth and his executors published it in 14 books as THE PRELUDE; OR GROWTH OF A POET’S MIND; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM. Actually there exist 5 almost complete extant MSS of this, that the scholars label “A,” “B,” “C,” “D,” and “E” dating between the years 1805 and 1839, as well as several notebooks and other MSS labeled by the scholars “M,” “J,” “U,” “V,” “W,” “X,” “Y,” and “Z” containing drafts of parts of the poem and belonging to an earlier period. “A,” “B,” and “C” present the text of the 1805/1806 edition, which would be found and printed in 13 books by Ernest de Sélincourt in 1926, while “D” and “E” present the 14-book text as of 1850:

- [INTRODUCTION – CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME](#)
- [SCHOOL-TIME \(CONTINUED\)](#)
- [RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE](#)
- [SUMMER VACATION](#)
- [BOOKS](#)
- [CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS](#)
- [RESIDENCE IN LONDON](#)
- [RETROSPECT. – LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN](#)
- [RESIDENCE IN FRANCE](#)
- [RESIDENCE IN FRANCE \(CONTINUED\)](#)
- [RESIDENCE IN FRANCE \(CONCLUDED\)](#)
- [IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED](#)
- [IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED \(CONCLUDED\)](#)
- [CONCLUSION](#)

A copy of this edition has been found in the library of Henry Thoreau. So, have you ever wondered to what he might have been alluding? — when he wrote:

1850-1851



"My life has been the poem I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it."

— Henry Thoreau,

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS



Legere, et non intelligere, negligere est.
As good not read, as not to vnderstand.

1850-1851




TIMELINE OF A WEEK

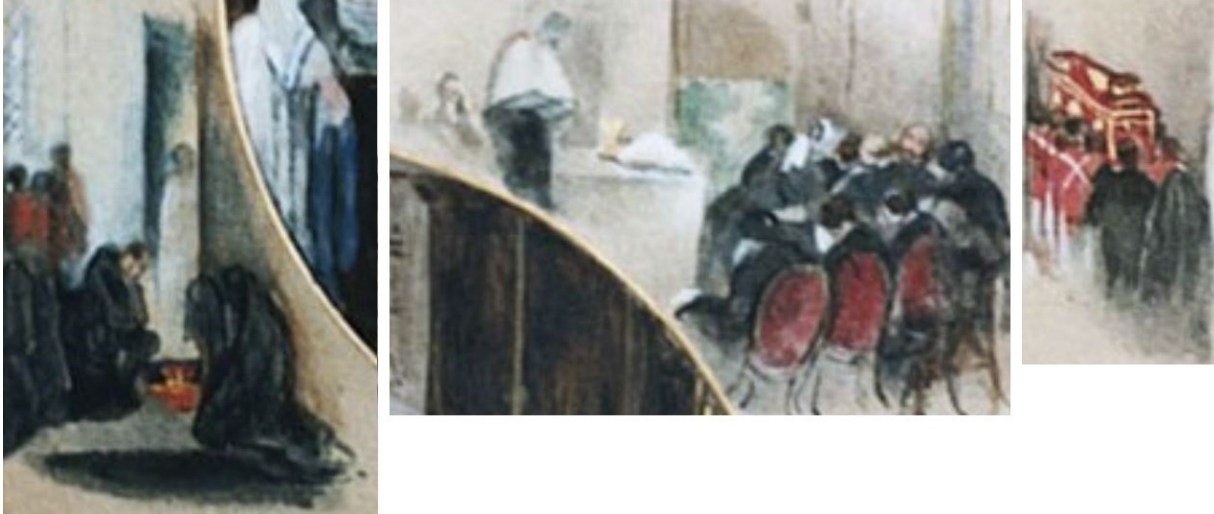


[THOREAU MADE NO DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM JUNE 22D THROUGH JULY 15TH]

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1850-1851

 July 14, Sunday, 1850: In a watercolor showing scenes connected to the death of [Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge](#) (a paternal uncle of [Queen Victoria](#)), mourners kneel, mourners are seated before an altar, and pallbearers carry the coffin:



[Dr. John B. Gorrie](#), who had been annoyed by the need to ship [ice](#) to Florida from northern lakes for treatment of victims of the yellow fever, on this night used a device of his own creation to astonish the guests at a party. This amounted to the 1st public demonstration of ice created through artificial refrigeration (he would be granted London Patent #13,124 on August 22, 1850 and US Patent #8080 on May 6, 1851). His “cooling system” device is now at the Smithsonian Institution. It would not prove to be practical, and would be superseded by a refrigeration system created in 1854 and patented in 1855 by James Harrison of Geelong, Australia, for use in the brewing and meat packing industries.

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) learned that he had been awarded a doctorate of philosophy and the liberal arts from the University of Jena — a diploma accompanied this message.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and, possibly, despite hostile native Americans, the worst was behind them:

Sunday July 14 and 94[th] day out

Notwithstanding it is the sabbath, we thought it necessary to travel today, as we are getting short of provisions. We left camp at 6 a.m. and kept along the river. Kept touching on the river at different places. Good road and grass. [N]ot quite so dusty. There was a young man from Waukessa[?] County shot by the indians while on guard the 3rd of July and died on the 5th, and there was a man and horse found that the Indians had killed and dug a hole and burnt. The other night, there was 23 horses stolen from the emigrants all out of one camp, and last night there was 2 men supposed to be Indians come in our camp. They was hailed by the watch and cleared. These Indians is a very hostile tribe. Fine day. Traveled 20 miles and camped on the Saint Mary or Humboldt River. Good grass.



1850-1851

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The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

The Canal (before Mentioned) was completed on Monday, and it has proven a Successful experiment we have got rid of about 4 ftt of water which helps us in working Our holes upon the flat wonderfully. We do not use our pumps now at all having the Canal handy we bale the water into it thus in place of three or four Men to work the pump it takes but one Man half of his time to bale it out We have been working this week in My Hole and will probably finish it this week it continues to pay extraordinary well. Murders occur very frequently now days reports come in most every day of Some one having his throat cut in his tent at night or being found butchered in a most hororable Manner by the road Side. We had an Excellent Sermon this forenoon and afternoon, and a profftable prayer Meeting in the Evening. the Spirrit of God was one in our Midst according to his Most precious promis. A man who had traveled for Some distance through the day was in Search of a place to Spread his blankets and rest for the night, he said he had just gained the Summit of a Small hill near at hand when his attention was arrested by a voise that appeared as one in earnest prayer to God he proceeded in the direction from wence the voice came and he was Soon in our little Meeting the first one he Said he had attended while in California and he Said it was truely rest to his Sole, and Body also. When we came away he remained and Said he Should make that Sacred Spot his Stoping place for the night.



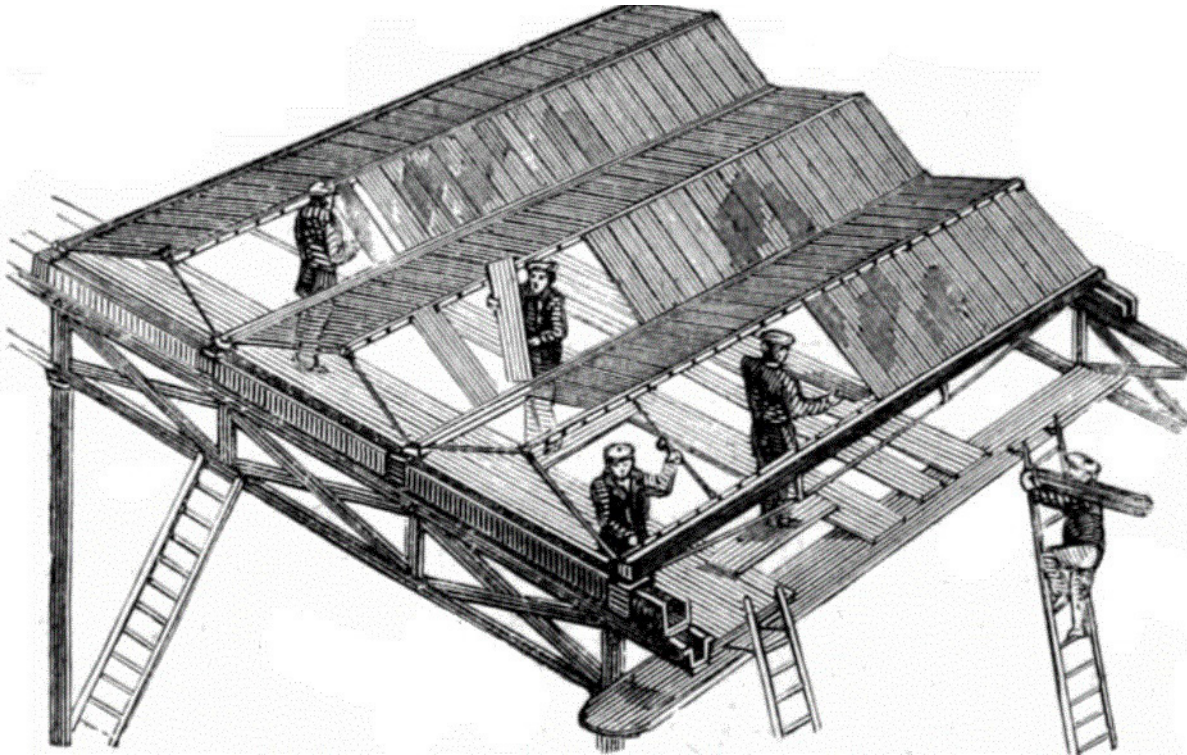
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1850-1851

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July 15, Monday, 1850: [Sir Joseph Paxton](#) completed the design of the [Crystal Palace](#). He would use panes of glass that were 12 inches by 49 inches (the largest that could at the time be made) and there would be 300,000 of them. I suppose, if we were to see some of such glass today, we would say it resembled the sort of glass that is put in bathroom panels for modesty, to more or less obscure vision — that is, we aren't talking about shop window quality "plate glass." In the illustration below, note how these glass panels are depicted as obscuring the glaziers who are standing under the installed panels of the roof.



This structure featured the initial major installation of "Retiring Rooms" concealing sanitary engineer George Jennings's flushing lavatory, the so-called "Monkey Closet." During the exhibition 827,280 visitors would pay a penny each to take advantage of this privacy (initially for males only, but later on female paying customers would also be allowed to resort to such devices).

The structure only became possible through an adjustment of the British "window tax" that had lowered the price of glass by more than 80%. One of the features of the exhibition would be a knife that sported 1,851 blades. If that didn't particularly interest you, how about a scale model of Niagara Falls?



[THOREAU MADE NO DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM JUNE 22D THROUGH JULY 15TH]



1850-1851

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July 15, Monday, 1850: 2,000 New-York tailors walked off the job. One worker was killed in the dispute, the 1st such labor death in the US. No gains were made. The Cooperative Union of Tailoring Estates would grow out of the incident.

Maria Francesca (Frances Xavier) Cabrini was born in Sant'Angelo Lodigiano, Italy.

The Spanish authorities liberated 42 of the Kentuckian prisoners from the vessel *Georgiana* taken on the waterless sandy key known as Contoy off the coast of Yucatan and put them on board the United States sloop of war *Albany* to be taken to Pensacola, while retaining 10 of them for trial.


James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, California (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of it was behind them, but the native Americans were presenting a very real threat and they were very low on provisions:

Monday July 15 and 95[th] day out

Left our encampment at 4-½ a.m. All well. Our road this forenoon has been good along the river bottom. The dust is horrible, about 4 in. deep. It is like flour. 2 horses was shot with poisoned arrows by the Indians belonging to another company. We cannot see them by day. We have to keep well armed off at night. 2 men on a watch. I and Andrew Blovom was on watch last night. We had 8 rifles and 2 revolvers. We have to watch twice a week, now we are among this tribe. It was quite cold last night. Very warm day. This afternoon, the roads has left the river and crossed the mountains. Very steep hills, hard pulling. We all feel about fagged out tonight. Some of the boys feel some dissatisfied as we have to live short. No tea, no sugar, coffee just gone, but for my part, I won't complain as long as there is a shot in the locker and California so near. There is hundreds on this road is out, and would give any price for flour. We have traveled 30 miles, struck the river and camped. Good grass. We have, in some places, to ford the river and move grass for our horses. This is trying work for us, but it has got to be done.

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 July 16, Tuesday, 1850: In a watercolor showing scenes connected to the death of Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge (a paternal uncle of Queen Victoria), a view of the funeral procession appears. A large crowd lines the route and buildings of the municipality of Kew are in the background:



July 16, 1850 Luisen Sympathie-Klänge op.81, a waltz by Johann Baptist Strauss II, was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, California (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and everyone was hoping that the worst of it was behind them:

Tuesday July 16 and 96[th] day out

5 a.m. found us on the road. All well. The road left the river again and it has been over mountains and hollows. Touched on the river this afternoon and left it again. Went over 24 mile stretch, a most awful road, stones and rocks and the dust so bad we could not see our train enough to kill the old boy. Water scarce, grass scant. Drove 28 miles and camped on the river bottom. Had to ford the river for grass. This is a trying time to the men and horses. I have just been to get grass and got up to my other hand in mud and I did not know whether I should get out. First glimpse of the Elephant. Last night, just as I got to sleep, on jumped Mr. Toad on my face. We had to get up and have a hunt and rouse him out. The other night we found a lizard under our buffalo robes, and a short time ago, a snake.



July 16th 1850 I have not yet been able to collect half a thimble full of the pollen of the pine – on Walden, abundant as it was last summer.

There is in our yard a little pitch pine 4 or 5 years old & not much more than a foot high with small cones on it but no male flowers & yet I do not know of another pitch pine tree within half a mile. Many men walk by day few walk by night. It is a very different season. Instead of the sun there are the moon & stars—instead of the wood thrush there is the whippoorwill – instead of butter flies fire flies winged sparks of fire—for every thing has wings set to it at last – instead of singing birds the croaking of frogs & the intenser dream of crickets— The potatoes stand up straight – the corn grows – the bushes loom – & in a moon-light night the shadows of rocks – & trees & bushes & hills – are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest inequalities in the ground are revealed by the shadows—what the feet find comparatively smooth appears rough & diversified to



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the eye. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim & cavernous – the ferns in the wood appear to be of tropical size – the pools become as full of light as the sky. The roads are heavy & dark. Nature slumbers The rocks retain the warmth of the sun which they have absorbed all night– The outlines of the trees between *{Three-fifths page missing}* that that part which extends without interruption from Nauset Har. to Race should be called once for all Cape Cod Beach – and have so named it. Steering for fabulous ports or just arriving from them – whose very names are a mysterious music to our ears – Fayal & Babelmandel where the sky shuts down. & Chagres to Porto Praya Bound to the famous Bay of San Francisco & the Golden streams of Sacramento & San Joaquin. To Feather River & the american Fork where [Sutter's fort](#) presides, looms up, Bound to California – to Colchis & the Golden Fleece. *{Three-fifths page missing}*

HISTORY'S NOT MADE OF WOULD. WHEN SOMEONE REVEALS, FOR INSTANCE, THAT A PARTICULAR INFANT WOULD INVENT THE SEWING MACHINE, S/HE DISCLOSES THAT WHAT IS BEING CRAFTED IS NOT REALITY BUT PREDESTINARIANISM. THE HISTORIAN IS SETTING CHRONOLOGY TO "SHUFFLE," WHICH IS NOT A PERMISSIBLE OPTION BECAUSE IN THE REAL WORLD SUCH SHUFFLE IS IMPOSSIBLE. THE RULE OF REALITY IS THAT THE FUTURE HASN'T EVER HAPPENED, YET. THERE IS NO SUCH "BIRD'S EYE VIEW" AS THIS IN THE REAL WORLD, FOR IN THE REAL WORLD NO REAL BIRD HAS EVER GLIMPSED AN ACTUAL HISTORICAL SEQUENCE.



July 17, Wednesday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and native Americans were giving them trouble:

Wednesday July 17 and 97[th] day out

We was on the march at 5 a.m. All well. We have traveled 20 miles today. Camped about 1 p.m. We thought it best to stay in camp till tomorrow as we have got excellent grass. The roads has been quite crooked and the dust is enough to kill us and our horses. Our horses has failed more this last 2 days then any week we have been traveling. The dust is worse then the work. This river is a perfect zigzag. The land is flat and it has made its channel

China

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

1850-1851

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in all directions. Some places is 10 and 12 foot deep. It is not very good water unless you're used to it. There is a great many leaving their wagons and packing. There is a good deal of complaining on the road. There was a man stripped staff naked by the Indians the other day. There was 200 men went to recover a lot of horses that the Indians had stolen day before yesterday, and if they did not give them up, they was going to kill every one in the village. The village is 2 miles from the river. They stole them where we camped on the 16th July.



STEDMAN BUTTRICK

After July 16: The names of those who bought these fields of the Red men the wild men of the woods—are Buttrick Davis Barrett Bulkley &c &c v Hist. Here and there still you will find a man with Indian blood in his veins. An eccentric farmer descended from an Indian Chief— Or you will see a solitary pure blooded Indian looking as wild as ever among the pines—one of the last of the massachusetts's tribes stepping into a railroad car with his gun & pappoose

Still here and there an Indian squaw with her dog – her only companion – lives in some lone house – insulted by school children – making baskets & picking berries her employment You will meet her on the highway – with few children or none – with melancholy face – history destiny – stepping after her race – who had stayed to tuck them up in their long sleep. For whom berries condescend to grow. I have not seen one on the Musketaquid for many a year And some who came up in their canoes and camped on its banks a dozen years ago had to ask me where it came from. A lone Indian woman without children – accompanied by her dog – weaving the shroud of her race – performing the last services for her departed race. Not yet absorbed into the elements again– A daughter of the soil – one of the nobility of the land – the white man an imported weed burdock & mullein which displace the ground nut. {*One-fourth page missing*} enough – it possesses but half the grandeur of Cape Cod & The imagination is not contented with its southern aspect The only other beaches of great length on our coast of which I have heard sailors speak – are those of Barnegat on the Jersey shore – & Currituck in Virginia & N. Carolina – but these like the last are low & narrow sand bars lying off the coast separated from the mainland by lagoons. Cape Cod is as yet a barrier to the ocean & not recently created by it. I have seen bars of castile soap rolled into perfect cylinders & spirally striped like a barbers pole.

In a cargo of rags washed ashore I have noticed that every old pocket & bag like recess was filled to bursting with sand by the action of the waves rolling them on the beach – and the pockets in the {*One-fourth page missing*} the one hand and this little sea of ale on the other preserving their separate characters. Man too seemed to me like a half emptied bottle of pale ale yet stoppled tight for a while & drifting about in the sea of circumstances while the stopper held–erelong to mingle with the surrounding waves or spilld among the sands of the shore. That it had held its own so long & its individuality did not evaporate in that great presence It was still ale ale with smack of spruce and Juniper – in spite of barnacles & countless ocean waves man would not be man through such ordeal.

As a proof that oysters do not move I have been told by a Long Island oysterman that they are found in large clusters surrounding the parent oyster in the position in which they must have grown – the young being several years old.

1850-1851

1850-1851



July 18, Thursday, 1850: The *Elizabeth* was brought to anchor off New York's Fire Island. This was a cargo ship carrying a heavy ballast of valuable marble in its hold, and as supercargo [Giovanni Angelo](#) and his partner [Margaret Fuller](#), the refugee *marchése e marchésa d'Ossoli*, with their 2-year-old toddler Angelo Eugenio Filippo who had been ill to the point of death during the voyage — but was recuperating. The 1st mate, in command since the captain had died of the small pox, believing that his vessel was off the coast of New Jersey, announced to the passengers that the next day they would arrive in [New-York](#) harbor. [Margaret Fuller](#) began to lay out Nino's landing clothes — but that evening the wind would pick up and by midnight it would be at gale force. Actually, they weren't off the coast of New Jersey but had made their continental landfall to the north of that, off Long Island and Fire Island.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and worn out, and the water they were obliged to drink with their scant supper was so utterly nasty as to be “enough to kill a nigger”:

Thursday July 18 and 98[th] day out

Left camp at 5-½ a.m. Fine morning. Very warm. Roads a.m. good and not so dusty. Struck river at 8 a.m. Left it again for 7 miles. Good grass. At noon here, we traded another wagon for 1 horse and 1 mule. Put all on 2 wagons, hitched up. New horse is broke down, wants rest. Mule, poor thing, one of the men undertook to riding. Had to jump off. Went about 3 miles. Road heavy. The new horse and 1 of our best horses began to lame behind. Had to drive till 9 p.m. We camped. Hardly got our team there. 2 horses had to do all the work. We camped 20 rods from the river. Not a bit of grass and horses have come 30 miles. Watered out of a well. Bad water as we could not get to the river on account of an alkali creek. Took our supper, which consisted of water enough to kill a nigger, raw pork and bread. Spread our buffaloes on the ground and went to bed. Our case looks rather dubious. Men worn out.

HDT

WHAT?

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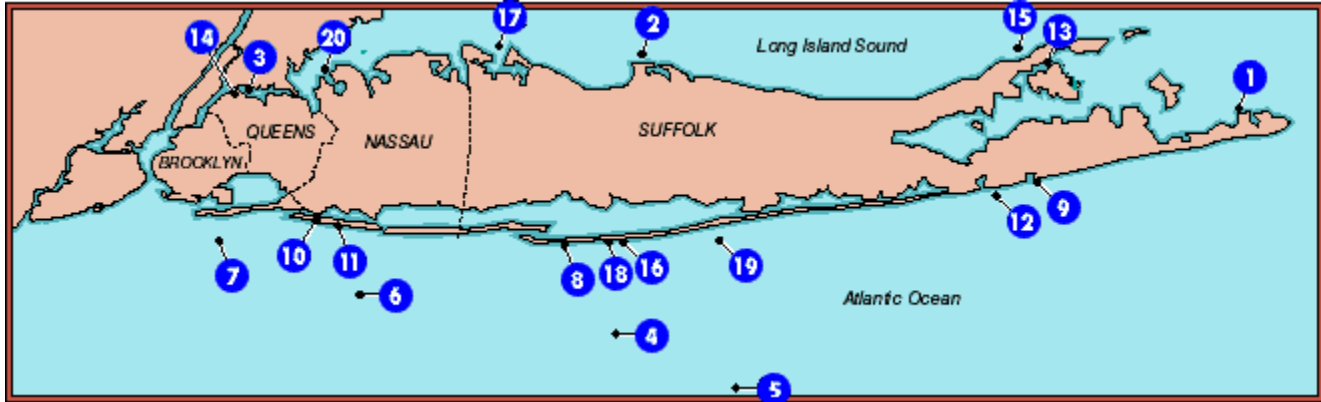
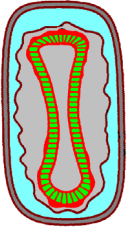


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July 19, Friday, 1850: At 3:30AM, holding course with close-reefed sails, the *Elizabeth* struck a Fire Island sandbar. The ship's lifeboats were soon smashed. As it grew lighter figures could be made out on the beach but these humans didn't seem to be doing anything by way of a rescue, only waiting and watching. In fact these were not rescuers but resident scavengers waiting for their storm booty. At noon the first mate, in command of the *Elizabeth* since its skipper had died of the [small pox](#), picked himself out a likely plank and jumped overboard. His instructions to those he left behind: "Save yourselves!" There was only one life preserver, which would by tradition have gone to [Margaret Fuller](#), but as they all waited aboard the vessel and saw that it was breaking up in the surge, she offered that life preserver to a crewman who was volunteering to take his chances going overboard to summon aid (wreck #18 below):



TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

The toddler had been slung into a canvas bag around the neck of a sailor. A [Tribune](#) reporter reached the beach at about 11AM. At about noon the Fire Island Lighthouse lifeboat and rescue howitzer arrived but, despite the fact that the ship was only a few hundred yards out into the breakers, rescue attempts were made difficult by wind and waves that were building into a hurricane. The lifeboat would never be launched. At about 3PM, with perhaps a thousand people on the beach at that point watching (half of whom were looting as cases of goods washed ashore), the ship began to come apart as pieces of its marble cargo broke through the hull. Some of the people aboard made it ashore by clinging to pieces of wreckage. When a sailor attempted to get the toddler ashore, the attempt failed and the tiny body would be submerged for about 20 minutes before being located and carried still warm out of the waves (the body would be placed in a chest donated by one of the sailors). Just before leaping overboard the cook heard Fuller, in her white nightgown, say "I see nothing but death before me." When the ship broke up all who had not made it to shore were drowned (of the total of 22 aboard, a total of 10 including the baby could not be gotten across the surf to shore). Ossoli was seen to reach up from

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the water and attempt to grab a piece of rigging before disappearing beneath the waves.¹



The bodies of Giovanni and Margaret were not immediately recovered. When [Ellery Channing](#) reached that beach, some people who were still standing around informed him that they would have made a rescue attempt had they known someone “important” was on board.² The reporter took some letters found on the beach in a box back to [New-York](#) and dried them and turned them over to [Horace Greeley](#). [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) had not met [Giovanni Angelo](#) but commented, according to his son’s *NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE*, A

1. No provenance was cited in the text from which I copied this woodcut. However, it appears to be a woodcut of the period, that had been used to illustrate the news story of the death of the *Ossolis*. You will notice that there is no depiction of Margaret’s twisted spine, and that to all appearances the weight of her decision not to attempt to swim to shore is being placed upon her feminine modesty, timidity, weakness, emotionality, negativity, or lack of initiative. I gather from the condition of the scholarly literature that you’re not supposed to mention scoliosis of the spine, since it is a deformity and since it is so shameful to be thus deformed. We are left, not only by the news flacks but also by these scholars, with an image in our minds of a grown woman merely sitting passively in her slip with her back against the mast and her arms around her knees, and we are to wonder that she could not even summon the courage to attempt to swim through breakers that had just drowned her husband and the crewman who had tried to get ashore with her baby: did she have a death wish, the scholars suggest? Did she drown as an “Arcadian affectation,” as did her passionate alleged feminist namesake *Zenobia*? Thus the scholars and the flacks collaborate with Hawthorne in his disgusting contemptuous dismissal.

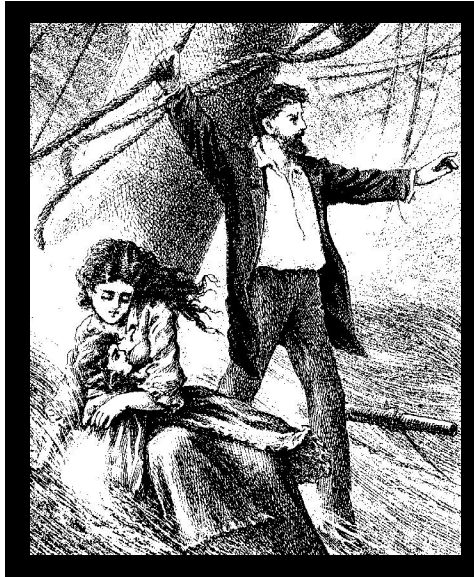
2. Four editions of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* held that their drownings occurred on July 16th and this error would not get corrected until 1974 — which would be hardly worth mentioning were it not such a graphic illustration of the general lack of value we place on a pushy woman’s contribution to our clownish society.

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BIOGRAPHY, that

Providence was, after all, kind in putting her and her clownish husband and their child on board that fated ship.



Yeah, and a kind Providence put those clownish [variola](#) scarifications on the fated child's face!

Behind this term "Providence" mobilized by Hawthorne we can see lurking the notion that this was an unquestionably murderous, yet unquestionably kind, act of God. His deity was merely disposing of a female who had gotten out of her place, sort of like crushing an ant that had wandered onto the author's dinnerplate. God as the sanitary police for the Old Boys Network. The schadenfreudian remarks [Nathaniel](#) made from time to time about the Ossolis may have had less to do with his generally livid gender chauvinism, and less to do with the two of them as a couple, or with the two of them as particular individuals, than with Hawthorne's special ambivalence toward the twisted sister with whom he had had those starry-night walks while his wife was inconvenienced, or his general misanthropy toward any woman who would do such an unwomanly thing as **to write**:

I wish they were forbidden to write on pain of having their faces deeply scarified with an oyster-shell.



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Dear reader, do you agree with Nathaniel that fortune was kind to Margaret and her family? Do you, perhaps, harbor a hope that fortune will smile on you and on your family as it did not smile on her and her family? Do you suspect, as so many scholars studying this period have suspected, that Margaret perhaps harbored some sort of a death wish, and that it was this death wish which prevented her from leaping overboard into the breakers and attempting to make it to the shore that was only a few yards away? Remember, if you will, that Margaret had a spinal deformity, which very likely was some part of the cause of part of pretty boy Nathaniel's hostility toward her and which very likely was the entire cause of his hostility toward her husband –what kind of clown could it be, who could marry a deformed woman, and have sex with her and produce a child?– and remember, also, if you will, that Margaret herself had long before been forced to abandon any suspicion she might have had in her earlier years, of the basic fairness of life. We were born to be mutilated, she commented, and, she might have added, we were born also, to be mocked:

I have no belief in beautiful lives; we were born to be mutilated: Life is basically unjust.

A statue of the Honorable John Caldwell Calhoun that had been lost in the wreck of the Elizabeth would be recovered in an uninjured condition except for a slight fracture to the right arm.

Several days after the USS Elizabeth had disintegrated, when all that lay in the breakers were some rough blocks of Italian marble and some hull timbers half buried in the sand, a sea captain named James Wick would show up at the offices of the New-York Herald Tribune on Manhattan Island with a packing crate containing the corpses of a man and a woman. Greeley was informed that these were the bodies of the "Italian count" Ossoli and Greeley's war correspondent Margaret Fuller. He "refused to have anything to do with them," according to Tribune reporter Felix Dominy.

The horses rattled the empty chariots,
longing for their noble drivers.
But they on the ground lay,
dearer to the vultures than to their wives.



So Captain Wick and his mate, to get rid of the bodies of Greeley's war correspondent and her clownish husband without getting themselves into trouble, would bury this packing crate at night on Coney Island without marking the spot.³ We are reminded of something Henry Thoreau would jot down in his journal some 9 months subsequent to this event, between April 19th and April 22d, 1851, and something he would write into CAPE COD, and we are led to wonder whether Thoreau had in some manner come to suspect that his "friend" Greeley had something to do with the fact that it was these bodies in particular that had not been recovered from the wreck of the USS Elizabeth. For Thoreau did make an uncharacteristically bitter remark during this period, a remark about the moral character of editors in this country, a group of whom Greeley was arguably the single one who was the best known personally by Thoreau:



... probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as are the editors of the periodical press in this country.

3. A letter from Felix Dominy's son, that is among the Fuller papers at Harvard, attests to this incident and is described in Chevigny, Bell Gale. THE WOMAN AND THE MYTH: MARGARET FULLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS. Old Westbury NY: The Feminist Press, 1976.



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Later in this day, in Boston, an appeal brought on behalf of [Professor John White Webster](#) by the minister of the Unitarian church in Roxbury, Massachusetts, the [Reverend George Putnam, D.D.](#), failed to move the Governor's Council on Pardons. Murder being contrary to the law of God, with one dissenting vote they recommended to the Governor of the commonwealth that he murder this murderer.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the journey was behind them. Or not:

Friday July 19 and 99[th] day out

Captain woke us up at daylight, ordered us to harness up before breakfast, and drive till we found grass. Drove about 4 miles and camped on the river. Had to swim the river, it is about 30 yards wide, and cut grass and haul it over with a rope. Got enough for to bate, and come and had our breakfast. William feels rather down. He told me he had as much as he could bear. This was on the road to this camp as we was walking together. I told him to look up, we should get there somehow, and he took out his little textbook to look at his morning lesson, and read it and gave it to me to read. It was a blessing to our souls. Thank God. His grace is always sufficient to all that put their trust in him. I don't feel the least discouraged. I know God is with us, but I can't help feeling for my brother, as he has got so much on his mind. He stands it well. After a breakfast of coffee, bread and an allowance of bacon, we swam the river again, got more grass. Thought it best to stay in camp till tomorrow. Horses put that out of sight. Had our dinner of bread and coffee, weak at that. Been out of sugar some time. I thank God I don't feel to murmur, and I feel as cheerful as ever I did. I have not been once sorry that I left home. Our bacon is gone and I expect we shall be down on bread and water in one week. I don't see any help for us unless we can get some off the emigrants and that is almost an impossibility. 3 p.m. Went across the river again for grass. Come to the conclusion to pack all our worn-out horses out of our wagon, put on a fresh mule, and took the new horse off our wagon. Only me and another to go in our wagon. It looks a little more promising now. William is about right this afternoon. [?] to the backbone. Some Mormons passed here this morning. A pack come from Sacramento going to Salt Lake. Would not give us any information. I expect they had a lot and afraid to let us know it. They say we are 800 miles from Sacramento.


Hugh N. Smith, delegate from New Mexico, was refused a seat in the US House of Representatives by a vote of 105 over 94.

A violent gale accompanied by rain deluged New York and Southern cities.



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 July 20, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL


ISSUE OF JULY 20

A treaty was signed in Athens by the Greek foreign minister and a representative of Great Britain, settling the compensation matter that had brought about, in January, the British blockade.

James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, California (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the journey was behind them. Or not:

Saturday July 20 and 100 days out

Left camp at 4 a.m. All well, but some of them a little cross. Traveled on till we came to the Oregon Road. Took that and went 5 miles and found it was the wrong road. A great many has taken this road. It runs North, ours Southwest. Turned back. Traveled 20 miles to the watering place, the river that is, from morning's camp. The land has been all saleratus and alkali creeks. There was a beef killed here, 200 lbs. Went 1 mile and camped, and swam the river for grass. Hitched up at 3 p.m. Went 11 miles and camped along side of a branch of the river. Went 1 mile for grass. Crossed the creek twice, up to our thighs in mud and water. Here we heard that 2 men had been shot by the Indians, and 1 wandered on a cutoff a few miles from here.

 July 21, Sunday, 1850: James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, California (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the travails were behind them. Or not:

Sunday July 21 and 101 days out

Fine morning. Quite hot. I have a bad headache this morning. We thought it best to travel today. Came 10 miles and good road. Shot 1 of our worn-out horses. Crossed the river again for grass at noon. Very hot this p.m.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Finished the working of My Claim on the Flat on Tuesday, and it continued to pay to the last. commenced on Georges Claim on Wednesday. The weather has been quite warm the past week the thermometer varying from 100 to 110, but this making it cool and pleasant I notice here that about the full of the Moon the wind and the heat is the Strongest. Three Successive Meetings was




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held at this plaser last week for the purpose of Taking into consideration the best Mode of guarding against the depredations of the Many Murderers and Robbers that infest the country around. Their actions at the Meetings were undesided on account of a Mass Meeting to be Held at Senora for the Same purpose. Messrs Wiat and Marshal were appointed delegates to attend that Meeting and report at an adjourned Meeting to be held at this place on tuesday Evening next. posted a letter to Mrs L of S S on Monday 1 5th 5 0 Clock pm We have just returned from Meeting preaching this afternoon by Mr Spreague on the Subject of predestination. the attendance is quite regular, and I am happy to State that God our heavenly Father never fails to be one in our Midst when we come with the right Spirit. Just as we returned from Service we received the information of the death of our Much essteemed friend and Ship Mate Norman Wadhams. When we arived at St Francisco the Excelsior Mining Co consisted of 9 Members three of Whom are now laid beneath their Mother Earth first Moses C Wadhams next Lyman B. Oviatt and now Norman Wadhams, Mr Oviatt was a Brother in Law to Norman Wadhams and Moses W was a Cousin to them Both, and they were from the Same place Go- Conneticut.

The warning is be ye also ready. Our Friend who died to day has been Sick about 6 Weeks he has had constent Medical aid, but at about 5 0 Clock P M to day his time had come and his Spirit was born away to try the realities of another world. His funeral will take place to Morrow at 9 A M. I will also Mention the Suden death of an Italian to day who was berried Shortly after his death (Just before Sunset) without Coffin and without Seramony. this does appear to heathenish indeed.

The grand jury in the United States District Court at New Orleans returned true bills for the violation of the act of Congress of 1818 against John A. Quitman (Governor of Mississippi), Judge Cotesworth Pinckney Smith (of the Supreme Court of Mississippi), John Henderson (late Senator from that State), J.L. O'Sullivan (late editor of the Democratic Review), John F. Picket (late Consul at Turk's island), Theodore O'Hara (late Major in the United States Army), C.R. Wheate. Peter Smith, A. Gonzalez, Thomas Theodore Hawkins, W.H. Bell, N.J. Bunch, L.J. Sigur (State Senator), Donatien Augustin (Brigadier-General and Commander of the Legion), and General Narciso López, making in all 16 persons. Warrants were issued for the arrest of these parties.

 July 22, Monday, 1850: Documentation of the international slave trade, per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: "African Squadron: Message from the President ... transmitting Information in reference to the African squadron." –HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Cong. 1 sess. IX. No. 73. (Gives total expenses of the squadron, slavers captured, etc.)

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: The enhanced price of slaves throughout the American slave market, brought about by the new industrial development and the laws against the slave-trade, was the irresistible temptation that drew American capital and enterprise into that traffic. In the United States, in spite of the large interstate traffic, the average price of slaves rose from about \$325 in 1840, to \$360 in 1850, and to \$500 in 1860.⁴ Brazil and Cuba offered similar inducements to smugglers, and the American flag was ready to protect such pirates. As a result,

4. Cf. United States census reports; and Frederick Law Olmsted, COTTON KINGDOM.



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the American slave-trade finally came to be carried on principally by United States capital, in United States ships, officered by United States citizens, and under the United States flag.

Executive reports repeatedly acknowledged this fact. In 1839 "a careful revision of these laws" is recommended by the President, in order that "the integrity and honor of our flag may be carefully preserved."⁵ In June, 1841, the President declares: "There is reason to believe that the traffic is on the increase," and advocates "vigorous efforts."⁶ His message in December of the same year acknowledges: "That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations is but too probable."⁷ The special message of 1845 explains at length that "it would seem" that a regular policy of evading the laws is carried on: American vessels with the knowledge of the owners are chartered by notorious slave dealers in Brazil, aided by English capitalists, with this intent.⁸ The message of 1849 "earnestly" invites the attention of Congress "to an amendment of our existing laws relating to the African slave-trade, with a view to the effectual suppression of that barbarous traffic. It is not to be denied," continues the message, "that this trade is still, in part, carried on by means of vessels built in the United States, and owned or navigated by some of our citizens."⁹ Governor Buchanan of [Liberia](#) reported in 1839: "The chief obstacle to the success of the very active measures pursued by the British government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast, is the *American flag*. Never was the proud banner of freedom so extensively used by those pirates upon liberty and humanity, as at this season."¹⁰ One well-known American slaver was boarded fifteen times and twice taken into port, but always escaped by means of her papers.¹¹ Even American officers report that the English are doing all they can, but that the American flag protects the trade.¹² The evidence which literally poured in from our consuls and ministers at Brazil adds to the story of the guilt of the United States.¹³ It was proven that the participation of United States citizens in the trade was large and systematic. One of the most notorious slave merchants of Brazil said: "I am worried by the Americans, who insist upon my hiring their vessels for slave-trade."¹⁴ Minister Proffit stated, in 1844, that the "slave-trade is almost entirely carried on under our flag, in American-built vessels."¹⁵ So, too, in Cuba: the British commissioners affirm that American citizens were openly engaged in the traffic; vessels arrived undisguised at Havana from the United States, and cleared for Africa as slavers after an alleged sale.¹⁶ The American consul, Trist, was

5. HOUSE JOURNAL, 26th Congress, 1st session, page 118.

6. HOUSE JOURNAL, 27th Congress, 1st session, pages 31, 184.

7. HOUSE JOURNAL, 27th Congress, 2d session, pages 14, 15, 86, 113.

8. SENATE JOURNAL, 28th Congress, 2d session, pages 191, 227.

9. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 31st Congress, 1st session, III. pt. I. No. 5, page 7.

10. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 152.

11. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, pages 152-3.

12. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 241.

13. Cf. e.g. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 28th Congress, 2d session, IV. pt. I. No. 148; 29th Congress, 1st session, III. No. 43; HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 30th Congress, 2d session, VII. No. 61; SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 30th Congress, 1st session, IV. No. 28; 31st Congress, 2d session, II. No. 6; 33d Congress, 1st session, VIII. No. 47.

14. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 218.

15. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 221.



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proven to have consciously or unconsciously aided this trade by the issuance of blank clearance papers.¹⁷

The presence of American capital in these enterprises, and the connivance of the authorities, were proven in many cases and known in scores. In 1837 the English government informed the United States that from the papers of a captured slaver it appeared that the notorious slave-trading firm, Blanco and Carballo of Havana, who owned the vessel, had correspondents in the United States: "at Baltimore, Messrs. Peter Harmony and Co., in New York, Robert Barry, Esq."¹⁸ The slaver "Martha" of New York, captured by the "Perry," contained among her papers curious revelations of the guilt of persons in America who were little suspected.¹⁹ The slaver "Prova," which was allowed to lie in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and refit, was afterwards captured with two hundred and twenty-five slaves on board.²⁰ The real reason that prevented many belligerent Congressmen from pressing certain search claims against England lay in the fact that the unjustifiable detentions had unfortunately revealed so much American guilt that it was deemed wiser to let the matter end in talk. For instance, in 1850 Congress demanded information as to illegal searches, and President Fillmore's report showed the uncomfortable fact that, of the ten American ships wrongly detained by English men-of-war, nine were proven red-handed slavers.²¹

The consul at Havana reported, in 1836, that whole cargoes of slaves fresh from Africa were being daily shipped to Texas in American vessels, that 1,000 had been sent within a few months, that the rate was increasing, and that many of these slaves "can scarcely fail to find their way into the United States." Moreover, the consul acknowledged that ships frequently cleared for the United States in ballast, taking on a cargo at some secret point.²² When with these facts we consider the law facilitating "recovery" of slaves from Texas,²³ the repeated refusals to regulate the Texan trade, and the shelving of a proposed congressional investigation into these matters,²⁴ conjecture becomes a practical certainty. It was estimated in 1838 that 15,000 Africans were annually taken to Texas, and "there are even grounds for suspicion that there are other places ... where slaves are introduced."²⁵ Between 1847 and 1853 the slave smuggler Drake had a slave depot in the Gulf, where sometimes as many as 1,600 Negroes were on hand, and the owners

16. Palmerston to Stevenson: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, page 5. In 1836 five such slavers were known to have cleared; in 1837, eleven; in 1838, nineteen; and in 1839, twenty-three: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, pages 220-1.

17. PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1839, Volume XLIX., SLAVE TRADE, class A, Further Series, pages 58-9; class B, Further Series, page 110; class D, Further Series, page 25. Trist pleaded ignorance of the law: Trist to Forsyth, HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

18. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

19. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 290.

20. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, pages 121, 163-6.

21. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 31st Congress, 1st session, XIV No. 66.

22. Trist to Forsyth: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115. "The business of supplying the United States with Africans from this island is one that must necessarily exist," because "slaves are a hundred *per cent*, or more, higher in the United States than in Cuba," and this profit "is a temptation which it is not in human nature as modified by American institutions to withstand": HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

23. STATUTES AT LARGE, V. 674.

24. Cf. STATUTES AT LARGE, V., page 157, note 1.


25. Buxton, THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE AND ITS REMEDY, pages 44-5. Cf. 2D REPORT OF THE LONDON AFRICAN SOCIETY, page 22.



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were continually importing and shipping. "The joint-stock company," writes this smuggler, "was a very extensive one, and connected with leading American and Spanish mercantile houses. Our island²⁶ was visited almost weekly, by agents from Cuba, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans.... The seasoned and instructed slaves were taken to Texas, or Florida, overland, and to Cuba, in sailing-boats. As no squad contained more than half a dozen, no difficulty was found in posting them to the United States, without discovery, and generally without suspicion.... The Bay Island plantation sent ventures weekly to the Florida Keys. Slaves were taken into the great American swamps, and there kept till wanted for the market. Hundreds were sold as captured runaways from the Florida wilderness. We had agents in every slave State; and our coasters were built in Maine, and came out with lumber. I could tell curious stories ... of this business of smuggling Bozal negroes into the United States. It is growing more profitable every year, and if you should hang all the Yankee merchants engaged in it, hundreds would fill their places."²⁷ Inherent probability and concurrent testimony confirm the substantial truth of such confessions. For instance, one traveller discovers on a Southern plantation Negroes who can speak no English.²⁸ The careful reports of the Quakers "apprehend that many [slaves] are also introduced into the United States."²⁹ Governor Mathew of the Bahama Islands reports that "in more than one instance, Bahama vessels with coloured crews have been purposely wrecked on the coast of Florida, and the crews forcibly sold." This was brought to the notice of the United States authorities, but the district attorney of Florida could furnish no information.³⁰ Such was the state of the slave-trade in 1850, on the threshold of the critical decade which by a herculean effort was destined finally to suppress it.

 July 22, Monday, 1850: [Stephen Collins Foster](#) got married with Jane Denny MacDowell, daughter of a physician (already deceased), in Trinity Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh.

Heski Holki Polka op.80 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of their travails were behind them. How could their travails possibly get even worse than this?

Monday July 22 and 102 days out

26. I.e., Bay Island in the Gulf of Mexico, near the coast of Honduras.

27. REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE SMUGGLER, page 98.

28. Mr. H. Moulton in SLAVERY AS IT IS, page 140; cited in FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SLAVE TRADE (Friends' ed. 1841), page 8.

29. In a memorial to Congress, 1840: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 1st session, VI. No. 211.

30. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1845-6, pages 883, 968, 989-90. The governor wrote in reply: "The United States, if properly served by their law officers in the Floridas, will not experience any difficulty in obtaining the requisite knowledge of these illegal transactions, which, I have reason to believe, were the subject of common notoriety in the neighbourhood where they occurred, and of boast on the part of those concerned in them": BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1845-6, page 990.



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Rose at 2 o'clock. This is the first time we came down on bread and water. Started at 3 a.m. Very nigh all the men went off without eating anything. This is hard times. Traveled 20 miles. Crossed a creek, crossed a bluff and came on the river again. Kept along the river and found grass ? of a mile from camp. We have been wading the river in 2 places all the afternoon to get grass to cross the desert. This is trying to our health, on such hard food. Charles and me has been wondering if the old lady has got the potatoes on yet. Tonight our supper consisted of flour and water, boiled, and bread.

The Glasgow Herald of Glasgow, Scotland presented a few columns of MISCELLANEOUS paragraphs, one of which was on "The Wonderful Nature of Fishes" and was by "G.D. Thoreau" [*sic*]:

Whether we live by the seaside, or by the lakes and rivers, or on the prairie, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America are not so interesting to the student of nature, as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains, and on the interior plains; the fish principle in nature, from which it results that they may be found in water in so many places, in greater or less numbers. The natural historian is not a fisherman, who prays for cloudy days and good luck merely, but as fishing has been styled, "a contemplative man's recreation," introducing him profitably to woods and water, so the fruit of the naturalist's observations is not in new genera or species, but in new contemplations still, and science is only a more contemplative man's recreation. The seeds of the life of fishes are everywhere disseminated, whether the winds waft them, or the waters float them, or the deep earth holds them; wherever a pond is dug, straightway it is stocked with this vivacious race. They have a lease of nature, and it is not yet out. The Chinese are bribed to carry their ova from province to province in jars or in hollow reeds, or the water-birds to transport them to the mountain tarns and interior lakes. There are fishes wherever there is a fluid medium, and even in clouds and in melted metals we detect their semblance. Think how in winter you can sink a line down straight in a pasture through snow and through ice, and pull up a bright, slippery, dumb, subterranean silver or golden fish! It is curious, also, to reflect how they make one family, from the largest to the smallest. The least minnow that lies on the ice as bait for pickerel, looks like a huge sea-fish cast up on the shore.

TIMELINE OF A WEEK



July 23, Tuesday, 1850: A letter from South Kingstown, Rhode Island:

We have begun to cart in today & we are also in the midst of haying having got in 30 loads but there are at least 70 more to get in & two of my men have mutinied & gone off drunk ... but we have eight Irishmen & five natives left - How could the work

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of the country be done but for the Emerald Islanders?

IRISH

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and are not at all confident that they will be able to make it all the way to the gold fields of [California](#):

Tuesday July 23 and 103 days out

Fine morning. Breakfast the same as last night. Started at 5 a.m. I feel quite weak. The food and crossing these rivers for grass is enough to kill a horse. The men feel quite down and complain a good deal. The roads has been very sandy all day, as much as the teams could get along with. Kept along the river. Water black with alkali. Camped or stopped on the river after traveling 20 miles till 12 o'clock, as we have 20 miles to go without water. Here we have had to cut grass with our jackknives out of the weeds. Hard way to get grass. We swapped a little flour, 2 pans full, for a quart of coffee, and we made out to get 4 lbs. of bacon. We shall live again for a day or two. We can't tell anything about the road, as one says one thing and one another. We expected to be at the desert tonight. Now we hear it is 20 miles off. The land here is all sand. Nothing grows on it but sage and greasewood. There is mountains on both sides of us. There is great destruction of property on this road. We have passed some few dead cattle and horses poisoned with the water. The men has quite long faces. I tell them this is a man trap. I fear there's harder times ahead. Left camp last night at 12 o'clock. It was a fine moonlit night. The road was stony and dusty, land entirely barren. We traveled 15 miles and reached the river, where we had to cut willows for our horses. Our case looks rather bad. William is not well. I have got a touch of dysentery.



July 23, Tuesday, 1850: [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote [Horace Greeley](#), advising that he was sending [Ellery Channing](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#) to recover from the beach any of [Margaret Fuller](#)'s writing that could be salvaged.³¹ He advanced his delegates the sum of \$70.⁰⁰ for the expenses of their trip to Fire Island. While Ellery was away, [Ellen Fuller Channing](#) and the children went to be with her grieving mother at her brother Arthur Fuller's home, in Manchester, New Hampshire where Arthur was a Unitarian pastor.



Later on in life [Fuller](#)'s employer [Greeley](#) would deliver himself of a remark which deserves to be inscribed near the grave of her toddler Nino:

[T]wo or three bouncing babies would have emancipated her from a good deal of cant and nonsense.³²

However, this day was not a appropriate occasion for such bumptious presumptuous male chauvinism, either from one's employer or from anyone else. It was a day, instead, that called for straightforward reporting of detail as in this letter posted by Bayard Taylor:

31. NOTA BENE, do not be confused by these formulations: it was the **Reverend** William **Henry** Channing who accompanied Thoreau from Concord to Fire Island and it was the Concord poet William **Ellery** Channing II who came out from New-York to join them.

32. "I think he has been crazy for years."

— John Bigelow, five days before Greeley died in a mental clinic in Pleasantville, New York.

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Fire Island, Tuesday, July 23.

To the Editors of the Tribune: -

I reached the house of Mr. Smith Oakes, about one mile from the spot where the Elizabeth was wrecked, at three o'clock this morning. The boat in which I set out last night from Babylon, to cross the bay, was seven hours making the passage. On landing among the sand-hills, Mr. Oakes admitted me into his house, and gave me a place of rest for the remaining two or three hours of the night.

This morning I visited the wreck, traversed the beach for some extent on both sides, and collected all the particulars that are now likely to be obtained, relative to the closing scenes of this terrible disaster. The sand is strewn for a distance of three or four miles with fragments of planks, spars, boxes, and the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. With the exception of a piece of her broadside, which floated to the shore intact, all the timbers have been so chopped and broken by the sea, that scarcely a stick of ten feet in length can be found. In front of the wreck these fragments are piled up along high-water mark to the height of several feet, while farther in among the sand-hills are scattered casks of almonds stove in, and their contents mixed with the sand, sacks of juniper-berries, oil-flasks, &c. About half the hull remains under water, not more than fifty yards from the shore. The spars and rigging belonging to the foremast, with part of the mast itself, are still attached to the ruins, surging over them at every swell. Mr. Jonathan Smith, the agent of the underwriters, intended to have the surf-boat launched this morning, for the purpose of cutting away the rigging and ascertaining how the wreck lies; but the sea is still too high.

From what I can learn, the loss of the Elizabeth is mainly to be attributed to the inexperience of the mate, Mr. H.P. Bangs, who acted as captain after leaving Gibraltar. By his own statement, he supposed he was somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat, on Thursday evening. The vessel was consequently running northward, and struck head on. At the second thump, a hole was broken in her side, the seas poured through and over her, and she began going to pieces. This happened at ten minutes before four o'clock. The passengers were roused from their sleep by the shock, and hurried out of the cabin in their night-clothes, to take refuge on the forecastle, which was the least exposed part of the vessel. They succeeded with great difficulty; Mrs. Hasty, the widow of the late captain, fell into a hatchway, from which she was dragged by a sailor who seized her by the hair.

The swells increased continually, and the danger of the vessel giving way induced several of the sailors to commit themselves to the waves. Previous to this they divested themselves of their clothes, which they tied to pieces of plank and sent ashore. These were immediately seized upon by the beach pirates, and never afterward recovered. The carpenter cut loose some planks and spars, and upon one of these Madame Ossoli was advised to trust herself, the captain promising to go in advance, with her boy. She refused, saying that she had no wish to live without the child, and would not, at that hour, give the care of it to another. Mrs. Hasty then took hold of a plank, in company with

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the second mate, Mr. Davis, through whose assistance she landed safely, though terribly bruised by the floating timber. The captain clung to a hatch, and was washed ashore insensible, where he was resuscitated by the efforts of Mr. Oakes and several others, who were by this time collected on the beach. Most of the men were entirely destitute of clothing, and some, who were exhausted and ready to let go their hold, were saved by the islanders, who went into the surf with lines about their waists, and caught them.

The young Italian girl, Celesta Parden, who was bound for New York, where she had already lived in the family of Henry Peters Gray, the artist, was at first greatly alarmed, and uttered the most piercing screams. By the exertions of the Ossolis she was quieted, and apparently resigned to her fate. The passengers reconciled themselves to the idea of death. At the proposal of the Marquis Ossoli some time was spent in prayer, after which all sat down calmly to await the parting of the vessel. The Marchioness Ossoli was entreated by the sailors to leave the vessel, or at least to trust her child to them, but she steadily refused.

Early in the morning some men had been sent to the lighthouse for the life-boat which is kept there. Although this is but two miles distant, the boat did not arrive till about one o'clock, by which time the gale had so increased, and the swells were so high and terrific, that it was impossible to make any use of it. A mortar was also brought for the purpose of firing a line over the vessel, to stretch a hawser between it and the shore. The mortar was stationed on the lee of a hillock, about a hundred and fifty rods from the wreck, that the powder might be kept dry. It was fired five times, but failed to carry a line more than half the necessary distance. Just before the fore-castle sunk, the remaining sailors determined to leave.

The steward, with whom the child had always been a great favorite, took it, almost by main force, and plunged with it into the sea; neither reached the shore alive. The Marquis Ossoli was soon afterwards washed away, but his wife remained in ignorance of his fate. The cook, who was the last person that reached the shore alive, said that the last words he heard her speak were: "I see nothing but death before me, - I shall never reach the shore." It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and after lingering for about ten hours, exposed to the mountainous surf that swept over the vessel, with the contemplation of death constantly forced upon her mind, she was finally overwhelmed as the foremast fell. It is supposed that her body and that of her husband are still buried under the ruins of the vessel. Mr. Horace Sumner, who jumped overboard early in the morning, was never seen afterwards.

The dead bodies that were washed on shore were terribly bruised and mangled. That of the young Italian girl was enclosed in a rough box, and buried in the sand, together with those of the sailors. Mrs. Hasty had by this time found a place of shelter at Mr. Oakes's house, and at her request the body of the boy, Angelo Eugene Ossoli, was carried thither, and kept for a day previous to interment. The sailors, who had all formed a strong attachment to him during the voyage, wept like children when they saw him. There was some difficulty in finding a coffin when



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the time of burial came, whereupon they took one of their chests, knocked out the tills, laid the body carefully inside, locked and nailed down the lid. He was buried in a little nook between two of the sand-hills, some distance from the sea.

The same afternoon a trunk belonging to the Marchioness Ossoli came to shore, and was fortunately secured before the pirates had an opportunity of purloining it. Mrs. Hasty informs me that it contained several large packages of manuscripts, which she dried carefully by the fire. I have therefore a strong hope that the work on Italy will be entirely recovered. In a pile of soaked papers near the door, I found files of the *Democratie Pacifique* and *Il Nazionale* of Florence, as well as several of Mazzini's pamphlets, which I have preserved.

An attempt will probably be made to-morrow to reach the wreck with the surf-boat. Judging from its position and the known depth of the water, I should think the recovery, not only of the bodies, if they are still remaining there, but also of Powers's statue and the blocks of rough Carrara, quite practicable, if there should be a sufficiency of still weather. There are about a hundred and fifty tons of marble under the ruins. The paintings, belonging to Mr. Aspinwall, which were washed ashore in boxes, and might have been saved had any one been on the spot to care for them, are for the most part utterly destroyed. Those which were least injured by the sea-water were cut from the frames and carried off by the pirates; the frames were broken in pieces, and scattered along the beach. This morning I found several shreds of canvas, evidently more than a century old, half buried in the sand. All the silk, Leghorn braid, hats, wool, oil, almonds, and other articles contained in the vessel, were carried off as soon as they came to land. On Sunday there were nearly a thousand persons here, from all parts of the coast between Rockaway and Montauk, and more than half of them were engaged in secreting and carrying off everything that seemed to be of value.

The two bodies found yesterday were those of sailors. All have now come to land but those of the Ossolis and Horace Sumner. If not found in the wreck, they will be cast ashore to the westward of this, as the current has set in that direction since the gale.

Yours, &c.

* * * * *

THE WRECK OF THE ELIZABETH.

From a conversation with Mrs. Hasty, widow of the captain of the ill-fated Elizabeth, we gather the following particulars of her voyage and its melancholy termination.

We have already stated that Captain Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as small-pox of the most malignant type. He died of it just as the vessel reached Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the Elizabeth resumed her voyage on the 8th ultimo, and was long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the captain attacked the child of the

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Ossolis, a beautiful boy of two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. His eyes were completely closed for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with pustules; yet, through the devoted attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body, and these were disappearing, to the great joy of his mother, who felt solicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred at his first meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and blew strongly from the southwest for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they knew that they were near the end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually swelled to a gale, which became decided about nine o'clock on that evening. But their ship was new and strong, and all retired to rest as usual. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles farther south than they actually were. By their reckoning, they would be just off the harbor of New York next morning. About half past two o'clock, Mr. Bangs, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty-one fathoms. He said that depth insured their safety till daylight, and turned in again. Of course, all was thick around the vessel, and the storm howling fiercely. One hour afterward, the ship struck with great violence, and in a moment was fast aground. She was a stout brig of 531 tons, five years old, heavily laden with marble, &c., and drawing seventeen feet water. Had she been light, she might have floated over the bar into twenty feet water, and all on board could have been saved. She struck rather sidewise than bows on, canted on her side and stuck fast, the mad waves making a clear sweep over her, pouring down into the cabin through the skylight, which was destroyed. One side of the cabin was immediately and permanently under water, the other frequently drenched. The passengers, who were all up in a moment, chose the most sheltered positions, and there remained, calm, earnest, and resigned to any fate, for a long three hours. No land was yet visible; they knew not where they were, but they knew that their chance of surviving was small indeed. When the coast was first visible through the driving storm in the gray light of morning, the sand-hills were mistaken for rocks, which made the prospect still more dismal. The young Ossoli cried a little with discomfort and fright, but was soon hushed to sleep. Our friend Margaret had two life-preservers, but one of them proved unfit for use. All the boats had been smashed in pieces or torn away soon after the vessel struck; and it would have been madness to launch them in the dark, if it had been possible to launch them at all, with the waves charging over the wreck every moment. A sailor, soon after light, took Madame Ossoli's serviceable life-preserver and swam ashore with it, in quest of aid for those left on board, and arrived safe, but of course could not return his means of deliverance.

By 7 A.M. it became evident that the cabin must soon go to pieces, and indeed it was scarcely tenantable then. The crew were collected in the forecabin, which was stronger and less

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exposed, the vessel having settled by the stem, and the sailors had been repeatedly ordered to go aft and help the passengers forward, but the peril was so great that none obeyed. At length the second mate, Davis, went himself, and accompanied the Italian girl, Celesta Pardená, safely to the forecástele, though with great difficulty. Madame Ossoli went next, and had a narrow escape from being washed away, but got over. Her child was placed in a bag tied around a sailor's neck, and thus carried safely. Marquis Ossoli and the rest followed, each convoyed by the mate or one of the sailors.

All being collected in the forecástele, it was evident that their position was still most perilous, and that the ship could not much longer hold together. The women were urged to try first the experiment of taking each a plank and committing themselves to the waves. Madame Ossoli refused thus to be separated from her husband and child. She had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them. Mrs. Hasty was the first to try the plank, and, though the struggle was for some time a doubtful one, did finally reach the shore, utterly exhausted. There was a strong current setting to the westward, so that, though the wreck lay but a quarter of a mile from the shore, she landed three fourths of a mile distant. No other woman, and no passenger, survives, though several of the crew came ashore after she did, in a similar manner. The last who came reports that the child had been washed away from the man who held it before the ship broke up, that Ossoli had in like manner been washed from the foremast, to which he was clinging; but, in the horror of the moment, Margaret never learned that those she so clung to had preceded her to the spirit land. Those who remained of the crew had just persuaded her to trust herself to a plank, in the belief that Ossoli and their child had already started for the shore, when just as she was stepping down, a great wave broke over the vessel and swept her into the boiling deep. She never rose again. The ship broke up soon after (about 10 A.M. Mrs. Hasty says, instead of the later hour previously reported); but both mates and most of the crew got on one fragment or another. It was supposed that those of them who were drowned were struck by floating spars or planks, and thus stunned or disabled so as to preclude all chance of their rescue.

We do not know at the time of this writing whether the manuscript of our friend's work on Italy and her late struggles has been saved. We fear it has not been. One of her trunks is known to have been saved; but, though it contained a good many papers, Mrs. Hasty believes that this was not among them. The author had thrown her whole soul into this work, had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for observation, was herself a partaker in the gallant though unsuccessful struggle which has redeemed the name of Rome from the long rust of sloth, servility, and cowardice, was the intimate friend and compatriot of the Republican leaders, and better fitted than any one else to refute the calumnies and falsehoods with which their names have been blackened by the champions of aristocratic "order" throughout the civilized world. We cannot forego the hope that her work on



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Italy has been saved, or will yet be recovered.

* * * * *

The following is a complete list of the persons lost by the wreck of the ship Elizabeth: -

Giovanni, Marquis Ossoli.
Margaret Fuller Ossoli.
Their child, Eugene Angelo Ossoli.
Celesta Pardena, of Rome.
Horace Sumner, of Boston.
George Sanford, seaman (Swede).
Henry Westervelt, seaman (Swede).
George Bates, steward.

* * * * *

Death of Margaret Fuller.

A great soul has passed from this mortal stage of being by the death of MARGARET FULLER, by marriage Marchioness Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, Mr. Horace Sumner of Boston,³³ and others, was drowned in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn for this port, on the south shore of Long Island, near Fire Island, on Friday afternoon last. No passenger survives to tell the story of that night of horrors, whose fury appalled many of our snugly sheltered citizens reposing securely in their beds. We can adequately realize what it must have been to voyagers approaching our coast from the Old World, on vessels helplessly exposed to the rage of that wild southwestern gale, and seeing in the long and anxiously expected land of their youth and their love only an aggravation of their perils, a death-blow to their hopes, an assurance of their temporal doom!

Margaret Fuller was the daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, a lawyer of Boston, but nearly all his life a resident of Cambridge, and a Representative of the Middlesex District in Congress from 1817 to 1825. Mr. Fuller, upon his retirement from Congress, purchased a farm at some distance from Boston, and abandoned law for agriculture, soon after which he died. His widow and six children still survive.

Margaret, if we mistake not, was the first-born, and from a very early age evinced the possession of remarkable intellectual powers. Her father regarded her with a proud admiration, and was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion, and friend. He committed the too common error of stimulating her intellect to an assiduity and persistency of effort which severely taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers.³⁴ At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her

33. Horace Sumner, one of the victims of the lamentable wreck of the Elizabeth, was the youngest son of the late Hon. Charles P. Sumner, of Boston, for many years Sheriff of Suffolk County, and the brother of George Sumner, Esq., the distinguished American writer, now resident at Paris, and of Hon. Charles Sumner of Boston, who is well known for his legal and literary eminence throughout the country. He was about twenty-four years of age, and had been abroad for nearly a year, travelling in the South of Europe for the benefit of his health. The past winter was spent by him chiefly in Florence, where he was on terms of familiar intimacy with the Marquis and Marchioness Ossoli, and was induced to take passage in the same vessel with them for his return to his native land. He was a young man of singular modesty of deportment, of an original turn of mind, and greatly endeared to his friends by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his character.



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studies in philosophy, history, general science, and current literature were in after years extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to teaching as a vocation, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, where her "Conversations" were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the "American Athens." In the autumn of 1844, she accepted an invitation to take part in the conduct of the Tribune, with especial reference to the department of Reviews and Criticism on current Literature, Art, Music, &c.; a position which she filled for nearly two years, — how eminently, our readers well know. Her reviews of Longfellow's Poems, Wesley's Memoirs, Poe's Poems, Bailey's "Festus," Douglas's Life, &c. must yet be remembered by many. She had previously found "fit audience, though few," for a series of remarkable papers on "The Great Musicians," "Lord Herbert of Cherbury," "Woman," &c., &c., in "The Dial," a quarterly of remarkable breadth and vigor, of which she was at first co-editor with Ralph Waldo Emerson, but which was afterward edited by him only, though she continued a contributor to its pages. In 1843, she accompanied some friends on a tour via Niagara, Detroit, and Mackinac to Chicago, and across the prairies of Illinois, and her resulting volume, entitled "Summer on the Lakes," is one of the best works in this department ever issued from the American press. It was too good to be widely and instantly popular. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" — an extension of her essay in the Dial — was published by us early in 1845, and a moderate edition sold. The next year, a selection from her "Papers on Literature and Art" was issued by Wiley and Putnam, in two fair volumes of their "Library of American Books." We believe the original edition was nearly or quite exhausted, but a second has not been called for, while books nowise comparable to it for strength or worth have run through half a dozen editions.³⁵ These "Papers" embody some of her best contributions to the Dial, the Tribune, and perhaps one or two which had not appeared in either.

In the summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied the family of a devoted friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. She accompanied her friends next spring to the North of Italy, and there stopped, spending most of the summer at Florence, and returning at the approach of winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni, Marquis Ossoli, who had made her acquaintance during her first winter in the Eternal City. They have since resided in the Roman States until the last summer, after the surrender of Rome to the French army of assassins of liberty, when they deemed it expedient to migrate to Florence, both having taken an active part in the Republican movement which resulted so disastrously, — nay, of which the ultimate result is yet to be witnessed. Thence in June they departed and set sail at Leghorn for this port, in the Philadelphia brig Elizabeth, which was doomed to encounter a

34. I think this opinion somewhat erroneous, for reasons which I have already given in the edition recently published of [WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY](#). The reader is referred to page 352 of that work, and also to page 38, where I believe my sister personified herself under the name of Miranda, and stated clearly and justly the relation which, existed between her father and herself. — ED.

35. A second edition has since been published. — ED.



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succession of disasters. They had not been many days at sea when the captain was prostrated by a disease which ultimately exhibited itself as confluent small-pox of the most malignant type, and terminated his life soon after they touched at Gibraltar, after a sickness of intense agony and loathsome horror. The vessel was detained some days in quarantine by reason of this affliction, but finally set sail again on the 8th ultimo, just in season to bring her on our coast on the fearful night between Thursday and Friday last, when darkness, rain, and a terrific gale from the southwest (the most dangerous quarter possible), conspired to hurl her into the very jaws of destruction. It is said, but we know not how truly, that the mate in command since the captain's death mistook the Fire Island light for that on the Highlands of Neversink, and so fatally miscalculated his course; but it is hardly probable that any other than a first-class, fully manned ship could have worked off that coast under such a gale, blowing him directly toward the roaring breakers. She struck during the night, and before the next evening the Elizabeth was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the boiling surges. Alas that our gifted friend, and those nearest to and most loved by her, should have been among them!

We trust a new, compact, and cheap edition or selection, of Margaret Fuller's writings will soon be given to the public, prefaced by a Memoir. It were a shame to us if one so radiantly lofty in intellect, so devoted to human liberty and well-being, so ready to dare and to endure for the upraising of her sex and her race, should perish from among us, and leave no memento less imperfect and casual than those we now have. We trust the more immediate relatives of our departed friend will lose no time in selecting the fittest person to prepare a Memoir, with a selection from her writings, for the press.³⁶ America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller, and it will be a public misfortune if her thoughts are not promptly and acceptably embodied.

* * * * *

Margaret Fuller Ossoli

By C.P. Cranch.

O still, sweet summer days! O moonlight nights! After so drear a storm how can ye shine? O smiling world of many-hued delights, How canst thou 'round our sad hearts still entwine The accustomed wreaths of pleasure? How, O Day, Wakest thou so full of beauty? Twilight deep, How diest thou so tranquilly away? And how, O Night, bring'st thou the sphere of sleep? For she is gone from us, — gone, lost for ever, — In the wild billows swallowed up and lost, — Gone, full of love, life, hope, and high endeavor, Just when we would have welcomed her the most.

Was it for this, O woman, true and pure! That life through shade and light had formed thy mind To feel, imagine, reason, and endure, — To soar for truth, to labor for mankind? Was it for

36. The reader is aware that such a Memoir has since been published, and that several of her works have been republished likewise. I trust soon to publish a volume of Madame Ossoli's Miscellaneous Writings. — ED.



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this sad end thou didst bear thy part In deeds and words for struggling Italy, — Devoting thy large mind and larger heart That Rome in later days might yet be free? And, from that home driven out by tyranny, Didst turn to see thy fatherland once more, Bearing affection's dearest ties with thee; And as the vessel bore thee to our shore, And hope rose to fulfilment, — on the deck, When friends seemed almost beckoning unto thee: O God! the fearful storm, — the splitting wreck, — The drowning billows of the dreary sea!

O, many a heart was stricken dumb with grief! We who had known thee here, — had met thee there Where Rome threw golden light on every leaf Life's volume turned in that enchanted air, — O friend! how we recall the Italian days Amid the Cæsar's ruined palace halls, — The Coliseum, and the frescoed blaze Of proud St. Peter's dome, — the Sistine walls, — The lone Campagna and the village green, — The Vatican, — the music and dim light Of gorgeous temples, — statues, pictures, seen With thee: those sunny days return so bright, Now thou art gone! Thou hast a fairer world Than that bright clime. The dreams that filled thee here Now find divine completion, and, unfurled Thy spirit-wings, find out their own high sphere.

Farewell! thought-gifted, noble-hearted one! We, who have known thee, know thou art not lost; The star that set in storms still shines upon The o'ershadowing cloud, and, when we sorrow most, In the blue spaces of God's firmament Beams out with purer light than we have known. Above the tempest and the wild lament Of those who weep the radiance that is flown.

* * * * *

The Death of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

By Mary C. Ames.

O Italy! amid thy scenes of blood, She acted long a woman's noble part! Soothing the dying of thy sons, proud Rome! Till thou wert bowed, O city of her heart! When thou hadst fallen, joy no longer flowed In the rich sunlight of thy heaven; And from thy glorious domes and shrines of art, No quickening impulse to her life was given.

From the deep shadow of thy cypress hills, From the soft beauty of thy classic plains, The noble-hearted, with, her treasures, turned To the far land where Freedom proudly reigns. After the rocking of long years of storms, Her weary spirit looked and longed for rest; Pictures of home, of loved and kindred forms, Rose warm and life-like in her aching breast.

But the wild ocean rolled before her home; And, listening long unto its fearful moan, She thought of myriads who had found their rest Down in its caverns, silent, deep, and lone. Then rose the prayer within her heart of hearts, With the dark phantoms of a coming grief, That "Nino, Ossoli, and I may go *Together*; — that the anguish may be brief."

The bark spread out her pennons proud and free, The sunbeams frolicked with the wanton waves; Smiled through the long, long days the summer sea, And sung sweet requiems o'er her sunken graves. E'en then the shadow of the fearful King Hung deep and darkening o'er the fated bark; Suffering and death and anguish



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reigned, ere came Hope's weary dove back to the longing ark.
This was the morning to the night of woe; When the grim Ocean,
in his fiercest wrath, Held fearful contest with the god of
storms, Who lashed the waves with death upon his path. O night
of agony! O awful morn, That oped on such a scene thy sullen
eyes! The shattered ship, — those wrecked and broken hearts, Who
only prayed, "*Together let us die.*"

Was this thy greeting longed for, Margaret, In the high,
noontide of thy lofty pride? The welcome sighed for, in thine
hours of grief, When pride had fled and hope in thee had died?
Twelve hours' communion with the Terror-King! No wandering hope
to give the heart relief! And yet thy prayer was heard, — the
cold waves wrapt Those forms "together," and the woe was
"brief."

Thus closed thy day in darkness and in tears; Thus waned a life,
alas! too full of pain; But O thou noble woman! thy brief life,
Though full of sorrows, was not lived in vain. No more a pilgrim
o'er a weary waste, With light ineffable thy mind is crowned;
Heaven's richest lore is thine own heritage; All height is
gained, thy "kingdom" now is found.

* * * * *

To the Memory of Margaret Fuller.

By E. Oakes Smith.

We hailed thee, Margaret, from the sea, We hailed thee o'er the
wave, And little thought, in greeting thee, Thy home would be a
grave.

We blest thee in thy laurel crown, And in the myrtle's sheen, —
Rejoiced thy noble worth to own, Still joy, our tears between.
We hoped that many a happy year Would bless thy coming feet; And
thy bright fame grow brighter here, By Fatherland made sweet.
Gone, gone! with all thy glorious thought, — Gone with thy waking
life, — With the green chaplet Fame had wrought, — The joy of
Mother, Wife.

Oh! who shall dare thy harp to take, And pour upon the air The
clear, calm music, that should wake The heart to love and prayer!
The lip, all eloquent, is stilled And silent with its trust, —
The heart, with Woman's greatness filled, Must crumble to the
dust:

But from thy *great heart* we will take New courage for the strife;
From petty ills our bondage break, And labor with new life.
Wake up, in darkness though it be, To better truth and light;
Patient in toil, as we saw thee, In searching for the light;
And mindless of the scorn it brings, For 't is in desert land
That angels come with sheltering wings To lead us by the hand.
Courageous one! thou art not lost, Though sleeping in the wave;
Upon its chainless billows tost, For thee is fitting grave.

* * * * *

On the Death of Margaret Fuller.

By G.P.R. James.

High hopes and bright thine early path bedecked, And aspirations

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beautiful though wild, – A heart too strong, a powerful will
 unchecked, A dream that earth-things could be undefiled.
 But soon, around thee, grew a golden chain, That bound the woman
 to more human things, And taught with joy – and, it may be, with
 pain – That there are limits e'en to Spirit's wings.
 Husband and child, – the loving and beloved, – Won, from the
 vast of thought, a mortal part, The impassioned wife and mother,
 yielding, proved Mind has itself a master – in the heart.
 In distant lands enhaloed by, old fame Thou found'st the only
 chain thy spirit knew, But captive ledst thy captors, from the
 shame Of ancient freedom, to the pride of new.
 And loved hearts clung around thee on the deck, Welling with
 sunny hopes 'neath sunny skies: The wide horizon round thee had
 no speck, – E'en Doubt herself could see no cloud arise.
 Thy loved ones clung around thee, when the sail O'er wide
 Atlantic billows onward bore Thy freight of joys, and the
 expanding gale Pressed the glad bark toward thy native shore.
 The loved ones clung around thee still, when all Was darkness,
 tempest, terror, and dismay, – More closely clung around thee,
 when the pall Of Fate was falling o'er the mortal clay.
 With them to live, – with them, with them to die, Sublime of
 human love intense and fine! – Was thy last prayer unto the
 Deity; And it was granted thee by Love Divine.
 In the same billow, – in the same dark grave, – Mother, and
 child, and husband, find their rest. The dream is ended; and the
 solemn wave Gives back the gifted to her country's breast.

* * * * *

On the Death of Marquis Ossoli and his Wife, Margaret Fuller.
by Walter Savage Landor.

Over his millions Death has lawful power, But over thee, brave
 Ossoli! none, none! After a long struggle, in a fight Worthy of
 Italy to youth restored, Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath
 the surge Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach Of help; in
 trust of refuge; sunk with all Precious on earth to thee, – a
 child, a wife! Proud as thou wert of her, America Is prouder,
 showing to her sons how high Swells woman's courage in a virtuous
 breast.

She would not leave behind her those she loved: Such solitary
 safety might become Others, – not her; not her who stood beside
 The pallet of the wounded, when the worst Of France and Perfidy
 assailed the walls Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
 Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret! Rest with the twain
 too dear! My words are few, And shortly none will hear my failing
 voice, But the same language with more full appeal Shall hail
 thee. Many are the sons of song Whom thou hast heard upon thy
 native plains, Worthy to sing of thee; the hour is come; Take
 we our seats and let the dirge begin.

ARTHUR FULLER'S BOOK

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July 24, Wednesday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, maybe, the worst of the mountains were behind them:

Wednesday July 24 and 104 days out

Lay in camp till 1 p.m. Traveled along the river 15 miles and camped. Not any grass. Happened to have a little with us. We can't tell where we are, no more than the man in the moon. Some says one thing and some another. Can't find 2 men that tell the same story. That has been this way before. Saw 2 ponies, one had been drowned. Saw several dead cattle and horses. The land here is black with alkali. There is some snow on the mountains, yet our case looks rather dubious. Very warm days. Cold nights.

At the consecration of the Pine Grove Cemetery in Lynn, Massachusetts, [Charles Chauncy Shackford](#) delivered an address.

A confrontation of outposts took place between Danish soldiers and Schleswig-Holstener soldiers.

[Henry Thoreau](#) dashed off a note to [Horace Greeley](#) in [New-York](#) –who obviously already knew that embarrassing bodies would not be found, and obviously was going to say nothing to anyone about this– and hastily set out for New York to search the beaches of Fire Island for literary and physical remains. He recovered a sand-clogged coat that had belonged to the *marchése* and tore a button from it as a keepsake. Some unimportant papers were turned up, but not the important book-length manuscript on the course of the revolution that had been refused publication in Italy nor any incidental letters or documents that might embarrass [Waldo Emerson](#) or other of [Margaret Fuller](#)'s American literary associates. Or, at least, that is what our history books and biographies now report: I prefer to speculate that, if Thoreau did turn up any papers, or if he had turned up any papers of consequence, he would have been a whole lot smarter than to turn these papers over to Emerson to be destroyed!³⁷

37. Although [Fuller](#)'s manuscript on the Italian revolution was lost in the shipwreck or destroyed by her editors with the pretense that it had been lost, we do have some idea what was described in it. See the New York editor Theodore Dwight's history THE ROMAN REPUBLIC OF 1849; WITH ACCOUNTS OF THE INQUISITION, AND THE SIEGE OF ROME, published in New-York by R. Van Dien in 1851, and bear in mind that where Dwight celebrates Garibaldi, Fuller would have been celebrating Mazzini. In the judgment of William L. Vance, author of the 2-volume AMERICA'S ROME, the reverential attitude which Fuller adopted toward the Italian Revolution of 1849 can only be paralleled by the attitude which the poet [Ezra Pound](#) adopted toward the early years of the Fascist era prior to 1936:

That Margaret Fuller was, among Americans, to the Roman Republic of 1849, Pound was to Mussolini's Italy.

(Vance agrees also that Thomas Carlyle, Emerson's English buddy, would have looked upon [Benito Mussolini](#) as a great hero of human history, and that [James Russell Lowell](#), the Harvard professor and first editor of [The Atlantic Monthly](#), would have welcomed Mussolini as "an Italian brain ... large enough to hold it [the Idea of Rome], and to give unity to those discordant members.")

Plaudits for Fuller were so exceptionally and uncharacteristically bitter that they indicate quite clearly, that there was a good deal going on that these old boys were unwilling to talk about but that they very badly needed to justify to themselves:

- Writing nine years after her drowning at age 40, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) called her a "great humbug" with an "unpliable, and in many respects defective and evil nature."
- [Waldo Emerson](#) referred to her "mountainous me," and this phrase was picked up by the generality of people and used as an epithet against her.
- [Elizabeth Barrett Browning](#), who knew her in Italy, cautioned that "If I wished anyone to do her justice, I should say, as I have said, 'Never read what she has written'" (my apologies for making EBB a member of the "old boys club," but if that shoe fits her she will need to wear it).
- [Henry James, Jr.](#) suggested that she "left nothing behind her, her written utterance being naught."


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**“Why care for these dead bodies?
They really have no friends but the worms or fishes.”**

TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

 July 25, Thursday, **1850**: The Battle of Isted was fought between the Danes and Schleswig-Holsteners under **Prussian General Karl Wilhelm Freiherr von Willisen**, in which the latter were forced to retire, though in good order. The losses of the Danes were 116 killed and 2,373 wounded. The loss of the Germans were not given in General Willisen’s report of the battle.

Henry Thoreau visited Nino’s new grave on Fire Island and remarked the fact that **Horace Greeley** had not shown up at the wreck scene, and remarked the fact that 4 bodies remained to be accounted for –Horace Sumner, and a sailor, and the two Ossolis. Clearly, this Captain James Wick, having illegally disposed of the bodies of the Ossolis after he found out they weren’t worth anything to the employer, was not going to be spreading it around, what he had done. The truth about the disposal of **Margaret Fuller**’s corpse would not be known for many years. Among the fascinated observers on shore that day had been Felix Dominy, keeper of the Fire Island Lighthouse and part-time correspondent for Horace Greeley’s **New-York Tribune**, and his 9-year-old son Arthur. More than five decades later, Arthur Dominy was a superintendent for the Life Saving Service, in its 3rd district. On June 29, 1901, that son, Arthur Dominy, then in his early 50s, wrote a long letter to a Mrs. Anna Parker Pruyn in Albany, detailing the events of the shipwreck as he vividly remembered them:

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"I was nine years of age, and every incident in this connection is as clearly imprinted on my memory as though it happened yesterday."

"I can see the doomed vessel lying in the terrible sea that at times completely covered her, as plainly as if a photograph were in front of me."

"In a day or two if my memory is right a brother of Margaret Fuller came to Fire Island took the child away with him and left instructions that if the bodies of the Count or Countess came on shore and could be identified to ship them to New York in Mr. Greely's care.... Some days elapsed before the bodies of the Count and Countess came on shore, and they were badly washed but clearly and easily identified."

"Two doctors who were on the beach and examined them were perfectly satisfied that they were the correct ones.... The remains of both were boxed and sent to New York by vessel owned and commanded by Capt. James Wicks of Penataquit, now Bay Shore, in Mr. Greely's care. The Capt. reported to him upon his arrival but Mr. Greely refused to receive them or to have anything to do with them."

"The Captain in his plight became somewhat frightened, fearing he might get into trouble through having the bodies on board, got his vessel underweigh and went to Coney Island where he and his man took them on shore and buried them in the night, and where they no doubt lie today unmarked. I had a conversation with the Captain some years after and asked him if he thought he could locate the spot where he buried them. He said he did not think he could go anywhere near it as it was a very dark night and he and the man were half scared out of their wits by the nature of the business."

"There have been at various times articles published in newspapers and magazines bearing upon this matter and most of them wind up into declaring that the bones of Margaret were washing around the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, when the facts are as above reported."

...aring upon the
...laring that the bones of Margaret
...the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean,
...orted Arthur Downing

Life Saving Service
Office of Superintendent, Third District
Ray Shore Reg. June 29 1901

“Why care for these dead bodies?”



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They really have no friends but the worms or fishes.”

TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS



Thoreau wrote to Waldo Emerson:

To: Ralph Waldo Emerson

From: HDT

Date: 25 July 1850

Fire Island Beach

Thursday morn. July 25 '50

Dear Friend,

I am writing this at the house of Smith Oakes, within one mile of the wreck. He is the one who rendered the most assistance. W^m H Channing came down with me, but I have not seen Arthur Fuller – nor Greeley, Nor Spring. Spring & Sumner were here yesterday but left soon. Mr Oakes & wife tell me (all the survivors came or were brought directly to their house) that the ship struck at 10 minutes after 4 AM. and all hands, being mostly in their night clothes made haste to the forecastle – the water coming in at once. There they remained the, passengers in the forecastle, the crew above it doing what they could. Every wave lifted the forecastle roof & washed over those within. The first man got ashore at 9. Many from 9 to noon–. At floodtide about 3 1/2 o'clock when the ship broke up entirely – they came out of the forecastle & Margaret sat with her back to the foremast with her hands over her knees – her husband & child already drowned – a great wave came & washed her off. The Steward? had just before taken her child & started for shore; both were drowned.

The broken desk in a bag – containing no very valuable papers – a large black leather trunk – with an upper and under apartment—the upper holding books & papers— A carpet bag probably Ossolis and one of his? shoes – are all the Ossolis' effects known to have been found.

Four bodies remain to be found – the two Ossolis – Horace Sumner – & a Sailor–

I have visited the child's grave— Its body will probably be taken away today.

The wreck is to be sold at auction – excepting the hull – today The mortar would not go off. Mrs Hasty the Captains Wife, told Mrs Oakes that she & Margaret divided their money–& tied up the halves in handkerchiefs around their persons that Margaret took 60 or 70 dollars. Mrs Hasty who can tell all about Margaret up to 11 'oclock on Friday is said to be going to Portland ME. today— She & Mrs Fuller must & probably will come together. The cook, the last



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to leave, & the Steward? will know the rest. I shall try to see them. In the meanwhile I shall do what I can to recover property & obtain particulars hereabouts. W^m H. Channing – did I write it? has come with me. Arthur Fuller has this moment reached this house. He reached the beach last night – we got here yesterday noon. A good part of the vessel still holds together where she struck, & something may come ashore with her fragments. The last body was found on Tuesday 3 miles west. Mrs Oakes dried the papers which were in the trunk – and she says they appeared to be of various kinds. “Would they cover that table”?, a small round one— “They would spread out”— Some were tied up. There were 20 or 30 books in the same half of the trunk. —another, smaller trunk empty, came ashore. — but there is no mark on it— She speaks of Paiolina as if she might have been a “sort of nurse to the child”— I expect to go to Patchogue whence the pilferers must have chiefly come –& advertise &c &c.

Here are some of Thoreau’s preserved note fragments on his activities:

I found the engravings at Oakes’. They said that they were left out of the trunk. The gown and one article of the child’s dress at Daniel Jones’, Patchogue – and the other article of the child’s dress at John Heiners in the same village. They said that they picked them up 1½ or 2 miles east of the wreck. There were more things there and elsewhere which were either not worth taking – or not worth waiting to see.

I saw a calico dress like the pattern which I bought at Skinners It had silk fringes & was much torn also some drawers and a night gown all torn & without mark.

Elikom Jones agreed to forward to Mr. Dominy a lady’s shift which a Quorum man had got, & which he thought had the letters S.M.F. on it.

At Carman Rowlands Patchogue I saw a gentleman’s shirt.

At Wm Gregory’s in the same village a cart load of rags & remains of a child’s petticoat. He said that his brother had much more.

At Wm Smiths, near Patchogue a child’s striped apron & a lady’s skirt fringed.

Orrin Rose & Obadiah Greene of Sayville had something.

a silk dress – “lilac ground, middling dark stripe” which I could not wait to get.


Mrs. Hasty & the Captain had left New York before I returned. The only ones of the survivors who remained on board till the vessel broke up are the Carpenter & the Cook. I conversed with the former & the mate, but the Cook was not then to be found; he was the only American among the crew, and was the only one, they said who was unsteady – he was intoxicated most of the time on shore.

The following is the account of Charles W. Davis 1st Mate – A Hanoverian, who went out from New Orleans.

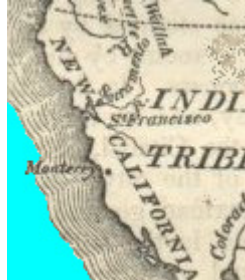
They had pleasant weather up to latitude 58°, so that they painted


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 July 25, Thursday, 1850: Gold was discovered in the Rogue River of Oregon.

In the dark of the night, on the northern coast of California, Captain Edward H. Faucon's Frolic was wrecked.³⁸



 Catherine Faucon had wanted her father remembered for his public life, as the dashing young captain portrayed by Richard Henry Dana, Jr. in TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST and as a volunteer shipmaster in the Union navy during the Civil War. To accomplish this, she had destroyed her father's records of his career in China. She would have been horrified to learn that 23 years after her death Jim Kennon, a weekend scuba diver hoping to spear a lingcod, had discovered the wreck of the Frolic, her father's Baltimore-built opium clipper.

James Bonniwell and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the travels and travails were behind them. Or not. How much more could they endure?

Thursday July 25 and 105 days out

Our case looks hard. Our poor horses has to go on the road without anything to eat. They had a very little mite of grass last night. We made our supper on bread and coffee. Breakfast the same. This is our every day living till our coffee is gone. We have got about 60 lb flour for 8 of us. This has to last us to California. We can't tell where we are, nor how far we are off, as 2 men don't tell the same story. We took the Carson route, as this is called the best route. Drove till noon, off a desert. Came to the river and cut grass with our jackknives. Went 10 miles further, expecting to find grass and found none. Went 6 miles further and stopped and not a spear of grass. Men tired out and no bread baked. We made a fire and made a pot of flour and water. Blowed our bags out, spread our buffalo

38. The skipper would be able to demonstrate that he had been sadly misled by his chart, a Chinese copy of Norie's "North Pacific" based upon the survey of the coastline which had been undertaken in 1792-1793 by George Vancouver, for the point at which the ship struck the rock was according to that chart all of 35 miles out in the deep and unblemished sea, and as the ship's log showed that they had been approaching the coastline at night in the fog with the expectable excess of caution, traveling obliquely and slowly and keeping a lookout and attempting to sound a bottom with a line and weight. The owners would have no reason to get spiffy with this skipper who had been their long-term and faithful employee, as they actually suffered no financial loss whatever: they would eventually estimate that their insurance receipts had brought them a 30% return on investment, despite the vessel and its cargo being a total loss to the rockbound coast and then to the waves of salvagers. Had the wreck not occurred, **then** there would have been financial loss, as there would have been no market whatever at this point in time along the California coastline, for such a vessel!



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[hide] on the ground and went to sleep. This is hard times.
Feel in good spirits.



July 26, Friday, 1850: In Boston, Daniel H. Pierson was hanged for murder. Well, at least he didn't have to go to California.

James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst was behind them?

Friday July 26 and 106[th] day out

3 a.m. found us on the road before breakfast. Drove 6 miles. Forded the river and cut grass for horses before breakfast. Got about an armfull a piece. Took breakfast. Had a sharp appetite and feel well. Never better in my life, thank God. Drove today 27 miles. The roads has been very dusty. I saw a number of dead horses and cattle starved to death. Saw as much as a dozen horses on the road left behind. I picked up one and led him about 10 miles, but he was so dry he could not get to the river. It is very hot, and I was so tired and thirsty, I had to lay down on the ground. The teams got in camp before I did, and it was sundown and I had to go a mile to get grass for my team, up to my middle in water and had to watch at night. I thank God for good health today.


Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a Mormon 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanerville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Friday morning July the 26th. we are encamped this morning about [illegible text] west of the chimney rock[.] we still have fine pleasant weather and our camps in tolrable health and condition



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 July 27, Saturday, 1850: An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF JULY 27

[Prussian General Karl Wilhelm Freiherr von Willisen](#) proclaimed that the spirit of his Schleswig-Holstein troops was unbroken by what had happened on the 25th at the Battle of Isted and attack on Friedrichstadt (he would resign and live in Paris).

[Henry Thoreau](#) inspected a portion of a human body in the sands of the beach — possibly this had been Horace Sumner, or the sailor:



That dead body possessed the shore as no living one could.

[James Bonniwell](#) and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the mountains were behind them:

Saturday 27 and 107 days out

Left camp at the sink at 5 a.m. Drove 6 miles and cut our hay for our horses to carry us over the desert, and laid in camp all day. We cut the grass out of a slew, up to our thighs in water, and carried it out on our backs. I must say a little about this section of country. The sink is the end of the Humboldt or Saint Mary River. Here, the river empties on the surrounding country and goes into the sand. It represents a pond of water. The water is very bad and bloats some of the men up. It has not hurt me yet. There is several thousand acres of this swamp where there is an abundance of grass. 20 or 25 miles from here is a desert of 40 miles, and if it was not for this grass, this road could not be traveled by teams, as there is great scarcity of grass for 100 miles back, and by the time we get here, the teams is about starved out. They have to lay here to recruit. We have got a hard time of it. We are on one biscuit apiece for each meal while we lay still. Almost everybody is out of provisions and packing, and the destruction of property on this road is very great. And what it will be to those that are behind, the Lord knows. God have mercy upon his people. The number of dead horses and cattle is very great, and the smell when you pass them is very offensive. Mr.'s Murm and Rattery is packed and just come up.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Saturday morning July the 27th. we are encamped this morning



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above Scotts Hills by the trading post where we leave the river for about 25 miles travel. we had it quiet squally last evening but very little rain. it is very cloudy this morning and likely for rain. our health continues tolrrable Good



July 28, Sunday, 1850: Johannis-Käferln op.82, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in Casino Zögernitz, Vienna.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey:

Sunday Morning July 28 and 108 days out

This is a lovely morning, though I should like to at[t]end at God's sanctuary today and be with his people. I trust in God who is able to keep all them that put their trust in him. We lay in camp today till this evening, and put on our hay and moved to the starting place of the desert. We have some Cayute [Piute?] Indians lurking 'round our tents. They are rather a good-featured people, very dark brown complexion, quite friendly, but will steal if they can get a chance. Once in a while we see a white woman on the roads. It looks good to us and makes us think of our beloved companions we left behind. I have not in all my trials been sorry that I started for [California](#), but you may be sure I shall be glad when I get there. There is great complaining with the men. Now they have to live on short allowance. Yesterday morning, I looked at our flour bag and was struck, and I uttered a word that had not passed my lips for some years. God give us grace and keep us down humble. 9 a.m. A man has just killed a beef. Sold it for 25 cents lb. I bought 2.00 worth and he gave me liberty to cut the scraps off the paunch. I got the melt[?] and some lites[?] and a sweetbread, and a piece of skirt and the tail, and went and cut it up big enough to put it in our mouths as a great deal of it was skin, and I doubted whether we should have patience to wait to cut it when it was ready to eat, and it gave us a better chance to divide the best pieces that made us with a little [?] a good blow-out. The meat that we bought, I salted it. We shall eat that when we cross the desert. 3 p.m. Our supper is just done, and after supper we leave this campground and go 10 miles, and take on our hay and then travel tonight to the starting place of the desert. There is no game here. 3 p.m.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

On Monday last we attended the funeral of our Friend Wadhams and consined his remains to the ground. I was very much pleased to See So Many turn out in honor of the dead. Mr Spreg read a Chapter from the Bible and Exerted therefrom. Mr or Brother




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Atwood Made a prayer, and Brother Small dismissed us with the benediction, after which we bore the dead to his grave upon a high Mountain just South of the town. Where he now lies and where he will remain till the resorection day. We have reason to Hope (by conversation held with him previous to his death) that he died with a hope of a Glorious immortality beyond the Grave wherein he now lies. The Sun has not been quite So powerfull the past week as it was the week previous. I understand that the Americans at Senora had ordered all Foreigners to leave the country in a certain numbers of days. committed etc. Reports are coming in every day of Merders being having bought a Log Cabin an the South Side of the Crick in order to be more Secure from Midnight assasin we were under the disagreeable necessity yesterday of leaving our pleasant Situation in Allendale. it was indeed hard for me to leave it. Service as usual

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Sunday morning July the 28th. we are again encamped on the Platt Bottom. we had it very rainy the most of the day yesterday and quiet cool and rainy this morning. we are about 40 miles below fort Laramie.

 July 29, Monday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey, but they were still waiting for the worst of it to be behind them:

Monday July 29 and 109 days out

We left our camp yesterday at 3 p.m., after getting all ready with hay and water. Traveled all night and came 20 miles. The roads has been in some places very sandy and heavy, and some places good. We passed over 8 or 10 miles where there is nothing growing, just white dirt, and it is in some places all over with little knolls. I think it has been carved by heavy winds or something of this sort. We came to the edge of the desert. Stayed and rested till 4 p.m., then hitched up and started on. We have only had one meal from Sunday afternoon till about 10 this morning and going all night. This is wearing us down, and then allowance'd out. We are in a bad state and I don't know what is going to be done[.] William has money, but don't feel disposed to spend it.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

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Monday morning July the 29th. we had a little rain yesterday but quiet cool and pleasant this morning. we lay by yesterday it being Sabbath to rest our cattle. Capt Evanses Company is encamped near us on Horse Creek. our camps are enjoying a reasonable portion of health through the mercies of God

In North Africa, [Heinrich Barth](#) viewed Egeri.



The side-wheeler *Baltic* hit a rock 4 miles above [Niagara Falls](#) and sank (all passengers were removed safely and the ship would later be raised).

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote [Charles Sumner](#) in Springfield.

[To: Charles Sumner](#)

[From: HDT](#)

[Date: 29 July 1850](#)

*Springfield Depot
noon July 29th 1850.*

*Dear Sir,
I left Fire Island Beach on Saturday between nine & ten o'clock A.M. The same morning I saw on the beach, four or five miles west of the wreck, a portion of a human skeleton, which was found the day before, probably from the Elizabeth, but I have not knowledge enough of anatomy to decide confidently, as many might, whether it was that of a male or a female. I therefore hired Selah Strong, Keeper of the Light, to bury it simply for the present, and mark the spot, leaving it to future events, or a trustworthy examination, to decide the ques-*



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tion.
Yrs in haste
Henry D. Thoreau
P.S. No more bodies had then been found.

 July 30, Tuesday, 1850: The grounds for the [Crystal Palace](#) were handed over to the subcontractors.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey, and it was just going on and on:

Tuesday July 30 and 110 days out

We have been traveling from 4 p.m. yesterday until 12 tonight on the desert. Came about 18 miles. The road has been good with the exception of a bad creek. On the commencement of our teams, got down and smothered with mud. We stayed from 12 o'clock till daylight.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Tuesday morning July the 30th. we are encamped this morning about 3 miles below a trading post and about 23 miles below Fort Laramie[.] we had considerable hail yesterday but beautiful weather this morning. Capt Evanses Camps is a little in advance of us and Capt Bennetts Company still in our reare[.] we have tolrable health in our camps this morning



After July 29, 1850: Do a little more of that work which you have sometime confessed to be good— which you feel that society & your justest judge rightly demands of you— Do what you reprove yourself for not doing. Know that you are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with yourself without reason— Let me say to you & to myself in one breath— Cultivate the tree which you have found to bear fruit in your soil. Regard not your past failures nor successes—all the past is equally a failure & a success it is a success in as much as it offers you the present opportunity.

Have you not a pretty good thinking faculty—worth more than the rarest gold-watch?— Can you not pass a judgment on something— Does not the stream still rise to its fountain head in you? Go to the Devil & come back again. Dispose of evil Get punished once for all— Die if you can— Depart—

Exchange your salvation for a glass of water: If you know of any risk to run—run it. If you dont know of any enjoy confidence. Do not trouble yourself to be religious you will never get a thank you for it. If you can drive a nail & have any nails to drive drive them. If you have any experiments you would like to try—try them—now's your chance. Do not entertain doubts if they are not agreeable to you. Send them to the tavern. Do not eat unless you are hungry— There's no need of it. Do not read the newspapers. Improve every opportunity to be melancholy— Be as melancholy as you can be and note the result— Rejoice with fate. As for health, consider yourself well—& mind your business—

Who knows but you are dead already? Do not stop to be scared yet—there are more terrible things to come—and ever to come— Men die of fright & live of confidence.— Be not simply obedient like the vegetables—set up your own Ebenezer— Of man's "*dis* obaedienc & the fruit—" &c Do not

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engage to find things as you think they are. Do what nobody can do for you-. Omit to do every thing else.

According to Lieutenant Davis³⁹ the forms extent & distribution of sand bars & banks are principally determined by tides-not by wind & waves.

On sand bars recently elevated above the level of the ocean fresh water is obtained by digging a foot or two.

It is very common for wells near the shore to rise & fall with the tide- It is an interesting fact that the low sand bars in the midst of the ocean, even those which are laid bare only at low tide are reservoirs of fresh water at which the thirsty mariner can supply himself.

Perchance like huge sponges they hold the rain & dew which falls on them and which by capillary attraction is prevented from mingling with the surrounding brine.

It is not easy to make our lives respectable to ourselves by any course of activity- We have repeatedly to withdraw ourselves into our shells of thought like the tortoise-somewhat helplessly-& yet there is even more than philosophy in that. I do not love to entertain doubts & questions.

I am sure that my acquaintances mistake me- I am not the man they take me for. On a little nearer view they would find me out. They ask my advice on high matters-but they do not even know how poorly on't I am for hats & shoes- I have hardly a shift. Just as shabby as I am in my outward apparel aye & more lamentably shabby, for nakedness is not so bad a condition after all am I in my inward apparel. If I should turn myself inside out my rags & meanness would appear. I am something to him that made me, undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made. All I can say is that I live & breathe & have my thoughts.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience but his opposition to his instincts-in one direction or another he strives to live a *super* natural life.

Would it not be worth the while to discover nature in Milton? Be native to the universe. I too love Concord best- But I am glad when I discover in oceans & wildernesses far away the materials out of which a million Concordes can be made. Indeed unless I discover them I am lost myself. That there too I am at home.

Nature is as far from me as God.- And sometimes I have thought to go west after her. Though the city is no more attractive to me than ever-yet I see less difference between a city & and a some dismallest swamp than formerly- It is a swamp too dismal & dreary even for me- I would as lief find a few owls & frogs & mosquitoes less.

I prefer even a more cultivated place-free from miasma & crocodiles. & I will take my choice.

From time to time I overlook the promised land but I do not feel that I am travelling toward it.

The moment I begin to look these men & institutions get out of the way that I may see. I see nothing permanent in the society around me-& am not quite committed to any of its ways.

The heaven-born Numa or Lycurgus or Solon gravely makes laws to *regulate* the exportation of Tobacco. Will a divine legislator-legislate for slaves or to *regulate* the exportation of Tobacco-

What shall a state say for itself at the last day in which this is a principal production?

What have grave-not to say divine legislators-Numas-Lycurguses-Solons-to do with the exportation or the importation of Tobacco. There was a man appealed to me the other day-"Can you give me a chaw of tobacco?"- I *legislated* for him. Suppose you were to submit the question to any *son of God* in what state would you get it again?

Do not waste any reverence on my attitude- I manage to sit up where I have dropped. Except as you reverence the evil one-or rather the evil *myriad*. As for missing friends-fortunate perhaps is he who has any to miss-whose place a thought will not supply- I have an ideal friend in whose place actual persons sometimes stand for a season The last I may often miss-but the first I recover when I am myself again- What if we do miss one another-have we not agreed upon a Rendezvous? While each travels his own way through the wood with serene & inexpressible joy-though it be on his hands and knees over the rocks & fallen trees-he cannot but be on the right way- There is no wrong way to him. I have found myself as well off when I have fallen into a quagmire-as in an arm chair in the most hospitable house.- The prospect was pretty much the same. Without anxiety let us wander on admiring whatever beauty the woods exhibit.

Do you know on what bushes a little peace faith & contentment grow- Go aberring early & late after them. Miss our friends! It is not easy to get rid of them. We shall miss our bodies directly. A

39. [Charles Henry Davis](#) (1807-1877). "A Memoir upon the Geological Action of the Tidal and Other Currents of the Ocean," MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES (Boston), 4th series, part I (1849-1850): 117-156.

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man who missed his friends at a turn in the woods—went on bouyantly *{Three-fourths page missing}* with *{MS torn}*ge of Probate—

As to conforming outwardly —and living your own life inwardly— I have not a very high opinion of that course— Do not let your right hand know what your left hand does in that line of business. I have no doubt it will prove a failure. Just as successfully can you walk against a sharp steel edge—which divides you cleanly *{Three-fourths page missing}*

The wind through the blind —just now sounded like the baying of a distant hound— somewhat plaintive and melodious.

The rail-road cuts make cliffs for swallows.

Getting into Patchogue late one night in an oyster-boat, there was a drunken Dutchman aboard whose wit reminded me of Shakspeare. When we came to leave the Beach our boat was aground and we were detained 3 hours waiting for the tide— In the meanwhile two of the fishermen took an extra dram at the Beach house— Then they stretched themselves on the sea-weed in the sun to sleep off their debauch— One was an inconceivably broadfaced Dutchman—a rather young man—but oh of such a peculiar breadth & heavy look—I should not know whether to call it more ridiculous or sublime. You would say that he had humbled himself so much that he was beginning to be exalted. An indescribable Mynheerish stupidity— I was less disgusted by their filthiness & vulgarity because I was compelled to look on them as animals—as swine in their sty. For the whole voyage they lay flat on their backs on the bottom of the boat—in the bilge water—& wet with each bailing—half insensible & wallowing in their vomit— But ever and anon when aroused by the rude kicks or curses of the skipper—the Dutchman who never lost his wit nor equanimity—though snoring & rolling in the vomit produced by his debauch—blurted forth some happy repartee like an illuminated swine. It was the earthiest slimiest wit I ever heard. The countenance was one of a million. It was unmistakable Dutch. In the midst of a million faces of other races it could not be mistaken It told of Amsterdams. I kept wracking my brains to conceive how he could have been born in America— How lonely he must feel—what he did for fellowship When we were groping up the narrow creek of Patchogue—at ten o clock at night keeping our boat off now from this bank now from that with a pole— The two inebriates roused themselves betimes. For in spite of their low estate they seemed to have all their wits as much about them as ever. aye and all the self-respect they ever had And the Dutchman gave wise directions to the steerer which were not heeded. Suddenly rouseing himself up where the sharpest eyed might be bewildered leaned over the side of the boat & pointed straight down into the creek—averring that that that identical hole was a first rate place for eels— And again he roused himself at the right time & declared what luck he had once had in another place which we were floating over in the dark. At last he suddenly stepped on to another boat which was moored to the shore—with a divine ease & sureness saying “Well—good night—take care of yourselves—I can’t be with you any longer.” He was one of the few remarkable men whom I have met. I have been impressed by one or two men in their cups. There was really a divinity stirred within them— So that in their case I have revered the drunken—as savages the insane man. So stupid that he could never be intoxicated— When I said “you have had a hard time of it today” he answered with—indescribable good humor—out of the very midst of his debauch with watery eyes—“Well it does’nt happen every day.” It was happening then. He had taken me aboard on his back the boat lying a rod from the shore—before I knew his condition. In the darkness our skipper steered with a pole on the bottom—for an oysterman knows the bottom of his bay as well as the shores. and can tell where he is by the soundings.

There was a glorious lurid sunset tonight accompanied with many sombre clouds—and when I looked into the west with my head turned—the grass had the same fresh green—and the distant herbage & foliage in the horizon the same dark blue—& the clouds & sky the same bright colors beautifully mingled & dissolving into one another that I have seen in pictures of tropical landscapes & skies. Pale saffron skies with faint fishes of rosy clouds dissolving in them. A blood stained sky. I regretted that I had an impatient companion. What shall we make of the fact that—you have only to stand on your head a moment to be enchanted with the beauty of the landscape.

I met with a man on the beach who told me that when he wanted to jump over a brook he held up one leg a certain height, and then if a line from his eye through his toe touched the opposite bank—he knew that he could jump it. I asked him how he knew when he held his leg at the right angle— oh he said he knew the hitch very well— An Irishman told me that he held up one leg and if he could bring his toe in a range with his eye & the opposite bank he knew that he could jump it— Why, I told



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him, I can blot out a star with my toe—but I would not engage to jump the distance. It then appeared that he knew when he had got his leg at the right height by a certain hitch there was in it. I suggested that he should connect his two ankles with a string



July 31, Wednesday, 1850: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) arrived in [New-York](#) harbor aboard the US packet *Waterloo*. After passing through the Quarantine Ground he would be taken to [Staten Island](#), where he would remain for a few days while nursing a case of rheumatism.

The Compromise Bill, by successive amendments reduced to a Bill for establishing a Territorial Government for Utah, was ordered to be engrossed in the Senate, by a vote of 32 yeas over 14 nays.

A convention was held in Portland, Maine to further a project for a railroad from that city to the British Provinces.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and in great want:

Wednesday July 31 and 111 days out

We started this morning at daylight, without our breakfast. Went about 7 miles over a very sandy, heavy road, as much as our horses could draw. Here we stopped to breakfast and bate our horses. We had a little water aboard, 2 pails, that we had to divide to our horses, and they was all most famished, and then they had to go 15 or 20 miles farther to water ourselves. Made our breakfast of bread, each 2 biscuits and 2 pieces of meat that we had, about half the size of an egg each. I think that I never suffered so much for water in my life. My lips and mouth was quite parched up. The teams was not quite ready to go and some of the men and myself started on in hopes of getting water, not knowing that we was so far off. We traveled over the burning sand till we traveled about 15 miles. I thought we should die, and a little further on we met a man that had water to sell at 10 cents per pint. Some of the men had money in their pockets. I had none and they could not spare any of their water. I thought it was no use stopping there and started to go on, and the man called me back and gave me a half pint for which I felt thankful and gave him my blessing. He said it was 4 miles to the river. Then we was almost exhausted not having a sufficiency to eat, and the road was so heavy and so hot, up to our ankles in sand, every step we took we [?] up and started on, till we came to the river. Here we requited our selves with a hearty drink of the cooling beverage. We was in about 3 hours, and then in came William and Charles and one more with the horses. They said that they had to leave the wagons 5 miles out and bring the horses in for water and grass. They had to leave one of the horses behind. Could not get him along at all. This horse is an entire

HISTORY OF RR



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loss and they had, as they was bringing down the horses, to leave 1 mule and 1 horse on the road, intending to take them water and hay. When they went back, the horse was gone. 1 of our best horses. The mule was found and brought in. We was dying with hunger and nothing to eat, and none of us had any money in our pockets, and our wagons with the few pounds of flour was 5 miles off. What to do. We did not know. We went down the river and saw Thomas Mun and he had some provision, and he made us some supper and only half enough as he was very short. I will mention here that Mr.'s Mum and Rattery parted a day or two ago. We felt almost dead tired and hungry and we suffered a great deal on account of going without water so long. Well, we had some bedclothes and we spread them on the ground, 8 of us, and laid ourselves on the ground for the night, tired enough.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanerville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Wednesday Morning July the 31st. we are encamped this morning 10 miles below Fort Laramie on a beautiful bottom[.] the weather continues Good. we had a birth in our camps last night[.] Sister Elizabeth Ann Rabel. (wife of Henry Rabel) was delivered of a fine daughter and is doing well this morning[.] we have many Indians and Indian traders around us

[Henry Thoreau](#) squared the cellar of the Court House. The outside ground framing measured 74.5 yards by 74.5 yards and he dug out 606½ cubic yards of dirt.

[Thoreau](#) was written to by [Charles Sumner](#) in Boston.



To: HDT
From: Charles Sumner
Date: 31 July 1850

Boston July 31st '50
My dear Sir,
I desire to thank
you [for] yr kindness in
writing me with re-
gard to the remains
of a human body found
on the beach last Sat-
urday.
From what you write

Henry D. Thoreau

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*& from what I hear from
others, it seems im-
possible to identify
them.
If the body of my
[brother] could be [found], it
would be a great satis-
faction to us to bury
him with those of his
family who have gone*

Page 3
before him.

*Believe me[,] dear [S]ir,
faithfully & gratefully
Yours,
Charles Sumner*

AUGUST 1850

 August [1850](#): In Geneva, [New York](#) Benjamin Swan purchased 343-acre [Rose Hill Farm and Mansion](#), an instance of monumental residential Greek Revival architecture in America, for about \$40,000 as a wedding present for his son Robert J. Swan and his bride Margaret Johnson who had been living at her family's \$21,421 farm down the road. According to the national census, Rose Hill was occupied by the Swans and their several servants Bridget Griffin, born in Ireland, illiterate; Eliza Robertson, born in Ireland; and Edward Evans, born in Wales. Bridget was presumably the cook, Eliza the general domestic who did laundry and cleaned rooms, cleaned fireplaces, lit fires, emptied chamber pots, washed dishes, and set the table. Edward Evans presumably was engaged in farm and stable work.

 August [1850](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

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August 1850: [George William Curtis](#) had during his 4 years of world travel been acting as correspondent for the [Courier](#) and [Inquirer](#) in New-York, and had kept a journal. He returned from England to join the New-York [Tribune](#), to which he had also contributed some letters from Europe.



[T]he most popular writer of the fifties was another transplanted New Englander, George William Curtis, a highly ornamental young man who might have been a hero of N.P[arker] Willis if he had not happened to sit at Emerson's feet. Born in Providence, he had gone to school in the suburbs of Boston and moved to New York with his family when he was fifteen, - his father had become the president of a well-known bank there; and his later association with the Concord Transcendentalists set the key of his career as an orator and writer. He had spent two years at Brook Farm, where his special task was to trim the lamps, while he studied the chemistry of agriculture, music and German, and many later accounts of the farm, and the [Transcendental Club](#) as well, were based on the essays that Curtis wrote about them. He was at home in New York for a while in 1844, after he left the farm, reading Goethe; then, boarding in Concord with his brother Burrill at the house of one of the village worthies, he had passed his mornings working as a farm hand. The brothers sold their own vegetables too, while they read in the afternoons in their rowboat on the river. Curtis was one of the little party who, on a summer's day, helped to raise Thoreau's hut at Walden. As for the Transcendental Club, it lacked the fluent social note, and Curtis was amused when the erect philosophers serenely ate their russet apples and solemnly disappeared into the night. But Emerson had touched his spirit for good and all. He had seen the sage not only in Concord but lecturing in country meeting-houses where the neighbourhood stamped in on winter nights, chattering to the door in hood and muffler or buried under buffalo-ropes in wagons and sleighs. In the dim light of the lamps the boys clumped round the stove in cowhide boots until they were enthralled into silence by the musical spell. The incessant spray of Emerson's fancies, glittering like a night of stars, expanded and exalted the susceptible Curtis's mind.

HENRY THOREAU
WALDO EMERSON
BURRILL CURTIS

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➡ August 1850: Things were getting stranger and stranger. An alliance was being arranged between the [Taiping](#) or [Chinese Christian](#) Longhairs and another grouping in South [China](#), known as the Triad Society. This secret group of freedom fighters was to be accepted into the Christian ranks on condition that they would conform to the worship of God, and so [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 sent out two teachers to each of the eight subdivisions of the Triads, to instruct them in the true faith. Unfortunately, shortly afterward, the younger brother of [Jesus Christ](#) ordered that one of these 16 Christian teachers of his, who had proved to be of lower than expected moral fiber, be publicly beheaded as an Ananias-style warning to all in the *Pai Shang-ti Hui* God Worshipers' Society. Now, the Triads had had a rule of long standing in among their "Words of Exhortation," a rule of great forgiveness. The Triad rule had been "If people insult you, injure you, revile you, — how ought you to take it? You ought to bear it, suffer it, endure it, and forgive it." When the Triads saw this man being beheaded for what they considered a minor offense, they saw that these Christians were not going to abide by this rule of forgiveness of theirs, or anything remotely resembling it, and so they abandoned their hopes of an affiliation and allied themselves instead with the *Ch'ing* authorities out of Beijing.



These scary Christians, even the gangsters can't cope with them! After recording a long list of the various peasant messiahs that had beset China down through the millennia, Ian Buruma, a modern author, cites this particular little brother of Jesus of the middle of the 19th Century as the one whose "crusade left 20 million dead. Mao Zedong fitted quite neatly in this long line of peasant messiahs. Like his predecessors, he led a rural revolt to expel the barbarians, punish evildoers, and unite the empire. He abhorred superstition, but his version of "scientific socialism" would reach the same degree of religious frenzy as Hong's Heavenly Kingdom" (page xiv, Ian Buruma. *BAD ELEMENTS: CHINESE REBELS FROM LOS ANGELES TO BEIJING*. NY: Random House, 2001).

CHINESE CIVIL WAR


WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND



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YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF

 August 1850: In Philadelphia, a runaway slave named [Peter Still](#) told [William Still](#) he was looking for his parents named Levin and Sidney Steel! (Peter turned out to be a brother whom William had never met — because during her escape from slavery his mother had had to leave him behind.)

The following notice appeared in a local gazette:

Fire Island. — Mr. H. D. Thoreau returned from Fire Island on Sunday afternoon last. His search for the body and manuscripts of Madame Ossoli was entirely unsuccessful, but, before leaving, he posted up notices in all public places, offering a reward for either.

Mr. Hugh Maxwell is still on the Island, we believe, investigating the plunder of the wreck. We hope he will succeed in bringing to justice the ring-leaders.

In his journal, as was his practice, [Waldo Emerson](#) began accumulating jottings and evaluations for the various literary tasks which the death would occasion, which he would of course be asked to perform, such as the preparation of volumes of papers, obituary references, recommendation of cenotaphs and other memorials:

[SEE A FOLLOWING SCREEN]

[Emerson](#) was invited to sponsor a woman's rights convention to be held in Worcester, Massachusetts on October 23-24.

READ ABOUT THIS MEETING



After July 29: Do a little more of that work which you have sometime confessed to be good—which you feel that society & your justest judge rightly demands of you— Do what you reprove yourself for not doing. Know that you are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with yourself without reason— Let me say to you & to myself in one breath— Cultivate the tree which you have found to bear fruit in your soil. Regard not your past failures nor successes—all the past is equally a failure & a success it is a success in as much as it offers you the present opportunity. Have you not a pretty good thinking faculty—worth more than the rarest gold-watch?— Can you not pass a judgment on something— Does not the stream still rise to its fountain head in you? Go to the Devil & come back again. Dispose of evil Get punished once for all— Die if you can— Depart—

China

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

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On Friday, 19 July, Margaret dies on rocks of Fire Island Beach within sight of & within 60 rods of the shore. To the last her country proves inhospitable to her; brave, eloquent, subtle, accomplished, devoted, constant soul! If nature availed in America to give birth to many such as she, freedom & honour & letters & art too were safe in this new world.... She has a wonderful power of inspiring confidence & drawing out of people their last secret. The timorous said, What shall we do? how shall she be received, now that she brings a husband & child home? But she had only to open her mouth, & a triumphant success awaited her. She would fast enough have disposed of the circumstances & the bystanders. For she had the impulse, & they wanted it. Here were already mothers waiting tediously for her coming, for the education of their daughters.... Her love of art, like that of many, was only a confession of sympathy with the artist in the mute condemnation which his work gave to the deformity of our daily life; her co-perception with him of the eloquence of Form; her aspiration with him to a life altogether beautiful. "Her heart, which few knew, was as great as her mind, which all knew" what Jung Stilling said of Goethe, E.H. [Elizabeth Hoar] says of Margaret; and, that she was the largest woman; & not a woman who wished to be a man.

I have lost in her my audience. I hurry now to my work admonished that I have few days left. There should be a gathering of her friends & some Beethoven should play the dirge. She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories which her wonderful persuasion drew out of all to her. When I heard that a trunk of her correspondence had been found & opened, I felt what a panic would strike all her friends, for it was as if a clever reporter had got underneath a confessional & agreed to report all that transpired there in Wall street.¹

A larger dialectic, I said, conveys a sense of power & feeling of terror before unknown, & H.T. said, "that a thought would destroy like the jet of a blowpipe most persons," & yet we apologise for the power, & bow to the persons. I want an electrical machine. Slumbering power we have, but not excited, collected, & discharged. If I should be honest, I should say, my exploring of life presents little or nothing of respectable event or action, or, in myself, of a personality. Too composite to offer a positive unity, but it is a reciprocity, a percipiency. And I, & far weaker persons, if it were possible, than I, who pass for nothing but imbeciles, do yet affirm by their percipiency the presence & perfection of Law, as much as all the Martyrs.

1. At this place there is inserted a later note: "*Her confidence in herself was boundless, & was frankly expressed. She told S.G.W. [SAMUEL GRAY WARD??] that she had seen all the people worth seeing in America, & was satisfied that there was no intellect comparable to her own.*" And to this Emerson added, sometime in about 1851 as he was looking through her papers, this additional material: "*The unlooked for trait in all these journals to me is the Woman, poor woman: they are all hysterical. She is bewailing her virginity and languishing for a husband. 'I need help. No, I need a full, a godlike embrace from some sufficient love.'* &c. &c.... *This I doubt not was all the more violent recoil from the exclusively literary & 'educational' connections in which she had lived. Mrs Spring told me that Margaret said to her, 'I am tired of these literary friendships, I long to be wife & mother.'*"

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Exchange your salvation for a glass of water: If you know of any risk to run—run it. If you dont know of any enjoy confidence. Do not trouble yourself to be religious you will never get a thank you for it. If you can drive a nail & have any nails to drive drive them. If you have any experiments you would like to try—try them—now’s your chance. Do not entertain doubts if they are not agreeable to you. Send them to the tavern. Do not eat unless you are hungry— There’s no need of it. Do not read the newspapers. Improve every opportunity to be melancholy— Be as melancholy as you can be and note the result— Rejoice with fate. As for health, consider yourself well—& mind your business—

Who knows but you are dead already? Do not stop to be scared yet—there are more terrible things to come—and ever to come— Men die of fright & live of confidence.— Be not simply obedient like the vegetables—set up your own Ebenezer— Of man’s “*dis* obaidence & the fruit—” &c Do not engage to find things as you think they are. Do what nobody can do for you—. Omit to do every thing else.

According to Lieutenant Davis⁴⁰ the forms extent & distribution of sand bars & banks are principally determined by tides—not by wind & waves.

On sand bars recently elevated above the level of the ocean fresh water is obtained by digging a foot or two.

It is very common for wells near the shore to rise & fall with the tide— It is an interesting fact that the low sand bars in the midst of the ocean, even those which are laid bare only at low tide are reservoirs of fresh water at which the thirsty mariner can supply himself.

Perchance like huge sponges they hold the rain & dew which falls on them and which by capillary attraction is prevented from mingling with the surrounding brine.

It is not easy to make our lives respectable to ourselves by any course of activity— We have repeatedly to withdraw ourselves into our shels of thought like the tortoise—somewhat helplessly—& yet there is even more than philosophy in that. I do not love to entertain doubts & questions.

I am sure that my acquaintances mistake me— I am not the man they take me for. On a little nearer view they would find me out. They ask my advice on high matters—but they do not even know how poorly on’t I am for hats & shoes— I have hardly a shift. Just as shabby as I am in my outward apparel aye & more lamentably shabby, for nakedness is not so bad a condition after all am I in my inward apparel. If I should turn myself inside out my rags & meanness would appear. I am something to him that made me, undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made. All I can say is that I live & breathe & have my thoughts.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience but his opposition to his instincts—in one direction or another he strives to live a *super* natural life.

Would it not be worth the while to discover nature in Milton? Be native to the universe. I too love Concord best— But I am glad when I discover in oceans & wildernesses far away the materials out of which a million Concords can be made. Indeed unless I discover them I am lost myself. That there too I am at home.

Nature is as far from me as God.— And sometimes I have thought to go west after her. Though the city is no more attractive to me than ever—yet I see less difference between a city & and a some dismallest swamp than formerly— It is a swamp too dismal & dreary even for me— I would as lief find a few owls & frogs & mosquitoes less.

I prefer even a more cultivated place—free from miasma & crocodiles. & I will take my choice.

From time to time I overlook the promised land but I do not feel that I am travelling toward it.

The moment I begin to look these men & institutions get out of the way that I may see. I see nothing permanent in the society around me—& am not quite committed to any of its ways.

The heaven-born Numa or Lycurgus or Solon gravely makes laws to *regulate* the exportation of Tobacco. Will a divine legislator—legislate for slaves or to *regulate* the exportation of Tobacco—

What shall a state say for itself at the last day in which this is a principal production?

What have grave—not to say divine legislators—Numas—Lycurguses—Solons—to do with the exportation or the importation of Tobacco. There was a man appealed to me the other day—“Can you give me a chaw of tobacco?”— I *legislated* for him. Suppose you were to submit the question to any *son of God* in what state would you get it again?

Do not waste any reverence on my attitude— I manage to sit up where I have dropped. Except as you reverence the evil one—or rather the evil *myriad*. As for missing friends—fortunate perhaps is he who

40. [Charles Henry Davis](#) (1807-1877). “A Memoir upon the Geological Action of the Tidal and Other Currents of the Ocean,” MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES (Boston), 4th series, part I (1849-1850): 117-156.

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has any to miss—whose place a thought will not supply— I have an ideal friend in whose place actual persons sometimes stand for a season The last I may often miss—but the first I recover when I am myself again— What if we do miss one another—have we not agreed upon a Rendezvous? While each travels his own way through the wood with serene & inexpressible joy—though it be on his hands and knees over the rocks & fallen trees—he cannot but be on the right way— There is no wrong way to him. I have found myself as well off when I have fallen into a quagmire—as in an arm chair in the most hospitable house.— The prospect was pretty much the same. Without anxiety let us wander on admiring whatever beauty the woods exhibit.

Do you know on what bushes a little peace faith & contentment grow— Go aberrying early & late after them. Miss our friends! It is not easy to get rid of them. We shall miss our bodies directly. A man who missed his friends at a turn in the woods—went on bouyantly {*Three-fourths page missing*} with {*MS torn*}ge of Probate—

As to conforming outwardly—and living your own life inwardly—I have not a very high opinion of that course— Do not let your right hand know what your left hand does in that line of business. I have no doubt it will prove a failure. Just as successfully can you walk against a sharp steel edge—which divides you cleanly {*Three-fourths page missing*}

The wind through the blind—just now sounded like the baying of a distant hound—somewhat plaintive and melodious.

HISTORY OF RR

The rail-road cuts make cliffs for swallows.

Getting into Patchogue late one night in an oyster-boat, there was a drunken Dutchman aboard whose wit reminded me of Shakspeare. When we came to leave the Beach our boat was aground and we were detained 3 hours waiting for the tide— In the meanwhile two of the fishermen took an extra dram at the Beach house— Then they stretched themselves on the sea-weed in the sun to sleep off their debauch— One was an inconceivably broadfaced Dutchman—a rather young man—but oh of such a peculiar breadth & heavy look—I should not know whether to call it more ridiculous or sublime. You would say that he had humbled himself so much that he was beginning to be exalted. An indescribable Mynheerish stupidity— I was less disgusted by their filthiness & vulgarity because I was compelled to look on them as animals—as swine in their sty. For the whole voyage they lay flat on their backs on the bottom of the boat—in the bilge water—& wet with each bailing—half insensible & wallowing in their vomit— But ever and anon when aroused by the rude kicks or curses of the skipper—the Dutchman who never lost his wit nor equanimity—though snoring & rolling in the vomit produced by his debauch—blurted forth some happy repartee like an illuminated swine. It was the earthiest slimiest wit I ever heard. The countenance was one of a million. It was unmistakable Dutch. In the midst of a million faces of other races it could not be mistaken It told of Amsterdams. I kept wracking my brains to conceive how he could have been born in America— How lonely he must feel—what he did for fellowship When we were groping up the narrow creek of Patchogue—at ten o'clock at night keeping our boat off now from this bank now from that with a pole— The two inebriates roused themselves betimes. For in spite of their low estate they seemed to have all their wits as much about them as ever. aye and all the self-respect they ever had And the Dutchman gave wise directions to the steerer which were not heeded. Suddenly rousing himself up where the sharpest eyed might be bewildered leaned over the side of the boat & pointed straight down into the creek—averring that that that identical hole was a first rate place for eels— And again he roused himself at the right time & declared what luck he had once had in another place which we were floating over in the dark. At last he suddenly stepped on to another boat which was moored to the shore—with a divine ease & sureness saying “Well—good night—take care of yourselves—I can’t be with you any longer.” He was one of the few remarkable men whom I have met. I have been impressed by one or two men in their cups. There was really a divinity stirred within them— So that in their case I have revered the drunken—as savages the insane man. So stupid that he could never be intoxicated— When I said “you have had a hard time of it today” he answered with—indescribable good humor—out of the very midst of his debauch with watery eyes—“Well it does’nt happen every day.” It was happening then. He had taken me aboard on his back the boat lying a rod from the shore—before I knew his condition. In the darkness our skipper steered with a pole on the bottom—for an oysterman knows the bottom of his bay as well as the shores. and can tell where he is by the soundings.

There was a glorious lurid sunset tonight accompanied with many sombre clouds—and when I looked into the west with my head turned—the grass had the same fresh green—and the distant herbage &



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foliage in the horizon the same dark blue-& the clouds & sky the same bright colors beautifully mingled & dissolving into one another that I have seen in pictures of tropical landscapes & skies. Pale saffron skies with faint fishes of rosy clouds dissolving in them. A blood stained sky. I regretted that I had an impatient companion. What shall we make of the fact that-you have only to stand on your head a moment to be enchanted with the beauty of the landscape.

I met with a man on the beach who told me that when he wanted to jump over a brook he held up one leg a certain height, and then if a line from his eye through his toe touched the opposite bank- he knew that he could jump it. I asked him how he knew when he held his leg at the right angle- oh he said he knew the hitch very well- An Irishman told me that he held up one leg and if he could bring his toe in a range with his eye & the opposite bank he knew that he could jump it- Why, I told him, I can blot out a star with my toe-but I would not engage to jump the distance It then appeared that he knew when he had got his leg at the right height by a certain hitch there was in it. I suggested that he should connect his two ancles with a string

 August 1, Thursday, 1850: The US House of Representatives moved to provide our navy with a new generation of "war steamers" to ply the coast of Africa in suppression of the slave trade.

"A bill (House, No. 367) to establish a line of war steamers to the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade and the promotion of commerce and colonization." Read twice, and referred to Committee of the Whole. HOUSE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 1st session, pages 1022, 1158, 1217.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

STEAMBOAT

Russia claimed Sakhalin Island.

James Bonniwell and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, California (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son George Capes Bonniwell's preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the mountains were behind them:

Thursday August 1st 112 days out

We slept well last night and feel a little refreshed, but feel very weak and languid. Mr. Mums got us a breakfast the same as last night. Went over the salmon trout river and cut grass. Brought it over and fed our hungry horses. Heard that there was a trader from San Francisco with provisions arrived at this point. I will mention that our men took off going on foot. William went up and bought 1 lb. tea 2 dollars per lb., rice 20 lb. at 1.25 lb. Pork 21 lb. at 1.00 lb. Came down with it and I assure you that it made us smile. We put the camp kettle on and cooked some and had our bellies full once more. We laid and slept the remainder part of the day. Towards night, 2 of our men found the horse that we left on the road with the Indians and took it away, brought it in camp. We gave 3 cheers and William treated us with a quart of brandy, and for which, he paid at the rate of 10 dollars a gallon and 1 lb. sugar 1.50, and on went the camp kettle again and we made a large pan of brandy and water. We lapped it up and felt quite refreshed. Cooked our supper and went to bed, 16 of us all in a row, all in one bed. 4 of our men


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has taken up the horses to fetch in the wagons tomorrow morning, and we meet them at the river and breakfast together at 8 a.m. we started on our journey and went 4 miles over heavy sand and had to camp. Laid and rested all day. Our horses want more rest.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Thursday morning August the 1st. we are encamped this morning near Fort Laramie all safe over the Laramie Fork and have only lost up to this time out of our camps 4 persons as we have before mentioned and 5 head of cattle. we have fine weather and Good health in our camps for which we feel thankful to the Giver and preserver of the same

 August 2, Friday, [1850](#): Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): "Message from the President ... relative to the searching of American vessels by British ships of war." – SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV. No. 66.

A secular town meeting had been held in the vacant synagogue building in [Newport](#) in 1781, and until 1784 [Rhode Island](#) had had its General Assembly there and the state's Supreme Court had met there, and then the building had stood vacant and dilapidated under a [Quaker](#) caretaker who may possibly have used it as a waystation in the [Underground Railroad](#), which is to say, as affordable (free) temporary housing for persons in transit (nope, we're not talking about folks hiding in the basement here, underneath that famous trap door where obviously the Jews had kept their firewood and their wood stove, we're just talking about folks living there for awhile, in this dilapidated black district of the town where they were reasonably safe). On this day, after extensive refurbishment by use of the funds supplied by the Touro brothers of New-York (successful sons of the first rabbi of the synagogue), "[Touro Synagogue](#)" was reconsecrated for religious services.



JUDAISM

In the London Convention, Great Britain, France, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark agreed to maintain the integrity of Denmark.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) provided information obtained from Sonora, California:

More Murder.

News of a horrible murder reached here yesterday. The informant,



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who had ridden post haste for Mr. Dickerson, stated that two men, who had charge of his, (Mr. Dickerson's,) Ferry, on the San Joaquin River, have been murdered, their bodies thrown into the river, and the place pillaged. Mr. Dickerson left immediately to learn the particulars.

Coroner's Inquests.

The Coroner, since our last issue, had held three inquests in this town, in the short space of twenty-four hours. Some of these deaths have occurred in a peculiar manner.

Case First.

On the morning of the 27th, an inquest was held on the body of a woman, (Sonorean,) named Martina Escajer, aged 48 years. On the night of the 26th, whilst at a ball on the other side of the water, she was dancing a Mexican dance, called the Jarabe, when suddenly she assumed a stiff and rigid position, and stopped still. Her partner reckless her in affright, and she fell down a corpse. Medical aid was called in immediately, but to no avail. The ball broke up, and the guests left in consternation. The jury returned a verdict, "The deceased came to her sudden death, by a disease of the heart, to the best of their knowledge."

Case Second.

On the same morning, an inquest was held over the body of a man named Felipe Bourtrion, a native of California, on board the prison brig. The deceased had been sick for some time previous to his death, and had been under medical treatment. The jury returned a verdict "Natural death from some disease unknown to the jury."

Case Third.

On the morning of the 28th, an inquest was held over the body of a man found dead in the road, near the steamboat landing. The deceased is supposed to be a Californian, name unknown. From the testimony given in the case, it appears that deceased entered a tent beside the landing, belonging to one Joseph Sprague, about day-light, and commenced appropriating to himself certain commodities therein, which did not belong to him. The first thing that pleased his fancy was a gun, the next a pistol - (Mr. Sprague, all this time, lying in bed, with his eyes open, watching every movement, and afraid to draw his breath.) he seized his revolver and cocked it gently, but the intruder appeared to covet the gentleman's possessions more than his life, and continued to help himself. When he had done so to his satisfaction, he walked off, without saying good morning, or thank you, or anything of the sort. Sprague, who had been looking on with astonishment at the fellow's coolness, finally jumped up, and followed him out, upon which the robber turned round and pointed the gun at him. Sprague immediately fired two balls into his body, and he fell dead. One ball probably entered the heart, or cut the subclavia artery; the other took effect in the hip. Mr. Sprague gave himself up to the authorities immediately, and will, of course, be discharged on a hearing of



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the case. The jury returned a verdict that, "The deceased came to his death, from the effects of a pistol ball, discharged by one Joseph Sprague."


[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst of the mountains were behind them:


Friday August 2 and 113 days out

Last night we concluded to pack, and today has been spent in fixing pack saddles and making necessary preparations for our new mode of conveyance. At sundown, we had our packs on our horses' backs, and off we went. Crossed a desert of 14 miles. In all traveled 20 miles. Camped at 2 o'clock in the morning on the Pilot[?] river good grass along the river and good water. Willow wood.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Friday morning August the 2nd. we are encamped on the South Bank of the west Fork of the Platt above Fort Laramie[.] we have fine weather with the wind to the north. there is but very Little complaint in our camps this morning

 August 3, Saturday, [1850](#): [Abbie Langdon Alger](#) was born at [Roxbury](#), to [Anne Langdon Lodge Alger](#) and the [Reverend William Rounseville Alger](#).

 August 3, Saturday, [1850](#): An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF AUGUST 3

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and having a hard time of it:

Saturday August 3 and 114 days

This is a hot morning. Our horses had all liked to have got missed last night, as we all went to bed and had no watch set as it was so near daylight. We all feel quite tired out and we are laying round the campground in all directions. 6 p.m. We have been picking up our traps and packing our horses, and in half-an-hour, we shall leave the banks of the Pilot River and cross another desert of 25 miles. 6 p.m. All well.



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Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Saturday morning August the 3rd. we are en camped on dead Timber Creek. Capt [Shadrach] Roundys Company is en camped near us. we entered the Black Hills yesterday. we have fine weather and our camps in tolvable health through the tender mercies of God



August 4, Sunday, [1850](#): [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) was brought to [Manhattan Island](#) to consult with Dr. Valentine Mott, Jr., his physician. He was greeted at the ferry landing by a number of Italian and German friends, and put up at the home of a friend named Ferrero in Hastings-on-Hudson.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey, but possibly the worst was behind them as they were informed (reliably?) that they were only 140 miles out from Sacramento City, [California](#):

Sunday Aug. 4 and 115[th] day out

We left our encampment last night and struck the desert a little after 7 p.m. We had a most tremendous heavy sandy road for about 8 or 10 miles. We had to work as our horses is in such a weak state they could not carry us. God knows what we should have done if we had not left the wagons and packed. We started on about a half-enough to eat and not enough provisions for breakfast. We have 1 quart of flour and 1 pint of rice among us. We traveled about 14 miles and rested our horses, and laid down till 1 hour before daylight. We then packed and proceeded on our march without anything to eat or drink and about 8 a.m., we struck the banks of the beautiful Pilot river again. Here was a trader where we got a few lbs. of flour, 20 or 25 lbs. for which was paid 1.25 lb. This was fortunate for us. I felt very tired and my bowels ached with hunger. This trader had some brandy and he charged 50 cents a glass. I took a good stiff one and that done me good, and helped me on 2 miles up the river where we stopped to get our breakfast, which we made of dry biscuits and coffee. We bought 16 lbs. of coffee at 25 cents lb. off a man that was going to California. 10 a.m. We start again on the trail. Traveled 5 miles and camped till tomorrow. Turned our horses over the river, where there is beautiful feed, clover and buffalo grass. 6 P.M. I am now setting under a cotton wood tree, a little a one side of the camp to finish my notes for the day. It is a lovely cool evening and everything looks pleasant. It makes me think and look back to my happy home, and think of those that I have spent so many happy hours with and walked to the house of God together. Oh how I miss those privileges God granted. Is all for the best. We bought a piece of fresh beef just now at 25 cents lb. they tell us we are yet 140 miles from the Sacramento City. We have been told so many stories that I have no confidence in any. We shall know when we get there.



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As I have time and opportunity I shall state a little of the suffering on this road. From the time we struck Humboldt or Saint Mary's river there has come under our observation many heart-rending cases. Some on foot without anything to eat, or many, some lost their teams, horses poisoned with alkali. About 500 horses in less than a week died at the sink. We was told a few days after we left it, on the 40 mile desert. It was shocking to see the property that was thrown away, all kinds of clothing, feather beds, tools, cooking things, barrels, and any thing that was useful. I should think that there was over 100 wagons left and destroyed on this desert. And harnesses all along the road, saddles, bridles, every thing but money and food. And the amount of horses was very great. You see the poor wretches standing along the road, starving to death and not a bit of vegetation to be seen. The cattle and mules was not half so great. Cattle is the best by far for this journey. The land on these deserts may be turned level, and in some places, the road is as smooth and hard as a barn floor, and in others very loose fine sand, which makes it desperate heavy wheeling on the last end of the 40-mile desert. There is 8 miles of this here. The teams give out and have to be taken in to the river for water and grass. I must now give up writing as it is time to go and get our horses from over the river.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Sunday morning August the 4th. we are encamped this morning about one mile above Heber Spring. we had it very sandy rocky and hilly the most of our road yesterday[.] we still have fine weather

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Nothing of Much interest this week. With the exception of a Meeting of the Miners at this place, for the purpos of passing Some resolutions to Secure claims to their Owners the Registaring law runing Out on the first of August etc. I had near forgotten to mention a horrorable Murder that was commited on friday night about 1/2 Mile from this place. The unfortunate victims were two Mexicans who were Murdered with a Crowbar, and by one of their own comrads. it appeared that, three of them came into town a day or two previous to purchase Some Articles of food, and on friday evening Started out again, and after geting about 1/2 a mile from the place they layed down for the night. Some time in the night One of them awoke (as is supposed) and commited the horrorable deed, giving each a dreadful blow acrost the face, with the crowbar and not only one but Several

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So that their heads were affully Mangled. the Murderer Escaped.



August 5, Monday, 1850: [Henri-René-Albert-Guy de Maupassant](#) was born near Dieppe in France as the 1st son of parents Laure Le Poittevin and Gustave de Maupassant, both from prosperous bourgeois families.

The Rothschild baronetcy, of Tring Park, had been created in the Baronetage of the United Kingdom in 1847 for [Anthony de Rothschild](#), a banker and politician. On this day the vexing matter of admission of Baron Rothschild as a full-fledged member of the House of Commons, as the 1st ever formerly Jewish convert to Christianity, was deferred to the next session of Parliament.

The [Daily Alta California](#) reported the wreck of the brig [Frolic](#).



Illustration of Frolic by S. F. Manning.

CALIFORNIA

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were well over 3 months into their epic journey and possibly, the worst was behind them:

Monday Aug 5 and 116 days out

We left our encampment at 5 a.m. All well. Made our breakfast of about 2 oz. of beef and 2 cups of coffee. Left the river and crossed the 14-mile desert, one of the stoniest roads we have been over. In some places, the horses could not find a place for his foot without stepping on a stone. Stayed here and bated our horses. There was a trading store here. We got a few lbs. of bread at 1.25 lb., and when it was divided, it amounted to one biscuit apiece. Started after dinner and struck the Pleasant[?] Valley and traveled 18 miles and camped. Here is a trader. We got a few lbs. of bacon and flour at 1.00 lb. We are now at the base of the long-looked-for Sierra Nevada Mountains. They are covered with pine trees of a stunted growth, but they look pleasant to us that has not seen trees for so long. They are very high, and some snow on their peaks. This valley is 30



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miles long and 5 wide, and has abundance of good grass. I saw some fine packs of clover. We are in a fine healthy climate here, neither too hot nor too cold. We have made 32 miles today, and I have walked about halfway on 2 oz. of beef and one biscuit. I thank God I stand it well, and never had better health than I have now, but my belly aches for my supper. 6 p.m. All well.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Monday morning August the 5th. we are still encamped at the same place as we lay by yesterday[.] we had a little rain yesterday but fine weather this morning[.] we are still blessed with tolrable health

**INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY MISCELLANY
OF LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.
VOL. I. NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1850. NO. 6.**

GERMAN CRITICISM ON ENGLISH FEMALE ROMANCE WRITERS.

We translate the following for the International from a letter dated London, June 15, to the Cologne Gazette.

"Among the most remarkable writers of romances in England, three women are entitled to be reckoned in the first rank, namely, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Bronte, and Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Jewsbury issued her first work about four years since, a novel, in three volumes, under the title of 'Zoe,' and since then she has published the 'Half Sisters.' Both these works are excellent in manner as well as ideas, and show that their author is a woman of profound thought and deep feeling. Both are drawn from country life and the middle class, a sphere in which Miss Jewsbury is at home. The tendency of the first is speculative, and is based on religion; that of the second is social, relating to the position of woman.

"Miss Jewsbury is still young, for an authoress. She counts only some thirty years, and many productions may be confidently expected from her hand, though perhaps none will excel those already published, for, after gaining a certain climax, no one excels himself. Her usual residence is Manchester; it is but seldom that she visits the metropolis; she is now here. She has lively and pleasing manners, a slight person, fine features, a beautiful, dreamy, light brown eye. She is attractive without being beautiful, retiring, altogether without pretensions, and in conversation is neither brilliant nor very intellectual, — a still, thoughtful, modest character.

"Miss Bronte was long involved in a mysterious obscurity, from



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which she first emerged into the light as an actually existing being, at her present visit to London. Two years ago there appeared a romance, 'Jane Eyre,' by 'Currer Bell,' which threw all England into astonishment. Everybody was tormenting himself to discover the real author, for there was no such person as Currer Bell, and no one could tell whether the book was written by a man or woman, because the hues of the romance now indicated a male and now female hand, without any possibility of supposing that the whole originated with a single pencil. The public attributed it now to one, now to another, and the book passed to a second edition without the solution of the riddle. At last there came out a second romance, 'Shirley,' by the same author, which was devoured with equal avidity, although it could not be compared to the former in value; and still the incognito was preserved. Finally, late in the autumn of last year the report was spread about that the image of Jane Eyre had been discovered in London in the person of a pale young lady, with gray eyes, who had been recognized as the long-sought authoress. Still she remained invisible. And again, in June 1850, it is said that Currer Bell, Jane Eyre, Miss Bronte, - for all three names mean the same person, - is in London, though to all inquiries concerning the where and how a satisfactory answer is still wanting. She is now indeed here, but not for the curious public; she will not serve society as a lioness, will not be gazed and gaped at. She is a simple child of the country, brought up in the little parsonage of her father, in the North of England, and must first accustom her eye to the gleaming diadem with which fame seeks to deck her brow, before she can feel herself at home in her own sunshine.

"Our third lady, Mrs. Gaskell, belongs also to the country, and is the wife of a Unitarian clergyman. In this capacity she has probably had occasion to know a great deal of the poorer classes, to her honor be it said. Her book, 'Mary Barton,' conducts us into the factory workman's narrow dwelling, and depicts his joys and sorrows, his aims and efforts, his wants and his misery, with a power of truth that irresistibly lays hold upon the heart. The scene of the story alternates from there to the city mansion of the factory owner, where, along with luxury and splendor we find little love and little happiness, and where sympathy with the condition of the workman is wanting only because it is not known, and because no one understands why or how the workman suffers. The book, is at once very beautiful, very instructive, and written, in a spirit of conciliation."

* * * * *

MARGARET FULLER, MARCHESA D'OSSOLI.

Sarah Margaret Fuller, by marriage Marchioness of Ossoli, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about the year 1807. Her father, Mr. Timothy Fuller, was a lawyer, and from 1817 to 1825 he represented the Middlesex district in Congress. At the close of his last term as a legislator he purchased a farm near Cambridge, and determined to abandon his profession for the more congenial one of agriculture; but he died soon after, leaving a widow and six children, of whom Margaret was the eldest.



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At a very early age she exhibited unusual abilities, and was particularly distinguished for an extraordinary facility in acquiring languages. Her father, proud of the displays of her intelligence, prematurely stimulated it to a degree that was ultimately injurious to her physical constitution. At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses every day, while her studies in philosophy, history, general science and current literature were pressed to the limit of her capacities. When he first went to Washington he was accustomed to speak of her as one "better skilled in Greek and Latin than half of the professors;" and alluding in one of her essays, to her attachment to foreign literature, she herself observes that in childhood she had well-nigh forgotten her English while constantly reading in other tongues.

Soon after the death of her father, she applied herself to teaching as a vocation, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, while her "Conversations" were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and many of them of the most eminent positions in society. These conversations are described by Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, as "in the highest degree brilliant, instructive, and inspiring," and our own recollections of them confirm to us the justice of the applause with which they are now referred to. She made her first appearance as an author, in a translation of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, published in Boston in 1839. When Mr. Emerson, in the following year, established The Dial, she became one of the principal contributors to that remarkable periodical, in which she wrote many of the most striking papers on literature, art, and society. In the summer of 1843 she made a journey to the Sault St. Marie, and in the next spring published in Boston reminiscences of her tour, under the title of SUMMER ON THE LAKES. The Dial having been discontinued, she came to reside in New York, where she had charge of the literary department of the New York Tribune, which acquired a great accession of reputation from her critical essays. Here in 1845 she published Woman in the Nineteenth Century; and in 1846, Papers on Literature and Art, in two volumes, consisting of essays and reviews, reprinted, with one exception, from periodicals.

In the summer of 1845, she accompanied the family of a friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, and France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. The next spring she proceeded with her friends to the north of Italy, and there stopped, spending most of the summer at Florence, and returning at the approach of winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni, Marquis d'Ossoli, who made her acquaintance during her first winter in that city. They resided in the Roman States until the last summer, after the surrender of Rome to the French army, when they deemed it expedient to go to Florence, both having taken an active part in the Republican movement. They left Florence in June, and at Leghorn embarked in the ship Elizabeth for New York. The passage commenced auspiciously, but at Gibraltar the master of the ship died of smallpox, and they were detained at the quarantine there some



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time in consequence of this misfortune, but finally set sail again on the 8th of June, and arrived on our coast during the terrible storm of the 18th and 19th ult., when, in the midst of darkness, rain, and a terrific gale, the ship was hurled on the breakers of Fire Island, near Long Island, and in a few hours was broken in pieces. Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, the Marquis d'Ossoli, and their son, two years of age, with an Italian girl, and Mr. Horace Sumner of Boston, besides several of the crew, lost their lives. We reprint a sketch of the works and genius of Margaret Fuller, written several years ago by the late Edgar A. Poe.

* * * * *

"Miss Fuller was at one time editor, or one of the editors of the 'The Dial,' to which she contributed many of the most forcible and certainly some of the most peculiar papers. She is known, too, by 'Summer on the Lakes,' a remarkable assemblage of sketches, issued in 1844, by Little & Brown, of Boston. More lately she published 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' a work which has occasioned much discussion, having had the good fortune to be warmly abused and chivalrously defended. For 'The New York Tribune,' she has furnished a great variety of matter, chiefly notices of new books, etc., etc., her articles being designated by an asterisk. Two of the best of them were a review of Professor Longfellow's late magnificent edition of his own works, (with a portrait,) and an appeal to the public in behalf of her friend Harro Haring. The review did her infinite credit; it was frank, candid, independent - in even ludicrous contrast to the usual mere glorifications of the day, giving honor *only* where honor was due, yet evincing the most thorough capacity to appreciate and the most sincere intention to place in the fairest light the real and idiosyncratic merits of the poet. In my opinion it is one of the very few reviews of Longfellow's poems, ever published in America, of which the critics have not had abundant reason to be ashamed. Mr. Longfellow is entitled to a certain and very distinguished rank among the poets of his country, but that country is disgraced by the evident toadyism which would award to his social position and influence, to his fine paper and large type, to his morocco binding and gilt edges, to his flattering portrait of himself, and to the illustrations of his poems by Huntingdon, that amount of indiscriminate approbation which neither could nor would have been given to the poems themselves. The defense of Harro Haring, or rather the philippic against those who were doing him wrong, was one of the most eloquent and well-put articles I have ever yet seen in a newspaper.

"'Woman in the Nineteenth Century' is a book which few women in the country could have written, and no woman in the country would have published, with the exception of Miss Fuller. In the way of independence, of unmitigated radicalism, it is one of the 'Curiosities of American Literature,' and Doctor Griswold should include it in his book. I need scarcely say that the essay is nervous, forcible, suggestive, brilliant, and to a certain extent scholar-like - for all that Miss Fuller produces is entitled to these epithets - but I must say that the conclusions reached are only in part my own. Not that they are bold, by any

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means – too novel, too startling or too dangerous in their consequences, but that in their attainment too many premises have been distorted, and too many analogical inferences left altogether out of sight. I mean to say that the intention of the Deity as regards sexual differences – an intention which can be distinctly comprehended only by throwing the exterior (more sensitive) portions of the mental retina *casually* over the wide field of universal *analogy* – I mean to say that this *intention* has not been sufficiently considered. Miss Fuller has erred, too, through her own excessive objectiveness. She judges *woman* by the heart and intellect of Miss Fuller, but there are not more than one or two dozen Miss Fullers on the whole face of the earth. Holding these opinions in regard to 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' I still feel myself called upon to disavow the silly, condemnatory criticism of the work which appeared in one of the earlier numbers of "The Broadway Journal." That article was *not* written by myself, and was written by my associate, Mr. Briggs.

"The most favorable estimate of Miss Fuller's genius (for high genius she unquestionably possesses) is to be obtained, perhaps, from her contributions to 'The Dial,' and from her 'Summer on the Lakes.' Many of the *descriptions* in this volume are unrivaled for *graphicality*, (why is there not such a word?) for the force with which they convey the true by the novel or unexpected, by the introduction of touches which other artists would be sure to omit as irrelevant to the subject. This faculty, too, springs from her subjectiveness, which leads her to paint a scene less by its features than by its effects.

"Here, for example, is a portion of her account of Niagara: –

"Daily these proportions widened and towered more and more upon my sight, and I got at last a proper foreground for these sublime distances. Before coming away, I think I really saw the full wonder of the scene. After a while it so drew me into itself as to inspire an undefined dread, such as I never knew before, such as may be felt when death is about to usher us into a new existence. The perpetual trampling of the waters seized my senses. I felt that no other sound, however near, could be heard, and would start and look behind me for a foe. I realised the identity of that mood of nature in which these waters were poured down with such absorbing force, with that in which the Indian was shaped on the same soil. For continually upon my mind came, unsought and unwelcome, images such as had never haunted it before, of naked savages stealing behind me with uplifted tomahawks. Again and again this illusion recurred, and even after I had thought it over, and tried to shake it off, I could not help starting and looking behind me. What I liked best was to sit on Table Rock close to the great fall; there all power of observing details, all separate consciousness was quite lost."

"The truthfulness of the passages italicized will be felt by all; the feelings described are, perhaps, experienced by every (imaginative) person who visits the fall; but most persons,

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through predominant subjectiveness, would scarcely be conscious of the feelings, or, at best, would never think of employing them in an attempt to convey to others an impression of the scene. Hence so many desperate failures to convey it on the part of ordinary tourists. Mr. William W. Lord, to be sure, in his poem 'Niagara,' is sufficiently objective; he describes not the fall, but very properly, the effect of the fall upon *him*. He says that it made him think of his *own* greatness, of his *own* superiority, and so forth, and so forth; and it is only when we come to think that the thought of Mr. Lord's greatness is quite idiosyncratic confined exclusively to Mr. Lord, that we are in condition to understand how, in spite of his objectiveness he has failed to convey an idea of anything beyond one Mr. William W. Lord.

"From the essay entitled 'Philip Van Artevelde, I copy a paragraph which will serve at once to exemplify Miss Fuller's more earnest (declamatory) style, and to show the tenor of her prospective speculations: -

"'At Chicago I read again 'Philip Van Artevelde,' and certain passages in it will always be in my mind associated with the deep sound of the lake, as heard in the night. I used to read a short time at night, and then open the blind to look out. The moon would be full upon the lake, and the calm breath, pure light, and the deep voice, harmonized well with the thought of the Flemish hero. When will this country have such a man? It is what she needs - no thin Idealist, no coarse Realist, but a man whose eye reads the heavens while his feet step firmly on the ground, and his hands are strong and dexterous in the use of human instruments. A man, religious, virtuous, and - sagacious; a man of universal sympathies, but self-possessed; a man who knows the region of emotion, though he is not its slave; a man to whom this world is no mere spectacle or fleeting shadow, but a great, solemn game, to be played with good heed, for its stakes are of eternal value, yet who, if his own play be true, heeds not what he loses by the falsehood of others. A man who lives from the past, yet knows that its honey can but moderately avail him; whose comprehensive eye scans the present, neither infatuated by its golden lures nor chilled by its many ventures; who possesses prescience, as the wise man must, but not so far as to be driven mad to-day by the gift which discerns to-morrow. When there is such a man for America, the thought which urges her on will be expressed."

"From what I have quoted, a *general* conception of the prose style of the authoress may be gathered. Her manner, however, is infinitely varied. It is always forcible - but I am not sure that it is always anything else, unless I say picturesque. It rather indicates than evinces scholarship. Perhaps only the scholastic, or, more properly, those accustomed to look narrowly at the structure of phrases, would be willing to acquit her of ignorance of grammar - would be willing to attribute her slovenliness to disregard of the shell in anxiety for the

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kernel; or to waywardness, or to affectation, or to blind reverence to Carlyle – would be able to detect, in her strange and continual inaccuracies, a capacity for the accurate.

“I sympathize with such an apprehension; the spectacle is *capable* to swallow up all such objects.”

“It is fearful, too, to know, as you look, that whatever has been swallowed by the cataract, is *like* to rise suddenly to light.”

“I took our *mutual* friends to see her.”

“It was always obvious that they had nothing in common *between them*.”

“The Indian cannot be looked at truly *except* by a poetic eye.”

“McKenny’s Tour to the Lakes gives some facts not to be met *with* elsewhere.”

“There is that mixture of culture and rudeness in the aspect of things as gives a feeling of freedom,” etc., etc.

“These are merely a few, a very few instances, taken at random from among a multitude of *willful* murders committed by Miss Fuller on the American of President Polk. She uses, too, the word ‘ignore,’ a vulgarity adopted only of late days (and to no good purpose, since there is no necessity for it) from the barbarisms of the law, and makes no scruple of giving the Yankee interpretation to the verbs ‘witness’ and ‘realize,’ to say nothing of ‘use,’ as in the sentence, ‘I used to read a short time at night.’ It will not do to say in defense of such words, that in such senses they may be found in certain dictionaries – in that of Bolles’, for instance; – *some* kind of ‘authority’ may be found for *any* kind of vulgarity under the sun.

“In things, however and of her frequent unjustifiable Carlyleisms, (such as that of writing sentences which are no sentences, since, to be parsed, reference must be had to sentences preceding,) the style of Miss Fuller is one of the very best with which I am acquainted. In general effect, I know no style which surpasses it. It is singularly piquant, vivid, terse, bold, luminous – leaving details out of sight, it is everything that a style need be.

“I that Miss Fuller has written much poetry, although she has published little. That little is tainted with the affectation of the *transcendentalists*, (I used this term, of course, in the sense which the public of late days seem resolved to give it,) but is brimful of the poetic *sentiment*. Here, for example, is something in Coleridge’s manner, of which the author of ‘Genevieve’ might have had no reason to be ashamed: –

A maiden sat beneath a tree;
Tear-bedewed her pale cheeks be,
And she sighed heavily.

From forth the wood into the *light*
A hunter strides with carol *light*
And a glance so bold and bright.

He careless stopped and eyed the maid;



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'Why weepest thou?' he gently said;
'I love thee well, be not afraid.'

He takes her hand and leads her on —
She should have waited there alone,
For he was not her chosen one.

He *leans* her head upon his breast —
She knew 'twas not her home of rest,
But, ah! she had been sore distrest.

The sacred stars looked sadly down;
The parting moon appeared to frown,
To see thus dimmed the diamond crown.

Then from the thicket starts a deer —
The huntsman seizing *on* his spear
Cries, 'Maiden, wait thou for me here.'

She sees him vanish into night —
She starts from sleep in deep affright,
For it was not her own true knight.

Though but in dream Gunhilda failed —
Though but a fancied ill assailed —
Though she but fancied fault bewailed —

Yet thought of day makes dream of night;
She is not worthy of the knight;
The inmost altar burns not bright.

If loneliness thou canst not bear —
Cannot the dragon's venom dare —
Of the pure meed thou shouldst despair.

Now sadder that lone maiden sighs;
Far bitterer tears profane her eyes;
Crushed in the dust her heart's flower lies.'

"To show the evident carelessness with which this poem was constructed, I have italicized an identical rhyme (of about the same force in versification as an identical proposition in logic) and two grammatical improprieties. *To lean* is a neuter verb, and 'seizing *on*' is not properly to be called a pleonasm, merely because it is — nothing at all. The concluding line is difficult of pronunciation through excess of consonants. I should have preferred, indeed, the ante-penultimate tristich as the *finale* of the poem.

"The that the book of an author is a thing apart from the author's self, is, I think, ill-founded. The soul is a cipher, in the sense of a cryptograph; and the shorter a cryptograph is, the more difficulty there is in its comprehension — at a certain point of brevity it would bid defiance to an army of Champollions. And thus he who has written very little, may in that little either conceal his spirit or convey quite an erroneous idea of it — of his acquirements, talents, temper, manner, tenor and depth (or shallowness) of thought — in a word of his character, of himself. But this is impossible with him who has written much. Of such a person we get, from his books, not merely a just, but the most just representation.

Bulwer, the individual, personal man, in a green velvet waistcoat and amber gloves, is not by any means the veritable Sir Edward Lytton, who is discoverable only in 'Ernest

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Maltravers,' where his soul is deliberately and nakedly set forth. And who would ever know Dickens by looking at him or talking with him, or doing anything with him except reading his 'Curiosity Shop?' What poet, in especial, but must feel at least the better portion of himself more fairly represented in even his commonest sonnet, (earnestly written,) than in his most elaborate or most intimate personalities?

"I all this as a general proposition, to which Miss Fuller affords a marked exception – to this extent, that her personal character and her printed book are merely one and the same thing. We get access to her soul *as* directly from the one as from the other – no more readily from this than from that – easily from either. Her acts are bookish, and her books are less thoughts than acts. Her literary and her conversational manner are identical. Here is a passage from her 'Summer on the Lakes:' –

"`The rapids enchanted me far beyond what I expected; they are so swift that they cease to *seem* so – you can think only of their *beauty*. The fountain beyond the Moss Islands I discovered for myself, and thought it for some time an *accidental* beauty which it would not do to *leave*, lest I might never see it again. After I found it *permanent*, I returned many times to watch the play of its crest. In the little waterfall, beyond, Nature seems, as she often does, to have made a *study* for some larger design. She delights in this – a sketch within a sketch – a dream within a *dream*. Wherever we see it, the lines of the great buttress in the fragment of stone, the hues of the waterfall, copied in the flowers that *star* its bordering mosses, we are *delighted*; for all the lineaments become *fluent*, and we mould the scene in congenial thought with its *genius*.'

"Now this is precisely as Miss Fuller would *speak* it. She is perpetually saying just such things in just such words. To get the *conversational* woman in the mind's eye, all that is needed is to imagine her reciting the paragraph just quoted: but first let us have the *personal* woman. She is of the medium height; nothing remarkable about the figure; a profusion of lustrous light hair; eyes a bluish gray, full of fire; capacious forehead; the mouth when in repose indicates profound sensibility, capacity for affection, for love – when moved by a slight smile, it becomes even beautiful in the intensity of this expression; but the upper lip, as if impelled by the action of involuntary muscles, habitually uplifts itself, conveying the impression of a sneer. Imagine, now, a person of this description looking at you one moment earnestly in the face, at the next seeming to look only within her own spirit or at the wall; moving nervously every now and then in her chair; speaking in a high key, but musically, deliberately, (not hurriedly or loudly,) with a delicious distinctness of enunciation – speaking, I say, the paragraph in question, and emphasizing the words which I have italicized, not by impulsion of the breath, (as is usual) but by drawing them out as long as possible, nearly closing her eyes, the while – imagine all this, and we have both



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the woman and the authoress before us."

* * * * *

[FROM THE New York Tribune.]
ON THE DEATH OF S. MARGARET FULLER.
BY G.F.R. JAMES

High hopes and bright thine early path bedecked,
And aspirations beautiful, though wild,
A heart too strong, a powerful will unchecked,
A dream that earth-things could be undefiled.

But soon, around thee, grew a golden chain,
That bound the woman to more human things,
And taught with joy — and, it may be, with pain —
That there are limits e'en to Spirits' wings.

Husband and child — the loving and beloved —
Won, from the vast of thought, a mortal part,
The empassioned wife and mother, yielding, proved
Mind has, itself, a master — in the heart.

In distant lands enhaloed by old fame
Thou found'st the only chain the spirit knew,
But, captive, led'st thy captors from the shame
Of ancient freedom, to the pride of new.

And loved hearts clung around thee on the deck,
Welling with sunny hopes 'neath sunny skies;
The wide horizon round thee had no speck;
E'en Doubt herself could see no cloud arise.

The loved ones clung around thee, when the sail,
O'er wide Atlantic billows, onward bore
Thy freight of joys, and the expanding gale
Pressed the glad bark toward thy native shore.

The loved ones clung around thee still, when all
Was darkness, tempest, terror, and dismay —
More closely clung around thee, when the pall
Of fate was falling o'er the mortal clay.

With them to live — with them, with them to die —
Sublime of human love intense and fine!
Was thy last prayer unto the Deity,
And it was granted thee by love divine.

In the same billow — in the same dark grave —
Mother, and child, and husband find their rest.
The dream is ended; and the solemn wave
Gives back the gifted to her country's breast.

* * * * *

An Illustration of the high prices paid to fortunate artists in these times may be found in the fact that Alboni, the famous contralto singer, has been engaged to sing at Madrid, at the enormous rate of \$400 dollars per day, while Roger, the tenor, who used to sing at the Comic Opera at Paris, and who was transplanted to the Grand Opera to assist in the production of Meyerbeer's "Prophet," has been engaged to sing with her at the more moderate salary of \$8000 a month. This is almost equal to the extravagant sum guaranteed to Jenny Lind for performing in



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this country. It would be a curious inquiry why singers and dancers are always paid so much more exorbitantly than painters, sculptors or musical composers, especially as the pleasure they confer is of a merely evanescent character, while the works of the latter remain a perpetual source of delight and refinement to all generations.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE UPON THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

The last number of Fraser's Magazine has a long article upon THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA, in which the subject is treated with more than the customary civility of English criticism upon this subject. We are half inclined, indeed, to believe the article was written "above Bleecker," or by an inhabitant of that quarter now in London. Omitting the illustrative extracts, we copy the greater portion of the review, in which most of those who are admitted to be poets are characterized.

"When Halleck said of New York —

Our fourteen wards
Contain some seven-and-thirty-bards,

he rather understated than exaggerated the fact. Mr. Griswold, besides the ninety regular poets in his collection, gives an appendix of about seventy fugitive pieces by as many authors; and bitter complaints have been made against him in various quarters for not including some seventy, or a hundred and seventy more, 'who,' it is said, and probably with truth, 'have as good a right to be there as many of those admitted.' Still it is possible to pick out a few of general reputation, whom literati from all parts of the Union would agree in sustaining as specimens of distinguished American poets, though they would differ in assigning their relative position. Thus, if the Republic had to choose a laureate, Boston would probably deposit a nearly unanimous vote for Longfellow; the suffrages of New York might be divided between Bryant and Halleck; and the southern cities would doubtless give a large majority for Poe. But these gentlemen, and some three or four more, would be acknowledged by all as occupying the first rank. Perhaps, on the whole, the preponderance of native authority justifies us in heading the list with Bryant, who, at any rate, has the additional title of seniority in authorship, if not in actual years.

"William Cullen Bryant is, as we learn from Mr. Griswold, about fifty-five years old, and was born in Massachusetts, though his literary career is chiefly associated with New York, of which he is a resident. With a precocity extraordinary, even in a country where precocity is the rule instead of the exception, he began to write *and publish* at the age of thirteen, and has, therefore, been full forty years before the American public, and that not in the capacity of poet alone — having for more than half that period edited the Evening Post, one of the ablest and most respectable papers in the United States, and the oldest organ, we believe, of the Democratic party in New York. He has been called, and with justice, a poet of nature. The prairie

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solitude, the summer evening landscape, the night wind of autumn, the water-bird flitting homeward through the twilight – such are the favorite subjects of inspiration. *Thanatopsis*, one of his most admired pieces, was written at the age of *eighteen*, and exhibits a finish of style, no less than a maturity of thought, very remarkable for so youthful a production. Mr. Bryant's poems have been for some years pretty well known on this side the water, – better known, at any rate, than any other transatlantic verses; on which account, being somewhat limited for space, we forbear to make any extracts from them.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK is also a New-Englander by birth and a New Yorker by adoption. He is Bryant's contemporary and friend, but the spirit and style of his versification are very different; and so, it is said, are his political affinities. While Bryant is a bulwark of the Democracy, Halleck is reported to be not only an admirer of the obsolete Federalists, but an avowed Monarchist. To be sure, this is only his private reputation: no trace of such a feeling is observable in his writings, which show throughout a sturdy vein of republicanism, social and political. In truth, the party classification of American literary men is apt to puzzle the uninitiated. Thus Washington Irving is said to belong to the Democrats; but it would be hard to find in his writings anything countenancing their claim upon him. His sketches of English society are a panegyric of old institutions; and the fourth book of his *KNICKERBOCKER* is throughout a palpable satire on the administration of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy. Perhaps, however, he may since have changed his views. Willis, too, the 'Free Penciler,' who has been half his life prating about lords and ladies, and great people, and has become a sort of Jenkins to the fashionable life of New York; he also is one of the Democratic party. Peradventure he may vote the 'Locofoco ticket' in the hope of propitiating *the boys* (as the *canaille* of American cities are properly called), and saving his printing-office from the fate of the Italian Opera House in Astor Place. But what shall we say of Cooper, who, by his anti-democratic opinions, has made himself one of the most unpopular men in his country, and whose recent political novels rival the writings of Judge Haliburton in the virulence as well as the cleverness of their satire upon Republican institutions? He, too, is a Democrat. To us, who are not behind the curtain, these things are a mystery incapable of explanation. To return to our present subject. Halleck made his *début* in the poetical world by some satirical pieces called *The Croakers*, which created as much sensation at their appearance as the anonymous *Salmagundi* which commenced Irving's literary career. These were succeeded by *Fanny*, a poem in the *Don Juan* metre. *Fanny* has no particular plot or story, but is a satirical review of all the celebrities, literary, fashionable, and political, of New York at that day (1821). And the satire was probably very good at the time and in the place; but, unfortunately for the extent and permanence of its reputation, most of these celebrities are utterly unknown, not merely beyond the limits of the Union, but beyond those of New York. Among all the personages enumerated we can find but two names that an European reader would be likely to know anything about, – Clinton and Van Buren. Nay, more, in the rapid growth

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and change of things American, the present generation of New Yorkers are likely to lose sight of the lions of their immediate progenitors; and unless some Manhattanese scholiast should write a commentary on the poem in time, its allusions, and with them most of its wit, will be in danger of perishing entirely. What we *can* judge of in *Fanny* are one or two graceful lyrics interspersed in it, though even these are marred by untimely comicality and local allusions. The nominal hero, while wandering about at night after the wreck of his fortunes, hears a band playing outside a public place of entertainment. It must have been a better band than that which now, from the Museum opposite the Astor House, drives to frenzy the hapless stranger.... In Halleck's subsequent productions the influence of Campbell is more perceptible than that of Byron, and with manifest advantage. It may be said of his compositions, as it can be affirmed of few American verses, that they have a real innate harmony, something not dependent on the number of syllables in each line, or capable of being dissected out into feet, but growing in them, as it were, and created by the fine ear of the writer. Their sentiments, too, are exalted and ennobling; eminently genial and honest, they stamp the author for a good man and true, — Nature's aristocracy.... For some unexplained reason Halleck has not written, or at least not published, anything new for several years, though continually solicited to do so; for he is a great favorite with his countrymen, especially with the New Yorkers. His time, however, has been by no means passed in idleness. Fashionable as writing is in America, it is not considered desirable or, indeed, altogether reputable, that the poet should be *only* a poet. Halleck has been in business most of his life; and was lately head-clerk of the wealthy merchant, John Jacob Astor, who left him a handsome annuity. This was increased by Mr. Astor's son and heir, a man of well-known liberality; so that between the two there is a chance of the poet's being enabled to 'meditate the tuneful Muse' for the remainder of his days free from all distractions of business.

"LONGFELLOW, the pet poet of Boston, is a much younger man than either Bryant or Halleck, and has made his reputation only within the last twelve years, during which time he has been one of the most noted lions of American Athens. The city of Boston, as every one knows who has been there, or who has met with any book or man emanating from it, claims to be the literary metropolis of the United States, and assumes the slightly-pretending *soubriquet* just quoted. The American Athenians have their thinking and writing done for them by a coterie whose distinctive characteristics are Socinianism in theology, a præter-Puritan prudery in ethics, a German tendency in metaphysics, and throughout all a firm persuasion that Boston is the fountain-head of art, scholarship, and literature for the western world, and particularly that New York is a Nazareth in such things, out of which can come nothing good. For the Bostonians, who certainly cultivate literature with more general devotion, if not always with more individual success than the New Yorkers, can never forgive their commercial neighbors for possessing by birth the two most eminent prose-writers of the country — Irving and Cooper; and by adoption, two of the leading

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poets – Bryant and Halleck. Nor are the good people of the 'Empire State' slow to resent these exhibitions of small jealousy; but, on the contrary, as the way of the world is, they are apt to retort by greater absurdities. So shy are they of appearing to be guided by the dicta of their eastern friends, that to this day there is scarcely man or woman on Manhattan Island who will confess a liking for Tennyson, Mrs. Barrett Browning, or Robert Browning, simply because these poets were taken up and patronized (metaphorically speaking, of course,) by the 'Mutual Admiration Society' of Boston.

"The immediate influences of this *camaraderie* are highly flattering and apparently beneficial to the subject of them, but its ultimate effects are most injurious to the proper development of his powers. When the merest trifles that a man throws off are inordinately praised, he soon becomes content with producing the merest trifles. Longfellow has grown unaccustomed to do himself justice. Half his volumes are filled up with translations; graceful and accurate, indeed; but translations, and often from originals of very moderate merit. His last original poem, *Evangeline*, is a sort of pastoral in hexameters. The resuscitation of this classical metre had a queer effect upon the American quidnuncs. Some of the *critics* evidently believed it to be a bran-new metre invented for the nonce by the author, a delusion which they of the 'Mutual Admiration' rather winked at; and the parodists who endeavored to ridicule the new measure were evidently not quite sure whether seven feet or nine made a hexameter.

It is really to be regretted that Longfellow has been cajoled into playing these tricks with himself, for his earlier pieces were works of much promise, and, had they been worthily followed out, might have entitled him to a high place among the poets of the language....

Longfellow's poetry, whenever he really lays himself out to write poetry, has a definite idea and purpose in it – no small merit now-a-days. His versification is generally harmonious, and he displays a fair command of metre. Sometimes he takes a fancy to an obsolete or out-of-the-way stanza; one of his longest and best poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, is exactly in the measure of Drayton's fine ballad on Agincourt. His chief fault is an over-fondness for simile and metaphor. He seems to think indispensable the introduction into everything he writes of a certain (or sometimes a very uncertain) number of these figures. Accordingly his poems are crowded with comparisons, sometimes very pretty and pleasing, at others so far-fetched that the string of tortured images which lead off Alfred de Musset's bizarre *Ode to the Moon* can hardly equal them. This *making figures* (whether from any connection with the calculating habits of the people or not) is a terrible propensity of American writers, whether of prose or verse. Their orators are especial sinners in this respect. We have seen speeches stuck as full of metaphors (more or less mixed) as Burton's *ANATOMY* is of quotations.

"Such persons as know from experience that literary people are not always in private life what their writings would betoken, that Miss Bunions do not precisely resemble March violets, and mourners upon paper may be laughers over mahogany – such persons

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will not be surprised to hear that the Longfellow is a very jolly fellow, a lover of fun and good dinners, and of an amiability and personal popularity that have aided not a little the popularity of his writings in verse and prose – for he writes prose too, prettier, quainter, more figurative, and more poetic if anything, than his poetry. He is also a professor at Harvard College, near Boston.

“EDGAR A. POE, like Longfellow and most of the other American poets, wrote prose as well as poetry, having produced a number of wild, grotesque, and powerfully-imagined tales; unlike most of them he was a literary man *pur sang*. He depended for support entirely on his writings, and his career was more like the precarious existence of an author in the time of Johnson and Savage than the decent life of an author in our own day. He was a Southerner by birth, acquired a liberal education, and what the French call ‘expansive’ tastes, was adopted by a rich relative, quarreled with him, married ‘for love,’ and lived by editing magazines in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York; by delivering lectures (the never-failing last resort of the American literary adventurer); by the occasional subscriptions of compassionate acquaintances or admiring friends – any way he could – for eighteen or nineteen years: lost his wife, involved himself in endless difficulties, and finally died in what should have been the prime of his life, about six months ago. His enemies attributed his untimely death to intemperance; his writings would rather lead to the belief that he was an habitual taker of opium. If it make a man a poet to be

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,

Poe was certainly a poet. Virulently and ceaselessly abused by his enemies (who included a large portion of the press), he was worshiped to infatuation by his friends. The severity of his editorial criticisms, and the erratic course of his life, fully account for the former circumstance; the latter is probably to be attributed, in part at least, to pity for his mishaps.

“If Longfellow’s poetry is best designated as quaint, Poe’s may most properly be characterized as fantastic. The best of it reminds one of Tennyson, not by any direct imitation of particular passages, but by its general air and tone. But he was very far from possessing Tennyson’s fine ear for melody. His skill in versification, sometimes striking enough, was evidently artificial; he overstudied metrical expression and overrated its value so as sometimes to write, what were little better than nonsense-verses, for the rhythm. He had an incurable propensity for refrains, and when he had once caught a harmonious cadence, appeared to think it could not be too often repeated. Poe’s name is usually mentioned in connection with *The Raven*, a poem which he published about five years ago. It had an immense run, and gave rise to innumerable parodies – those tests of notoriety if not of merit. And certainly it is not without a peculiar and fantastic excellence in the execution, while the conception is highly striking and poetic. This much notice seems due to a poem which created such a sensation in the author’s country. To us it seems by no means the best of Poe’s productions; we much prefer, for instance, this touching allegory, which was

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originally embodied in one of his wildest tales, *The Haunted Palace*. In the very same volume with this are some verses that Poe wrote when a boy, and some that a boy might be ashamed of writing. Indeed the secret of rejection seems to be little known to Transatlantic bards. The rigidness of self-criticism which led Tennyson to ignore and annihilate, so far as in him lay, full one half of his earlier productions, would hardly be understood by them. This is particularly unlucky in the case of Poe, whose rhymes sometimes run fairly away with him, till no purpose or meaning is traceable amid a jingle of uncommon and fine-sounding words....

"Though Poe was a Southerner, his poetry has nothing in it suggestive of his peculiar locality. It is somewhat remarkable that the slave-holding, which has tried almost all other means of excusing or justifying itself before the world, did not think of 'keeping a poet,' and engaging the destitute author from its own territory to sing the praises of 'the patriarchal institution.' And it would have been a fair provocation that the Abolitionists had their poet already. Indeed several of the northern poets have touched upon this subject; Longfellow, in particular, has published a series of spirited and touching anti-slavery poems; but the man who has made it his *specialité* is JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, a Quaker, literary editor of the National Era, an Abolition and ultra-Radical paper, which, in manful despite of Judge Lynch, is published at Washington, between the slave-pens and the capitol. His verses are certainly obnoxious to the jurisdiction of that notorious popular potentate, being unquestionably 'inflammatory, incendiary, and insurrectionary,' as the Southern formula goes, in a very high degree. He makes passionate appeals to the Puritan spirit of New England, and calls on her sons to utter their voice,

... From all her wild green mountains,
 From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie,
 From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
 And clear cold sky —
 From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
 Gnaws with his surges — from the fisher's skiff,
 With white sails swaying to the billow's motion
 Round rock and cliff —
 From the free fireside of her unbought farmer,
 From her free laborer at his loom and wheel.
 From the brown smithy where, beneath the hammer,
 Rings the red steel —
 From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
 Our land and left us to an evil choice; —

"and protest against the shocking anomaly of slavery in a free country. At times, when deploring the death of some fellow laborer in the cause, he falls into a somewhat subdued strain, though even then there is more of spirit and fire in his verses than one naturally expects from a follower of George Fox; but on such occasions he displays a more careful and harmonious versification than is his wont. There is no scarcity of these elegies in his little volume, the ABOLITIONISTS, even when they escape the attentions of the high legal functionary already alluded to, not being apparently a long-lived class.

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"*Toujours perdrix* palls in poetry as in cookery; we grow tired after awhile of invectives against governors of slave-states and mercenary persons, and dirges for untimely perished Abolitionists. The wish suggests itself that Whittier would not always

'Give up to a party what is meant for mankind,'

but sometimes turn his powers in another direction. Accordingly, it is a great relief to find him occasionally trying his hand on the early legends of New England and Canada, which do not suffer such ballads as *St. John*....

"Whittier is less known than several other Western bards to the English reader, and we think him entitled to stand higher on the American Parnassus than most of his countrymen would place him. His faults – harshness and want of polish – are evident; but there is more life, and spirit, and soul in his verses, than in those of eight-ninths of Mr. Griswold's immortal ninety.

"From political verse (for the anti-slavery agitation must be considered quite as much a political as a moral warfare) the transition is natural to satire and humorous poetry. Here we find no lack of matter, but a grievous short-coming in quality. The Americans are no contemptible humorists in prose, but their fun cannot be set to verse. They are very fond of writing parodies, yet we have scarcely ever seen a good parody of American origin. And their satire is generally more distinguished for personality and buffoonery than wit. Halleck's *Fanny* looks as if it might be good, did we only know something of the people satirized in it. The reputed comic poet of the country at present is OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, a physician. Whether it was owing to the disappointment caused by hearing too much in his praise beforehand we will not pretend to say, but it certainly did seem to us that Dr. Holmes' efforts in this line must originally have been intended to act upon his patients emetically. After a conscientious perusal of the doctor, the most readable, and about the only presentable thing we can find in him, is the bit of seriocomic entitled *The Last Leaf*.

"But within the last three years there has arisen in the United States a satirist of genuine excellence, who, however, besides being but moderately appreciated by his countrymen, seems himself in a great measure to have mistaken his real forte. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the Boston coterie, has for some time been publishing verses, which are by the coterie duly glorified, but which are in no respect distinguishable from the ordinary level of American poetry, except that they combine an extraordinary pretension to originality, with a more than usually palpable imitation of English models. Indeed, the failure was so manifest, that the American literati seem, in this one case, to have rebelled against Boston dictation, and there is sufficient internal evidence that such of them as do duty for critics handled Mr. Lowell pretty severely. Violently piqued at this, and simultaneously conceiving a disgust for the Mexican war, he was impelled by both feelings to take the field as a satirist: to the former we owe the *Fable for Critics*; to the latter, the *Biglow Papers*. It was a happy move, for he has the rare faculty of writing *clever doggerel*. Take out the best

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of *Ingoldsby*, Campbell's rare piece of fun *The Friars of Dijon*, and perhaps a little of Walsh's *Aristophanes*, and there is no contemporary verse of the class with which Lowell's may not fearlessly stand a comparison; for, observe, we are not speaking of mock heroics like Bon Gaultier's, which are only a species of parody, but of real doggerel, the Rabelaisque of poetry. The *Fable* is somewhat on the Ingoldsby model, — that is to say, a good part of its fun consists in queer rhymes, double, treble, or poly-syllabic; and it has even Barham's fault — an occasional over-consciousness of effort, and calling on the reader to admire, as if the *tour de force* could not speak for itself. But *Ingoldsby's* rhymes will not give us a just idea of the *Fable* until we superadd Hook's puns; for the fabulist has a pleasant knack of making puns — outrageous and unhesitating ones — exactly of the kind to set off the general style of his verse. The sternest critic could hardly help relaxing over such a bundle of them as are contained in Apollo's lament over the 'treeification' of his Daphne.... The *Fable* is a sort of review in verse of American poets. Much of the Boston leaven runs through it; the wise men of the East are all glorified intensely, while Bryant and Halleck are studiously depreciated. But though thus freely exercising his own critical powers in verse, the author is most bitter against all critics in prose, and gives us a ludicrous picture of one —

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at tea.

And this gentleman is finely shown up for his condemnatory predilections and inability to discern or appreciate beauties. The cream of the joke against him is, that being sent by Apollo to choose a lily in a flower-garden, he brings back a thistle as all he could find. The picture is a humorous one, but we are at a loss to conjecture who can have sat for it in America, where the tendency is all the other way, reviewers being apt to apply the butter of adulation with the knife of profusion to every man, woman, or child who rushes into print. Some of his complaints, too, against the critic sound very odd; as, for instance, that

His lore was engraft, something foreign that grew in him.

Surely the very meaning of *learning* is that it is something which a man learns — *acquires* from other sources — does not originate in himself. But it is a favorite practice with Mr. Lowell's set to rail against dry learning and pedants, while at the same time there are no men more fond of showing off cheap learning than themselves: Lowell himself never loses an opportunity of bringing in a bit of Greek or Latin. Our readers must have known such persons — for, unfortunately, the United States has no monopoly of them — men who delight in quoting Latin before ladies, talking Penny-Magazine science in the hearing of clodhoppers, and preaching of high art to youths who have never had the chance of seeing any art at all. Then you will hear them say nothing about pedantry. But let a man be present who knows more Greek than they do, or who has a higher standard of poetry or painting or music, and wo be to him! Him they will persecute to the uttermost. What is to be done with such men but to treat them à la Shandon, 'Give them Burton's *Anatomy*, and leave them



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to their own abominable devices?'

"The *Biglow Papers* are imaginary epistles from a New England farmer, and contain some of the best specimens extant of the 'Yankee,' or New England dialect, — better than Haliburton's, for Sam Slick sometimes mixes Southern, Western, and even English vulgarities with his Yankee. Mr. Biglow's remarks treat chiefly of the Mexican war, and subjects immediately connected with it, such as slavery, truckling of Northerners to the south, &c. The theme is treated in various ways with uniform bitterness. Now he sketches a 'Pious Editors Creed,' almost too daring in its Scriptural allusions, but terribly severe upon the venal fraternity. At another time he sets one of Calhoun's pro-slavery speeches to music. The remarks of the great Nullifier form the air of the song, and the incidental remarks of honorable senators on the same side make up a rich chorus, their names supplying happy tags to the rhymes. But best of all are the letters of his friend the returned volunteer, Mr. Birdofredom Sawin, who draws a sad picture of the private soldier's life in Mexico. He had gone out with hopes of making his fortune. But he was sadly disappointed and equally so in his expectations of glory, which 'never got so low down as the privates.'

"But it is time to bring this notice to a close not, however, that we have by any means exhausted the subject. For have we not already stated that there are, at the lowest calculation, ninety American poets, spreading all over the alphabet, from Allston, who is unfortunately dead, to Willis, who is fortunately living, and writing *Court Journals* for the 'Upper Ten Thousand,' as he has named the quasi-aristocracy of New York? And the lady-poets — the poetesses, what shall we say of them? Truly it would be ungallant to say anything ill of them, and invidious to single out a few among so many; therefore, it will be best for us to say — nothing at all about any of them."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A RETROSPECT.

BY HERMANN.

On this rustic footbridge sitting,
I have passed delightful eyes,
Moonbeams round about me flitting
Through the overhanging leaves.

With me often came another,
When the west wore hues of gold,
And 'twas neither sister — brother —
One the heart may dearer hold.

She was fair and lightly moulded,
Azure eyed and full of grace;
Gentler form was never folded
In a lover's warm embrace.

Oh those hours of sacred converse,
Their communion now is o'er
And our straying feet shall traverse



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Those remembered paths no more.

Hours they were of love and gladness,
Fraught with holy vows of truth:
Not a single thought of sadness
Shadowing o'er the hopes of youth.

I am sitting sad and lonely
Where she often sat with me,
And the voice I hear is only
Of the silvery streamlet's glee.

Where is she, whose gentle fingers,
Oft were wreathed amidst my hair?
Still methinks their pressure lingers,
But, ah no! they are not there.

They are whiter now than ever,
In a light I know not of,
Sweeping o'er the chords of silver
To a song of joy and love.

Though so lonely I am sitting,
This sweet thought of joy may bring,
That she still is round me flitting,
On an angel's tireless wing.

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THE AUTHOR OF "ION."

"Mr. Talfourd is now a Justice, and we find in the London journals an account of a visit to his residence by a deputation from his native town, to present to him a silver candelabrum, subscribed for by a large number of the inhabitants of the borough, of all parties. The base of the candelabrum is a tripod, on which stands a group of three female figures; representing Law, Justice, and Poetry, the two former modeled from Flaxman's sculpture on Lord Mansfield's monument in Westminster Abbey, the latter from a drawing of the Greek Antique, bearing a scroll inscribed with the word "Ion" in Greek characters. The arms of Mr. Talfourd and of the borough of Reading are engraved on the base. The testimonial was presented to the Justice in the presence of his family, including the venerable Mrs. Talfourd, his mother, and a large circle of private friends. In answer to the gentleman who presented the testimonial, Mr. Talfourd replied:

"If I felt that the circumstances of this hour, and the eloquent kindness which has enriched it, appealed for a response only to personal qualities, I should be too conscious of the poverty of such materials for an answer to attempt one; but the associations they suggest expand into wider circles than self impels, and while they teach me that this occasion is not for the indulgence of vanity, but for the cultivation of humble thankfulness, they impart a nobler significance to your splendid gift and to your delightful praise. They remind me that my intellectual being has, from its first development, been nurtured by the partiality of those whom, living and dead, you virtually represent to-day; they concentrate the wide-spread instances of that peculiar felicity in my lot whereby I have

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been privileged to find aid, comfort, inspiration, and allowance in that local community amidst which my life began; and they invite me, from that position which once bounded my furthest horizon of personal hope, to live along the line of past existence; to recognize the same influence everywhere pervading it: and to perceive how its struggles have been assisted; its errors softened down or veiled, and its successes enhanced, by the constant presence of home-born regards. Embracing in a rapid glance the events of many years, I call to mind how at an early age – earlier than is generally safe or happy for youths – the incidents of life, supplying an unusual stimulus to ordinary powers, gave vividness to those dreams of human excellence and progress which, at some time, visit all; how by the weakness which precluded them from assuming those independent shapes which require the plastic force of higher powers, they became associated with the scenes among which they were cherished, and clove to them with earnest grasp; and how the fervid expressions which that combination prompted, were accepted by generous friends as indicating faculties 'beyond the reaches of my soul,' and induced them to encourage me by genial prophecies which, with unwearied purpose, they endeavored to fulfill. I renew that golden season when such vague aspirations were at once cherished and directed by the Christian wisdom of the venerated master of Reading School – who, during his fifty years of authority, made the name of our town a household word to successive generations of scholars, who honored him in all parts of the world, and all departments of society – whose long life was one embodied charity – and who gave steadiness and object to those impulses in me which else might have ended, as they began, in dreams. I remember, when pausing on the slippery threshold of active life, and looking abroad on the desolate future, how the earnestness of my friends gave me courage, and emboldened me, with no patrons but themselves, to enter the profession of my choice by its most dim and laborious avenue, and to brace myself for four years of arduous pupilage; how they crowded with pleasures the intervals of holiday I annually enjoyed among them during that period, and another of equal length passed in a special pleader's anxieties and toils; how they greeted with praise, sweeter than the applause of multitudes to him who wins it, the slender literary effusions by which I supplied the deficiency of professional income; and how, when I dared the hazard of the bar, they provided for me opportunities such as riper scholars and other advocates wait long for, by confiding important matters to my untried hands; how they encircled my first tremulous efforts by an atmosphere of affectionate interest, roused my faint heart to exertion, absorbed the fever that hung upon its beatings, and strengthened my first perceptions of capacity to make my thoughts and impressions intelligible, on the instant, to the minds of courts and juries. The impulse thus given to my professional success at Reading, and in the sessions of Berkshire during twelve years, gradually extended its influence through my circuit, until it raised me to a position among its members beyond my deserts and equal to my wishes. Another opening of fortune soon dawned on me; in the maturity of life I aspired to a seat in parliament – rather let me say, to *that* seat which only I coveted – and then, almost without



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solicitation, from many surviving patrons of my childhood, and from the sons of others who inherited the kindness of their fathers, I received an honor more precious to me as the token of concentrated regards than as the means of advancement; yet greatly heightened in practical importance by the testimony it implied from the best of all witnesses. That honor, three times renewed, was attended by passages of excitement which look dizzy even in the distance – with much on my part requiring allowance, and much allowance rendered by those to whom my utmost services were due; with the painful consciousness of wide difference of opinion between some of my oldest friends and myself, and with painful contests which those differences rendered inevitable, yet cheered by attachments which the vivid lights struck out in the conflict of contending passions exhibited in scatheless strength, until I received that appointment which dissolved the parliamentary connection, and with it annihilated all the opposition of feeling which had sometimes saddened it, and invested the close of my life with the old regard, as unclouded by controversy as when it illumined its opening. And now the expressions of your sympathy await me, when, by the gracious providence of God, I have been permitted to enter on a course of less fervid action, of serener thought, of plainer duty. For me political animosities are forever hushed and absorbed in one desire, which I share with you all, for the happiness and honor of our country, and the peaceful advancement of our species; and all the feverish excitements and perils of advocacy, its ardent partisanship with various interests, anxieties, and passions, are displaced by the office of seeking to discover truth and to maintain justice. I am no longer incited to aspire to public favor, even under your auspices: my course is marked right onward – to be steadily trodden, whether its duties may accord with the prevalent feeling of the hour, or may oppose the temporary injustice of its generous errors: but it is not forbidden me to prize the esteem of those who have known me longest and best, and to indulge the hope that I may retain it to the last. To encourage me in the aim still to deserve that esteem, I shall look on this gift of those numbers of my townsmen whose regards have just found such cordial expression. I shall cherish it as a memorial of earliest hopes that gleam out from the depth of years; as a memorial of a thousand incentives to virtuous endeavor, of sacred trusts, of delighted solaces; as a memorial of affections which have invested a being, frail, sensitive, and weak, with strength not its own, and under God, have insured for it an honorable destiny; as a memorial of this hour, when, in the presence of those who are nearest and dearest to me on earth, my course has been pictured in the light of those friendships which have gladdened it – an hour of which the memory and the influence will not pass away, but, I fondly trust, will incite those who will bear my name after me, and to whose charge this gift will be confided when I shall cease to behold it, better to deserve, though they cannot more dearly appreciate, such a succession of kindnesses as that to which the crowning grace is now added, and for which, with my whole heart, I thank you.”

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Cultivate and exercise a serene faith, and you shall acquire wonderful power and insight; its results are sure and illimitable, moulding and moving to its purposes equally spirit, mind, and matter. It is the power-endowing essential of all action.

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RECENT DEATHS.

Under this head we have rarely to present so many articles as are demanded by the foreign journals received during the week, and by the melancholy disaster which caused the death of the MARCHESA D' OSSOLI, with her husband, and Mr. SUMNER. Of MARGARET FULLER D' OSSOLI a sketch is given in the preceding pages, and we reserve for our next number an article upon the history of Sir ROBERT PEEL. The death of this illustrious person has caused a profound sensation not only in Great Britain, but throughout Europe. In the House of Lords, most eloquent and impressive speeches upon the exalted character of the deceased, and the irreparable loss of the country, were delivered by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Cleveland, and in the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, and Messrs. Hume, Gladstone, Goulburn, Herries, Napier, Inglis and Somerville. The House, in testimony of its grief, adjourned without business, an act without precedent, except in case of death in the royal family. A noble tribute of respect was also paid by the French Assembly to the memory of Sir Robert Peel. The President, M. Dupin, pronounced an affecting eulogy upon the deceased, which was received with the liveliest sympathy by the Chamber, and was ordered to be recorded in its journal. A compliment like this is totally unprecedented in France, and the death of no other foreigner in the world could have elicited it.

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BOYER, EX-PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

Jean Pierre Boyer, a mulatto, distinguished in affairs, and for his abilities and justice, was born at Port-au-Prince, on the 6th of February, 1776. His father, by some said to have been of mixed blood, was a tailor and shopkeeper, of fair reputation and some property, and his mother a negress from Congo in Africa, who had been a slave in the neighborhood. He joined the French Commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, in whose company, after the arrival of the English, he withdrew to Jacqemel. Here he attached himself to Rigaud, set out with him to France, and was captured on his passage by the Americans, during the war between France and the United States. Being released at the end of the war, he proceeded to Paris, where he remained until the organization of Le Clerc's expedition against St. Domingo. This expedition he with many other persons of color joined; but on the death of Le Clerc he attached himself to the party of Petion, with whom he acted during the remainder of that chieftain's life, which terminated on the 29th of March, 1818. Under Petion he rose from the post of aid-de-camp and private secretary to



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be general of the arrondissement of Port-au-Prince; and Petion named him for the succession in the Presidency, to which he was inducted without opposition. When the revolution broke out in the northern part of the island, in 1820, Boyer was invited by the insurgents to place himself at their head; and on the death of Christophe, the northern and southern parts of the island were united under his administration into one government, under the style of the Republic of Hayti. In the following year the Spanish inhabitants of the eastern part of the island voluntarily placed themselves under the government of Boyer, who thus became, chiefly by the force of character, without much positive effort, the undisputed master of all St. Domingo.

It is not questionable that the productions and general prosperity of the island decreased under Boyer's administration. The blacks needed the stringent policy of some such tyrant as Christophe. And the popularity of Boyer was greatly lessened by his approval or direct negotiation of a treaty with France, by which he agreed to pay to that country an indemnity of 150,000,000 of francs, in five annual instalments. The French Government recognized the independence of Hayti, but it was impossible for Boyer to meet his engagements. He however conducted the administration with industry, discretion, and repose, for fifteen years, when a long-slumbering opposition, for his presumed preference of the mulatto to the black population in the dispensations of government favor, began to exhibit itself openly. When this feeling was manifested in the second chamber of the Legislature, in 1843, the promptness and decision with which he attempted to suppress it, induced an insurrection among the troops, and he was compelled to fly, with about thirty followers, to Jamaica. He afterward proceeded to London, and finally to Paris, where he lived quietly in the Rue de Madeline, enjoying the respect of many eminent men, and surrounded by attached followers who shared his exile, until the 10th of July. On the 12th he was buried with appropriate funeral honors.

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THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The death of the Duke of Cambridge, brother of the late William IV., occurred the 8th of July, and was quite sudden. He was the seventh son of George III., was born in 1774, received his earliest education at Kew, and finished his studies at Gottingen. He entered the army, and experiencing much active service, was promoted, until in 1813 he attained the distinction of Field Marshal. He soon afterward became Governor-General of Hanover, and continued to fill that post until the accession of the Duke of Cumberland, in 1839. His subsequent life presented few features of much interest. His name was to be found as a patron and a contributor to many most valuable institutions, and he took delight in presiding at benevolent festivals and anniversary dinners, when, though without the slightest pretension to eloquence, the frankness and *bonhomme* of his manners, and his simple straight-forward earnestness of speech, used to make him an universal favorite. He took but little part in the active strife of parties. He died in his seventy-seventh



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year, leaving one son, Prince George of Cambridge, and two daughters.

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GEORGE W. ERVING.

This distinguished public man died in New York, on the 22d ult. A correspondent of the Evening Post gives the following account of his history:

"The journals furnish us with a brief notice of the death of the venerable George W. Erving, who was for so many years, dating from the foundation of our government, connected with the diplomatic history of the country, as an able, successful and distinguished negotiator. The career of this gentleman has been so marked, and is so instructive, that it becomes not less a labor of love than an act of public duty, with the press, to make it the occasion of comment. At the breaking out of our revolution, the father of the subject of this imperfect sketch was an eminent loyalist of Massachusetts, residing in Boston, connected by affinity with the Shirleys, the Winslows, the Bowdons, and Winthrops of that State. Like many other men of wealth, at that day, he joined the royal cause, forsook his country and went to England. There his son, George William, who had always been a sickly delicate child, reared with difficulty, was educated, and finally graduated at Oxford, where he was a classmate of Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst. Following this, on the attainment of his majority, and during the lifetime of his father, notwithstanding the most powerful and seductive efforts to attach him to the side of Great Britain, the more persevering from the great wealth, and the intellectual attainments of the young American – notwithstanding the importunities of misjudging friends and relatives, the incitements found in ties of consanguinity with some, and his intimate personal associations with many of the young nobility at that aristocratic seat of learning, and notwithstanding the blandishments of fashionable society – the love of country and the holy inspirations of patriotism, triumphed over all the arts that power could control, and those allurements usually so potent where youth is endowed with great wealth. The young patriot promptly, cheerfully, sacrificed all, for his country – turned his back upon the unnatural stepmother, and came back, to share the good or evil fortunes of his native land.

"Such facts as these should not be lost sight of at the present day – such an example it is well to refer to now, in the day of our prosperity. And we would ask – in no ill-natured or censorious spirit, but rather that the lessons of history should not be forgotten – how many young men of these days under like circumstances, would make a similar sacrifice upon the altar of their country? The solemn and impressive event which has produced this notice seems to render this question not entirely inappropriate; for years should not dim in the minds of the rising generation the memory of those pure and strong men, who, in the early trials of their country, rose equal to the occasion. When, at a later period, political parties began to develop themselves, Mr. Erving, then a resident of Boston, identified



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himself with the great republican party, and became actively instrumental in securing the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. From that time forward until the day of his death, he never faltered in his political faith.

"Few men have been, for so long a period, so intimately connected with the diplomatic history of our country. He received his first public appointment, as Consul and Commissioner of Claims at London, nearly half a century since. This appointment was conferred upon him without his solicitation, and was at first declined. Subsequent reflection, however, induced him to waive all private and personal considerations, and he accepted the post assigned to him. The manner in which he discharged the duties of that trust, impressed the government with the expediency of securing his services in more important negotiations, and he was sent as Commissioner and Charge d'Affaires to Denmark. His mission to the court of that country was, at that period, a highly important one. The negotiations he had to conduct there, required great tact and ability.

"While at Copenhagen, he secured, in an eminent degree, the esteem and confidence of the Danish authorities, and brought to a successful solution the questions then arising out of the interests committed to him. In consequence, the government was enabled to avail itself of his experience at the Court of Berlin, where events seemed to require the exercise of great diplomatic ability. He was afterward appointed to Madrid, where, by his highly honorable personal character, and captivating manners, he obtained great influence, even at that most proud and distrustful court, and conducted, with consummate skill and marked success, the important and delicate negotiations then pending between the United States and Spain. He remained at Madrid for many years, where he attained the reputation of being one of the most able and accomplished diplomatists that the United States had ever sent abroad. Upon his final retirement from this post, and, in fact, from all public employment, the administration of General Jackson sought to secure his services in the mission to Constantinople, but the proffered appointment was declined.

"There are many interesting incidents in his public and diplomatic career, which a more extended notice would enable us to detail. Indeed, we hope that so instructive a life as that of Mr. Erving may hereafter find a fit historian. That historian may not have to chronicle victories won upon the battle field, but the civic achievement he will have to record, if not so dazzling as the former, will, at least, be as replete with evidences of public usefulness.

"The latter years of his life were passed in Europe, chiefly in Paris. The public agitations consequent upon the last French revolution, need of quiet at his advanced age, and the presentiment of approaching dissolution, induced him to return home. Indeed it was meet that he should close his mortal career in that country which he had so long and faithfully served, and whose welfare and happiness had been the constant object of his



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every earthly aspiration."

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DR. JOHN BURNS.

Among those who perished in the wreck of the *Orion*, was Dr. John Burns, Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, aged about eighty years. Dr. Burns held a distinguished place in the medical world, for at least half a century, as an author and a teacher. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. John Burns, for more than sixty years minister of the Barony parish of Glasgow, who died about fourteen years ago, at the age of ninety. He was originally intended to be a manufacturer, and in his time the necessary training for this business included a practical application to the loom. A disease of the knee-joint unfitted him for becoming a weaver, and he turned his attention to the medical profession, whinch the neighboring university afforded him easy and ample means of studying. He early entered into business as a general practitioner, but his ambition led him very soon to be an instructor. In 1800, he published DISSERTATIONS ON INFLAMMATION, which raised his name to a high position in the literature of his profession. In 1807, he published a kindred volume on Hemorrhage. In the mean time he had turned his attention to lecturing, and he continued to give, for many years, lectures on midwifery. His observations and experience on this subject he offered to the world in THE PRINCIPLES OF MIDWIFERY, a work which has run through twelve editions, and been translated into several of the continental languages. It is very elaborate and valuable, and as each succeeding edition presented the result of the author's increasing experience, it became a standard in every medical library. Its chief defect is a want of clearness in the arrangement, and sometimes in the language. In 1815, the crown instituted a Professorship of Surgery in the Glasgow University, and the Duke of Montrose, its chancellor, appointed to it Mr. Burns, a choice which the voice of the profession generally approved. The value of the professorship might average 500l. yearly.

As a professor, Dr. Burns was highly popular. He had a cheerful and attractive manner, and was fond of bringing in anecdotes more or less applicable, but always enlivening. His language was plain and clear, but not always correct or elegant. In personal appearance, he was of the middle size, of an anxious and careworn, but gentlemanly and intelligent, expression of countenance. In 1830, he published PRINCIPLES OF SURGERY, first volume, which was followed by another. This work is confused, both in style and arrangement, and has been very little read, but it did credit to his zeal and industry, for he had now acquired fame and fortune, and had long had at his command the most extensive practice in the west of Scotland. John Burns, the younger, had written and published a work on the evidences and principles of Christianity, which was extensively read, and went through many editions. His name was not at first on the title-page, but that it was the production of a medical man was obvious. He gave a copy to his father, who shortly after said, "Ah, John, I wish you could have written such a book!" Dr. Burns has many friends in the United States, who were once his pupils.



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One of the most eminent of them is Professor Pattison of the Medical Department of the New York University, in this city.

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HORACE SUMNER.

This gentleman, one of the victims of the lamentable wreck of the Elizabeth, was the youngest son of the late Charles P. Sumner, of Boston, for many years Sheriff of Suffolk county, and the brother of George Sumner, Esq., of Boston, who is well known for his legal and literary eminence throughout the country. He was about twenty-four years of age, and has been abroad for nearly a year, traveling in the south of Europe for the benefit of his health. The past winter was spent by him chiefly in Florence, where he was on terms of familiar intimacy with the Marquis and Marchioness d'Ossoli, and was induced to take passage in the same vessel with them for his return to his native land. He was a young man of singular modesty of deportment, of an original turn of mind, and greatly endeared to his friends by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his character. — Tribune.

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THE FINE ARTS.

POWERS'S STATUE OF CALHOUN. — An unfortunate fatality appears to wait upon the works of Hiram Powers. It is but a few weeks since his "Eve" was lost on the coast of Spain, and it is still uncertain here whether that exquisite statue is preserved without such injury as materially to affect its value. And his masterpiece in history — perhaps his masterpiece in all departments — the statue of [Calhoun](#), which has been so anxiously looked-for ever since the death of the great senator, was buried under the waves in which Madame d'Ossoli and Horace Sumner were lost, on the morning of the 19th, near Fire Island. At the time this sheet is sent to press we are uncertain as to the recovery of the statue, but we hope for the sake of art and for the satisfaction of all the parties interested, that it will still reach its destination. It is insured in Charleston, and Mr. Kellogg, the friend and agent of Mr. Powers, has been at the scene of the misfortune, with all necessary means for its preservation, if that be possible.

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HORACE VERNET, the great painter, has returned to Paris from St. Petersburg. Offensive reports were current respecting his journey: he had been paid, it was alleged, in most princely style by the Emperor, for his masterly efforts in translating to canvas the principal incidents of the Hungarian and Polish wars. He came back, it was declared, loaded and content, with a hundred thousand dollars and a kiss — an actual kiss — from his Imperial Majesty. M. Vernet has deemed it necessary to publish a letter, correcting what was erroneous in these reports. He says: — "In repairing to Russia I was actuated by only one desire, and had but a single object, and that was, to thank His Majesty, the



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Emperor, for the honors with which he had already loaded me, and for the proofs of his munificence which I had previously received. I intended to bring back, and in fact have brought back from the journey, nothing but the satisfaction of having performed an entirely disinterested duty of respectful gratitude." It is true, however, that he lent his powers to illustrate the triumph of despotism, and if he brought back no gold the matter is not all helped by that fact.

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AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

THE REV. JAMES H[ANDASYD] PERKINS, of Cincinnati, whose suicide during a fit of madness, several months ago, will be generally recollected for the many expressions of profound regret which it occasioned, we are pleased to learn, is to be the subject of a biography by the Rev. W.H. Channing. Mr. Perkins was a man of the finest capacities, and of large and genial scholarship. He wrote much, in several departments, and almost always well. His historical works, relating chiefly to the western States, have been little read in this part of the Union; but his contributions to the North American Review and the Christian Examiner, and his tales, sketches, essays, and poems, printed under various signatures, have entitled him to a desirable reputation as a man of letters. These are all to be collected and edited by Mr. Channing.

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Mrs. ESLING, better known as Miss Catherine H. Waterman, under which name she wrote the popular and beautiful lyric, "Brother, Come Home!" has in press a collection of her writings, under the title of THE BROKEN BRACELET AND OTHER POEMS, to be published by Lindsay & Blackiston of Philadelphia.

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M. ROSSEEUW ST. HILAIRE, of Paris, is proceeding with his great work on the HISTORY OF SPAIN with all the rapidity consistent with the nature of the subject and the elaborate studies it requires. The work was commenced ten years ago, and has since been the main occupation of its author. The fifth volume has just been published, and receives the applause of the most competent critics. It includes the time from 1336 to 1492, which comes down to the very eve of the great discovery of Columbus, and includes that most brilliant period, in respect of which the history of Prescott has hitherto stood alone, namely, the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. M. St. Hilaire has had access to many sources of information not accessible to any former writer, and is said to have availed himself of them with all the success that could be anticipated from his rare faculty of historical analysis and the beautiful transparency of his style.

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THE REV. ROBERT ARMITAGE, a rector in Shropshire, is the author of "Dr. Hookwell," and "Dr. Johnson, his Religious Life and his Death." In this last work, the Quarterly Review observes,



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"Johnson's name is made the peg on which to hang up – or rather the line on which to hang out – much hackneyed sentimentality, and some borrowed learning, with an awful and overpowering quantity of twaddle and rigmarole." The writer concludes his review: "We are sorry to have had to make such an exposure of a man, who, apart from the morbid excess of vanity which has evidently led him into this scrape, may be, for aught we know, worthy and amiable. His exposure, however, is on his own head: he has ostentatiously and pertinaciously forced his ignorance, conceit, and effrontery on public notice." We quite agree with the Quarterly.

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JOHN MILLS – "John St. Hugh Mills," it was written then – was familiarly known in the printing offices of Ann street in this city a dozen years ago; he assisted General Morris in editing the Mirror, and wrote paragraphs of foreign gossip for other journals. A good-natured aunt died in England, leaving him a few thousand a year, and he returned to spend his income upon a stud and pack and printing office, sending from the latter two or three volumes of pleasant-enough mediocrity every season. His last work, with the imprint of Colburn, is called "Our Country."

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Mr. PRESCOTT, the historian, who is now in England, has received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford. Two or three years ago he was elected into the Institute of France.

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DR. MAGINN's "Homeric Ballads," which gave so much attraction during several years to Fraser's Magazine, have been collected and republished in a small octavo.

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Mr. KENDALL, of the Picayune, has sailed once more for Paris, to superintend there the completion of his great work on the late war in Mexico upon which he has been engaged for the last two years. The highest talent has been employed in the embellishment of this book, and the care and expense incurred may be estimated from the fact that sixty men, coloring and preparing the plates, can finish only one hundred and twenty copies in a month. The original sketches were taken by a German, Carl Nebel, who accompanied Mr. Kendall in Mexico, and drew his battle scenes at the very time of their occurrence. He has engaged in the prosecution of the whole enterprise with as much zeal and interest as Mr. Kendall himself, and has spared no pains to procure the assistance of the most skillful operatives. The book is folio in size, and will be published early in the fall. The letter press has long been finished, and only waiting for the completion of the plates. These are twelve, and their subjects are Palo Alto, the Capture of Monterey, Buena Vista: the Landing at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, two views of the Storming of Chapultepec, and



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Gen. Scott's entrance into the city of Mexico. The lithographs are said to be unsurpassed in felicity of design, perfection of coloring, and in the animation and expression of all the figures and groups. No such finished specimens of colored lithography were ever exhibited in this country. The plates will have unusual value, not only on account of their intrinsic superiority, but because of their rare historical merit, since they are exact delineations of the topography of the scenes they represent and faithful representations in every particular of the military positions and movements at the moment chosen for illustration.

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MRS. TROLLOPPE is as busy as she has ever been since the failure of her shop at Cincinnati — trading in fiction, with the capital won by her first adventure in this way, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." Her last novel, which is just out, has in its title the odor of her customary vulgarity; it is called "Petticoat Government." Her son, Mr. A. Trollope, has just given the world a new book also, "La Vendee" a historical romance which is well spoken of.

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THE REV. DR. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, it will gratify the friends of literature and religion to learn, has consented to give to the press several works upon which he has for some time been engaged. They will be published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of Boston. In the next number of The International we shall write more largely of this subject.

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Dr. BUCKLAND, the Dean of Westminster — the eloquent and the learned writer of the remarkable "Bridgewater Treatise" is bereft of reason, and is now an inmate of an asylum near Oxford.

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Dr. WAYLAND's "Tractate on Education," in which he proposes a thorough reform in the modes of college instruction, has, we are glad to see, had its desired effect. The Providence Journal states that the entire subscription to the fund of Brown University has reached \$110,000, which is within \$15,000 of the sum originally proposed. The subscription having advanced so far, and with good assurances of further aid, the committee have reported to the President, that the success of the plan, so far as the money is concerned, may be regarded as assured, and that consequently it will be safe to go on with the new organization as rapidly as may be deemed advisable. Of the sum raised, about \$96,000 have come from Providence. A meeting of the Corporation of the University will soon be called, when the entire plan will be decided upon, and carried into effect as rapidly as so important a change can be made with prudence.

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SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNANT has in the press of Mr. Murray a work



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which will probably be read with much interest in this country, upon Christianity in Ceylon, its introduction and progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and the American missions, with a Historical View of the Brahminical and Buddhist superstitions.

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CHARLES EAMES, formerly one of the editors of the Washington Union, and more recently United States Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, is to be the orator of the societies of Columbia College, at the commencement, on the evening of the 6th of October. Bayard Taylor will be the poet for the same occasion.

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CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS. — The eleventh and last volume has just been published at Paris in the book form, and will soon be completed in the *feuilletons*. An additional volume is however to be brought out, under the title of "Supplement to the Memoirs."

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THE THIRD AND FOURTH SERIES of Southey's Common-Place Book are in preparation, and they will be reprinted by the Harpers. The third contains Analytical Readings, and the fourth, Original Memoranda.

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WASHINGTON IRVING's Life of General Washington, in one octavo volume, is announced by Murray. It will appear simultaneously from the press of Putnam.

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MRS. JAMESON has in press Legends of the Monastic Orders, as illustrated in art.

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Dr. ACHILLI is the subject of an article in the July number of the Dublin Review — the leading Roman Catholic journal in the English language. Of course the history of the missionary is not presented in very flattering colors.

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[FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.]

THE SERF OF POBEREZE.

The materials for the following tale were furnished to the writer while traveling last year near the spot on which the events it narrates took place. It is intended to convey a notion of some of the phases of Polish, or rather Russian serfdom (for, as truly explained by one of the characters in a succeeding page, it is Russian), and of the catastrophes it has occasioned, not only in Catherine's time, but occasionally at the present. The

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Polish nobles – themselves in slavery – earnestly desire the emancipation of their serfs, which Russian domination forbids. The small town of Pobereze stands at the foot of a stony mountain, watered by numerous springs in the district of Podolia, in Poland. It consists of a mass of miserable Cabins, with a Catholic chapel and two Greek churches in the midst, the latter distinguished by their gilded towers. On one side of the market-place stands the only inn, and on the opposite side are several shops, from whose doors and windows look out several dirtily dressed Jews. At a little distance, on a hill covered with vines and fruit-trees, stands the Palace, which does not, perhaps, exactly merit such an appellation, but who would dare to call otherwise the dwelling of the lord of the domain?

On the morning when our tale opens, there had issued from this palace the common enough command to the superintendent of the estate, to furnish the master with a couple of strong boys, for service in the stables, and a young girl to be employed in the wardrobe. Accordingly, a number of the best-looking young peasants of Olgogrod assembled in the avenue leading to the palace. Some were accompanied by their sorrowful and weeping parents, in all of whose hearts, however, rose the faint whispered hope, "Perhaps it will not be *my* child they will choose!"

Being brought into the court-yard of the palace, the Count Roszynski, with the several members of his family, had come out to pass in review his growing subjects. He was a small and insignificant-looking man, about fifty years of age, with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows.

His wife, who was nearly of the same age, was immensely stout, with a vulgar face and a loud, disagreeable voice. She made herself ridiculous in endeavoring to imitate the manners and bearing of the aristocracy, into whose sphere she and her husband were determined to force themselves, in spite of the humbleness of their origin. The father of the "Right-Honorable" Count Roszynski was a valet, who, having been a great favorite with his master, amassed sufficient money to enable his son, who inherited it, to purchase the extensive estate of Olgogrod, and with it the sole proprietorship of 1600 human beings. Over them he had complete control; and, when maddened by oppression, if they dared resent, woe unto them! They could be thrust into a noisome dungeon, and chained by one hand from the light of day for years, until their very existence was forgotten by all except the jailor who brought daily their pitcher of water and morsel of dry bread.

Some of the old peasants say that Sava, father of the young peasant girl, who stands by the side of an old woman, at the head of her companions in the court-yard, is immured in one of these subterranean jails. Sava was always about the Count, who, it was said, had brought him from some distant land, with his little motherless child. Sava placed her under the care of an old man and woman, who had the charge of the bees in a forest near the palace, where he came occasionally to visit her. But once, six long months passed, and he did not come! In vain Anielka wept, in vain she cried, "Where is my father?" No father appeared. At last it was said that Sava had been sent to a long distance with a large sum of money, and had been killed by

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robbers. In the ninth year of one's life the most poignant grief is quickly effaced, and after six months Anielka ceased to grieve. The old people were very kind to her, and loved her as if she were their own child. That Anielka might be chosen to serve in the palace never entered their head, for who would be so barbarous as to take the child away from an old woman of seventy and her aged husband?

To-day was the first time in her life that she had been so far from home. She looked curiously on all she saw, — particularly on a young lady about her own age, beautifully dressed, and a youth of eighteen, who had apparently just returned from a ride on horse-back, as he held a whip in his hand, whilst walking up and down examining the boys who were placed in a row before him. He chose two amongst them, and the boys were led away to the stables.

"And I choose this young girl," said Constantia Roszynski, indicating Anielka; "she is the prettiest of them all. I do not like ugly faces about me."

When Constantia returned to the drawing-room, she gave orders for Anielka to be taken to her apartments, and placed under the tutelage of Mademoiselle Dufour, a French maid, recently arrived from the first milliner's shop in Odessa. Poor girl! when they separated her from her adopted mother, and began leading her toward the palace, she rushed, with a shriek of agony, from them, and grasped her old protectress tightly in her arms! They were torn violently asunder, and the Count Roszynski quietly asked, "Is it her daughter, or her grand-daughter?"

"Neither, my lord, — only an adopted, child."

"But who will lead the old woman home, as she is blind?"

"I will, my lord," replied one of his servants, bowing to the ground; "I will let her, walk by the side of my horse, and when she is in her cabin she will have her old husband, — they must take care of each other."

So saying, he moved away with the rest of the peasants and domestics. But the poor old woman had to be dragged along by two men; for in the midst of her shrieks and tears she had fallen to the ground, almost without life.

And Anielka? They did not allow her to weep long. She had now to sit all day in the corner of a room to sew. She was expected to do everything well from the first; and if she did not, she was kept without food or cruelly punished. Morning and evening she had to help Mdlle. Dufour to dress and undress her mistress. But Constantia, although she looked with hauteur on everybody beneath her, and expected to be slavishly obeyed, was tolerably kind to the poor orphan. Her true torment began, when, on leaving her young lady's room, she had to assist Mdlle. Dufour. Notwithstanding that she tried sincerely to do her best, she was never able to satisfy her, or to draw from her naught but harsh reproaches.

Thus two months passed.

One day Mdlle. Dufour went very early to confession, and Anielka was seized with an eager longing to gaze once more in peace and freedom on the beautiful blue sky and green trees, as she used to do when the first rays of the rising sun streamed in at the window of the little forest cabin. She ran into the garden. Enchanted by the sight of so many beautiful flowers, she went

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farther and farther along the smooth and winding walks. till she entered the forest. She who had been, so long away from her beloved trees, roamed where they were thickest. Here she gazes boldly around. She sees no one! She is alone! A little farther on she meets with a rivulet which flows through the forest. Here she remembers that she has not yet prayed. She kneels down, and with hands clasped and eyes upturned she begins to sing in a sweet voice the Hymn to the virgin.

As she went on she sang louder and with increased fervor. Her breast heaved with emotion, her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy; but when the hymn was finished she lowered her head, tears began to fall over her cheeks, until at last she sobbed aloud. She might have remained long in this condition, had not some one come behind her, saying, "Do not cry, my poor girl; it is better to sing than to weep." The intruder raised her head, wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the Count's son, Leon!

"You must not cry," he continued; "be calm, and when the filipony (peddlers) come, buy yourself a pretty handkerchief." He then gave her a ruble and walked away. Anielka, after concealing the coin in her corset, ran quickly back to the palace.

Fortunately, Mdlle. Dufour had not yet returned, and Anielka seated herself in her accustomed corner. She often took out the ruble to, gaze fondly upon it, and set to work to make a little purse, which, having fastened to a ribbon, she hung round her neck. She did not dream of spending it, for it would have deeply grieved her to part with the gift of the only person in the whole house who had looked kindly on her.

From this time Anielka remained always in her young mistress's room; she was better dressed, and Mdlle. Dufour ceased to persecute her. To what did she owe this sudden change? Perhaps to a remonstrance from Leon. Constantia ordered Anielka to sit beside her whilst taking her lessons from her music masters, and on her going to the drawing-room, she was left in her apartments alone. Being thus more kindly treated. Anielka lost by degrees her timidity; and when her young mistress, whilst occupied over some embroidery, would tell her to sing, she did so boldly and with a steady voice. A greater favor awaited her. Constantia, when unoccupied, began teaching Anielka to read in Polish; and Mdlle. Dufour thought it politic to follow the example of her mistress, and began to teach her French.

Meanwhile, a new kind of torment commenced. Having easily learnt the two languages, Anielka acquired an irresistible passion for reading. Books had for her the charm of the forbidden fruit, for she could only read by stealth at night, or when her mistress went visiting in the neighborhood. The kindness hitherto shown her for a time, began to relax. Leon had set off on a tour, accompanied by his old tutor, and a bosom friend, as young, as gay, and as thoughtless as himself. So passed the two years of Leon's absence. When he returned, Anielka was seventeen, and had become tall and handsome. No one who had not seen her during this time, would have recognized her. Of this number was Leon. In the midst of perpetual gayety and change, it was not possible he could have remembered a poor peasant girl; but in Anielka's memory he had remained as a superior being, as her benefactor,

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as the only one who had spoken kindly to her, when poor, neglected, forlorn! When in some French romance she met with a young man of twenty, of a noble character and handsome appearance, she bestowed on him the name of Leon. The recollection of the kiss he had given her ever brought a burning blush to her cheek, and made her sigh deeply.

One day Leon came to his sister's room. Anielka was there, seated in a corner at work. Leon himself had considerably changed; from a boy he had grown into a man. "I suppose, Constantia," he said, "you have been told what a, good boy I am, and with what docility I shall submit myself to the matrimonial yoke, which the Count and Countess have provided for me?" and he began whistling, and danced some steps of the Mazurka.

"Perhaps you will be refused," said Constantia coldly.

"Refused! Oh, no. The old Prince has already given his consent, and as for his daughter, she is desperately in love with me. Look at these moustachios; could anything be more irresistible?" and he glanced in the glass and twirled them round his fingers; then continuing in a graver tone, he said, "To tell the sober truth, I cannot say that I reciprocate. My intended is not at all to my taste. She is nearly thirty, and so thin, that whenever I look at her, I am reminded of my old tutor's anatomical sketches. But, thanks to her Parisian dress-maker, she makes up a tolerably good figure, and looks well in a Cachemere. Of all things, you know, I wished for a wife with an imposing appearance, and I don't care about love. I find it's not fashionable, and only exists in the exalted imagination of poets."

"Surely people are in love with one another sometimes," said the sister.

"Sometimes," repeated Anielka, inaudibly. The dialogue had painfully affected her, and she knew not why. Her heart beat quickly, and her face was flushed, and made her look more lovely than ever.

"Perhaps. Of course we profess to adore every pretty woman," Leon added abruptly. "But, my dear sister, what a charming ladies' maid you have!" He approached the corner, where Anielka sat, and bent on her a coarse familiar smile. Anielka, although a serf, was displeased, and returned it with a glance full of dignity. But when her eyes rested on the youth's handsome face, a feeling, which had been gradually and silently growing in her young and inexperienced heart, predominated over her pride and displeasure. She wished ardently to recall herself to Leon's memory, and half unconsciously raised her hand to the little purse which always hung round her neck. She took from it the rouble he had given her.

"See!" shouted Leon, "what a droll girl; how proud she is of her riches! Why, girl, you are a woman of fortune, mistress of a whole rouble!"

"I hope she came by it honestly," said the old Countess, who at this moment entered.

At this insinuation, shame and indignation kept Anielka, for a time, silent. She replaced the money quickly in its purse, with the bitter thought that the few happy moments which had been so indelibly stamped upon her memory, had been utterly forgotten by Leon. To clear herself, she at last stammered out, seeing

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they all looked at her inquiringly, "Do you not remember, M. Leon, that you gave me this coin two years ago in the garden?" "How odd!" exclaimed Leon, laughing, "do you expect me to remember all the pretty girls to whom I have given money? But I suppose you are right, or you would not have treasured up this unfortunate rouble as if it were a holy relic. You should not be a miser, child; money is made to be spent."

"Pray put an end to these jokes," said Constantia impatiently; "I like this girl, and I will not have her teased. She understands my ways better than any one, and often puts me in a good humor with her beautiful voice."

"Sing something for me pretty damsel," said Leon, "and I will give you another rouble, a new and shining one."

"Sing instantly," said Constantia imperiously.

At this command Anielka could no longer stifle her grief; she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"Why do you cry?" asked her mistress impatiently; "I cannot bear it; I desire you to do as you are bid."

It might have been from the constant habit of slavish obedience, or a strong feeling of pride, but Anielka instantly ceased weeping. There was a moment's pause, during which the old Countess went grumbling out of the room. Anielka chose the Hymn to the Virgin she had warbled in the garden, and as she sung, she prayed fervently; - she prayed for peace, for deliverance from the acute emotions which had been aroused within her. Her earnestness gave an intensity of expression to the melody, which affected her listeners. They were silent for some moments after its conclusion. Leon walked up and down with his arms folded on his breast. Was it agitated with pity for the accomplished young slave? or by any other tender emotion? What followed will show.

"My dear Constantia," he said, suddenly stopping before his sister and kissing her hand, "will you do me a favor?"

Constantia looked inquiringly in her brother's face without speaking.

"Give me this girl"

"Impossible!"

"I am quite in earnest," continued Leon, "I wish to offer her to my future wife. In the Prince her father's private chapel they are much in want of a solo soprano."

"I shall not give her to you," said Constantia."

"Not as a free gift, but in exchange. I will give you instead a charming young negro - so black. The women in St. Petersburg and in Paris raved about him: but I was inexorable: I half refused him to my princess."

"No, no," replied Constantia; "I shall be lonely without this girl, I am so used to her."

"Nonsense! you can get peasant girls by the dozen; but a black page, with teeth whiter than ivory, and purer than pearls; a perfect original in his way; you surely cannot withstand. You will kill half the province with envy. A negro servant is the most fashionable thing going, and yours will be the first imported into the province."

This argument was irresistible. "Well," replied Constantia, "when do you think of taking her?"

"Immediately; to-day at five o'clock," said Leon; and he went merrily out of the room.

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This then was the result of his cogitation – of Anielka's Hymn to the Virgin. Constantia ordered Anielka to prepare herself for the journey, with as little emotion as if she had exchanged away a lap-dog, or parted with parrot.

She obeyed in silence. Her heart was full. She went into the garden that she might relieve herself by weeping unseen. With one hand supporting her burning head, and the other pressed tightly against her heart, to stifle her sobs, she wandered on mechanically till she found herself by the side of the river. She felt quickly for her purse, intending to throw the rouble into the water, but as quickly thrust it back again, for she could not bear to part with the treasure. She felt as if without it she would be still more an orphan. Weeping bitterly, she leaned against the tree which had once before witnessed her tears.

By degrees the stormy passion within her gave place to calm reflection. This day she was to go away; she was to dwell beneath another roof, to serve another mistress. Humiliation! always humiliation! But at least it would be some change in her life. As she thought of this, she returned hastily to the palace that she might not, on the last day of her servitude, incur the anger of her young mistress.

Scarcely was Anielka attired in her prettiest dress, when Constantia came to her with a little box, from which she took several gay-colored ribbons, and decked her in them herself, that the serf might do her credit in the new family. And when Anielka, bending down to her feet, thanked her, Constantia, with marvelous condescension, kissed her on her forehead. Even Leon cast an admiring glance upon her. His servant soon after came to conduct her to the carriage, and showing her where to seat herself, they rolled off quickly toward Radapol.

For the first time in her life Anielka rode in a carriage. Her head turned quite giddy, she could not look at the trees and fields as they flew past her; but by degrees she became more accustomed to it, and the fresh air enlivening her spirits, she performed the rest of the journey in a tolerably happy state of mind. At last they arrived in the spacious court-yard before the Palace of Radapol, the dwelling of a once rich and powerful Polish family, now partly in ruin. It was evident, even to Anielka, that the marriage was one for money on the one side, and for rank on the other.

Among other renovations at the castle, occasioned by the approaching marriage, the owner of it, Prince Pelazia, had obtained singers for the chapel, and had engaged Signer Justiniani, an Italian, as chapel-master. Immediately on Leon's arrival, Anielka was presented to him. He made her sing a scale, and pronounced her voice to be excellent.

Anielka found that, in Radapol, she was treated with a little more consideration than at Olgogrod, although she had often to submit to the caprices of her new mistress, and she found less time to read. But to console herself, she gave all her attention to singing, which she practiced several hours a day. Her naturally great capacity, under the guidance of the Italian, began to develop itself steadily. Besides sacred, he taught her operatic music. On one occasion Anielka sung an aria in so impassioned and masterly style, that the enraptured Justiniani

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clapped his hands for joy, skipped about the room, and not finding words enough to praise her, exclaimed several times, "Prima Donna! Prima Donna!"

But the lessons were interrupted. The Princess's wedding-day was fixed upon, after which event she and Leon were to go to Florence, and Anielka was to accompany them. Alas! feelings which gave her poignant misery still clung to her. She despised herself for her weakness; but she loved Leon. The sentiment was too deeply implanted in her bosom to be eradicated; too strong to be resisted. It was the first love of a young and guileless heart, and had grown in silence and despair.

Anielka was most anxious to know something of her adopted parents. Once, after the old prince had heard her singing, he asked her with great kindness about her home. She replied, that she was an orphan, and had been taken by force from those who had so kindly supplied the place of parents, Her apparent attachment to the old bee-keeper and his wife so pleased the prince, that he said, "You are a good child. Anielka, and tomorrow I will send you to visit them. You shall take them some presents."

Anielka, overpowered with gratitude, threw herself at the feet of the prince. She dreamed all night of the happiness that was in store for her, and the joy of the poor, forsaken, old people; and when the next morning she set off, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. At last they approached the cabin; she saw the forest, with its tall trees, and the meadows covered with flowers. She leaped from the carriage, that she might be nearer these trees and flowers, every one of which she seemed to recognize. The weather was beautiful. She breathed with avidity the pure air which, in imagination, brought to her the kisses and caresses of her poor father! Her foster-father was, doubtless, occupied with his bees; but his wife?

Anielka opened the door of the cabin; all was silent and deserted. The arm-chair on which the poor old woman used to sit, was overturned in a corner. Anielka was chilled by a fearful presentiment. She went with a slow step toward the bee-hives; there she saw a little boy tending the bees, whilst the old man was stretched on the ground beside him. The rays of the sun, falling on his pale and sickly face, showed that he was very ill. Anielka stooped down over him, and said, "It is I, it is Anielka, your own Anielka, who always loves you."

The old man raised his head, gazed upon her with a ghastly smile, and took off his cap.

"And my good old mother, where is she?" Anielka asked.

"She is dead!" answered the old man, and falling back he began laughing idiotically. Anielka wept. She gazed earnestly on the worn frame, the pale and wrinkled cheeks, it which scarcely a sign of life could be perceived; it seemed to her that he had suddenly fallen asleep, and not wishing to disturb him, she went to the carriage for the presents. When she returned, she took his hand. It was cold. The poor old bee-keeper had breathed his last!

Anielka was carried almost senseless back to the carriage, which quickly returned with her to the castle. There she revived a little; but the recollection that she was now quite alone in the world, almost drove her to despair.

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Her master's wedding and the journey to Florence were a dream to her. Though the strange sights of a strange city slowly restored her perceptions, they did not her cheerfulness. She felt as if she could no longer endure the misery of her life; she prayed to die. "Why are you so unhappy?" said the Count Leon kindly to her, one day. To have explained the cause of her wretchedness would have been death indeed.

"I am going to give you a treat," continued Leon. "A celebrated singer is to appear to-night in the theater. I will send you to hear her, and afterward you shall sing to me what you remember of her performances."

Anielka went. It was a new era in her existence. Herself, by this time, an artist, she could forget her griefs, and enter with her whole soul into the beauties of the art she now heard practiced in perfection for the first time. To music a chord responded in her breast which vibrated powerfully. During the performances she was at one moment pale and trembling, tears rushing into her eyes; at another, she was ready to throw herself at the feet of the cantatrice, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Prima donna," – by that name the public called on her to receive their applause, and it was the same, thought Anielka, that Justiniani had bestowed upon her. Could she also be a prima donna? What a glorious destiny! To be able to communicate one's own emotions to masses of entranced listeners; to awaken in them, by the power of the voice, grief, love, terror.

Strange thoughts continued to haunt her on her return home. She was unable to sleep. She formed desperate plans. At last she resolved to throw off the yoke of servitude, and the still more painful slavery of feelings which her pride disdained. Having learnt the address of the prima donna, she went early one morning to her house.

On entering she said, in French, almost incoherently, so great was her agitation – "Madam, I am a poor serf belonging to a Polish family who have lately arrived in Florence. I have escaped from them; protect, shelter me. They say I can sing."

The Signora Teresina, a warm-hearted, passionate Italian, was interested by her artless earnestness. She said, "Poor child! you must have suffered much," – she took Anielka's hand in hers. "You say you can sing; let me hear you." Anielka seated herself on an ottoman. She clasped her hands over her knees, and tears fell into her lap. With plaintive pathos, and perfect truth of intonation, she prayed in song. The Hymn to the Virgin seemed to Teresina to be offered up by inspiration.

The Signora was astonished. "Where," she asked, in wonder, "were you taught?"

Anielka narrated her history, and when she had finished, the prima donna spoke so kindly to her that she felt as if she had known her for years. Anielka was Teresina's guest that day and the next. After the Opera, on the third day, the prima donna made her sit beside her, and said: –

"I think you are a very good girl, and you shall stay with me always."

The girl was almost beside herself with joy.

"We will never part. Do you consent, Anielka?"

"Do not call me Anielka. Give me instead some Italian name."

"Well, then, be Giovanna. The dearest friend I ever had but whom

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I have lost – was named Giovanna,” said the prima donna. “Then, I will be another Giovanna to you.”

Teresina then said, “I hesitated to receive you at first, for your sake as well as mine; it you are safe now. I learn that your master and mistress, after searching vainly for you, have returned to Poland.”

From this time Anielka commenced an entirely new life. She took lessons in singing every day from the Signora. and got an engagement to appear in inferior characters at the theater. She had now her own income, and her own servant – she, who till then had been obliged to serve herself. She acquired the Italian language rapidly, and soon passed for a native of the country. So passed three years. New and varied impressions failed, however, to blot out the old ones. Anielka arrived at great perfection in her singing, and even began to surpass the prima donna, who was losing her voice from weakness of the chest. This sad discovery changed the cheerful temper of Teresina. She ceased to sing in public; for she could not endure to excite pity, where she had formerly commanded admiration.

She determined to retire. “You,” she said to Anielka, “shall now assert your claim to the first rank in the vocal art. You will maintain it. You surpass me. Often, on hearing you sing, I have scarcely been able to stifle a feeling of jealousy.”

Anielka placed her hand on Teresina’s shoulder, and kissed her. “Yes,” continued Teresina, regardless of everything but the bright future she was shaping for her friend. “We will go to Vienna – there you will be understood and appreciated. You shall sing at the Italian Opera, and I will be by your side – unknown, no longer sought, worshiped – but will glory in your triumphs. They will be a repetition of my own; for have I not taught you? Will they not be the result of my work!”

Though Anielka’s ambition was fired, her heart was softened, and she wept violently.

Five months had scarcely elapsed, when a *furor* was created in Vienna by the first appearance, at the Italian Opera, of the Signora Giovanna. Her enormous salary at once afforded her the means of even extravagant expenditure. Her haughty treatment of male admirers only attracted new ones; but in the midst of her triumphs she thought often of the time when the poor orphan of Pobereze was cared for by nobody. This remembrance made her receive the flatteries of the crowd with an ironical smile; their fine speeches fell coldly on her ear, their eloquent looks made no impression on her heart: *that*, no change could alter, no temptation win.

In the flood of unexpected success a new misfortune overwhelmed her. Since their arrival at Vienna, Teresina’s health rapidly declined, and in the sixth month of Anielka’s operatic reign she expired, leaving all her wealth, which was considerable, to her friend.

Once more Anielka was alone in the world. Despite all the honors and blandishments of her position, the old feeling of desolateness came upon her. The new shock destroyed her health. She was unable to appear on the stage. To sing was a painful effort; she grew indifferent to what passed around her. Her greatest consolation was in succoring the poor and friendless, and her generosity was most conspicuous to all young orphan

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girls without fortune. She had never ceased to love her native land, and seldom appeared in society, unless it was to meet her countrymen. If ever she sang, it was in Polish.

A year had elapsed since the death of the Signora Teresina, when the Count Selka, a rich noble of Volkynia, at that time in Vienna, solicited her presence at a party. It was impossible to refuse the Count and his lady, from whom she had received great kindness. She went. When in their saloons, filled with all the fashion and aristocracy in Vienna, the name of Giovanna was announced, a general murmur was heard. She entered, pale and languid, and proceeded between the two rows made for her by the admiring assembly, to the seat of honor beside the mistress of the house.

Shortly after, the Count Selka led her to the piano. She sat down before it, and thinking what she should sing, glanced round upon the assembly. She could not help feeling that the admiration which beamed from the faces around her was the work of her own merit, for had she neglected the great gift of nature — her voice, she could not have excited it. With a blushing cheek, and eyes sparkling with honest pride, she struck the piano with a firm hand, and from her seemingly weak and delicate chest poured forth a touching Polish melody, with a voice pure, sonorous, and plaintive. Tears were in many eyes, and the beating of every heart was quickened.

The song was finished, but the wondering silence was unbroken. Giovanna leaned exhausted on the arm of the chair, and cast down her eyes. On again raising them, she perceived a gentleman who gazed fixedly at her, as if he still listened to echoes which had not yet died within him. The master of the house, to dissipate his thoughtfulness, led him toward Giovanna. "Let me present to you, Signora," he said, "a countryman, the Count Leon Roszynski."

The lady trembled; she silently bowed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and dared not raise them. Pleading indisposition, which was fully justified by her pallid features, she soon after withdrew.

When on the following day Giovanna's servant announced the Counts Selka and Roszynski, a peculiar smile played on her lips, and when they entered, she received the latter with the cold and formal politeness of a stranger. Controlling the feelings of her heart, she schooled her features to an expression of indifference. It was manifest from Leon's manner, that without the remotest recognition, an indefinable presentiment regarding her possessed him. The Counts had called to know if Giovanna had recovered from her indisposition. Leon begged to be permitted to call again.

Where was his wife? why did he never mention her? Giovanna continually asked herself these questions when they had departed.

A few nights after, the Count Leon arrived sad and thoughtful. He prevailed on Giovanna to sing one of her Polish melodies; which she told him had been taught, when a child, by her muse. Roszynski, unable to restrain the expression of an intense admiration he had long felt, frantically seized her hand, and exclaimed, "I love you!"

She withdrew it from his grasp, remained silent for a few

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minutes, and then said slowly, distinctly, and ironically, "But I do not love you, Count Roszynski."

Leon rose from his seat. He pressed his hands to his brow, and was silent. Giovanna remained calm and tranquil. "It is a penalty from Heaven," continued Leon, as if speaking to himself, "for not having fulfilled my duty as a husband toward one whom I chose voluntarily, but without reflection. I wronged her, and am punished."

Giovanna turned her eyes upon him. Leon continued, "Young, and with a heart untouched, I married a princess about ten years older than myself, of eccentric habits and bad temper. She treated me as an inferior. She dissipated the fortune hoarded up with so much care by my parents, and yet was ashamed on account of my origin to be called by my name. Happily for me, she was fond of visiting and amusements. Otherwise, to escape from her, I might have become a gambler, or worse; but, to avoid meeting her, I remained at home – for there she seldom was. At first from ennui, but afterward from real delight in the occupation, I gave myself up to study. Reading formed my mind and heart. I became a changed being. Some months ago my father died, my sister went to Lithuania, whilst my mother, in her old age, and with her ideas, was quite incapable of understanding my sorrow. So when my wife went to the baths for the benefit of her ruined health, I came here in the hope of meeting with some of my former friends – I saw you –"

Giovanna blushed like one detected; but speedily recovering herself, asked with calm pleasantry, "Surely you do not number me among your former friends?"

"I know not. I have been bewildered. It is strange; but from the moment that I saw you at Count Selka's, a powerful instinct of love overcame me; not a new feeling; but as if some latent, long-hid, undeveloped sentiment had suddenly burst forth into an uncontrollable passion. I love, I adore you. I –"

The Prima Donna interrupted him – not with speech, but with a look which awed, which chilled him. Pride, scorn, irony sat in her smile. Satire darted from her eyes. After a pause, she repeated slowly and pointedly, "Love me, Count Roszynski?"

"Such is my destiny," he replied. "Nor, despite your scorn, will I struggle against it. I feel it is my fate ever to love you; I fear it is my fate never to be loved by you. It is dreadful." Giovanna witnessed the Count's emotion with sadness. "To have," she said mournfully, "one's first, pure, ardent, passionate affection unrequited, scorned, made a jest of, is indeed a bitterness, almost equal to that of death."

She made a strong effort to conceal her emotion. Indeed she controlled it so well as to speak the rest with a sort of gayety. "You have at least been candid, Count Roszynski; I will imitate you by telling a little history that occurred in your country. There was a poor girl born and bred a serf to her wealthy lord and master. When scarcely fifteen years old, she was torn from a state of happy rustic freedom – the freedom of humility and content – to be one of the courtly slaves of the Palace. Those who did not laugh at her, scolded her. One kind word was vouchsafed to her, and that came from the lord's son. She nursed it and treasured it; till, from long concealing and restraining her feelings, she at last found that gratitude had changed into

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a sincere affection. But what does a man of the world care for the love of a serf? It does not even flatter his vanity. The young nobleman did not understand the source of her tears and her grief, and he made a present of her, as he would have done of some animal, to his betrothed."

Leon, agitated and somewhat enlightened, would have interrupted her; but Giovanna said, "Allow me to finish my tale. Providence did not abandon this poor orphan, but permitted her to rise to distinction by the talent with which she was endowed by nature. The wretched serf of Pobereze became a celebrated Italian cantatrice. *Then* her former lord meeting her in society, and seeing her admired and courted by all the world, without knowing who she really was, was afflicted, as if by the dictates of Heaven, with a love for this same girl, - with a guilty love" - And Giovanna rose, as she said this, to remove herself further from her admirer.

"No, no!" he replied earnestly; "with a pure and holy passion." "Impossible!" returned Giovanna. "Are you not married?"

Roszynski vehemently tore a letter from his vest, and handed it to Giovanna. It was sealed with black, for it announced the death of his wife at the baths. It had only arrived that morning.

"You have lost no time," said the cantatrice, endeavoring to conceal her feelings under an iron mask of reproach.

There was a pause. Each dared not speak. The Count knew - but without actually and practically believing what seemed incredible - that Anielka and Giovanna were the same person - *his slave*. That terrible relationship checked him. Anielka, too, had played her part to the end of endurance. The long cherished tenderness, the faithful love of her life could not longer be wholly mastered. Hitherto they had spoken in Italian. She now said, in Polish, "You have a right, my Lord Roszynski, to that poor Anielka who escaped from the service of your wife in Florence; you can force her back to your palace, to its meanest work; but" -

"Have mercy on me!" cried Leon.

"But," continued the serf of Pobereze, firmly, "you cannot force me to love you."

"Do not mock - do not torture me more; you are sufficiently revenged. I will not offend you by importunity. You must indeed hate me! But remember that we Poles wished to give freedom to our serfs; and for that very reason our country was invaded and dismembered by despotic powers. We must therefore continue to suffer slavery as it exists in Russia; but, soul and body, we are averse to it; and when our country once more becomes free, be assured no shadow of slavery will remain in the land. Curse then our enemies, and pity us that we stand in such a desperate position between Russian bayonets and Siberia, and the hatred of our serfs."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, Leon rushed from the room. The door was closed. Giovanna listened to the sounds of his rapid footsteps till they died in the street. She would have followed, but dared not. She ran to the window. Roszynski's carriage was rolling rapidly away, and she exclaimed vainly, "I love you, Leon; I loved you always!"

Her tortures were unendurable. To relieve them she hastened to her desk, and wrote these words:

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"Dearest Leon, forgive me; let the past be forever forgotten. Return to your Anielka. She always has been, ever will be, yours!"

She dispatched the missive. Was it too late, or would it bring him back? In the latter hope she retired to her chamber, to execute a little project.

Leon was in despair. He saw he had been premature in so soon declaring his passion after the news of his wife's death, and vowed he would not see Anielka again for several months. To calm his agitation, he had ridden some miles into the country. When he returned to his hotel after some hours, he found her note. With the wild delight it had darted into his soul, he flew back to her.

On regaining her saloon a new and terrible vicissitude seemed to sport with his passion – she was nowhere to be seen. Had the Italian cantatrice fled? Again he was in despair-stupefied with disappointment. As he stood uncertain how to act, in the midst of the floor, he heard, as from a distance, an Ave Maria poured forth in tones he half recognized. The sounds brought back to him a host of recollections: a weeping serf – the garden of his own palace. In a state of new rapture he followed the voice. He traced it to an inner chamber, and he there beheld the lovely singer kneeling in the costume of a Polish serf. She rose, greeted Leon with a touching smile, and stepped forward with serious bashfulness. Leon extended his arms; she sank into them; and in that fond embrace all past wrongs and sorrows were forgotten! Anielka drew from her bosom a little purse, and took from it a piece of silver, It was the rouble. Now, Leon did not smile at it. He comprehended the sacredness of this little gift, and some tears of repentance fell on Anielka's hand.

A few months after, Leon wrote to the steward of Olgogrod to prepare everything splendidly for the reception of his second wife. He concluded his letter with these words:

"I understand that in the dungeon beneath my palace there are some unfortunate men, who were imprisoned during my father's lifetime. Let them be instantly liberated. This is my first act of gratitude to God, who has so infinitely blessed me!"

Anielka longed ardently to behold her native land. They left Vienna immediately after the wedding, although it was in the middle of January.

It was already quite dark when the carriage, with its four horses, stopped in front of the portico of the palace of Olgogrod. Whilst the footman was opening the door on one side, a beggar soliciting alms appeared at the other, where Anielka was seated. Happy to perform a good action as she crossed the threshold of her new home, she gave him some money; but the man, instead of thanking her, returned her bounty with a savage laugh, at the same time scowling at her in the fiercest manner from beneath his thick and shaggy brows. The strangeness of this circumstance sensibly affected Anielka, and clouded her happiness. Leon soothed and reassured her. In the arms of her beloved husband she forgot all but the happiness of being the idol of his affections.

Fatigue and excitement made the night most welcome. All was dark and silent around the palace, and some hours of the night had passed, when suddenly flames burst forth from several parts of



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the building at once. The palace was enveloped in fire; it raged furiously. The flames mounted higher and higher; the windows cracked with a fearful sound, and the smoke penetrated into the most remote apartments.

A single figure of a man was seen stealing over the snow, which lay like a winding-sheet on the solitary waste; his cautious steps were heard on the frozen snow as it crisped beneath his tread. It was the beggar who had accosted Anielka. On a rising ground he turned to gaze on the terrible scene.

"No more unfortunate creatures will now be doomed to pass their lives in your dungeons," he exclaimed. "What was *my* crime? Reminding my master of the lowness of his birth. For this they tore me from my only child — my darling little Anielka; they had no pity even for her orphan state; let them perish all!"

Suddenly a young and beautiful creature rushes wildly to one of the principal windows: she makes a violent effort to escape. For a moment her lovely form, clothed in white, shines in terrible relief against the background of blazing curtains and walls of fire, and as instantly sinks back into the blazing element. Behind her is another figure, vainly endeavoring to aid her — he perishes also: neither of them are ever seen again!

This appalling tragedy horrified even the perpetrator of the crime. He rushed from the place, and as he heard the crash of the falling walls, he closed his ears with his hands, and darted on faster and faster.

The next day some peasants discovered the body of a man frozen to death, lying on a heap of snow — it was that of the wretched incendiary. Providence, mindful of his long, of his cruel imprisonment and sufferings, spared him the anguish of knowing that the mistress of the palace he had destroyed, and who perished in the flames, was his own beloved daughter — the Serf of Pobereze!

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A TRUE POET never takes a "poetic license."

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FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART I.

In the latter years of the last century, two youths, Ferdinand Von Hallberg and Edward Von Wensleben were receiving their education in the military academy of Mariensheim. Among their schoolfellows they were called Orestes and Pylades, or Damon and Pythias, on account of their tender friendship, which constantly recalled to their schoolfellows' minds the history of these ancient worthies. Both were sons of officers who had long served the state with honor, both were destined for their father's profession, both accomplished and endowed by nature with no mean talents. But fortune had not been so impartial in the distribution of her favors — Hallberg's father lived on a small pension, by means of which he defrayed the expenses of his son's

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schooling at the cost of the government; while Wensleben's parents willingly paid the handsomest salary in order to insure to their only child the best education which the establishment afforded. This disparity in circumstances at first produced a species of proud reserve, amounting to coldness, in Ferdinand's deportment, which yielded by degrees to the cordial affection that Edward manifested toward him on every occasion. Two years older than Edward, of a thoughtful and almost melancholy turn of mind, Ferdinand soon gained a considerable influence over his weaker friend, who clung to him with almost girlish dependence. Their companionship had now lasted with satisfaction and happiness to both, for several years, and the youths had formed for themselves the most delightful plans – how they were never to separate, how they were to enter the service in the same regiment, and if a war broke out, how they were to fight side by side, and conquer or die together. But destiny, or rather Providence – whose plans are usually opposed to the designs of mortals – had ordained otherwise.

Earlier than was expected, Hallberg's father found an opportunity to have his son appointed to an infantry regiment, and he was ordered immediately to join the staff in a small provincial town, in an out-of-the-way mountainous district. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the two friends; but Ferdinand considered himself by far the more unhappy, since it was ordained that he should be the one to sever the happy bond that bound them, and to inflict a deep wound on his loved companion. His schoolfellows vainly endeavored to console him by calling his attention to his new commission, and the preference which had been shown him above so many others. He only thought of the approaching separation; he only saw his friend's grief, and passed the few remaining days that were allowed him at the academy by Edward's side, who husbanded every moment of his Ferdinand's society with jealous care, and could not bear to lose sight of him for an instant. In one of their most melancholy hours, excited by sorrow and youthful enthusiasm, they bound themselves by a mysterious vow, namely, that the one whom God should think fit to call first from this world, should bind himself (if conformable to the Divine will) to give some sign of his remembrance and affection to the survivor.

The place where this vow was made was a solitary spot in the garden, by a monument of gray marble, overshadowed by dark firs, which the former director of the institution had caused to be erected to the memory of his son, whose premature death was recorded on the stone.

Here the friends met at night, and by the fitful light of the moon they pledged themselves to the rash and fanciful contract, and confirmed and consecrated it the next morning by a religious ceremony. After this they were able to look the approaching separation in the face more manfully, and Edward strove hard to quell the melancholy feeling which had lately arisen in his mind on account of the constant foreboding that Ferdinand expressed of his own early death. "No," thought Edward, "his pensive turn of mind and his wild imagination cause him to reproach himself without a cause for my sorrow and his own departure. Oh, no, Ferdinand will not die early – he will not die before me.



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Providence will not leave me alone in the world."

* * * * *

The lonely Edward strove hard to console himself, for after Ferdinand's departure, the house, the world itself, seemed a desert; and absorbed by his own memories, he now recalled to mind many a dark speech which had fallen from his absent friend, particularly in the latter days of their intercourse, and which betokened but too plainly a presentiment of early death. But time and youth exercised, even over these sorrows, their irresistible influence. Edward's spirits gradually recovered their tone, and as the traveler always has the advantage over the one who remains behind, in respect of new objects to occupy his mind, so was Ferdinand even sooner calmed and cheered, and by degrees he became engrossed by his new duties and new acquaintances, not to the exclusion, indeed, of his friend's memory, but greatly to the alienation of his own sorrow. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the young officer should console himself sooner than poor Edward. The country in which Hallberg found himself was wild and mountainous, but possessed all the charms and peculiarities of "far off" districts — simple, hospitable manners, old-fashioned customs, many tales and legends which arise from the credulity of the mountaineers, who invariably lean toward the marvelous, and love to people the wild solitudes with invisible beings.

Ferdinand had soon, without seeking for it, made acquaintance with several respectable families in the town; and as it generally happens in such cases, he had become quite domesticated in the best country-houses in the neighborhood; and the well-mannered, handsome, and agreeable youth was welcomed everywhere. The simple, patriarchal life in these old mansions and castles — the cordiality of the people, the wild, picturesque scenery, nay, the very legends themselves, were entirely to Hallberg's taste. He adapted himself easily to his new mode of life, but his heart remained tranquil. This could not last. Before half a year had passed, the battalion to which he belonged was ordered to another station, and he had to part with many friends. The first letter which he wrote after this change bore the impression of impatience at the breaking up of a happy time. Edward found this natural enough; but he was surprised in the following letters to detect signs of a disturbed and desultory state of mind, wholly foreign to his friend's nature. The riddle was soon solved. Ferdinand's heart was touched for the first time, and perhaps because the impression had been made late, it was all the deeper. Unfavorable circumstances opposed themselves to his hopes: the young lady was of an ancient family, rich, and betrothed since her childhood to a relation, who was expected shortly to arrive in order to claim her promised hand. Notwithstanding this engagement, Ferdinand and the young girl had become sincerely attached to each other, and had both resolved to dare everything with the hope of being united. They pledged their troth in secret; the darkest mystery enveloped not only their plans, but their affections; and as secrecy was necessary to the advancement of their projects, Ferdinand entreated his friend to forgive him if he did not intrust his whole secret to a sheet

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of paper that had at least sixty miles to travel, and which must pass through so many hands. It was impossible from his letter to guess the name of the person or the place in question. "You know that I love," he wrote, "therefore you know that the object of my secret passion is worthy of any sacrifice; for you know your friend too well to believe him capable of any blind infatuation, and this must suffice for the present. No one must suspect what we are to each other; no one here or round the neighborhood must have the slightest clew to our plans. An awful personage will soon make his appearance among us. His violent temper, his inveterate obstinacy, (according to all that one hears of him,) are well calculated to confirm in *her* a well-founded aversion. But family arrangements and legal contracts exist, the fulfillment of which the opposing party are bent on enforcing. The struggle will be hard – perhaps unsuccessful; notwithstanding, I will strain every nerve. Should I fail, you must console yourself, my dear Edward, with the thought, that it will be no misfortune to your friend to be deprived of an existence rendered miserable by the failure of his dearest hopes, and separation from his dearest friend. Then may all the happiness which Heaven has denied me be vouchsafed to you and her, so that my spirit may look down contentedly from the realms of light, and bless and protect you both."

Such was the usual tenor of the letters which Edward received during that period, His heart was full of anxiety – he read danger and distress in the mysterious communications of Ferdinand; and every argument that affection and good sense could suggest did he make use of, in his replies, to turn his friend from this path of peril which threatened to end in a deep abyss. He tried persuasion, and urged him to desist for the sake of their long-tried affection – but when did passion ever listen to the expostulations of friendship?

Ferdinand only saw one aim in life – the possession of the beloved one. All else faded from before his eyes, and even his correspondence slackened, for his time was much taken up in secret excursions, arrangements of all kinds, and communications with all manner of persons; in fact every action of his present life tended to the furtherance of his plan.

All of a sudden his letters ceased. Many posts passed without a sign of life. Edward was a prey to the greatest anxiety; he thought his friend had staked and lost. He imagined an elopement, a clandestine marriage, a duel with a rival, and all these casualties were the more painful to conjecture, since his entire ignorance of the real state of things gave his fancy full range to conjure up all sorts of misfortunes. At length, after many more posts had come in without a line to pacify Edward's fears, without a word in reply to his earnest entreaties for some news, he determined on taking a step which he had meditated before, and only relinquished out of consideration for his friend's wishes. He wrote to the officer commanding the regiment, and made inquiries respecting the health and abode of Lieutenant Von Hallberg, whose friends in the capital had remained for nearly two months without news of him, he who had hitherto proved a regular and frequent correspondent.

Another fortnight dragged heavily on, and at length the announcement came in an official form. Lieutenant Von Hallberg

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had been invited to the castle of a nobleman whom he was in the custom of visiting, in order to be present at the wedding of a lady; that he was indisposed at the time, that he grew worse, and on the third morning had been found dead in his bed, having expired during the night from an attack of apoplexy.

Edward could not finish the letter – it fell from his trembling hand. To see his worst fears realized so suddenly, overwhelmed him at first. His youth withstood the bodily illness which would have assailed a weaker constitution, and perhaps mitigated the anguish of his grief. He was not dangerously ill, but they feared many days for his reason; and it required all the kind solicitude of the director of the college, combined with the most skillful medical aid, to stem the torrent of his sorrow, and to turn it gradually into a calmer channel, until by degrees the mourner recovered both health and reason. His youthful spirits, however, had received a blow from which they never rebounded, and one thought lay heavy on his mind, which he was unwilling to share with any other person, and which, on that account, grew more and more painful. It was the memory of that holy promise which had been mutually contracted, that the survivor was to receive some token of his friend's remembrance of him after death. Now two months had already passed since Ferdinand's earthly career had been arrested, his spirit was free, why no sign? In the moment of death Edward had had no intimation, no message from the passing spirit, and this apparent neglect, so to speak, was another deep wound in Edward's breast. Do the affections cease with life? Was it contrary to the will of the Almighty that the mourner should taste this consolation? Did individuality lose itself in death, and with it memory? Or did one stroke destroy spirit and body? These anxious doubts, which have before now agitated many who reflect on such subjects, exercised their power over Edward's mind with an intensity that none can imagine save one whose position is in any degree similar.

Time gradually deadened the intensity of his affliction. The violent paroxysms of grief subsided into a deep but calm regret. It was as if a mist had spread itself over every object which presented itself before him, robbing them indeed of half their charms, yet leaving them visible, and in their real relation to himself. During this mental change the autumn arrived, and with it the long-expected commission. It did not indeed occasion the joy which it might have done in former days, when it would have led to a meeting with Ferdinand, or at all events to a better chance of meeting, but it released him from the thralldom of college, and it opened to him a welcome sphere of activity. Now it so happened that his appointment led him accidentally into the very neighborhood where Ferdinand had formerly resided, only with this difference, that Edward's squadron was quartered in the lowlands, about a short day's journey from the town and woodland environs in question.

He proceeded to his quarters, and found an agreeable occupation in the exercise of his new duties.

He had no wish to make acquaintances, yet he did not refuse the invitations that were pressed upon him, lest he should be accused of eccentricity and rudeness; and so he found himself soon entangled in all sorts of engagements with the neighboring gentry and nobility. If these so-called gayeties gave him no

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particular pleasure, at least for the time they diverted his thoughts; and with this view he accepted an invitation (for the new-year and carnival were near at hand) to a great shooting-match which was to be held in the mountains – a spot which it was possible to reach in one day, with favorable weather and the roads in good state. The day was appointed, the air tolerably clear; a mild frost had made the roads safe and even, and Edward had every expectation of being able to reach Blumenberg in his sledge before night, as on the following morning the match was to take place. But as soon as he got near the mountains, where the sun retires so early to rest, snow-clouds drove from all quarters, a cutting wind came roaring through the ravines, and a heavy fall of snow began. Twice the driver lost his way, and daylight was gone before he had well recovered it; darkness came on sooner than in other places, walled in as they were by dark mountains, with dark clouds above their heads. It was out of the question to dream of reaching Blumenberg that night; but in this hospitable land, where every householder welcomes the passing traveler, Edward was under no anxiety as to shelter. He only wished, before the night quite set in, to reach some country-house or castle; and now that the storm had abated in some degree, that the heavens were a little clearer, and that a few stars peeped out, a large valley opened before them, whose bold outline Edward could distinguish, even in the uncertain light. The well-defined roofs of a neat village were perceptible, and behind these, half-way up the mountain that crowned the plain, Edward thought he could discern a large building which glimmered with more than one light. The road led straight into the village. Edward stopped and inquired.

That building was indeed a castle: the village belonged to it, and both were the property of the Baron Friedenberg. "Friedenberg!" repeated Edward: the name sounded familiar to him, yet he could not call to mind when and where he had heard it. He inquired if the family were at home, hired a guide, and arrived at length by a rugged path which wound itself round steep rocks, to the summit of them, and finally to the castle, which was perched there like an eagle's nest. The tinkling of the bells on Edward's sledge attracted the attention of the inmates; the door was opened with prompt hospitality; servants appeared with torches; Edward was assisted to emerge from under the frozen apron of his carriage, out of his heavy pelisse, stiff with hoarfrost, and up a comfortable staircase into a long saloon of simple construction, where a genial warmth appeared to welcome him from a huge stove in the corner. The servants here placed two large burning candles in massive silver sconces, and went out to announce the stranger.

The fitting-up of the room, or rather saloon, was perfectly simple. Family portraits, in heavy frames, hung round the walls, diversified by some maps. Magnificent stags' horns were arranged between; and the taste of the master of the house was easily detected in the hunting-knives, powder-flasks, carbines, smoking-bags, and sportsmen's pouches, which were arranged, not without taste, as trophies of the chase. The ceiling was supported by large beams, dingy with smoke and age; and on the sides of the room were long benches, covered and padded with dark cloth, and studded with large brass nails; while round the

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dinner-table were placed several arm-chairs, also of ancient date. All bore the aspect of the good old times, of a simple, patriarchal life with affluence. Edward felt as if there were a kind welcome in the inanimate objects which surrounded him, when the inner-door opened, and the master of the house entered, preceded by a servant, and welcomed his guest with courteous cordiality.

Some apologies which Edward offered on account of his intrusion, were silenced in a moment.

"Come, now, Lieutenant," said the Baron, "I must introduce you to my family. You are not such a stranger to us, as you fancy." With these words he took Edward by the arm, and, lighted by the servant, they passed through several lofty rooms, which were very handsomely furnished, although in an old-fashioned style, with faded Flemish carpets, large chandeliers, and high-backed chairs: everything in keeping with what the youth had already seen in the castle. Here were the ladies of the house. At the other end of the room, by the side of an immense stove, ornamented with a large shield of the family arms, richly emblazoned, and crowned by a gigantic Turk, in a most comfortable attitude of repose sat the lady of the house, an elderly matron of tolerable circumference, in a gown of dark red satin, with a black mantle and a snow-white cap. She appeared to be playing cards with the chaplain, who sat opposite to her at the table, and the Baron Friedenberg to have made the third hand at ombre, till he was called away to welcome his guest. On the other side of the room were two young ladies, an elder person, who might be a governess, and a couple of children, very much engrossed by a game at lotto.

As Edward entered, the ladies rose to greet him, a chair was placed for him near the mistress of the house, and very soon a cup of chocolate and a bottle of tokay were served on a rich silver salver, to restore the traveler after the cold and discomfort of his drive: in fact it was easy for him to feel that these "far away" people were by no means displeased at his arrival. An agreeable conversation soon began among all parties. His travels, the shooting-match, the neighborhood, agriculture, all afforded subjects, and in a quarter of an hour Edward felt as if he had long been domesticated with these simple but truly well-informed people.

Two hours flew swiftly by, and then a bell sounded for supper; the servants returned with lights, announced that the supper was on the table, and lighted the company into the dining-room – the same into which Edward had first been ushered. Here, in the background, some other characters appeared on the scene – the agent, a couple of his subalterns, and the physician. The guests ranged themselves round the table. Edward's place was between the Baron and his wife. The chaplain said a short grace, when the Baroness, with an uneasy look, glanced at her husband over Edward's shoulder, and said, in a low whisper –

"My love, we are thirteen – that will never do."

The Baron smiled, beckoned to the youngest of the clerks, and whispered to him. The youth bowed, and withdrew. The servant took the cover away, and served his supper in the next room.

"My wife," said Friedenberg, "is superstitious, as all mountaineers are. She thinks it unlucky to dine thirteen. It

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certainly has happened twice (whether from chance or not who can tell?) that we have had to mourn the death of an acquaintance who had, a short time before, made the thirteenth at our table." "This idea is not confined to the mountains. I know many people in the capital who think with the Baroness," said Edward. "Although in a town such ideas, which belong more especially to the olden time, are more likely to be lost in the whirl and bustle which usually silences everything that is not essentially matter of fact."

"Ah, yes, Lieutenant," replied the Baron, smiling good-humoredly, "we keep up old customs better in the mountains. You see that by our furniture. People in the capital would call this sadly old-fashioned."

"That which is really good and beautiful can never appear out of date," rejoined Edward courteously; "and here, if I mistake not, presides a spirit that is ever striving after both. I must confess, Baron, that when I first entered your house, it was this very aspect of the olden time that enchanted me beyond measure."

"That is always the effect which simplicity has on every unspoiled mind," answered Friedenberg: "but townspeople have seldom a taste for such things."

"I was partly educated on my father's estate," said Edward, "which was situated in the Highlands; and it appears to me as if, when I entered your house, I were visiting a neighbor of my father's, for the general aspect is quite the same here as with us."

"Yes," said the chaplain, "mountainous districts have all a family likeness: the same necessities, the same struggles with nature, the same seclusion, all produce the same way of life among mountaineers."

"On that account the prejudice against the number thirteen was especially familiar to me," replied Edward. "We also dislike it; and we retain a consideration for many supernatural, or at least inexplicable things, which I have met with again in this neighborhood."

"Yes, here, almost more than anywhere else," continued the chaplain, "I think we excel all other mountaineers in the number and variety of our legends and ghost stories. I assure you that there is not a cave or a church, or, above all, a castle, for miles round about, of which we could not relate something supernatural."

The Baroness, who perceived the turn which the conversation was likely to take, thought it better to send the children to bed; and when they were gone, the priest continued, "Even here, in this castle —"

"Here!" inquired Edward, "in this very castle?"

"Yes, yes! Lieutenant," interposed the Baron, "this house has the reputation of being haunted; and the most extraordinary thing is, that the matter cannot be denied by the skeptical, or accounted for by the reasonable."

"And yet," said Edward, "the castle looks so cheerful, so habitable."

"Yes, this part which we live in," answered the Baron; "but it consists of only a few apartments sufficient for my family and these gentlemen; the other portion of the building is half in

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ruins, and dates from the period when men established themselves on the mountains for greater safety."

"There are some who maintain," said the physician, "that a part of the walls of the stern tower itself are of Roman origin; but that would surely be difficult to prove."

"But, gentlemen," observed the Baroness, "you are losing yourselves in learned descriptions as to the erection of the castle, and our guest is kept in ignorance of what he is anxious to hear."

"Indeed, madam," replied the chaplain, "this is not entirely foreign to the subject, since in the most ancient part of the building lies the chamber in question."

"Where apparitions have been seen?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"Not exactly," replied the Baroness; "there is nothing fearful to be seen."

"Come, let us tell him at once," interrupted the Baron. "The fact is, that every guest who sleeps for the first time in this room (and it has fallen to the lot of many, in turn, to do so,) is visited by some important, significant dream or vision, or whatever I ought to call it, in which some future event is prefigured to him, or some past mystery cleared up, which he had vainly striven to comprehend before."

"Then," interposed Edward, "it must be something like what is known in the Highlands, under the name of second sight, a privilege, as some consider it, which several persons and several families enjoy."

"Just so," said the physician, "the cases are very similar; yet the most mysterious part of this affair is, that it does not appear to originate with the individual, or his organization, or his sympathy with beings of the invisible world; no, the individual has nothing to say to it – the locality does it all. Every one who sleeps there has his mysterious dream, and the result proves its truth."

"At least, in most instances," continued the Baron, "when we have had an opportunity of hearing the cases confirmed. I remember once, in particular. You may recollect, Lieutenant, that when you first came in, I had the honor of telling you you were not quite a stranger to me."

"Certainly, Baron; and I have been wishing for a long time to ask an explanation of these words."

"We have often heard your name mentioned by a particular friend of yours – one who could never pronounce it without emotion."

"Ah!" cried Edward, who now saw clearly why the Baron's name had sounded familiar to him also – "ah! you speak of my friend Hallberg; truly do you say, we were indeed dear to each other."

"Were!" echoed the Baron, in a faltering tone, as he observed the sudden change in Edward's voice and countenance; "can the blooming, vigorous youth be –"

"Dead!" exclaimed Edward; and the Baron deeply regretted that he had touched so tender a chord, as he saw the young officer's eyes fill with tears, and a dark cloud pass over his animated features.

"Forgive me," he continued, while he leaned forward and pressed his companion's hand; "I grieve that a thoughtless word should have awakened such deep sorrow. I had no idea of his death; we all loved the handsome young man, and by his description of you

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were already much interested in you before we had ever seen you." The conversation now turned entirely on Hallberg. Edward related the particulars of his death. Every one present had something to say in his praise; and although this sudden allusion to his dearest friend had agitated Edward in no slight degree, yet it was a consolation to him to listen to the tribute these worthy people paid to the memory of Ferdinand, and to see how genuine was their regret at the tidings of his early death. The time passed swiftly away in conversation of much interest, and the whole company were surprised to hear ten o'clock strike, an unusually late hour for this quiet, regular family. The chaplain read prayers, in which Edward devoutly joined, and then he kissed the matron's hand, and felt almost as if he were in his father's house. The Baron offered to show his guest to his room, and the servant preceded them with lights. The way led past the staircase, and then on one side into a long gallery, which communicated with another wing of the castle.

The high-vaulted ceilings, the curious carving on the ponderous doorways, the pointed gothic windows, through many broken panes of which a sharp nightwind whistled, proved to Edward that he was in the old part of the castle, and that the famous chamber could not be far off.

"Would it be possible for me to be quartered there," he began, rather timidly; "I should like it of all things."

"Really!" inquired the Baron, rather surprised; "have not our ghost stories alarmed you?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "they have excited the most earnest wish —"

"Then, if that be the case," said the Baron, "we will return. The room was already prepared for you, being the most comfortable and the best in the whole wing; only I fancied, after our conversation —"

"Oh, certainly not," exclaimed Edward; "I could only long for such dreams."

During this discourse they had arrived at the door of the famous room. They went in. They found themselves in a lofty and spacious apartment, so large that the two candles which the servant carried only shed a glimmering twilight over it, which did not penetrate to the furthest corner. A high-canopied bed, hung with costly but old-fashioned damask, of dark green, in which were swelling pillows of snowy whiteness, tied with green bows, and a silk coverlet of the same color, looked very inviting to the tired traveler. Sofa and chairs of faded needlework, a carved oak commode and table, a looking-glass in heavy framework, a prie-dieu and crucifix above it, constituted the furniture of the room, where, above all things, cleanliness and comfort preponderated, while a good deal of silver plate was spread out on the toilet-table.

Edward looked round. "A beautiful room!" he said. "Answer me one question, Baron, if you please. Did he ever sleep here?"

"Certainly," replied Friedenbergr; "it was his usual room when he was here, and he had a most curious dream in that bed, which, as he assured us, made a great impression on him."

"And what was it?" inquired Edward.

"He never told us, for, as you well know, he was reserved by nature; but we gathered from some words that he let slip, that

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an early and sudden death was foretold. Alas! your narrative has confirmed the truth of the prediction."

"Wonderful! He always had a similar foreboding, and many a time has he grieved me by alluding to it," said Edward; "yet it never made him gloomy or discontented. He went on his way firmly and calmly, and looked forward with joy, I might almost say, to another life."

"He was a superior man," answered the Baron. "whose memory will ever be dear to us. But now I will detain you no longer. Good night. Here is the bell" – he showed him the cord in between the curtains – "and your servant sleeps in the next room."

"Oh, you are too careful of me," said Edward, smiling; "I am used to sleep by myself."

"Still," replied the Baron, "every precaution should be taken. Now once more good night."

He shook him by the hand, and, followed by the servant, left the room.

Thus Edward found himself alone, in the large, mysterious-looking, haunted room, where his deceased friend had so often reposed; where he also was expected to see a vision. The awe which the place itself inspired, combined with the sad and yet tender recollection of the departed Ferdinand, produced a state of mental excitement which was not favorable to his night's rest. He had already undressed with the aid of his servant (whom he had then dismissed,) and had been in bed some time, having extinguished the candles. No sleep visited his eyelids; and the thought recurred which had so often troubled him, why he had never received the promised token from Ferdinand, whether his friend's spirit were among the blest – whether his silence (so to speak) proceeded from unwillingness or incapacity to communicate with the living. A mingled train of reflections agitated his mind; his brain grew heated; his pulse beat faster and faster. The castle clock tolled eleven – half-past eleven. He counted the strokes: and at that moment the moon rose above the dark margin of the rocks which surrounded the castle, and shed her full light into Edward's room. Every object stood out in relief from the darkness. Edward gazed, and thought, and speculated. It seemed to him as if something moved in the furthest corner of the room. The movement was evident – it assumed a form – the form of a man, which appeared to advance, or rather to float forward. Here Edward lost all sense of surrounding objects, and found himself once more sitting at the foot of the monument in the garden of the academy, where he had contracted the bond with his friend. As formerly, the moon streamed through the dark branches of the fir-trees, and shed its pale cold light on the cold white marble of the monument. Then the floating form which had appeared in the room of the castle became clearer, more substantial, more earthly-looking; it issued from behind the tombstone, and stood in the full moonlight. It was Ferdinand, in the uniform of his regiment, earnest and pale, but with a kind smile on his features.

"Ferdinand, Ferdinand!" cried Edward, overcome by joy and surprise, and he strove to embrace the well-loved form, but it waved him aside with a melancholy look.

"Ah! you are dead," continued the speaker; "and why then do I see you just as you looked when living?"

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"Edward," answered the apparition, in a voice that sounded as if it came from afar, "I am dead, but my spirit has no peace." "You are not with the blest?" cried Edward, in a voice of terror. "God is merciful," it replied; "but we are frail and sinful creatures; inquire no more, but pray for me."

"With all my heart," cried Edward, in a tone of anguish, while he gazed with affection on the familiar features; "but speak, what can I do for thee?"

"An unholy tie still binds me to earth. I have sinned. I was cut off in the midst of my sinful projects. This ring burns." He slipped a small gold ring from his left hand. "Only when every token of this unholy compact is destroyed, and when I recover the ring which I exchanged for this, only then can my spirit be at rest. Oh, Edward, dear Edward, bring me back my ring!"

"With joy - but where, where am I to seek it?"

"Emily Varnier will give it thee herself; our engagement was contrary to holy duties, to prior engagements, to earlier vows. God denied his blessing to the guilty project, and my course was arrested in a fearful manner. Pray for me, Edward, and bring me back the ring, my ring," continued the voice, in a mournful tone of appeal.

Then the features of the deceased smiled sadly but tenderly; then all appeared to float once more before Edward's eyes - the form was lost in mist, the monument, the fir-grove, the moonlight, disappeared; a long, gloomy, breathless pause followed. Edward lay, half sleeping, half benumbed, in a confused manner; portions of the dream returned to him - some images, some sounds - above all, the petition for the restitution of the ring. But an indescribable power bound his limbs, closed his eyelids, and silenced his voice; mental consciousness alone was left him, yet his mind was a prey to terror.

At length these painful sensations subsided - his nerves became more braced, his breath came more freely, a pleasing languor crept over his limbs, and he fell into a peaceful sleep. When he awoke it was already broad daylight; his sleep toward the end of the night had been quiet and refreshing. He felt strong and well, but as soon as the recollection of his dream returned, a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he felt the traces of tears which grief had wrung from him on his eyelashes. But what had the vision been? A mere dream engendered by the conversation of the evening, and his affection for Hallberg's memory, or was it at length the fulfillment of the compact?

There, out of that dark corner, had the form risen up, and moved toward him. But might it not have been the effect of light and shade produced by the moonbeams, and the dark branches of a large tree close to the window, when agitated by the high wind? Perhaps he had seen this, and then fallen asleep, and all combined, had woven itself into a dream. But the name of Emily Varnier! Edward did not remember ever to have heard it; certainly it had never been mentioned in Ferdinand's letters. Could it be the name of his love, of the object of that ardent and unfortunate passion? Could the vision be one of truth? He was meditating, lost in thought, when there was a knock at his door, and the servant entered. Edward rose hastily, and sprang out of bed. As he did so, he heard something fall with a ringing sound; the servant

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stooped and picked up a gold ring, plain gold, like a wedding-ring. Edward shuddered: he snatched it from the servant's hand, and the color forsook his cheeks as he read the two words "Emily Varnier" engraved inside the hoop. He stood there like one thunderstruck, as pale as a corpse, with the proof in his hand that he had not merely dreamed, but had actually spoken with the spirit of his friend. A servant of the household came in to ask whether the Lieutenant wished to breakfast in his room, or down stairs with the family. Edward would willingly have remained alone with the thoughts that pressed heavily on him, but a secret dread lest his absence should be remarked, and considered as a proof of fear, after all that had passed on the subject of the haunted room, determined him to accept the proposal. He dressed hastily, and arranged his hair carefully, but the paleness of his face, and the traces of tears in his eyes, were not to be concealed, and he entered the saloon, where the family were already assembled at the breakfast-table, with the chaplain and the doctor.

The Baron rose to greet him: one glance at the young officer's face was sufficient; he pressed his hand in silence, and led him to a place by the side of the Baroness. An animated discussion now began concerning the weather, which was completely changed; a strong south wind had risen in the night, so there was now a thaw. The snow was all melted – the torrents were flowing once more, and the roads impassable.

"How can you possibly reach Blumenberg, to-day?" the Baron inquired of his guest.

"That will be well nigh impossible," said the doctor. "I am just come from a patient at the next village, and I was nearly an hour performing the same distance in a carriage that is usually traversed on foot in a quarter of an hour."

Edward had not given a thought this morning to the shooting-match. Now that it had occurred to him to remember it, he felt little regret at being detained from a scene of noisy festivity which, far from being desirable, appeared to him actually distasteful in his present frame of mind. Yet he was troubled by the thought of intruding too long on the hospitality of his new friends; and he said, in a hesitating manner –

"Yes! but I must try how far –"

"That you shall not do," interrupted the Baron. "The road is always bad: and in a thaw it is always dangerous. It would go against my conscience to allow you to risk it. Remain with us: we have no shooting-match or ball to offer you, but –"

"I shall not certainly regret either," cried Edward, eagerly.

"Well, then, remain with us, Lieutenant," said the matron, laying her hand on his arm, with a kind, maternal gesture. "You are heartily welcome; and the longer you stay with us, the better shall we be pleased."

The youth bowed, and raised the lady's hand to his lips, and said – "If you will allow me – if you feel certain that I am not intruding – I will accept your kind offer with joy. I never care much for a ball, at any time, and to-day in particular" –. He stopped short, and then added, "In such bad weather as this, the small amusement –"

"Would be dearly bought." interposed the Baron. "Come, I am delighted; you will remain with us." He shook Edward warmly by

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the hand. "You know you are with old friends."

"And, beside," said the doctor, with disinterested solicitude, "it would be imprudent, for M. de Wensleben does not look very well. Had you a good night, sir?"

"Very good," replied Edward.

"Without much dreaming?" continued the other, pertinaciously.

"Dreaming! oh, nothing wonderful," answered the officer.

"Hem!" said the doctor, shaking his head, portentiously. "No one yet —"

"Were I to relate my dream," replied Edward, "you would understand it no more than I did. Confused images —"

The Baroness, who saw the youth's unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, here observed —

"That some of the visions had been of no great importance — those which she had heard related, at least."

The chaplain led the conversation from dreams, themselves, to their origin, on which subject he and the doctor could not agree; and Edward and his visions were left in peace at last. But when every one had departed, each to his daily occupation, Edward followed the Baron into his library.

"I answered in that manner," he said, "to get rid of the doctor and his questioning. To you I will confess the truth. Your room has exercised its mysterious influence over me."

"Indeed!" said the baron, eagerly.

"I have seen and spoken with my Ferdinand, for the first time since his death. I will trust to your kindness — your sympathy — not to require of me a description of this exciting vision. But I have a question to put to you."

"Which I will answer in all candor, if it be possible."

"Do you know the name of Emily Varnier?"

"Varnier! — certainly not."

"Is there no one in this neighborhood who bears that name?"

"No one: it sounds like a foreign name."

"In the bed in which I slept I found this ring," said Edward, while he produced it; "and the apparition of my friend pronounced that name."

"Wonderful! As I tell you, I know no one so called — this is the first time I ever heard the name. But it is entirely unaccountable to me, how the ring should have come into that bed. You see, M. von Wensleben, what I told you is true. There is something very peculiar about that room: the moment you entered, I saw that the spell had been working on you also, but I did not wish to forestall or force your confidence."

"I felt the delicacy, as I do now the kindness, of your intentions. Those who are as sad as I am can alone tell the value of tenderness and sympathy."

Edward remained this day and the following at the castle, and felt quite at home with its worthy inmates. He slept twice in the haunted room. He went away, and came back often; was always welcomed cordially, and always quartered in the same apartment. But, in spite of all this, he had no clew, he had no means of lifting the vail of mystery which hung round the fate of



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Ferdinand Hallberg and of Emily Varnier.

* * * * *

FROM PUNCH.

OUR "IN MEMORIAM."

Not in the splendor of a ruinous glory
Emblazoned, glitters our lost Statesman's name:
The great deeds that have earned him deathless fame
Will cost us merely thanks. Their inventory
Of peaceful heroism will be a story,
Of wise assertion of a rightful claim,
And Commerce freed by sagely daring aim.
Famine averted; Revolution glory
Disarmed; and the exhausted Commonweal
Recruited; these are things that England long
Will couple with the name of ROBERT PEEL,
Of whom the worst his enemies can say
Is, that he left the error of his way
When Conscience told him he was in the wrong.

* * * * *

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

TO W.J.R., WITH A MS.

A little common weed, a simple shell,
From the waste margent of a classic sea;
A flower that grew where some great empire fell,
Worthless themselves, are rich to Memory.
And thus these lines are precious, for the hand
That penned their music crumbles into mould;
And the hot brain that shaped them now is cold
In its own ashes, like a blackened brand. —
But where the fiery soul that wove the spell;
Weeping with trailing wings beside his tomb?
Or stretched and tortured on the racks of Hell
Dark-scowling at the ministers of doom? —
Peace! this is but a dream, there cannot be
More suffering for him in Eternity!

R.H. STODDARD

* * * * *

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

THE ACTUAL.

Away! no more shall shadows entertain;
No more shall fancy paint and dreams delude;
No more shall these illusions of the brain
Divert me with their pleasing interlude;
Forever are ye banished, idle joys;
Welcome, stern labor-life — this is no world for toys!

Blessed labor-life! victorious only he
Who in its lists doth valiantly contend;
For labor in itself is victory;
Yield never to repose; but let the end
Of Life's great battle be — the end of life:
A glorious immortality shall crown the strife.

R.B.X.

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August 5, Tuesday, 1850: The British Parliament passed the Australia Constitution Act (Victoria was separated from New South Wales; South Australia and Tasmania were granted representative government).

In Massachusetts, Herman Melville met Nathaniel Hawthorne during a climb, of Monument Mountain in the Berkshire Hills, that had been sponsored by a group of luminaries and publishers (luminaries such as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, publishers such as Melville's boss Evert Augustus Duyckinck).



While they were appreciating their champagne at the summit, Cornelius Mathews recited for them William Cullen Bryant's doggerel poem about a jilted native maiden who had thrown herself from a precipice, "The Story of the Indian Girl," a poem tainted irremediably by primitivism which enjoyed considerably greater reputation then than, fortunately, now.



WINONA

...There was scooped,
 Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
 And there they laid her, in the very garb
 With which the maiden decked herself for death,
 With the same withering wild-flowers in her hair.
 And o'er the mound that covered her, the tribe
 Built up simple monument, a cone
 Of small loose stones. Thenceforward all who passed,
 Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
 In silence on the pile. It stands there yet....

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(In a few days, [Herman](#) would be seeking out [Nathaniel](#) at the [Red Shanty](#) which now stands on the grounds of Tanglewood, and they would again be enjoying champagne.)



August 6, Tuesday, 1850: The [Reverend George Cornelius Gorham](#) was formally admitted into the vicarage of Brampford Speke, a parish in a small Devon village near Exeter, by [Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust](#) of the Arches Court.

A conference for the protection of tenant rights began in Dublin, Ireland. It would espouse what would become known as the “three Fs”: fair rents, fixity of tenure, and free sale of the tenant’s interest in his holding.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)’s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were almost 4 months into their epic journey and met a relief expedition that had been sent out from the [California](#) settlements to rescue or encourage travelers such as them:

Tuesday Aug 6 and 117 days out

Left our encampment at 8 a.m. and have been traveling along the valley and at the base of the mountain. The night was cold and a heavy dew as we camped by the river, and this is the only place in this country you will find dew. We made our breakfast of bread, coffee and bacon, not near enough to satisfy our ravenous appetites. The road has been good, hard black sand and gravel. Grass in abundance, and about every 40 or 50 rods is fine streams of the finest water that ever I drank comes out under the mountains. The timber on these mountain is pitch pine, and today we found the trees much larger. I saw some 4-½ [feet] in diameter. Traveled 15 miles and camped to bate for 2 hours. It was very hot and nothing to shelter us as we had to leave our tent behind here. We was tired, faint and ornery. We made a bit of soup out of a few bones and about ½ pint of corn and 1 pint of flour. We picked the bones and had about 1 pint of soup each

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one. I feel the short allowance very much. We all look quite thin. God help us, which I know he will, if we put our trust in him. Packed up and started on again. Left the Pillot[?] river and went over a bluff and came to the foot of the mountain, where we have to cross. Here we was about all beat out. Here is a trader, and we got 50 lbs. flour at 75 cents lb. The cooks is very busy, baking bread and we shall have our supper in a few minutes. The citizens of California has sent out a relief train for the suffering emigrants. Have met them this afternoon. We tried to get some provision. They told us that they could do nothing till they got to the 40-mile desert. We are camped on a hollow surrounded by mountains. Its quite retired and pleasant to me, as I always was fond of such places. Their mountains is 30 miles from the base to the summit, and as you pass along, there is small valleys 1 of 8 miles.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Tuesday morning August 6th. we are encamped this morning on Small Creek where we have good water[.] we still have Good weather and in toltable condition



August 7, Wednesday, [1850](#): Upon the advice of Judge John W. Edmonds, [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) wrote to the Italian Committee, declaring his wish to cancel a planned public recognition on the 10th due to ill health and a desire that no fuss be made.

HISTORY OF RR

The East Coast Route railway from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow was completed.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk played an extremely successful concert at the Casino in Geneva.

There was a total eclipse of the sun that was partly visible throughout the North Pacific Ocean, in California, Mexico, Louisiana, the southern extremity of Florida, the West Indies, Central America, the northwestern portion of South America, the greater part of New Guinea, and Japan.

ASTRONOMY

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were almost 4 months into their epic journey and were rising into the Sierra Nevada mountains and encountering gold diggers and being shown actual gold:

Wednesday Aug 7 and 118 out

We camped at Kannion[?] Valley last night and left it this morning at sunrise for two reasons. One was there was nothing for our horses to eat, and one of our horses got loose in the night and ate all the flour that we got last night for our mess, about 20 dollars' worth. We began to ascend the mountain and went 9 miles of one of the man-and-horsekilling roads I ever heard talk of. Some of the places was so steep that our pack



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horses could hardly climb up. We stopped in a small valley on the summit of this mountain, and the other 2 messes divided their flour with us and then we had nothing to eat. We stopped for 2 hours and started again. The road was much better. Passed through another small valley, perhaps 50 Acres. Very pleasant, surrounded with high mountains and covered with pine, spruce and fur, and cedar trees some 6 foot through. There is a small river of the purest water here, and there is diggings on it. We saw a quantity of fine gold dust where we stopped. Went about 7 miles farther and we came to a steep mountain. We had job to get up. My horse fell and I pulled him by the tale[tail] 10 foot before I could get him up. So this will give a little idea how steep it was. And what is astonishing to me, there I saw 3 wagons going up. One of their mules got down and they rolled him over the stones, and finally got a foothold for him to get up. They got to the top and this is the summit of the second mountain. We descended to a lake valley and camped. Poor grass. Here was a trader where we got about 30 lbs. flour at one dollar lb. This will make our bread for supper and breakfast. We have walked 20 miles today up these mountains and we all feel very tired William Tow'd[?] as been sick for some days. He is not hardly able to ride on horseback.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Wednesday morning August the 7th. we are encamped this morning on the La Bonte. where we have plenty of creek water. we have had it very rough and rocky the most of the way through the Black Hills[.] we have nothing of importance this morning



August 8, Thursday, [1850](#): The New-York [Tribune](#) printed the letter that [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) had sent to the Italian Committee, declaring his wish to cancel a planned public recognition on the 10th due to ill health and a desire that no fuss be made.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were almost 4 months into their epic journey — and they sighted a lake that sounds to me a lot like Lake Tahoe:

Thursday Aug 8 and 119 out

The night has been very cold, with some frost. Our bed clothes was wet this morning. Quite cold to turn out. We made a hearty supper last night of bread and coffee. We had our belly full for the first time for some days. We was on the trail at sunrise. Went 1 mile and crossed a river. William got down and wet his bedclothes. Ascended 3 miles on the 3rd mountain and stopped to breakfast of bread and coffee. This will take all of our flour and William tells me that he has not a cent of money. It is quite cold and we had to put on our great coats. The road is much



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better then we found it yesterday. Towards the top, the road was very steep and sidling. On the NW side of the mountain, the snow I should judge was 14 foot deep. It only lays in places and there is not so much snow as anyone would think. For my horse I had to push up part of the way, and when I left off pushing him, down he fell. We got him up again and got him up to the summit, which we gained at 10-½ a.m. Went about ½ mile and I had to leave him behind. You have a fine prospect of this mountain and can see a great way. We likewise had to leave another horse that could not get up. We took a cutoff that saved us 8 miles out of 16. This was a horrible road. Our horses could hardly get down. Two of them fell, did not hurt themselves. We are stopped a little while to get our supper and rest our horses. Here is a lake nearly round and about 2 miles across. It looks quite pleasant. The sceneries on these mountains look very wild in places. Some are nearly white and some a very dark color, and looks solemn and gloomy. We have not seen any game of any kind. William bought this morning out of a wagon 10 lbs. flour at 75 cents lb. We have ate it all up for supper. We felt the short allowance at first very much, but not so much now, as we get used to 2 meals a day and short at that. We are all, I believe, in good spirits, and lay out to have a good blow-out when we get to the diggings, as we are told we are only 65 miles from them. I dreamt last night that I was getting married to one of Ms. Capes[?]' daughters. We started after supper and crossed the outlet to this lake, and went 2 miles over the rocks and came to a valley where we found good grass. The scenery looks wild and yet pleasant. I am told that there is good fish in the lake. There is quite a variety of flowers on those mountains. Saw some gooseberry trees and some perennial catnap. We suppose we have come today 15 miles whether we have or not the Lord only knows.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Thursday Morning August the 8th. we are still Encamped on the Bank of the La Bonte as we lay by yesterday to rest our te[a]ms and fit up our waggons[.] we have some little comp[l]aint of sickness in our camps this morning[.] we still have Good weather



August 9, Friday, [1850](#): [James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and presently almost arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they were 4 months into their epic journey and exceedingly glad that it was almost already history:

Friday Aug 9 and 120 days out

At daylight, we found everything froze. The prospect before us looks gloomy. 2 of our horses got in the river. Got them out again. We have nothing for breakfast but a little tea. Hard times. We was on our march a little after sunrise. Went along



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the foot of the mountain and now our poor horses, while I write this, is struggling up a steep mountain. They are almost up. God help and supply our wants. These words strengthen me this morning. Put thy trust in the Lord and he will strengthen thine heart. Yes, Lord, I will though thou shows me. Blessed be God, my soul is happy. My lord, pour thy spirit upon me and let they grace sustain me. We descended the mountain and had a beautiful prospect of the surrounding mountains. Saw a sort of a mist ganging over the mountains along way off. This is the first mist or cloud that I have seen for two months or more. Went on till we came to a trading post. Here we got 3 pieces of shanks of the ox, paid 1 dollar and got 3 small loaves of bread. Went on a little farther and stopped to breakfast. Started on again and came to another trading post. Here we traded 1 horse off for 10 lbs. of hard bread. Went 5 miles and came to a trading post at Leep[?] Spring and camped. Here we got a few lbs. of flour, I think 8 at 75 cents lb. Here we made a kettle of soup with leaks, bones and bread and flour, and had a hearty meal. The people looks very hardy and I think that it is a very healthy country. All in fine spirits. 40 miles from the Hangtown diggings. We hear encouraging news by the people.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Friday morning August the 9th. we are still encamped in the Black Hills supposed to be about 25 miles East of Deer Creek[.] our camps seems a little improved in health this morning - Bro Middleton Direiria [diarrhea]



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#):

To: Harrison Gray Otis Blake
From: HDT
Date: 9 August 1850

Concord Aug. 9th 1850
Mr Blake,

I received your letter just as I was rushing to Fire Island Beach to recover what remained of Margaret Fuller - and read it on the way. That event and its train, as much as anything, have prevented my answering it before. It is wisest to speak when you are spoken to. I will now endeavor to reply at the risk of having nothing to say.

I find that actual events, notwithstanding the singular prominence which we all allow them, are far less real than the creations of my imagination. They are truly visionary and insignificant -all that we commonly call life & death - and affect me less than my dreams. This petty stream which from time to time swells & carries away the mills and bridges of our habitual life -and that mightier stream or ocean on which we

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securely float- what makes the difference between them? I have in my pocket a button which I ripped off the coat of the Marquis of Ossoli on the sea-shore the other day. Held up it intercepts the light -an actual button- and yet all the life it is connected with is less substantial to me, and interests me less, than my faintest dream. Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives, all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here.

I say to myself - Do a little more of that work which you have confessed to be good. You are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with yourself without reason. Have you not a thinking-faculty of inestimable value? If there is an experiment which you would like to try - try it. Do not entertain doubts if they are not agreeable to you. Remember that you need not eat unless you are hungry. Do not read the newspapers Improve every opportunity to be melancholy. As for health, consider yourself well. Do not engage to find things as you think they are. Do what nobody else can do for you - Omit to do anything else.

It is not easy to make our lives respectable by any course of activity- We have repeatedly to withdraw into our shells of thought, like the tortoise, somewhat helplessly; yet there is more than philosophy in that.

Do not waste any reverence on my attitude. I merely manage to sit up where I have dropped. I am sure that my acquaintances mistake me. They ask my advice on high matters, but they do not know, even how poorly on't I am for hats & shoes. I have hardly a shift. Just as shabby as I am in my outward apparel, aye, and more lamentably shabby - am I in my inward substance. If I should turn myself inside out, my rags and meanness would indeed appear. I am something to him that made me undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made.

Would it not be worth the while to discover Nature in Milton - be native to the universe? I too love Concord best; but I am glad when I discover in oceans and wildernesses far away the materials of a million Concords; indeed I am lost unless I discover them. I see less difference between a city and a swamp than formerly. It is a swamp however, too dismal and dreary even for me, and I should be glad if there were fewer owls & frogs & mosquitoes in it. I prefer even a more cultivated place -free from miasma and crocodiles -I am so sophisticated -and I will take my choice.

As for missing friends -what if we do miss one another -have we not agreed on a rendezvous? While each wanders his own way through the wood, without anxiety, aye with serene joy, though it be on his hands & knees over rocks and fallen trees, he cannot but be on the right way.- There is no wrong way to him. How can he be said to miss his friends, whom the fruits still nourish and the elements sustain? A man who misses his friends at a turn, went on buoyantly, dividing the friendly air, & humming a tune to himself, ever and anon kneeling with delight to study each little lichen in his path, and scarcely made three miles a day for friendship.

As for conforming outwardly, and living your own life inwardly, - I do not think much of that. Let not your right hand know what your left hand does in that line of business. It will prove a failure. Just as successfully can you walk against a sharp steel



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edge which divides you cleanly right and left. Do you wish to try your ability to resist distension? It is a greater strain than any soul can long endure. When you get God to pulling one way and the Devil the other, each having his feet well braced, -to say nothing of the conscience sawing transversely -almost any timber will give way.

I do not dare invite you earnestly to come to Concord, because I know too well that the berries are not thick in my field, and we should have to take it out in viewing the landscape. But come on every account, and we will see -one another.

Henry D. Thoreau

Care of Mr. C.A. Greene, Milton Mass. from Concord Aug. 9, 1850.

Would it not be worth the while to discover Nature in Milton - be native to the universe? I too love Concord best; but I am glad when I discover in oceans and wildernesses far away the materials of a million Concord; indeed I am lost unless I discover them. I see less difference between a city and a swamp than formerly. It is a swamp however, too dismal and dreary even for me, and I should be glad if there were fewer owls and frogs and mosquitoes in it. I prefer even a more cultivated place - free from miasma and crocodiles - I am so sophisticated - and I will take my choice.


Later in the letter he wrote:

As for conforming outwardly, and living your own life inwardly, - I do not think much of that. Let not your right hand know what your left hand does in that line of business. It will prove a failure. Just as successfully can you walk against a sharp steel edge which divides you cleanly right and left. Do you wish to try your ability to resist distensions? It is a greater strain than any soul can long endure. When you get God to pulling one way and the Devil the other, each having his feet well braced, - to say nothing of the conscience sawing transversely - almost any timber will give way.



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 August 10, Saturday, [1850](#): An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF AUGUST 10

Samuel Sebastian Wesley became the professor of organ at the Royal Academy of Music.

On June 24th [Sir Lancelot Shadwell](#), Vice-Chancellor of England had been seized with a sudden illness. He died on this day at his residence, Barn Elms in Surrey, at the age of 71.

L. Mossi, Sardinian Minister in Washington DC, reported to Massimo D'Azeglio, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Turin, informing him of the new US Cabinet, of slavery, of [Cuba](#), and of [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s reception in [New-York](#).


[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown, [California](#) (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved diary. At this point they were 4 months into their epic journey and it was almost complete. They saw a tree that was 10 feet thick. They reckoned that they had about another 25 miles or so to go, and then they would be able to dig for gold:

Saturday Aug 10 and 121 days out

We was on the trail, sun 1 hour high. Traveled 25 miles. The road has been very crooked, stony and mountainous. Tired. Nearly all of us have to walk and we all feel very tired. We have come all day without any grass and 12 miles. We found no water. Our horses is about beat out, and tonight nothing but browse for them to eat. We got a few lbs. flour at 62-½ cents today and enough pork for our dinner tonight. We ate all our flour up. I believe we are about 25 miles from the diggings. I have eaten cherries, raspberries, filberts and crabapple today, and some very fine gooseberries. It has been timber land today, and some of the finest timber I ever saw. I saw a tree 10 foot through. I saw some small black ones short and stunted.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Saturday morning August the 10[.] we are encamped on the Fourche Boise river 9 miles East of Deer Creek[.] our camps is in tol[e]rable health this morning and we still have fine weather

 August 11, Sunday, [1850](#): [James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved travel diary. At this point they had been 4 months on their epic journey, and were in [California](#) ready to dig for gold:

Sunday Aug 11 and 122 days out

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We was on the trail at sunrise. We had nothing to eat and we are in need of our breakfast, as we have had nothing since yesterday at 4 a.m. We traveled since that time 13 miles, and come to a trader where we got some flour at 62-½ cents lb. We had no grass or water for a long way, 20 miles, and here was some hay, and we offered one of our horses to bate the others and could not do it. We had to pay 300 dollar per ton for it. Gave our horses 4 lbs. each, and started again and came within 9 miles of Hangtown. Here [sic] is some diggings here and we stayed here all night. Had a supper of hard bread at 22 cents lb. The country is not quite so bad to travel in, but very dusty here. We found oak trees but not very large at this place. There is a short tavern and a few provisions to be got. Everything is very high, beef 25 cents, pork ditto. There is a garden here and potatoes and some corn in it, but I think they will not come to maturity as it is so dry. Well, now we are in the golden region and thank God for his goodness in bringing us safe through here. I shall conclude my journal from Milwaukee to California 122 days from Milwaukee.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Sunday morning August the 11th. we are encamped this morning on the Bank of the North Fork of the Platt near where we descended out of the Black Hills[.] we had considerable hail yesterday. our camp is in tol[e]rable health except the whooping cough amongst the children[.] we have fine weather


The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Many are leaveing these Mines daily On account of the Flat proveing a failure. So far at least as this, that not more than 1 Hole Out of 20 that will Pay for Sinking. Among this number we find Mr Myres, One or our old Ship Mates. Mr Myres health was not very good and he thought best to go home. he Started on Thursday the 8th, he took with him a large number of letters, for individuals in these Mines. As he had gone direct for N.Y City it afforded us an excelent Opportuneity which I embraced and Sent one letter to Father 1 to Mr Hand 1 to Mr Lawrence and one to Miss E.H. I Must here State that a number of our Much esesteemed friends have left this place for other Mines, and Some who we Miss very Much at Our religous Meetings, Mr Atwood, Mr Small, Mr Pane Mr Rightington and others.



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 August 12, Monday, 1850: New-York Italians met at Monteverde's Restaurant on Barclay Street. With Dr. Mott acting as president and Quirico Filopanti (Giuseppe Barili) as secretary, they decided to donate the funds they would not be using to fete Giuseppe Garibaldi to a Doctor Bovi who had lost a hand during the siege of Rome.

The Honorable Edward Everett tendered to the city of Boston a collection of public documents and state papers that he had been 30 years collecting.

The state Legislature met at Austin, Texas, and on the following day Governor Bell would recommend that 2 new Texas regiments be equipped, by taking \$34,000 from a fund that had been being held aside for Texas schools.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a Mormon 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kaneshville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Monday morning August the 12[.] we are encamped this morning on the south Bank of the Platt 2 miles west of deer creek[.] I have nothing of importance


 August 13, Tuesday, 1850: The Cincinnati Gazette printed Giuseppe Garibaldi's letter explaining his ill health and expressing a desire that no fuss be made about his arrival in America.

Captain G.I. Nevelskoy planted the Russian flag and established Nikolayevski Post at the mouth of the Amur River.

Senator Jefferson Davis voted against the admission of California to our federal union. (Nobody was going to get away with sneaking in racial justice –not under this man's nose –no siree Bob!)

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a Mormon 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kaneshville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Tuesday morning August the 13th. we are yet at the same place as we lay by yesterday and had a little rain[.] we still have not much of interest. Brother Wm Middleton has lost two of his cattle at this place

 August 14, Wednesday, 1850: The Parliament of the United Kingdom, examining "the extent, causes, and consequences of the prevailing vice of intoxication among the labouring classes of the United Kingdom," came to a reasonable determination that reading among the working classes was a lesser danger to the nation than drunkenness, and enacted a Public Libraries law giving local boroughs authority to levy a tax that would establish edifices in which to store the books of free public libraries (the tax was to provide storage edifices, and salaries for staff, and shelves and furnishings, not the books themselves: it was presumed that over the years more than adequate quantities of the reading materials would merely flow into these new edifices for free). This enactment received Royal assent on this day.

US Senator Lewis Cass wrote to Giuseppe Garibaldi, welcoming him to America.



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[Johannes Brahms](#) met young Hungarian violinist Eduard Reményi in Hamburg, Germany.

[Abba Alcott](#) opened an “intelligence service” on Atkinson Street. That is, what we would refer to as an upscale and decent “employment agency,” one not preoccupied with a project of attracting poor young girls off the street and into brothels, or making promises to poor people and working them and then discharging them without their pay. Abba began to talk about how the relation between mistress and maid was a “false relation” with which she hated to be in any way associated.

Best American and Foreign Help. Families provided, at the shortest notice, with accomplished COOKS, good PARLOR and CHAMBER GIRLS, NURSERY MAIDS, SEAMSTRESSES, TOILETTE WOMEN, and DRESS MAKERS. Any person paying the Subscription of \$1 shall be furnished with a ticket, entitling her to a choice of Help for six months from Mrs. Alcott's rooms.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named “Bluff” in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Wednesday morning August the 14th. we are still here at the same place. Brother R Coleby has lost one of his cattle. Capt Pace went to visit Capt Bennetts Company who are encamped on deer creek[.] he finds them all well and in traveling Conditions



Middle of August: *{One leaf missing}* unexpected pleasure.

I knew a clergyman who when any person died was wont to speak of that portion of mankind who survived as living monuments of Gods mercy. A negative kind of life to live!

I can easily walk 10 15 20 any number of miles commencing at my own door without going by any house—without crossing a road except where the fox & the mink do. Concord is the oldest inland town in New England, perhaps in the States. There are square miles in my vicinity which have no inhabitant.— First along by the river & then the brook & then the meadow & the wood-side— Such solitude from a hundred hills I can see civilization & abodes of man afar. These farmers & their works are scarcely more obvious than woodchucks

As I was going by with a creaking wheelbarrow, one of my neighbors who heard the music ran out with his grease pot & brush and greased the wheels

That is a peculiar season when about the middle of August the farmers are getting their meadow hay. If you sail up the river you will see them in all meadows raking hay and loading it onto carts great lorry teams—under which the oxen stand like beetles chewing the cud waiting for men to put the meadow on—with the heaviest load they dash aside to crop a daisy.—(the half-broken steers

There was reason enough for the first settlers selecting the elm out of all the trees of the forest with which to ornament his villages It is beautiful alike by sunlight & moonlight—and the most beautiful specimens are not the largest— I have seen some only 25 or 30 years old, more graceful and healthy I think than any others. It is almost become a villagous tree—like martins [[Purple Martin](#)] [Progne subis](#)] & blue birds.

The high blue-berry has the wildest flavor of any of the huckle-berry tribe— It is a little mithridatic—

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It is like eating a poisonous berry which your nature makes harmless. I derive the same pleasure as if I were eating dog wood berries & night-shade wild parsnip with impunity.

–Man & his affairs–Church & state & school trade & commerce & agriculture–Politics for that is the word for them all here today–I am pleased to see how little space it occupies in the landscape–it is but a narrow field–that still narrower highway yonder leads to it– I sometimes direct the traveller {*One leaf missing*}

And once again
When I went a maying–
For there grow the May flower
Epgaea repens
& the Mt Cranberry

[Jake Lakin](#)⁴¹

O whither doest thou go?
Which way dostest thou flow
Thou art the way–
Thou art a rode
Which Dante never trode
Not many they be
Who enter therein

For thou leadest nowhere
But to the Irish man Quin:

Only the guests of the
Irishman Quin

There was a crossed-eyed fellow used to help me survey –he was my stake-driver– and all he said was–at every stake he drove– “There, I should’nt like to undertake to pull *that* up with my teeth.” It sticks in my *crop*–thats a good phrase–many things stick there.

41. In the birth records for the town of Lincoln there is a 1777 entry for a [Jacob Lakin](#). It appears that nobody has any idea why Thoreau jotted this name down in his journal at this point, unless it has to do with the sort of salient impression that “sticks in one’s crop.”

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The man of wild habits
Partridges [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus** (**Partridge**)] & Rabbits

Who has no cares
Only to set snares
Who liv' st all alone
Close to the bone—
And where life is sweetest
constantly eatest.⁴²

Where they once dug for money
But never found “any”

To market fares
With early apples & pears.

When the spring stirs my blood
With the instinct to travel
I can get enough gravel
on the Old Marlboro' Road.
If you'll leave your abode
With your spirits unfurled
You may go round the world
By the old Marlboro Road.
Nobody repairs it—
For nobody wears it—
It is a living way
As the Christians say—
What is it—what is it
But a direction out there
And the bare possibility
O going somewhere—
Great guide *boards* of stone
But travellers none.
It is worth going there to see
Where you might be
They're a great endeavor
To be something for ever.
They are a monument to somebody
To some select man
Who thought of the plan
What king (did the thing)
I am still wondering—
Cenotaphs of the towns
Named on their Crowns
Huge as Stone henge
Set up how or when
By what select men?
Gourgas or Lee
Clark or Darby?
Blank tablets of stone
Where a traveller might groan
And in one sentence
grave all that is known
Which another might read
In his extreme need.
I know two or three
That might there be.
Literature that might stand
All over the land.
Which men might remember
Till After December.
And read again in the spring
After the thawing.

Old-meeting-house bell
I love thy music well

42. This would be [Elisha Dugan](#).



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It peals through the air
Sweetly full & fair
as in the early times
When I listened to its chimes.

I walk over the hills, to compare *great* things with *small*, as through a gallery of pictures—ever and anon looking through a gap in the wood, as through the frame of a picture, to a more distant wood or hill side, painted with several more coats of air— It is a cheap but pleasant effect.
To a landscape in picture, glassed with air.

What is a horizon without *Mts!*

A field of water betrays the spirit that is in the air— It has new life & motion. It is intermediate between land & sky.— On land only the grass & trees wave—but the water itself is *rippled* by the wind. I see the breeze dash across it in streaks & flakes of light. It is somewhat singular that we should look down on the surface of water.— We shall *look down* on the surface of air next—& mark where a still subtler spirit sweeps over *it*

When I go out of the house for a walk uncertain as yet whither I will bend my steps, and submit myself to my instincts to decide for me {*Two leaves missing*} {*Two-thirds page missing*}

Is consigned to the nine.
I am but the Jacks of myself.
Without inlet it lies
Without outlet it flows
From & to the skies
It comes & it goes
I am its source—
& my life is its course
I am its stoney shore,
& the gale that passes oer

{*Two-thirds page missing*} {*MS torn*}s man & womans {*MS torn*}
All that the money digger had ever found was a pine-tree-shilling. Once as he was dunging out. He was paid much more for dunging out—but he valued more the money which he found. The boy thinks most of the cent he found—not the cent he earned— {*One leaf missing*}

Among the worst of men that ever lived
However we did seriously attend
A little space we let our thoughts ascend
Experienced our religion & confessed
’Twas good for us to be there—be anywhere
Then to a heap of apples we addressed
& cleared a 5 rail fence with hand on
But by a natural law our thoughts returned to ground
And we went on to heaven by the long way round.

What’s the rail-road to me?
I never go to see
Where it ends
It fills a few hollows
And makes banks for the swallows
It sets the sand a flowing
And blackberries a growing

HISTORY OF RR



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August 15, Thursday, 1850: The *Northerner*, Captain Waterman, arrived in [San Francisco](#) harbor from Panama at dawn (this steamship had made the bearing of the harbor on the evening previous, but in a dense fog that had made it necessary to delay entry, and then a delay of 6 or 7 hours had been occasioned by the non-appearance of the Health Officer after its arrival in the harbor (many passengers were suffering slight attacks of Panama fever). There had been no communication with the vessel until about 10AM. Nevertheless, the vessel had traveled only a total of 19 days from Panama including its 3-day stopover at Acapulco.

The vessel had brought to [California](#) the news that Harvard College's chemistry [Professor John White Webster](#) had confessed his involvement in the murder of [Doctor George Parkman](#).

The vessel had also brought to [California](#) the news that the [cholera](#) had again made its appearance in [Cincinnati, Ohio](#), and that the number of deaths weekly during that epidemic had reached 119.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Thursday morning August the 15th. we are Encamped on the South Bank of the Platt 3½ miles west of crooked muddy creek[.] we have not much of interest more than our camps are still enjoying Good health through the tender mercies of God. we have found the road much better than we have anticipated



August 16, Friday, 1850: The Marysville, [California](#) [Daily Herald](#) passed along reports from the [Stockton Times](#) and its [Journal](#) dated August 10th, that "On Monday morning in the neighborhood of the Moqualomne, two Frenchmen were found, one severely wounded and the other killed. It appears they had bivouacked beneath a tree with their guns lying beside them. It is supposed that the Indians, who are in considerable numbers in that part of the country, had stealthily approached them, and had employed the guns of the Frenchmen for their own destruction.

A county collector of Tuolumne county, had an affray with some Mexicans, on the Stanislaus, who refused to pay their taxes. He went with an armed body of men, when a fight took place, and it is said three Mexicans were killed.

Evil disposed Americans, without authority, are taking the arms away from Mexicans, and levying contributions upon them. They represent themselves as tax gatherers."

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Friday morning August 16th. we are still encamped at the same place as we lay by yesterday. we have nothing this morning[.] we have fine weather and Good health



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August 17, Saturday, 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed land near Concord's railroad depot for Francis Monroe and others.



Middle of August 1850:

What's the rail-road to me?
I never go to see
Where it ends
It fills a few hollows
And makes banks for the swallows
It sets the sand a flowing
And blackberries a growing

At this time Thoreau was busy trying to lay out a road from the west end of the Mill Dam to the Railroad Station. This proposal is the present Middle Street from Academy Lane to Thoreau Street. The old Concord Academy Building stood on the spot so it had to be moved to the south side of the new street. Land owners here were William Wheildon, Hartwell Bigelow, [William Monroe](#), and Henry Wheeler. The Concord Free Public Library preserves a copy of the official Railroad notice of the acceptance of the new street, dated March 1851.

View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:



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http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollet/Thoreau_Surveys/92a.htm

The 1st installment of [Herman Melville](#)'s anonymous analysis "[Hawthorne](#) and His Mosses" appeared in [The Literary World](#).

Denmark sold its Gold Coast possessions to Great Britain.

The courthouse of Ashtabula County, Ohio was destroyed by fire with all records and papers of the court.


An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF AUGUST 17

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Saturday Morning August the 17th. we are yet here but we expect to leave this morning[.] Br Middleton has lost 2 cattle here and Br Beck one. Capt Bennett[']s Company passed us yesterday and are encamped about 4 miles above. we still have fine weather and our Camps enjoying Good health.

 August 18, Sunday, 1850: [Honoré de Balzac](#) died in Paris in the presence of his mother, at the age of 51, after a visit by [Victor Hugo](#).

At Vienna's Volksgarten, Bonvivant-Quadrille op.86 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Stoughtenburgh Placer has become almost deserted, in consequence of the flat proveing a complete failure. Many have Stayed at this place, all the Spring and Summer with the Expectation of geting Some considerable of Gold from their Claims, which they had Spent So Much time and Labour upon, but when the time came for them to give them a trial, they found them to fail. Being thus situated they would not be long Making up their Minds what to do but pack up amedeately and scamper for Some other digings. But there are a few who have been very well paid for their labour, but the number is very Small comparatively. A considerable of Excitement pervades among those that remain here caused by discovery Said to be made by Mr Fletcher, who pretends that he has invented a Machine or instrument by which he can tell where the gold lies or where there is no gold



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etc Some believe and others do not. about forty of the former are going to work next Monday (to Morrow) to test a Spot that has been Servayed by Mr Fletcher, and pronounced by that Gentleman as containing a rich lead of Gold. We do hope that the result of this experiment will be Such, as Shall bring about the conversion of Many of the unbelivers. It is reported that Mr Burns one of our Expresses, has Absconded with a considerable amount of Money. We did not think this of Mr Burns, all who knew him, had great confidence in him, and many Sent Money by him for remittance to the States. Search is Makng for him, but nothing has been heard of him yet. I discovered a root to day that I was totly ignorent of its groth here before. it is the Ginger root. it is quite Strong and in considerable quantities. Service as usual to day, but very few attended only Six of us in the afternoon. Men in california prefer Spending the Sacred hours of the Sabbath in Card playing drinking and rioting to listen to the word of God. Oh it is horrorble to witness the degree of dissipation which Men go to here Men who have wives and families at home.

Per John Hardison Redd's travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and their destination would be a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan would lose not a single life:

Sunday morning August the 18th. we are encamped on the Bank of the Platt. near the upper ford and Ferry. Capt Bennetts Camps passed last evening and are encamped on the oposite Bank[.] Our camps are in tolvable health and condition and ready this morning for crossing. we had a meeting last night to Give some instructions and to settle some little controversies between Capt Pace and Capt Sessions as there had been some little misunderstanding between them a few days previous[.] after some reasoning on both sides I thought the matter seemed settled satisfactoral [satisfactorily] on both sides[.] we met the express from the Valley yesterday about 10 O clock 5 miles below this place. it is quiet cloudy and likely for rain



August 19, Monday, 1850: Primo Ranchivecchi, Tuscan Delegate Extraordinary at Leghorn (Florence), wrote to government consuls in London and [New-York](#), seeking confirmation that [Giuseppe Mazzini](#) and [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) were in those cities and requesting that they be surveiled for revolutionary activities.

John Hardison Redd made a final entry in the travel diary of his family's trek across the continent with their manumitted Tennessee slaves as part of a [Mormon](#) 100-wagon, 70-family, 400-horses and oxen, and 1,000-cow train led by the James Pace Company. They had begun at Kanessville (which has since become Council Bluffs, Iowa) and were approaching their destination in a community to be named "Bluff" in the southeast corner of the Utah Territory. Along the way this caravan had lost not a single life:

Monday morning August the 19[.] we are safe over the Platt and encamped on the river about 2 miles above the Ferry where we have but little feed for our cattle and have a severe storm of cold wind and rain ever since last evening and still continues[.] we have lost in all up to this time 14 head of



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cattle Br James Pace 2[,] Br Wm Middleton 7[,] Br H oliver 1[,]
Br J H Tager 1[,] Br R Cobby 1[,] Sister Martha Wilcox 1[,]
Br Jn [John] Haws 1



August 20, Tuesday, 1850: The Sacramento, [California Transcript](#) attempted to reassure its public that anarchy did not await:

THE FEELING IN THE MINES.

Reports have been circulated in this city that there are numbers of people in the mines who were ready to come here and assist in a general rebellion against the laws. — We have never placed the least reliance on these reports, and very little credence has been given to them any where, but still some apprehension of danger from this source has existed at times.

We have enquired of several gentlemen from different parts of the mines, who have assured us that the miners are loyal citizens, who are as ready to uphold the law of the land as any other class of people of the State. This is as might be expected. There is no cause for excitement abroad, and it is preposterous to suppose any body of people, who are pursuing their regular business, will think of arming themselves and marching to our city to create anarchy and bloodshed. In fact, we know this cannot be so. Any one knows it, who has any knowledge of the character of our inland population. It is generally composed of the most intelligent and orderly people; the first class of Americans — people who know what is right, and what is demanded of them in times of turmoil. Last evening we conversed with Mr. D.B. Groud, just down from Smith's Bar, on the North Fork, and he assured us that almost the entire population in that neighborhood viewed the late lawless proceedings in this city with the utmost disapprobation. Scarce one in a hundred, he said, thought of justifying any resistance to the operation of law. The only exception to this feeling is, perhaps, in Placerville. The arrival of Allen, at the latter place, among emigrants just over the Plains from his own State, has had an influence in his favor. We are informed from a source entirely reliable, that Allen called together quite a crowd in the streets on Sunday morning, and made a speech to them, throwing himself upon their protection. His wounds were dressed, and proved to be less severe than had been supposed. There is no disposition in Placerville to do any thing farther than to protect Allen. Neither he, or any of the people, propose to leave the place for vengeance. Of course no sensible man would have the folly to undertake any thing of the kind. The older inhabitants of Placerville, who have had opportunities of understanding the cause of our difficulties, will prevent any organization from proceeding in an unlawful manner. So we are assured by one of the oldest residents of the place, who is a man of influence, and extensive acquaintance.

OUR FUTURE COURSE.

In a few days, a large number of our patriotic citizens are expected to announce themselves as candidates to be balloted for at the October election. We shall keep an eye on their movements,

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and circulate the news. When the independent candidates make speeches, we shall publish full reports in our columns, which will cause every body to call us independent men. Should party lines be drawn, we shall publish the speeches from all kinds of politicians, and, of course, be held responsible for all that may be said by any body. After a Democratic meeting, a discriminating public will call us Democrats; and after a Whig meeting, we shall expect to be classed among the Whigs. We like consistency, and will feel highly complimented at the various positions which other people will place us in. The multiplicity of views we shall be obliged to entertain, however, will prevent us from being responsible for the opinions of our carrier. We shall rise early, each morning, and distribute the "Transcript" among our subscribers with our own hands. Otherwise, a hired carrier might neutralize our principles, or place us on the wrong side of the fence. As we are not quite ready to commence the responsible duties of distributing papers, we have employed a very sensible hombre, who is to deliver the "Transcript" till further notice. We have charged him to keep shady – not to express an opinion on any occasion. "Mum is the word." The moment he opens his mouth to speak, we shall gag him, and if he dares to show any resistance, we will "draw the sword and throw away the scabbard." This will be a warning to all presumptions carriers in future. Some of our readers may think we shall not be justifiable in taking such extreme measures, which they may call persecution. This will show how little reason they possess. Editors are not responsible for the principles of carriers in other parts of the world, and if they must be here, the carriers must not be allowed to have any principles. We shall expect hereafter that none but American citizens will apply for the place as carrier for the Transcript, and of course we shall not allow them as American citizens to think upon any subject whatever.

FROM THE PLAINS. – We have just seen a gentlemen from the Plains, who relates to us the following:

Up to April 15th, five hundred teams had passed Keosauqua ferry alone. The teams averaged three men each. It will be recollected that this is only one of many ferries crossed in that vicinity by the streams of emigrants that are pouring across the plains into California. It is to be remembered that the body of the emigration from Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, do not pass across this ferry.

Some men have started on foot and walked in across the Plains. Our informant saw one grey headed man, with a pack on his back, who had walked from Michigan. When he arrived at Keosauqua ferry he was two hundred miles ahead of the team that started the same time he did. The difference between the travelling upon foot and with teams, was noticeable at Keosauqua. By the time the teams could get ready to start after crossing the ferry, the pedestrian who crossed in the same boat with a team, might be seen walking off a half a mile ahead.

When our informant started from the Missouri river, the party to which he was attached had six horses and five mules; when he arrived in Carson valley he had four mules and two horses. He started from the States about the middle of April, and

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informs us that the buffalo meat was not in a very good condition for food.

Some who started on the 15th of May, by throwing aside their wagons and packing, got in as early as those who started on the 5th of May. The road up to the Platte was not dusty, but from Bear river to Carson valley it was very dusty.

RESIGNATION. — Attorney General Kewen's resignation has been accepted by the Governor, to take place on the election of a successor in October next. He will therefore continue to exercise the duties of his office, during the trial of the prisoners arrested for participating in the late riots.

FROM COLOMA. — We learn from a gentleman who has just arrived from Coloma, that the workmen are excavating in Little's Tunnel, at the rate of twenty feet a day. They have already excavated three hundred feet, and there are to be eight hundred feet of tunnel besides the canal. In the centre it is sixty feet below the surface. And after the waters of the South Fork are turned from their course into the canal and tunnel, the bed of the river for the space of one mile and a half will be laid bare.

We are informed that the ground in the vicinity of the bed of the river, which is to be laid bare by this tremendous work, presents appearances which warrant the expectation that a vast amount of money will be realized from the operation. On both sides of the river around the whole bend, immense quantities of gold have already been taken out.

DEPARTURE OF SOLDIERS. — The following was unavoidably crowded out from our yesterday's issue: The two companies from San Francisco took their departure on Saturday evening in the *Gold Hunter*. Previous to their embarkation they were addressed by Murray Morrison, Esq., in front of the Columbia Hotel, and subsequently by Gen. Winn, at Headquarters. The thanks of our citizens were returned to the San Francisco soldiery for their promptitude, and an invitation extended them to a public dinner on Monday. Upon consultation they regretted that their various calls at home were of such a nature as to compel a declination of the hospitalities of this city.

Capt. Howard of the Guards replied briefly to Mr. Morrison, and proposed three cheers for Mayor Bigelow and several other of our citizens, which were promptly given.

We understand that the *Senator* threw open her berths for the use of the soldiers in coming up the river, and the *Gold Hunter* was alike liberal in returning with them to San Francisco.

STILL, CONNER & Co. — This enterprising firm are continually adding to their stock, and meeting to the utmost of their ability the quick wants of our growing metropolis. Let twelve or fifteen thousand Americans collect together in the space of eight or ten months, and astonish the wilderness with a fresh made city, and the wants of such a place will burst into life in a thousand shapes. People will be surprised sometimes that many little articles are no where to be found in the mercantile mart around them; articles which at home they could not get along well without, and which they would never fail to meet with at the next store round the corner. There are a thousand little things that shipping merchants do not at first think to send to such a



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place. And it takes some time for this condition of things to regulate itself. We are happy to see multitudinous little articles of table convenience, &c, displaying themselves in our stores. It quited reconciles a fidgity man to his lot.

Messrs. Still, Conner & Co. have laid in a large assortment of all kinds of blank books. The merchant need no longer send to New York for a handsome journal or ledger, for it is the intention of our friends under the Placer Times' office, to be ready, if money will effect anything, to meet the utmost wants of our community.

NEW HOSPITAL AT WASHINGTON. — We had occasion one day this week to visit the new hospital in Washington, opposite Sacramento City. The location is healthy, airy, and pleasant — none can be more so in the vicinity of our city. The building is very suitable for the purpose for which it is used. It is two stories high — is partitioned off into large, well-ventilated rooms, which are unusually cool, in consequence of being lathed and plastered — thus presenting a double wall to resist the heat of the sun. The whole establishment bears an appearance of neatness and comfort, seldom provided for the sick in this country. The building stands on the bank of the Sacramento, where pure water can be obtained at all times, and a full view of the city on this side is commanded from the windows. An advertisement in to-day's paper will give further particulars.

GOLD IN CARSON VALLEY. — A party collected themselves together a short time since, at Hangtown, and proceeded in search of mines in Carson valley. After prospecting for some time they returned without finding any. Another party was made up about the same time, and departed from Georgetown. They were more successful, not only finding gold, but finding diggings that would pay well to work.

FROM THE ROUGH AND READY DIGGINGS. — We learn that a large number of people have gone to these diggings which were so extensively worked during last winter. They are turning up the earth all over the place preparatory to the coming of the rainy season. There is but very little water there now. The diggings, however, are very rich. Some who are working on the main stream are turning out, even during the short time they spend in working, from one and a half to two ounces a day.

MR. ALLEN. — In our paper of Saturday we stated that traces of blood, supposed to be from Mr. Allen, were found to the banks of the river, and nothing further could be found to mark the course he had taken. We understand he was recognized by gentlemen at several points between this city and Placerville, and that he was last seen in that town. He is represented as being badly wounded. During the winter season he lived several miles above Weberville, and it is probable he has gone to that point.

PROSPECTS OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA. — A gentleman in this city received a letter from a friend in Washington by the last mail, which gives a gloomy cast to the hopes of California. The writer says, in substance, that the Compromise bill will not be passed, nor will California be admitted very soon at this session of Congress. He thinks the bill for a mint in San Francisco may



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pass the House, and that will be the only legislation for California before another year. The author of the letter containing the above opinions, had the best opportunities of judging correctly; and could we use his name, his predictions would certainly be received with much consideration. We are not yet ready to give up all hope of being admitted this session. The news by every steamer looks more and more inauspicious, and the time for hope is already almost past. Still we will trust to the justice of our country, and never despair till we are cast off beyond a doubt.

MILITARY. — A new volunteer company was formed in this city last evening, under the name of "The Sacramento Guard." The following officers were elected:

Captain — David McDowell.

First Lieutenant — Henry Hale.

Second Lieutenants — W.H. Crowell, James Queen.

Sergeants — 1st, H.G. Langley; 2d, B.B. Gore; 3d, S.S. Flagg; 4th, W.H. Talmage.

Corporals — L.J. Wilder, G.L. Hewitt, T.H. Borden, W.E. Moody.

Clerk — W.K. McCracken.

The company is composed of sixty-four members. A requisition on the government will be issued immediately, and full sets of arms may be expected in a few days, which will complete their equipments.

THE CELESTIALS IN TROUBLE. — Quite a "muss" was created yesterday in Second street, at the Comsung Hotel — a [Chinese](#) restaurant — and a crowd soon gathered ready to see the sport. It appears that a Captain of jolly tars had eaten his dinner there, and washed it down with a bottle of the "sparkling." His bill, \$3, was presented, which he refused to pay, and tipping the dark-eyed Celestial a quarter eagle, moved off towards the door. But the china-man wasn't found "napping," and legs soon did their duty. Catching hold of the skirt of the Captain's coat he demanded the balance, but it was no go — that personage wouldn't understand him or be detained, and forthwith went to work on the "peepers" of the "big-trousered" uu [sic], and gave him four bits' worth of elbow grease, done up a la Hyer. The account being thus squared, the captain vamosed. A score or two of Chinamen were there, and the jabbering kept up was only equalled by the noisy gong of their invention. This was the first lesson in becoming Americanised.



August 21, Wednesday, [1850](#): The *Isaiah Crowell* departed from Boston harbor destined for San Francisco, [California](#). Aboard were Mrs. Haley and Mrs. A. Drew of Boston, Mr. & Mrs. Brown of Chelsea, Mr. and Mrs. Simes, Miss M.E. King, Mr. and Mrs. S.K. Willard of New Hampshire, and Mr. Edward H. Ireland of Newport, Maine."

In Macon, Georgia an attempt was made to create a "Southern National" political party, involving Barnwell Rhett, William Lowndes Yancy, and others (this attempt at party creation would be short-lived).



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August 21, Wednesday/22, Thursday, 1850: A [Fugitive Slave Law](#) Convention was held in the orchard of Grace Wilson's School, on Sullivan Street in Cazenovia, [New York](#). Attending were Mary Edmondson and Emily Edmondson, who had been among 14 siblings born into slavery in [Washington DC](#) because their mother (not their father) was enslaved. In 1848 they, with their brothers Samuel Edmondson and Richard Edmondson and 73 others, had attempted to flee aboard the schooner *Pearl*. When that ship was intercepted, the girls had been carried by a slavetrader to [New Orleans](#) to serve as "fancy girls," but their father Paul Edmondson had however gone to [New-York](#) to petition the New York Anti-Slavery Society, and the Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#) and the congregation of his [Plymouth Church](#) had raised a sum of money to purchase his daughters. [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#) having undertaken responsibility for their education, Emily Edmondson and Mary Edmondson would in 1852 enroll in Oberlin's Preparatory Department with the intention of becoming missionaries to American blacks who were escaping to Canada. Mary Edmondson was, however, suffering

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from [phthisis](#), and would become progressively weaker throughout her first year at [Oberlin College](#) and die on May 18, 1853. Emily Edmondson would, until her marriage, assist at Myrtilla Miner's school for black girls in the District of Columbia. She would, with the sponsorship of [Frederick Douglass](#), armed with her [manumission](#) papers, go to the deep South and buy one of her brothers out of slavery. On this Daguerreotype plate exposed by local photographer Ezra Greenleaf Weld, Mary Edmondson is wearing a shawl, at the elbow of Frederick Douglass. [Gerrit Smith](#), whose home was in nearby Peterboro, is gesturing behind Douglass, and the figure at center is presumably [Abby Kelley Foster](#), with Emily Edmondson behind her in a bonnet. The Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) is standing behind the man who is taking notes. [Theodore Dwight Weld](#), recognizable by his miss-shapen skull, is in front of Douglass. We suspect therefore that the diminutive figure between Emily Edmondson and the Reverend May would be [Angelina Emily Grimké Weld](#).




August 22, Thursday, 1850: [Dr. John B. Gorrie](#), who had been annoyed by the need to ship [ice](#) to Florida from northern lakes for treatment of victims of the yellow fever, had at a party demonstrated a device of his own creation. Although this device wasn't particularly effective, it was granted London Patent #13,124.




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 August 23, Friday, 1850: [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) voted (for, of course) “An Act to amend, and supplementary to, the Act entitled ‘An Act respecting Fugitives from Justice, and Persons escaping from the Service of their Masters,’ approved February twelfth, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three,” otherwise known to us as the “[Fugitive Slave Bill](#).”

The water system beneath the streets of Albany, [New York](#), for which the original underground wood pipes had been replaced in 1813 with cast iron pipes (4th American city to do so, after New-York City in 1799, Philadelphia in 1801, and Baltimore in 1807), had in 1849 begun to obtain its water from a new reservoir on Eagle Street between Steuben and Columbia Streets. On this day the municipality purchased the entire water-supply system from the Water Works Company for \$150,000. The municipality would appoint a Board of Water Commissioners.

 August 24, Saturday, 1850: Two works by Franz Liszt were performed for the 1st time, conducted by the composer in Weimar: *Chöre zu Herders Entfeisselten Prometheus* and the overture *Prometheus* (*Prometheus* would be revised into a symphonic poem).

[Richard Wagner](#) completed his essay *Judaism in Music*. This would be published in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* under the pseudonym “K. Freigedank.”


The final installment of [Herman Melville](#)’s anonymous analysis “[Hawthorne](#) and His Mosses” in The Literary World.

A proposition to substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties, under the present tariff, was negated in the federal House of Representatives by a vote of 81 over 77.

An issue of Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal:

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ISSUE OF AUGUST 24

 August 25, Sunday, 1850: Franz Liszt’s Festchor zur Enthüllung des Herder-Denkmalles in Weimar to words of Schöll was performed for the initial time, in Weimar.

Sechs Gedichte for voice and piano by [Robert Schumann](#) to words of Lenau was performed for the initial time, in Dresden before a small group of friends gathering to wish farewell to the Schumanns as they departed for Düsseldorf. The composer, believing that the poet Lenau was dead, added a Requiem at the end to a Latin poem attributed to Heloise (on this day, however, news reached Schumann that Lenau had died 3 days earlier).

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.


It has been very dull times with us this week. and indeed there would be nothing doing here if it were not for Mr Fletcher’s Experiments, which have progressed very well this week, but none of the Holes under his directions are down yet, but this week I think will determine wether it be fals or true. On Friday a party




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of us Set out from this camp about 8 O Clock for Chiota lower bridge, distant about 11 Miles. work is the greatest that I ever Saw. This peace of Natures Chiota Crick winds its way through a very deep gulch between two high Mountains, also very Steep. the trale is Made along the Side of one of these Mountains and it was the Most fatiguing road that I ever traveled. When we arived at the first Bridge We found that the Mountains were So connected that the water passed through under the Mountain. A Mountain composed of rocks with the exception of a few feet of Earth on Top the mouth of the Tunnel was about 15 ftt high and 18 ftt wide, and the whole tunnel is in gothic Style of form. the rock is lime, and by the water running through for Many years, Numerous Ornaments are formed which would pusel a genuine Mason to complete. Its Splendor baffles all description. person here who has Seen the Falls of Niagra Says that these Nateral Bridges On Chiota Crick are far Superior to that Noted place. A Doctor of this place, while rideing from Carsons on his way here, was Stopped on the road by two Men Speaking the Spanish Language. One of them was Asking him (the Doctor) how far it was to Chiota and at the Same time his companion rode up to the Doctor and presented a Pistle to his head. But the Doctor catching a glimps of the fellows Movements raised his hand and knocked the Muzel of the Pistle just as it was discharged, thus preventing his death by the Ball passing through the crown of his hat. the assailants put Spurs to their Horses and were out of reach before the Doctor could return the Shot with his revolver, a very narrow escape that. Many are leaving these Mines, as well as Many Others of the digings, for the Mountains in search of New Placers to work. we have already heard very extravigent reports from that direction, but cannot Vauch for their truth. More will Probably be know Soon. Preaching But Once to day.

 August 26, Monday, [1850](#): 7:30 p.m. The open dress rehearsal in Weimar for Lohengrin was just about to begin when Eduard Genast announced to the audience that a fire has broken out in the nearby penitentiary — too much reality! — the theater was evacuated.

[Louis-Philippe Orléans](#), until 1848 the King of the [French](#), survivor of a succession of 7 assassination attempts, died in England at Claremont, Surrey where he had been granted sanctuary by [Queen Victoria](#) as the incognito “Mr. Smith” and then the “Comte de Neuilly.”

 August 27, Tuesday, [1850](#): According to the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

SUPERIOR COURT. — At the opening of the Court yesterday, Gregory Yale, Esq., on behalf of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the court and bar upon the occasion of the decease of the President, reported the following, which were ordered to be placed up upon the records. That upon the death of the chief executive officer of the Union, it is proper that the Judiciary should manifest in every appropriate way, its deep sense of the profound grief that such a public calamity has occasioned. That in the death of Zachary Taylor, the country mourn the loss of an honest man, a soldier and a patriot. That in the death of President Taylor, and the immediate and peaceful installation of his successor, we have a



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sublime illustration of the profound wisdom of the framers of the constitution, challenging our admiration for the seeming perfection of that instrument, and our earnest invocation for its inviolate preservation. That as a branch of the Judiciary of this Union, we condole with the family whose great bereavement Heaven has decreed; and recommend to the Bar and officers of the Court, the usual emblem of mourning. Judgment by default were entered in the following cases: — Louis J. Burquese vs. James W. Finley, Charles Scott vs. Kenny and Ward, the Board of Health vs. William E. Matthews, and Mr. K. Wood vs. A.S. Tyler. In the suit of Parker and Chittenden vs. E.C. Franklin, the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for the sum of \$307; and in the suit of Henry Short vs. Morris & Reynolds, in favor of the plaintiff for \$335. The default entered against the defendant in the cause of Henry Gunter and others vs. John W. Gray and others was ordered to be stricken out. Judgment for the plaintiff for the sum of \$566 was rendered final in the suit of Phio E. Woodruff vs. Joseph S. Ruckle and Henry D. Cook. The hearing of the case of Pascuel Suroco and others, vs. John W. Geary, was then resumed, and after hearing arguments by Mr. Botts, for the plaintiffs and Mr. Gilman for the defendants, the Court adjourned.

DISTRICT COURT. — Judge Parsons yesterday ordered the discharge from custody of Jose M. de Marcie, the grand jury not finding a true bill against him. Judgment by default was rendered in favor of plaintiff in the suit of John Lockwood vs. John Hunley. In the case of Samuel H. Wilson vs. Murray and Sons, the jury assessed damages for the plaintiff for \$350. In the suit of James Appleton vs. Wm. Stout and Wm. W. Trist, judgment was rendered for the plaintiff for \$471; and in the case of Hagan and Collins vs. Charles Pierce also in favor of plaintiff for \$615.

RECORDERS' COURT. — The illness of the Recorder, yesterday, prevented the transaction of any business before this Court.

A FRACAS between a member of the bar and a sheriff's officer yesterday, produced some little excitement and promises to afford some business in a legal way.

INQUEST. — On Saturday, Corner Gallagher held an inquest upon the body of a man found in Broadway street, opposite the Sacramento House. The name of the deceased was unknown. It was supposed however that he was a passenger in the steamer *Republic* on her last trip from Panama. The jury returned a verdict of — Death by the visitation of God.

MARINE TELEGRAPH SIGNALS. — We have received from Mr Swat of the Merchant's Exchange, a beautifully lithographed sheet of the signals now in use at the telegraph station in this city. Mr. Swat offers the work to merchants and others, and will devote the proceeds of the sale to the purchase of a set of the Boston signals, and the Marryatt signals, by the aid of which the name as well as the class of vessels telegraphed can be produced.

REAL ESTATE SALE. — Messrs. Kendrig, Wainwright & Co., hold another of their great real estate sales today. By reference to the advertisement it will be seen that much of the property is very

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valuable, and includes sixteen water lots.

A CHARACTER. — A lady correspondent of the New York Knickerbocker Magazine, gives a description of an eccentric female living out West known as "Aunt Piety Parsons," and thus speaks of her first interview: "One half the world know not how the other half live;" so said some wise body, a long time ago, and so said we, as in a morning ramble in the wide western woods, we encountered an earnestly debating group, standing among the stumps before a log-cabin door. There was an old woman, tall and straight gesturing vehemently with a bony hand, the wrist of which was encircled by a band of red flannel, that bespoke a sprain; her complexion was of a snuffy, smoky-brown; her cap-border bent back by the wind, was of the same hue; a robe of faded calico; a black silk handkerchief tied in a wide-spreading bow-knot, which hung carelessly over her left shoulder; and a yellow and red cotton bandanna thrust into the open neck of her gown, completed her dress, unless shoes and stockings should be added, the which if her feet were in them, they were certainly out. Three little, saucy-looking boys stood before her listening to her voice, with countenance full of impudent defiance, and in attitudes little becoming culprits taken in the act. Between them there stood, or lay huddled together, Aunt Piety's "beautiful pile of little pigs," hardly mature enough to be emancipated from maternal guidance, and who, instead of attending to the grubblings and rootings natural to their condition, were uttering little gruntings and mournful squeaks, as if no common trouble had befallen them. One glance told the story. Even if the firmly-grasped jack-knife of one of the boys had not revealed it, it could not have escaped the eye of the most careless observer, that every pig of the seven was deprived of that ornamental appendage upon which nature, as if to make amends for unbending bristles, seems to have outdone herself, in the way of ringlets. And there lay the little articles themselves, affecting mementoes, silvery cords, tender tails blunted in their first twist, beautiful in death! It seemed as if the sight of them must melt the hearts of those youthful savages, but no! there was no relentings; there was no softened sense of regret, no shame, no confessions, no askings of forgiveness. The little wretches thought it good fun; and the more Aunt Piety scolded, the better the sport, until wrought up into a phrensy of feeling she exclaimed: "Aint sorry, oh! then boys, I swear in the name of Great Britain I'll carve every one of you just the same!"



1850-1851

1850-1851

 August 28, Wednesday, 1850: [Richard Wagner](#)'s *Lohengrin*, a romantische Oper was performed for the initial time, at the Hoftheater in Weimar, Germany — despite the fact that the author, after the failure of the German revolution, was still in hiding in [Switzerland](#). It was directed by Franz Liszt, and this was of course [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#)'s birthday. The theater was full of artistic luminaries including [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#), Robert Franz, Joseph Joachim, and Hans von Bülow.

LISTEN TO IT NOW

End of the governorship of Major-General Sir Patrick Ross on [St. Helena](#).


The capstone of the monument to [Silas Wright](#) that stands in the center of Weybridge, Vermont along Route 23, was this day laid by [Major General John Ellis Wool, USA](#). The monument included nifty sculptures by [Erastus Dow Palmer](#). This memorial has inspired the name of a nearby dairy, "Monument Farms."

In Canandaigua, [New York](#) Thomas M. Howell began the construction of what would be known as the Atwater block, made up of 3 stories and a wing and intended for use as law offices. William Wood succeeded in obtaining a large boulder from the farm of N.W. Howell to use as this structure's cornerstone, and beneath this stone at the southeast corner of the building was deposited a tin box containing documents considered to be of probable interest to later generations.

 August 28, Wednesday, 1850: [Thaddeus Ainsworth Culbertson](#) died of "bilious dysentery."

1850-1851

1850-1851

 August 29, Thursday, 1850: The wife and children of [Professor John White Webster](#) visited him for the last time in his cell. The professor knew, but his family was prevented from knowing, that the ceremony had been set for the next morning.

The “Yellow House, reformed”:⁴³ Having completed the extensive renovations to the property they had purchased at 73 Main Street in Concord, the Thoreau family moved into its [Yellow House](#). The family would live in this residence, now the “Thoreau/Alcott” house, for the remainder of [Henry Thoreau](#)’s life, with him occupying the finished attic room.⁴⁴



43. “Reformed” here means that the ceilings had been raised and extensive modifications had been made.

44. Did this Thoreau home have a lawn? America’s obsession with outdoor living spaces in the vicinity of their homes would not begin until after the [Civil War](#), with sports such as lawn croquet catching on in the leisured middle class. In all likelihood, the lot on which the Thoreau boardinghouse stood inside this pretty fence in the 1850s consisted of swept dirt and sand kept bare — except of course for the family’s large garden.

1850-1851

1850-1851



August 30, Friday morning, 1850: In the morning John White Webster was hanged in public at #5 Leverett Street on Leverett Square in Boston for the murder of George Parkman. This took about 4 minutes.

In deference to the social standing of the culprit there had not been a prior public announcement of the date or place of the execution. The Reverend George Putnam, D.D. immediately departed for Cambridge to inform the family. That evening a lady and her 2 children visiting from New-York would come to the family home in Cambridge in the hope that she would be able to see the corpse of the murderer, but fortunately these ghoulish tourists would be intercepted by the maid and the widow and the daughters did not come to know of it. To fool the crowds which were assembling, and in addition to prevent the body from being exhumed, it would be interred in secret that night at the lowbrow cemetery on Copp's Hill — rather than in the expected venue at toney Mount Auburn Cemetery.⁴⁵

FINAL EXECUTIONS		
<u>February 14, 1844</u>	<u>John Gordon</u>	<u>hanged</u> for murder of factory owner <u>Amasa Sprague</u> probably only because he was an Irish Catholic immigrant, in <u>Rhode Island</u> (no more such events would occur)
<u>August 30, 1850</u>	<u>John White Webster</u>	last <u>Harvard College</u> professor to be <u>hanged</u> by the neck in <u>Boston</u>
<u>July 28, 1854</u>	William B. Sheppard	last public open-air <u>hanging</u> in <u>San Francisco</u> attended by a huge crowd, at the Presidio before a crowd of not less than 10,000

On this day Henry Thoreau was also concerned with cemeteries, for at the request of John Shepard Keyes, he was surveying two sides of the Concord West Burying Ground by running the lines of the old Hurd place, the so-called Block House now on Lowell Road, and the line of the river bank further east on Main Street.⁴⁶ The purpose of this activity, probably, was to determine where to position the iron fence from the old courthouse around the burial ground. According to the Town Report, Thoreau received \$1.⁰⁰ for this on March 1, 1851.



View Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/Thoreau_surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

Honolulu in the Sandwich Isles became a city.

The Schumann family departed from Dresden for Robert Schumann's new post in Düsseldorf.

45. Due to this unpleasantness, Harvard College has created a special endowment for the relief of desperate professors. The widow Harriet Frederica Hickling Webster, who would only live for a few additional years, would take the four daughters back to the Azores. There, one of the four, Sarah Hickling Webster, would marry Samuel Wyllys Dabney (1826-1893), who would from 1872 to 1892 be the US consul to the Azores.

46. We can gather that it was sometime prior to this date, that this former Concord Academy classmate had become an selectman of Concord.



1850-1851

1850-1851



August 31, Saturday, 1850: The California Pioneers organized at Montgomery and Clay Streets in San Francisco.

An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF AUGUST 31



Aug 31st Tall Ambrosia

Among the signs of Autumn I perceive
 The Roman Wormwood (called by learned men
 Ambrosia elatior, food for gods,—
 For to impartial science the humblest weed
 Is as *immortal* as the proudest flower—)
 Sprinkles its yellow dust over my shoes
 As I cross the now neglected garden
 We trample under foot the food of Gods
 & spill their nectar in each drop of dew—
 My honest shoes thus powdered country-fide
 Fast friends that never stray far from my coach
 Bearing many a mile the marks of their adventure
 At the post-house disgrace the Gallic gloss
 Of those well dressed ones who no morning dew
 Nor Roman wormwood ever have been through
 Who never walk but are *transported* rather
 For what old crime of theirs I do not gather

The grey blueberry bushes venerable as oaks why is not their fruit poisonous? Bilberry called *Vaccinium corymbosum* some say *amoenum* & or Blue Bilberry & *Vaccinium disomorphum* MX—Black Bilberry. Its fruit hangs on into September but loses its wild & sprightly taste.

'Tis very fit the ambrosia of the gods
 Should be a weed on earth. their nectar
 The morning dew with which we wet our shoes
 For the gods are simple folks and we should
 pine upon their humble fare

The purple flowers of the humble *Trichostema* mingled with the worm wood. smelling like it
 And the spring-scented—dandelion scented primrose Yellow primrose
 The swamp pink *Azalea viscosa*—its now withered pistils standing out.
 The odoriferous sassafras with its delicate green stem its three-lobed leaf—tempting the traveller to
 bruise it it sheds so rare a perfume on him equal to all the spices of the east. Then its rare tasting root
 bark—like nothing else which I used to dig— The first navigators freighted their ships with it and
 deemed it worth its weight in gold.
 The alder-leaved *Clethra* (*Clethra alnifolia* sweet smelling queen of the swamp—its long white
 racemes.
 We are most apt to remember & cherish the flowers which appear earliest in the spring— I look with
 equal affection on those which are the latest to bloom in the fall
 The choke Berry *Pyrus arbutifolia*
 The beautiful white waxen berries of the cornel—either *cornus alba* or *Paniculata* white berried or
 Panicked—beautiful both when full of fruit & when its cymes are naked delicate red cymes or stems
 of berries. spreading its little fairy fingers to the skies its little palms. Fairy palms they might be
 called.
 One of the *Viburnums* *Lentago*—or *pyrifolium* or—*Nudum*—with its poisonous looking fruit in cymes
 first—greenish white then red then purple or all at once.
 The imp eyed red velvety looking berry of the swamps
 The spotted *Polygonum Persicaria* seen in low lands amid the potatoes now wild Princes

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feather? Slight flower that does not forget to grace the Autumn
The Late Whortleberry (Dangle-berry) that ripens now that other huckleberries and blueberries are shrivelled and spoiling

FALL 1850

→ Fall 1850: The family of [George William Benson](#) relocated from [Northampton](#), Massachusetts to Williamsburgh on Long Island, where the father would go into the laundry business.

→ Fall 1850: [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#) of the [Smithsonian Institution](#) called [Charles Frédéric Girard](#) from Cambridge to Washington DC, to work on a growing collection of North American reptiles, amphibians and fishes (over the following decade at the US National Museum he would publish numerous papers, many of them in collaboration with Baird).



1850-1851

1850-1851


 Fall 1850: [Brownson's Quarterly Review](#), No. 3

CATHOLICISM

- I. *St. Peter and Mahomet* [Popes protecting Christendom from Mahometanism]
- II. *The Christian Examiner's Defence*
- III. *Capes's Four Years Experience*
- IV. *The Mercesburg Theology*
- V. *Conversations of an Old Man*, No. III
- VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

 Fall 1850: [The Alcott family](#) moved from Atkinson Street in Boston to 50 High Street on the edge in between the highfalutin' neighborhoods of the family's rich supporters and the utter slums of Fort Hill. During this period Bronson's mother, Anna Alcox, stayed with them for several months and, although she was very intimate with rural poverty, was horrified at this urban squalor: "...you are so good to wate on them that neade." Abba was musing in her journal:

It is more respectable to be in my family —than a Servant of the Public in any capacity— and to be used by it is ignoble.

At that time in Boston, for a family of four, unless you had an income of at least \$550.⁰⁰ per year, you would probably wind up being badly victimized by one or another of the "bottom-feeders" who abounded in the slums, and yet, for the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, [Abba Alcott](#)'s income varied, usually somewhere between \$0.05 to \$1.00 per day while [Bronson Alcott](#) brought in hardly anything at all, perhaps a dollar very occasionally.⁴⁷ Meanwhile, however, Abba was organizing a petition that women should be allowed to vote on proposed amendments to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that were to be offered at the forthcoming Massachusetts State Constitutional Convention. According to Harriet Robinson's MASSACHUSETTS IN THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT,⁴⁸ this petition was signed not only by persons such as A. Bronson Alcott but also by the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#), the [Reverend Theodore Parker](#), [Samuel Eliot Sewall](#), [William Lloyd Garrison](#), [Lucy Stone](#), [Wendell Phillips](#), and the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#). The motion to allow women to vote on these proposed amendments to the state constitution, however, failed badly, 14 male delegates for to 108 male delegates against.

47. According to Leone Levi's WAGES AND EARNINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES - REPORT TO SIR ARTHUR BASS (London: John Murray, 1885), the population of England was at this point divided into a laboring class of 19,300,000 persons, a lower middle class of 6,900,000, and an upper class of 1,500,000 "taxpayers" (we don't know what tax is referred to here). In the laboring classes, spinners (in cotton factories) earned about £1 a week, which amounted to perhaps £50 a year. Skilled labourers were lucky to earn more than £1.25 a week, say £65 a year. Agricultural workers earned around half these amounts, though they usually received in addition their accommodation and some food. The average sort of earnings in 1851 for the English laboring class was £52 a year, and for the lower middle class £80 per year. To receive such wages people often worked 60 hours a week or more. The lower middle class were people like teachers who earned between £75 and £100 a year. What were regarded as "the middle classes" had family incomes of between £150 and £500 per annum -- there were just over 90,000 English households in that category. What were considered "the higher middles classes" had incomes between £500 and £3000, and in this category were situated 18,300 families. The "higher class" English, of which there were 1,889, had annual incomes of between £3000 and £50,000. (In GREAT EXPECTATIONS, therefore, Pip, since he had acquired a newfound income of £500 a year, was being described by Charles Dickens as having been propelled straight up all the way from having been the apprentice to a blacksmith, lowest of the low, into the higher end of the middle classes — with an income approximately one order of magnitude greater than Joe the blacksmith's accompanied by no responsibilities whatever.)

48. Boston: Roberts, 1881, page 91



1850-1851

1850-1851



Fall [1850](#): The [Hutchinson Family Singers](#) started on what was to be their grandest tour yet. But [Judson Hutchinson](#)'s behavior became quite erratic, finally bringing the westward trip to an early close. Judson's mental illness became a matter of public discussion. It was at this time that [Abby Hutchinson](#) retired from her career as a touring musician. "Gifted, earnest, noble, true, with a magnificent voice, the light of our lives, the joy of our hearts, does any one wonder that it was a crushing blow to her brothers—a life-long sorrow— when one who did so much to make the family's work successful was compelled by her devotion to the man to whom she had given her heart to withdraw from it?" That was the official explanation of Abby's retirement, as recorded by [John W. Hutchinson](#); but available evidence leads to a conclusion that her chronic poor health was likely the main consideration. A few weeks later, Jesse wrote the lyrics for a reform anthem that would remain in the family's repertoire into the 20th Century. Like many of the Hutchinsons' best originals, "Right Over Wrong" wed [Jesse Hutchinson](#)'s verses to Judson's music.

Behold the day of promise comes, Full of inspiration:
The blessed day by prophets sung For the healing of the nation.
Old midnight errors flee away, They soon will all be gone,
While heavenly angels seem to say The good time's coming on.
The good time, the good time, The good time's coming on,
The good time, the good time, The good time's coming on.

[Jesse Hutchinson](#) had gone spiritualist. [Asa Hutchinson](#) and [John W. Hutchinson](#) were so fearful that this preoccupation of Jesse's would destabilize [Judson Hutchinson](#)'s precarious mental condition, which, although it once had contributed to the whimsical, eccentric charm of his comic and musical work, had led to troubling behavior, that they discontinued Jesse as their business agent. Jesse therefore went to [California](#) with another touring musical group — and would die of Panama fever on the way back home.

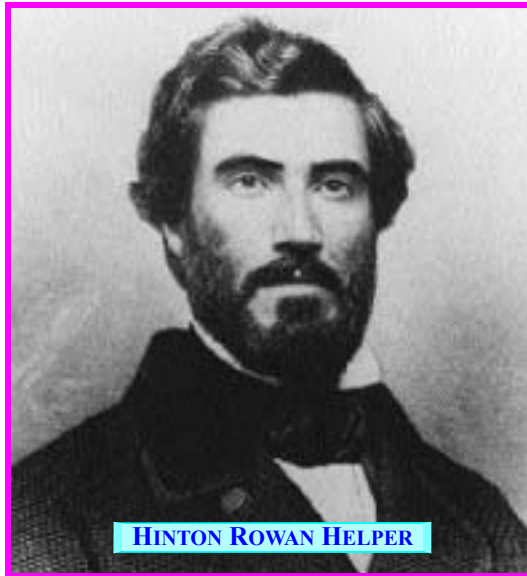
This musical family's main thing had always been temperance and, in general, faith-inspired moral reform, the ultimate PC causes with which there could be no disagreement, but their following had begun to include so many abolitionists, and they were being asked for "Get Off the Track!" so very often, that Asa became adamant that they were going to sing antislavery before any and all audiences, friendly or hostile, come what may — and once they started singing against slavery and discovered both that they could get away with this and that this was profitable to them, other crusades began to come to their attention as well. They would use their talent and fame to promote, among many causes, woman suffrage and even the Abraham Lincoln presidential campaign.

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→ Fall [1850](#): When [Hinton Rowan Helper](#)'s former employer came to visit him in [New-York](#), the young man confessed to a guilty conscience and blurted out that for a number of years during his apprenticeship he had been pilfering small amounts. He had, however, he said, kept a meticulous record, and offered this man a personal signed IOU for \$300 in return for a pledge of permanent secrecy as to his previous indiscretion and turpitude. (In 1857, angered and threatened of course by Helper's published political attitudes, this former employer would reveal the existence of this IOU and the circumstances of its origin, so that Helper could ever-so-conveniently be condemned by Southern politicians as a mere thief.)



→ Fall [1850](#): Native Americans camped along the Concord River, and [Henry Thoreau](#) made notes on materials and techniques.⁴⁹

SEPTEMBER 1850

→ September [1850](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

→ September [1850](#): 12th issue of the [Massachusetts Quarterly Review](#):

- Senatorial Opinions on the Right of Petition.
- NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION DURING THE YEARS 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, *under the Command of [Charles Wilkes](#), U.S.N. Geology. By JAMES D. DANA, A.M., Geologist of the Expedition, &c., &c., &c., with a Folio Atlas of twenty-one Plates.* New York, &c. 1849. Fol.


49. So what band would this have been, of what tribe, and where were they based? (Subsequent to the Vietnam-style "free fire zone" ordinance of 1675, and subsequent to their release from the Deer Island and Clarke's Island concentration camps in Boston harbor in 1676, Native Americans, alone or in groups, had not been at liberty to just wander around anywhere in New England they pleased — even if they were descendants of the Reverend [John Eliot](#)'s "Praying Indians," longtime converts to Christianity.)

1850-1851

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- [THE SCARLET LETTER — A ROMANCE](#). By [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#). Boston. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1850.
- American and Alpine Botany compared.
LAKE SUPERIOR: ITS PHYSICAL CHARACTER, VEGETATION, AND ANIMALS, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER AND SIMILAR REGIONS, WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE TOUR, by J. ELIOT CABOT, and Contributions by other scientific gentlemen. Elegantly illustrated. By [Louis Agassiz](#), &c., &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1850.
- Different Christologies of the New Testament: *Some Thoughts on the Different Opinions in the New Testament relative to the Personality of Jesus.*
- Short Reviews and Notices.
Biblica Hebraica ad optimas Editiones imprimis Evarardi van Der Hooght accurate recensa et expressa. Curavit Argumentique Notationem et Indices nec non Clavim masorethicam addidit. CAR. GODOFR. GUILIEMUS THEILE, PROF. LIPSIENSIS. Editio stereotypa. Lips. 1849. 8vo. pp. XX. and 1236.
- The Editor's Farewell to the Readers.
- List of New Publications Received.

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 September [1850](#): [Jenny Lind](#) was given a private pretty-girl tour of the [Harvard Observatory](#) and was lucky enough to glimpse a “fireball.”




SKY EVENT

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The first “Directory” of the city was published this month by Charles P. Kimball. It was a duodecimo pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-six pages, and contained about twenty-five hundred names.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 September [1850](#): [Austin Dickinson](#) left Amherst, Massachusetts to begin teaching school in Sunderland.

The initial swampland recovery act of 1849 had “benefited” only Louisiana. At this point, therefore, this misguided agrarian endeavor (read “pork barrel”) was extended by our federal congress to include 15 other states.

SWAMP



1850-1851



"In our efforts to cushion ourselves against smaller, more frequent climate stresses, we have consistently made ourselves more vulnerable to rare but larger catastrophes. The whole course of civilisation ... may be seen as a process of trading up on the scale of vulnerability."

— Brian Fagan,
THE LONG SUMMER: HOW CLIMATE CHANGED
CIVILISATION. Granta, 2004

1850-1851





1850-1851

1850-1851



September 1850: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) came to [Manhattan Island](#) for the funeral of his friend Avezzana's wife.

According to pages 114-16 of [Larry J. Reynolds](#)'s influence study EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS AND THE AMERICAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE (New Haven CT: Yale UP, 1988), [Herman Melville](#) would base his characterization of Captain Ahab largely upon [Thomas Carlyle](#)'s and [Waldo Emerson](#)'s analyses of [Napoleon Bonaparte](#):

Nevertheless, for many of the details of Ahab's character, especially those that distinguish him from traditional tragic heroes and make him a modern (that is, a nineteenth-century) protagonist, [Herman Melville](#) I think drew upon a particular account of Napoleon, that of [Waldo Emerson](#) in "REPRESENTATIVE MAN," a book Melville probably read in [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s small sitting room during a September morning in 1850. Emerson, fascinated in spite of himself by Napoleon, describes him as a representative of the "class of industry and skill," someone able to "carry with him the power and affections of vast numbers," because "the people whom he sways are little Napoleons." Unlike the effete kings he defeated, Napoleon was, according to Emerson, "a worker in brass, in iron, in wood.... He knew the properties of gold and iron, of wheels and ships, of troops and diplomatists, and required that each should do after its kind." He "would not hear of materialism," however, and fondly indulged in abstract speculation, especially concerning religion and justice. Although Emerson attributes to [Napoleon Bonaparte](#) a deadly "absorbing egotism" and admits he has no scruples, he nevertheless defends him from the charge of cruelty, claiming he must not "be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel, - but woe to what thing or person stood in his way!... He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way." ...Some of [the characterization of the shaggy old whale hunter] resulted from another book Melville turned to in the summer of 1850, [Thomas Carlyle](#)'s HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP, which contained a treatment of Napoleon and the French Revolution that supplemented Emerson's chapter and showed Melville an intriguing way of perceiving and presenting political revolt as ontological heroics.

The 3d edition of [THE SCARLET LETTER](#), printed from stereotype plates which did not correct the errors of the 2d edition (again [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) had not bothered himself to read proof, and yet further errors had been introduced).



1850-1851

1850-1851



September 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed for a proposed new street near the Railroad Depot. Length 30" x Width 21". In 1844 when the railroad had been opened in Concord, he had been asked to suggest the route of a new street from the corner of Main and Sudbury Road to the Depot, and in fact he had drawn up several alternatives. The one chosen is the present Middle Street and required the moving of the [Concord Academy](#) Building from the spot where Academy Lane and Middle Street meet. This proposal is the present Middle Street from Academy Lane to Thoreau Lane. The old Concord Academy stood on the spot so it had to be moved to the south side of the new street. (The Academy building in which the Thoreau brothers had taught was made over into a double house for [Ellery Channing](#). The Concord Free Public Library has several preserved sketches for this area. One shows the land of Wetherbee on Belknap Street which became the property on which the old Davis Store from Main Street came to rest, and was occupied by William Barrett from 1859 to 1898.)



View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/24b.htm

[Channing](#) wrote in a letter complaining about [Waldo Emerson](#): "a terrible man to deal with — one has to be armed at all points. He threshes you out very soon; is admirably skillful, able to go anywhere and do anything. Those nearest to him feel him hard and cold; no one knows even what he is doing or studying.... Nobody knows what his real philosophy is; his books do not tell it. I have known him for years intimately and have not found it out. Women do not like him: he cannot establish a personal relation with anyone, yet he can get on agreeably with everyone."



1850-1851

1850-1851

At some point during the month [Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:⁵⁰

Brad Dean's
Commentary

[Paragraph 52] A commerce that whitens every sea in quest of nuts and raisins, and makes slaves of its sailors for this purpose! I saw, the other day, a vessel which had been wrecked, and many lives lost, and her cargo of rags, juniper-berries, and bitter almonds were strewn along the shore. It seemed hardly worth the while to tempt the dangers of the sea between Leghorn and New York for the sake of a cargo of juniper-berries and bitter almonds. America sending to the Old World for her bitters! Is not the sea-brine, is not shipwreck, bitter enough to make the cup of life go down here? Yet such, to a great extent, is our boasted commerce; and there are those who style themselves statesmen and philosophers who are so blind as to think that progress and civilization depend on precisely this kind of interchange and activity,—the activity of flies about a molasses-hogshead. Very well, observes one, if men were oysters. And very well, answer I, if men

In [Godey's Lady's Book](#), Henry T. Tuckerman characterized [Alexander von Humboldt](#) as "the Napoleon of science." This title, although apparently innocuous, would soon be combined with our iniquitous lust for the conquest of nature, so that Humboldt would soon be being worshipped, and eventually would find himself condemned, as something he had simply not been: an exploiter. Professor [Laura Dassow Walls](#) points out that during Humboldt's old age while "his voice was aging and distant," his legacy would be seized upon by positivists such as [Louis Agassiz](#) even though he "could and did protest with every means at this disposal." His name became synonymous with empire and with the exploitation of nature, while native American

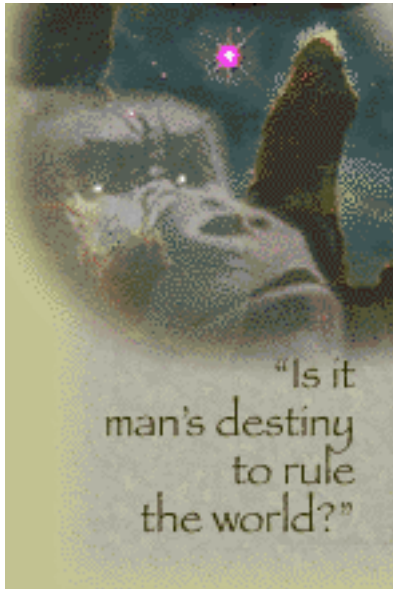
50. Thoreau was referring to his experience at Fire Island in late July 1850. The American bark *Elizabeth*, with [Margaret Fuller Ossoli](#), her husband, and their son aboard, had sailed from Italy on May 17, 1850, bound for New-York, but wrecked on the coast of Fire Island on July 19th. Thoreau was dispatched to the scene of the wreck to recover the bodies of the Ossolis and their belongings, and when he arrived he found the beach strewn with the unsalvageable portion of the cargo—heaps of rags, juniper-berries, and bitter almonds (see Kenneth Walter Cameron, "Thoreau's Notes on the Shipwreck at Fire Island," [Emerson Society Quarterly](#) 52 [3d Quarter 1968]: 97-99; and Paula Blanchard, *MARGARET FULLER: FROM TRANSCENDENTALISM TO REVOLUTION* [NY: Delacorte Press, 1978], pages 329-37).

1850-1851

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populations were being removed and ecological communities disrupted in the name of our Manifest Destiny.

How ironic it is today that current approaches to science, which stress the role our own knowledge plays as part of the world we seek to understand, have lost sight of Humboldt's work. Today, Humboldtian concepts like plant communities, isotherms, and magnetic storms are routine, the "ecology of ideas" is an exciting new concept — and Alexander von Humboldt's once-glorious name has long since



➡ September 1, Sunday, 1850: From occasional notes in the record that mention destruction of records as an option, we may infer that a certain amount of record burning was going on in the processing of [Margaret Fuller](#) materials. For instance, [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote in a letter of this date that "Ellery, yesterday, brought me all my letters to Margaret; and said, that he had sent Sam. G. Ward his; & will tomorrow send to you the package of letters & Journals which Margaret rolled up & marked with your name — in the inscription leaving you some option to save or burn. I hope you will let the burning be as figurative as, the commentators say, the sacrificing was by Jephthah of his daughter." Similarly, in a letter of November 1850 he would write, "I had large & vague expectation of what amount of manuscript you would send, & perhaps had some disappointment in the actual reading. — I had hoped from what Ellery said, there were two or three Journals, & that you would not burn them." Similarly, he would open an 1852 letter to Sturgis with "When have I breathed a word concerning old papers of mine? Burn them when you will. Or they may come as you propose to my fire. Certainly one would not in these autographic days be glad to find them in young gentlemen's albums." Clearly, in such a context, destruction of records was one of the options always under consideration, so we are never entitled to presume that we have an intact record rather than a record from which any elements considered unsavory have been most carefully expunged.



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[Emerson](#) to his journal:

Yesterday took that secluded Marlboro road with W.E.C. [[Ellery Channing](#)] in a wagon. Every rock was painted "Marlboro." & we proposed to take the longest day in the year, & ride to Marlboro, that flying Italy. We went to Willis's Pond in Sudbury & paddled across it, & took a swim in its water, coloured like sugarbaker's molasses. Nature, E. thought, is less interesting. Yesterday Thoreau told me it was more so, & persons less. I think it must always combine with man. Life is ecstatical, & we radiate joy & honour & gloom on the days & landscapes we converse with. But I must remember a real or imagined period in my youth, when they who spoke to me of nature, were religious, & made it so, & made it deep: now it is to the young sentimentalists frippery; & a milliner's shop has as much reason & worth.



When the Beatles would arrive at Kennedy Airport in 1964 they would be greeted there by more than 3,000 adoring fans, but when the steamer conveying [Jenny Lind](#) arrived at the Canal Street pier on this day to be paid \$1,000 per performance by Phineas Taylor Barnum (and to donate most of this money to her favorite local charities), with her initial performance scheduled to be at nearby Castle Garden at the tip of Manhattan Island, she had been greeted on this day by a crowd of 30,000. Excluding the charity concerts, Jenny would perform 95 times in America before she completed her contract with Barnum during June 1851, and generate receipts exceeding \$700,000. She would conclude at Castle Garden again, on May 24th, 1852, offering a farewell concert before embarking for Europe.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Mr Tod & Brians Express arived Yesterday but no letters.

On Monday the Stars and Stripes were floating in the Breeze half Mast having just recived the News of Gen or President Taylor's Death. This news was very Suden and unexpected, how true the poet, The tall the Wise the reverned head, Shall lie as low as ours.

Received a note on friday from Friend Atwood.



Sept. 1st can rarely find many— They have a more transparent look—large blue long stemmed dangling—fruit of the swamp concealed.

I detect the pennyroyal which my feet have bruised.

Butter & eggs still hold out to bloom

I notice that cows never walk abreast but in single file commonly making a narrow cow path—or the herd walks in an irregular & loose wedge. They retain still the habits of all the deer tribe acquired when the earth was all covered with forest—of travelling from necessity in narrow paths in the woods At sundown a herd of cows returning homeward from pasture over a sandy tract pause to paw the sand and challenge the representatives of another field raising a cloud of dust between the beholder



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& the setting sun. & then the herd boys rush to mingle in the foray & separate the combatants two cows with horns interlocked the one pushing the other down the bank.
My grandmother called her cow home at night from the pasture over the hill by thumping on a mortar out of which the cow was accustomed to eat salt.
At Nagog I saw a hundred bushels of huckleberries in one field.



September 2, Sunday, 1850: The Diet of the [German Confederation](#) met for the 1st time since July 1848.

[Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s letter explaining his ill health and expressing a desire that no fuss be made about his arrival in America appeared in Turin, [Italy](#)'s [Concordia](#).

A violent storm began in the western part of Pennsylvania and New York, in which there would be much damage due to freshets, and in which lives would be lost.

The Schumanns reached Düsseldorf from Dresden and were greeted by a welcoming committee headed by Ferdinand Hiller. They were serenaded by the local choral society and found their hotel rooms filled with flowers.



September 2: The Roman Wormwood –Pig Weed– a stout coarse red-topped? weed *Amaranthus Hybridus*–(& spotted *Polygonum*) These are the lusty growing plants now Sept 2nd. Tall slender minute white flowered weed in gardens Annual Flea Bane *Erigeron Canadense*
One of my neighbors of whom I borrowed a horse-cart and harness today which cart was in a singularly dilapidated condition considering that he is a wealthy farmer – half suspected that I would make a book about it

As I was stalking over the surface of this planet in the dark tonight – I started a plover resting on the ground & heard him go off with whistling wings.

HISTORY OF RR

My friends wonder that I love to walk alone in solitary fields & woods by night. Sometimes in my loneliest & wildest midnight walk I hear the sound of the whistle & the rattle of the cars. where perchance some of those very friends are being whirled by night over as they think a well known safe & public road I see that men do not make or choose their own paths whether they are railroads or trackless through the wilds – but what the powers permit each one enjoys. My walk has the same sanction that the Fitchburg rail-road has. If they have a charter from Massachusetts – and what is of much more importance from Heaven to travel the course and in the fashion they do – I have a charter though it be from Heaven alone to travel the course I do. It is by the grace of God in both cases.


Now about the 1st of Sept. You will see flocks of small birds forming compact and distinct masses – as if they were not only animated by one spirit but actually held together by some invisible fluid or film – and will hear the sound of their wings rippling or fanning the air as they flow through it, flying, the whole mass, ricochet like a single bird – or as they flow over the fence Their mind must operate faster than man's in proportion as their bodies do. —

THOREAU AS
ORNITHOLOGIST



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 September 3, Monday, 1850: The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* published the initial of two installments of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* by Richard Wagner, published anonymously under the name “K. Freigedank” (meaning “free thought”). The purpose of this was to describe the situation in music to real Germans, which is to say, righteous Germans, Germans who were not tainted with Jewishness:

... explain to ourselves the involuntary repulsion possessed for us by the nature and personality of the Jews, so as to vindicate that instinctive dislike which we plainly recognize as stronger and more overpowering than our conscious zeal to rid ourselves thereof.


ANTISEMITISM

In St. Petersburg to be enrolled in the School of Jurisprudence, Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky was taken by his mother to see a performance of *A Life for the Tsar* by Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. This would have a lasting effect on his life and work.

The 12th anniversary of Frederick Douglass's freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate in lieu of an **unknown slave birthday**.



“It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday.”

 September 4, Tuesday, 1850: When Marshal Julius Jakob Freiherr von Haynau, variously known as the “Hyena of Brescia,” the “Hangman of Arad,” and the “Habsburg Tiger,” who had commanded the Austrian forces in the Hungarian War, visited the brewery of Messers. Barclay & Perkins, London, he was attacked by a mob composed of workmen inside the establishment, and draymen and coalheavers outside, who heaved chunks of mud and street shit at him. He was severely maltreated and barely escaped down the Borough High Street with his life (on April 16th, 1864 Giuseppe Garibaldi would insist on visiting this brewery, to thank these workers). The police helped the Hyena of Brescia make his way to Somerset-House amidst the execrations of the common folk.

The Emperor Dom Pedro II the Magnanimous had threatened to abdicate unless the General Assembly of Brazil declared the Atlantic slave trade illegal, and on this day in response an *Eusébio de Queirós* Law was enacted providing the government broad authority to move to eliminate further importation of slaves. This popular Emperor really knew how to lead a nation, and this threat to abdicate had been as effective as a Gandhi fast! At the beginning of the 1850s Brazil was enjoying internal stability and economic prosperity and was being interconnected through railroad, electric telegraph, and steamship lines, for the 1st time uniting it as a single entity, under the prime ministry of Viscount Honório Hermeto Carneiro Leão while the Emperor

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was sponsoring a program of *conciliação* (conciliation) and *melhoramentos* (material developments). The opinion being shared around the world was that the nation's accomplishments were becoming possible due to this man's personal character. The Emperor's more notable political successes were achieved primarily because of the non-confrontational and cooperative manner with which he approached issues and the partisan figures with whom he needed to deal, seldom taking offense at criticism, opposition, or incompetence. Many of the nation's politicians had survived through the regency period, when an absence of effective leadership had led to years of strife between political factions, and they had become convinced that this personality was "indispensable to Brazil's continued peace and prosperity."

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

[Charles Darwin](#) commented on [Louis Agassiz](#)'s pseudoscientific political agenda, in a private letter to the Reverend William Darwin Fox (1805-1880), his 2d cousin and a former classmate at Cambridge College:

I wonder whether the queries addressed to me about the specific distinctions of the races of man are a reflexion from Agassiz's Lectures in the U.S. in which he has been maintaining the doctrine of several species, -much, I daresay, to the comfort of the slave-holding Southerners.-

 September 5, Wednesday, [1850](#): By a vote of 107 yeas over 99 nays, the [Texas](#) Boundary Bill was refused a 3d reading in the US House of Representatives.

 September 6, Thursday, [1850](#): The US House of Representatives passed a Texas Boundary and Territorial Government for New Mexico bill by a vote of 107 yeas over 56 nays.

In [South Kingstown, Rhode Island](#), "The [potato](#) rot is making great havoc here."

IRISH POTATO FAMINE




Sept. 6: What a generation this is! It carries some brains in its hat with a couple of spare cigars on top of them- It carries a heart in its breast and a lozenge in its waistcoat pocket
 John Garfield brought me this morning (Sep. 6th) a Young Great Heron Ardea Herodias which he shot this morning on a pine tree on the North branch- It measured 4 ft 9 inches from bill to toe-& 6 ft in alar extent-and belongs to a different race from myself and Mr Frost. I am glad to recognize him for an American citizen.
 In the twilight when you can only see the outlines of the trees in the horizon-the Elm tops indicate where the houses are. I have looked afar over fields and even over distant woods and seen the conspicuous graceful sheaflike top (head) of an elm which shadowed some farm-house. From the N W? part of Sudbury you can see an elm on the Boston road-on the hill top in the horizon in Wayland 5 or 6? miles distant. The elm is a tree which can be distinguished farther off perhaps than any other. The wheel wright still makes his hubs of it-his spokes of white oak his felleys of yellow oak which does not crack on the corners.- In England 'tis said they use the ash for felleys.



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 September 7, Friday, [1850](#): An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 7

The federal House of Representatives voted 150 over 56, to admit [California](#) as a state, and voted 97 over 88 to admit Utah as a territory. However, the Wilmot Proviso, when offered as an amendment, failed by 78 over 69.

Robert Schuman was celebrated with a concert 5 days after his arrival in Düsseldorf — the concert consisted entirely of his own works.

 September 8, Saturday, [1850](#): [Stephen Collins Foster](#) and [Jane Foster](#) returned from their honeymoon and settled into the Foster family home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

[James Bonniwell](#) and some of his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they have arrived and were struggling in the [California](#) gold field:

Sunday Sep 8

I shall now pass over from the 11 of August to September 8 and state some of the particulars during that time, as it has been difficult for me to keep a daily journal. We came in to Hangtown and we did not find things so favorable as we expected. Here was a great many people and it is a place of great business. There is diggings, but it is hard to get a place to dig, as the diggings is all taken up and it is hard to get a days work. William has gone down to see P.M. Johnson. I have been whiling about several days and can't get anything to do. Me and Thomas Mun and Charles started for Sacramento. When we went downtown, Charles got a job and then we declined going. I met in with a man and he hired me to go to the American river to butcher for him. He was to give me 4 dollars per day and board. I worked for him 2 days and he could not find sale for his meat and so give it up. I then went with Mr. Twenteman[?], one of our company, and bought a whipsaw, and was going to saw lumber, and he backed out and I got the man to take the saw back again. Lumber was selling at 30 cents per foot, then me and another man went and bought a new set of mining tools. Cost us 42 dollars and went to mining. The first day, we took off the surface and did not realize anything the next day. We got 9 dollar, and the next day we got 25 dollars, and Mr. Johnson came and I had to sell my share of the tools and go with him. Lost 6 dollars and a weeks' provision. I think that it was a good strike that we made during my stay at this place. I was troubled with the dysentery. It is a very prevailing disorder here. Me and the rest of the men started and walked 160 miles through a pleasant country and saw a great many diggings, and 1 or 2 quite flourishing villages and a great many people of different nations. We arrived in 7 days and found them all well. Alfred Hanery and William was working on the bar. My feet got blistered very bad. Not well yet. I went



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in with a man to mine and worked part of the day and made 4 dollars, and then we had to leave as they said we was on the river the next day. I went to work for William and Johnson on the bar. I am quite glad I have not to travel any more, yet I have to pay William and Johnson 400 dollars for my time. I think I shall like it very well. I am fattening up every day and I think that there is a prospect of doing well here. I went to hear a sermon today. I felt quite at home.



September 9, Sunday, 1850: The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* published the 2d of the two installments of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* prepared anonymously by [Richard Wagner](#).

ANTISEMITISM

The “Compromise of 1850” legislation was enacted in the United States federal Congress. California was admitted as the 31st state, and as a free state; Utah and New Mexico were created territories without a decision on slavery. Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia (which of course did not mandate that any of the slaves there become free). The idea of allowing a fugitive slave to have a trial by jury was no longer to be tolerated. The compromise was endorsed by the [Reverend Professor Francis Bowen](#).

[Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) generated enormous publicity for [Jenny Lind](#)’s tour by auctioning off the best seats to her initial concert at [Castle Garden](#) in New-York. The [Herald](#) had it that:

The report of the auction on Saturday of tickets to Jenny Lind’s first concert, published in yesterday’s Herald, has excited a good deal of interest in the city and the auction is the subject of conversation everywhere, particularly in reference to the first ticket, purchased by Genin, the hatter, whose establishment is next door to Barnum’s Museum, in Broadway. Some say it is a juggle and that there has been an understanding between him and Barnum. But that does not account for the “bids” made by five others, who all seemed anxious to get it. There is a better solution of the mystery than to charge it to Peter Funk. It was not that the first choice was one iota better than the second, which sold for twenty five dollars, or than another, which long afterwards was purchased adjoining the two hundred and twenty five dollar seats, for ten dollars, for, in point of fact, the seat selected by Mr. Genin, right under where Jenny Lind will stand when she sings, is by no means the best seat, and the choice shows that Mr. Genin is a far greater adept in hat-making than in music; and we may add that but very few showed a good judgment in the selection of the choice seats for which they paid so high, the best seats being yet to be sold. But Genin would not, probably, give three dollars even for a seat on the stage to hear the Nightingale sing, if he had not some other object in view than the pleasure it would give him. We will be asked what can that object be? We answer – Genin has found out a secret by which a few men in this city have realized large fortunes. He has begun to study the philosophy of advertising, and being an enterprising fellow, he calculated that he would test the truth of the philosophy by a practical application, and resolved to give five hundred dollars for the choice seat in the whole house to Jenny Lind’s first concert, rather than lose so fine a chance of advancing his interests. One gentleman asked him why he gave so much for a ticket, and if he was not a fool for doing so? “No,” said he, “I will make it pay.” Another came

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up, immediately after the sale, and offered him \$50 premium on it if he would transfer it, and allow his name to go forth to the public as the purchaser. Genin said he would not give it for \$500. We have the secret of the value of the ticket, in the fact of the kind of men who were his chief competitors for it. They were three patent medicine doctors, who have made fortunes by advertising, and regarded this as a trump card, knowing that the name of Jenny Lind would attract attention all over the country, and that their advertisements, being connected therewith, would be sure to be read. Genin calculated that this auction would be attended by a reporter from the Herald, and that if he bought the first choice ticket, his name and establishment would be recorded, and would come before a hundred times as many readers as it could by any other means. We understand he is about to follow up this idea on the night of the concert, and that he will sit in the front of the audience with an immense hat suspended over his head. Truly it is a Yankee notion. The ticket is worth \$1000 to him. We think we have now explained the secret of Genin's determination to have the first ticket. But why did the people cheer him so vehemently? For two reasons. First, for his ingenuity in advertising, by paying for a ticket to a concert, a sum that was never paid before, even in England; and secondly, because the first choice was taken from the upper ten by a tradesman. And here was a capital idea of Barnum's for putting the people against the aristocracy in a rivalry of dollars. He is a brick in his way and deserves to make money.

The federal legislature enacted the payment of "creditors of the late Republic of Texas." Speculators who had bought up huge amounts of Republic-of-Texas notes bribed certain legislators to vote against this payment initially (in order to scare out the weaker holders of the notes so they would not profit), and then to subsequently vote for this payment. By knowing how the corrupt deal was going to go down, these insiders would gain enormously. One of those who profited from this insider trading was [Francis Joseph Grund](#), who as a Washington DC insider had gotten wind of this corruption in time to get aboard for the ultimate payoff.

A compromise enabled California to enter the Union as our 31st state with [slavery](#) forbidden, by making Utah and New Mexico territories without any decision pro or con as to slavery.

"It is simply crazy that there should ever have come into being a world with such a sin in it, in which a man is set apart because of his color – the superficial fact about a human being. Who could **want** such a world? For an American fighting for his love of country, that the last hope of earth should from its beginning have swallowed [slavery](#), is an irony so withering, a justice so intimate in its rebuke of pride, as to measure only with God."

– [Stanley Cavell](#), MUST WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY?
1976, page 141



September 9. There is a little grove in a swampy place in Conantum where some rare things grow –several Bass trees –two kinds of ash –Sassafras –Maidenhair fern –the white-berried plant – ivory? –&c &c and the Sweet viburnum? in the hedge nearby.
This will be called the wet year of 1850 The river is as high now Sep. 9th as in the spring– And

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hence the prospects and the reflections seen from the village are something novel.
Roman wormwood, Pigweed Amaranth, Polygonum and one or two coarse kinds of grass reign now in the cultivated fields

Though the potatoes have man with all his implements on their side, these rowdy & rampant weeds completely bury them between the last hoeing & the digging.— The potatoes hardly succeed with the utmost care. These weeds only ask to be let alone a little while. I judge that they have not got the rot. I sympathize with all this luxuriant growth of weeds such is the year. The weeds grow as if in sport & frolic

You might say Green as Green briar

I do not know whether the practice of putting Indigo Weed about horses' tackling to keep off flies is well founded but I hope it is, for I have been pleased to notice that wherever I have occasion to tie a horse I am sure to find Indigo weed not far off – and therefore this which is so universally dispersed would be the fittest weed for this purpose.

The thistle is now in bloom –which every child is eager to clutch once –just a child's handful.

–I sympathize with the berries now *{MS torn}* found anybody. *{Four-fifths page missing}*

The Prunella – Self-heal Small purplish flowered plant of low grounds

Fragrant Life Everlasting.

{Four-fifths page missing} street & the village & the state in which he lived A voice seemed to say to him Why do you stay here and live this mean dusty moiling life when a worthy & glorious existence is possible for you?" But how to come out of this and actually migrate thither– All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity. To let his mind descend into his body & redeem it. To treat himself with ever increasing respect. He had been abusing himself– Those same stars twinkle over other fields than this

CHARLES DUNBAR

Charles grew up to be a remarkably eccentric man He was of large frame athletic and celebrated for his feats of strength. His lungs were proportionably strong– There was a man who heard him named once, and asked it was the same Charles Dunbar – whom he remembered when he was a little boy to have heard hail a vessel from the shore of maine as she was sailing by. He should never forget that man's name.

It was well grassed and delicate flowers grew in the middle of the road–

I saw a delicate flower had grown up 2 feet high
Between the horse's path & the wheel track
Which Dakin's & Maynard's wagons had

Passed over many a time

An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate.
Or an inch higher. And yet it lived & flourished
As much as if it had a thousand acres
of untrodden space around it –and never
knew the danger it incurred.

It did not borrow trouble nor invite an
Evil fate by apprehending it.

For though the distant market wagon

Every other day – inevitably rolled

This way – it just as inevitably rolled

In those ruts– And the same

Charioteer who steered the flower

Upward – guided the horse & cart aside from it.

There were other flowers which you would say

Incurred less danger grew more out of the way

Which no cart rattled near no walker daily passed

But at length one rambling deviously

For no rut restrained plucked them

And then it appeared that they stood

directly in his way though he had come

from farther than the market wagon–

MOSES MAYNARD



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And then it appeared that this brave flower – which grew between the wheel & horse – did actually stand farther out of the way than that which stood in the wide prairie where the man of science plucked it.

To day I climbed a handsome rounded hill

Covered with hickory trees wishing to see

The country from its top – for low hills

show unexpected prospects– I looked

many miles over a woody low-land

Toward Marlborough Framingham & Sudbury

And as I sat amid the hickory trees

and the young sumacks enjoying the prospect– A neat herd of cows approached – of unusually fair proportions and smooth clean skins, evidently petted by their owner – who had carefully selected them– One more confiding heifer the fairest of the herd did by degrees approach as if to take some morsel from our hands – while our hearts leaped to our mouths with expectation & delight

She by degrees drew near with her fair limbs progressive making pretence of browsing – nearer & nearer till there was wafted toward us the cowy fragrance cream of all the daries, that ever were or will be

– and then she raised her gentle muzzle toward us – and snuffed an honest recognition within hand's reach– I saw 'twas possible for his herd to inspire with love the herdsman. She was as delicately

featured as a hind– Her hide was mingled white and fawn color – and on her muzzles tip there was a white spot not bigger than a daisy

And on her side toward me the map of Asia plain to see. Farewell Dear Heifer though thou forgettest me, my prayer to Heaven shall be that thou may'st not

forget thyself. There was a whole bucolic in her snuff I saw her name was sumack– And by the kindred spots I knew her mother More sedate & matronly – with full grown bag – and on her sides

was Asia great & small– The plains of Tartary even to the pole – while on her daughter it was Asia Minor.– She not disposed to wanton with the herdsman. And as I walked she followed me & took

an apple from my hand and seemed to care more for the hand than apple. So innocent a face as I have rarely seen on any creature

And I have looked in face of many heifers And as she took the apple from my hand I caught the apple from her eye. She smelled as sweet as the clethra blossom. There

was no sinister expression And for horns though she had them they were so well disposed in the right place bent neither up nor down I do not now remember she had any – no horn was held toward


me–

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT IT IS MORTALS WHO CONSUME OUR HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS, FOR WHAT WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO DO IS EVADE THE RESTRICTIONS OF THE HUMAN LIFESPAN. (IMMORTALS, WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, TAKE NO HEED OF OUR STORIES.)



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 September 9, Sunday, 1850: A passenger train from Albany to Springfield had an accident near the Washington summit in which 3 passengers were instantly killed and several severely injured.

California became the 31st state of the United States of America.


The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

Having done all our business at this place in the way of Gold digging, We thought best to Set out in Search of Some place to Spend the winter. With this in view we Started on Mules about 11 O Clock A M on Friday for Mokolome Hill distant about 30 Miles, taking a N-W Cours. We arived on Saturday Morning having one night to Sleep on the road inconsequence of loosing the trail on friday afternoon, by going up the North Branch of the Calaveras Several Miles. But we percived our Mistake and turned about ariveing at right track by Sun down where we camped for the night beneath a large Oak and beside the beautiful Stream of water the North Branch from the Hill we decended the Mountains to the River (Mokolome) where we found our Friends Atwood, Small, Pane, and Wrightington very busily engaged in turning the Stream with a force consisting of 19 Men. We remain with them to day and expect to return tomorrow I am happy to Say that Our Brotheren have established religous Meetings here and I had the pleasure of hearing two exclent Sermons to day one by Brother Atwood, and another by One Mr Harris of Ten. There is a vast extent of Country here for opperation in the way of gold digging. But all the richest Gulches are dug out. But Still I think that Miners will do full as well here as at any of the digings this coming winter.

 September 10, Monday, 1850: When the new senators from California, Fremont and Gwinn, were accepted into the US federal senate, they needed to draw straws for which one would have the shorter term, which the longer: Fremont drew the short term expiring on March 3, 1851, Gwinn the long term continuing into 1855.

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 Mid-September 1850: For \$6,500.⁰⁰ (of which \$3,000.⁰⁰ was borrowed from father-in-law [Lemuel Shaw](#)) the [Melvilles](#) “bought the farm” near the summer residence of Doctor [Oliver Wendell Holmes](#) and near where the [Hawthornes](#) were living, something they would learn to regret and regret and regret, the farm being the 160-acre “[Arrowhead](#)” near [Mount Greylock](#) and North Adams, Massachusetts with the “Captain David Bush” house dating to 1780 constructed around one of those colonial massive central chimneys:

...a fine old farm-house -a mile from any other dwelling, and dipped to the eaves in foliage-surrounded by mountains, old woods, and Indian ponds....

(This was in the sticks, of course, but since they would accommodate a full staff of 3 household servants there, we shouldn't exactly get the impression that this middle-class family was exactly “roughing it.”)

The mountain known as *Greylock* is in the Berkshire Hills along the north-west border of Massachusetts, north of Pittsfield and in the vicinity of the town of North Adams. It is the highest point in the state. Its name is said to be derived from that of an early 18th-Century chief of the Waranokes.



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[Henry Thoreau](#)'s entry in his journal he would later copy into his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)” as:

**Brad Dean's
Commentary**

[Paragraph 51] Government and legislation! these I thought were respectable professions. We have heard of heaven-born Numas, Lycurguses, and Solons,¹ in the history of the world, whose **names** at least may stand for ideal legislators; but think of legislating to **regulate** the breeding of slaves, or the exportation of tobacco! What have divine legislators to do with the exportation or the importation of tobacco? what humane ones with the breeding of slaves? Suppose you were to submit the question to any son of God,—and has He no children in the nineteenth century?² is it a family which is extinct?— in what condition would you get it again? What shall a State like Virginia say for itself at the last day, in which these have been the principal, the staple productions? What ground is there for patriotism in such a State? I derive my facts from statistical tables which the Thoreau probably read about them in Plutarch, LIVES, translated by John and William Langhorne (New York: Samuel Campbell, 1822)

2. Acts 17:29 | Galatians 3:26 | 1 John 3:10 | Romans 8:16

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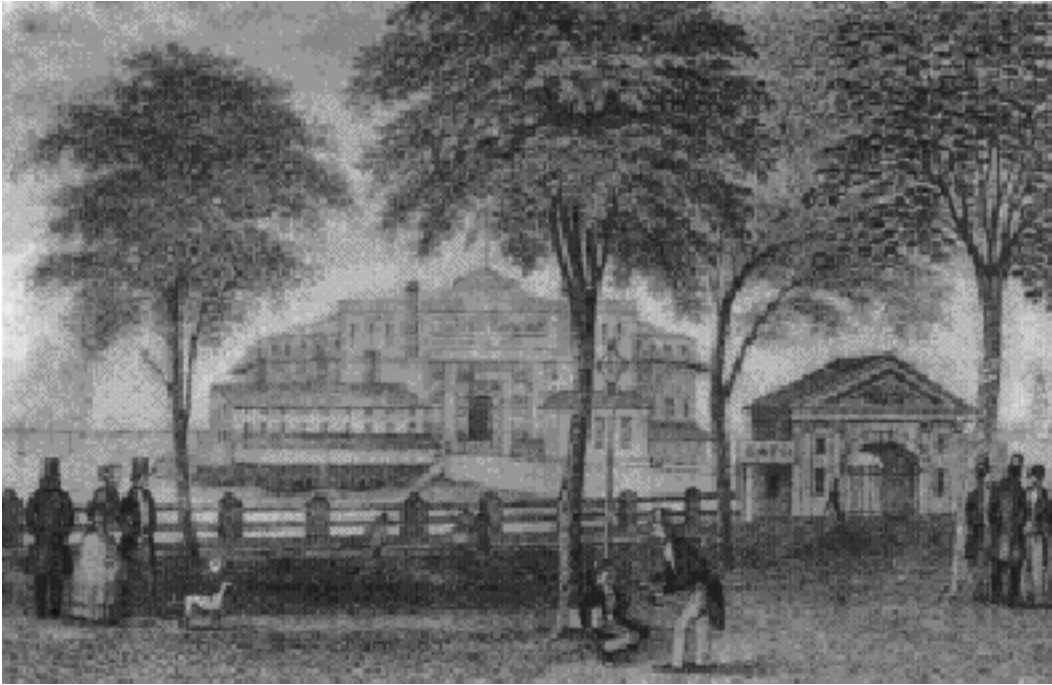
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September 11, Wednesday, 1850: In the federal House of Representatives the new members for [California](#), Edward Gilbert and George Washington Wright, were by a vote of 109 yeas over 59 nays allowed to take their oaths of office.

[Jenny Lind](#) began a series of 6 sold-out performances at the 6,000-seat [Castle Garden](#) municipal concert hall. "Welcome Sweet Warbler," the banner in the upper balcony proclaimed. The cheapest seat was \$3. The audience broke into a "tempest of cheers."



The Swedish nightingale was under the sponsorship of [Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) as she opened her American tour at this vast auditorium at the foot of Manhattan Island. The impresario, despite being a determined racist, showed up for the concert in the company of a touring delegation of tribesmen of the Crow nation, "a lazy,

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shiftless set of brutes, though they will draw.”⁵¹

“Specimen Days”

PLAYS AND OPERAS TOO

And certain actors and singers, had a good deal to do with the business. All through these years, off and on, I frequented the old Park, the Bowery, Broadway and Chatham-square theatres, and the Italian operas at Chambers-street, Astor-place or the Battery – many seasons was on the free list, writing for papers even as quite a youth. The old Park theatre – what names, reminiscences, the words bring back! Placide, Clarke, Mrs. Vernon, Fisher, Clara F., Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Seguin, Ellen Tree, Hackett, the younger Kean, Macready, Mrs. Richardson, Rice – singers, tragedians, comedians. What perfect acting! Henry Placide in “Napoleon’s Old Guard” or “Grandfather Whitehead,” – or “the Provoked Husband” of Cibber, with [Fanny Kemble Butler](#) as Lady Townley – or Sheridan Knowles in his own “*Virginius*” – or inimitable Power in “*Born to Good Luck*.” These, and many more, the years of youth and onward. Fanny Kemble – name to conjure up great mimic scenes withal – perhaps the greatest. I remember well her rendering of Bianca in “*Fazio*,” and Marianna in “*the Wife*.” Nothing finer did ever stage exhibit – the veterans of all nations said so, and my boyish heart and head felt it in every minute cell. The lady was just matured, strong, better than merely beautiful, born from the footlights, had had three years’ practice in London and through the British towns, and then she came to give America that young maturity and roseate power in all their noon, or rather forenoon, flush. It was my good luck to see her nearly every night she play’d at the old Park – certainly in all her principal characters.

I heard, these years, well render’d, all the Italian and other operas in vogue, “*Sonnambula*,” “*the Puritans*,” “*Der Freischutz*,” “*Huguenots*,” “*Fille d’Regiment*,” “*Faust*,” “*Etoile du Nord*,” “*Poliuto*,” and others. Verdi’s “*Ernani*,” “*Rigoletto*,” and “*Trovatore*,” with Donizetti’s “*Lucia*” or “*Favorita*” or “*Lucrezia*,” and Auber’s “*Massaniello*,” or Rossini’s “*William Tell*” and “*Gazza Ladra*,” were among my special enjoyments. I heard Alboni every time she sang in New York and vicinity – also Grisi, the tenor Mario, and the baritone Badioli, the finest in the world.

This musical passion follow’d my theatrical one. As boy or young man I had seen, (reading them carefully the day beforehand,) quite all Shakspeare’s acting dramas, play’d wonderfully well. Even yet I cannot conceive anything finer than old Booth in “*Richard Third*,” or “*Lear*,” (I don’t know which was best,) or Iago, (or Pescara, or Sir Giles Overreach, to go outside of Shakspeare) – or Tom Hamblin in “*Macbeth*” – or old Clarke, either as the ghost in “*Hamlet*,” or as Prospero in “*the Tempest*,” with Mrs. Austin as Ariel, and Peter Richings as Caliban. Then other dramas, and fine players in them, Forrest as [METAMORA](#) or Damon or Brutus – John R. Scott as Tom Cringle or Rolla – or Charlotte Cushman’s Lady Gay Spanker in “*London Assurance*.” Then of some years later, at Castle Garden, Battery, I yet recall the splendid seasons of the Havana musical troupe under Maretzek – the fine band, the cool sea-breezes, the unsurpass’d vocalism – Steffanone, Bosio, Truffi, Marini in “*Marino Faliero*,” “*Don Pasquale*,” or “*Favorita*.” No better playing or singing ever in New York. It was here too I afterward heard [Jenny Lind](#). (The Battery – its past associations – what tales those old trees and walks and sea-walls could tell!)

[Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) had had to provide [Jenny Lind](#), who was already a big deal as a singer in Europe, the sum of \$187,500.⁰⁰ up front (cash in advance), before she would consent to get on the boat for her American

51. Only later would this auditorium be converted into a huge immigration office, and then become dear to New Yorkers as “*The Aquarium*.”

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tour, and in the middle of the voyage she already felt like turning around and going back. Only the fact that she did not enjoy performing in the European operas, and the fact that she was on a passenger liner that would not turn back, had conveyed this temperamental musical prodigy to our shores even for this grand reward.⁵²



Wednesday sept 11th The river higher than I ever knew it at this season as high as in the spring.

...

Autumnal mornings, when the feet of countless sparrows █ are heard like rain-drops on the roof by the boy who sleeps in the garret.

Villages with a single long street lined with trees, so straight and wide that you can see a chicken run across it a mile off.




September 12, Thursday, 1850: Prince Scharzenberg sent a note to Lord Palmerston, demanding an investigation into the manner in which [Marshal Julius Jakob Freiherr von Haynau](#), variously known as the “Hyena of Brescia,” the “Hangman of Arad,” and the “Habsburg Tiger,” who had commanded the Austrian forces in the Hungarian War, had been abused at the brewery of Barclay & Perkins (this matter would not be satisfactorily resolved; a correspondence would ensue, which would be closed on November 27th by a note from Prince Schwartzenberg: “As the British government cannot decide upon adopting judicial measures on an attack which placed the life of an Austrian subject in danger, we reserve to ourselves the right to consider, in a similar case, whether we should not act reciprocally towards British subjects in Austria.”).

The federal Senate’s version of the Fugitive Slave Bill strengthening the early Act of 1793 by replacing state jurisdiction with federal jurisdiction was read twice in the federal House of Representatives, and then by a vote of 105 yeas over 73 nays it was read a 3d time: whereupon it passed by a vote of 109 yeas over 75 nays.

52. [Barnum](#) had had a really rough time coming up with this money but would –before his performer would dump him and go it alone– obtain \$700,000.⁰⁰ return on that investment.

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 September 13, Friday, 1850: The *Advance* and *Rescue*, American vessels in search of the [Sir John Franklin](#) party of lost explorers, were completely fastened in the ice.

"You shall not be overbold
When you deal with Arctic cold."

— [Waldo Emerson](#)




 September 14, Saturday, 1850: In a letter to E.B. Kietz, [Richard Wagner](#) first wrote of his idea for a festival theater built to his specifications.

An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 14

 September 15, Sunday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they have arrived and were struggling in the [California](#) gold field:

Sunday September 15

This last week, I have been working on the dam. I have had a looseness in my bowels, nothing to hurt. Fine weather, some clouds, first I have seen in 3 months. Alfred has a touch of dysentery. Little Bill also is recovering. Had to go to work on the dam this morning to stop a leak. Likewise, this evening, the men has gone to stop another leak. It blows hard tonight.



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The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

We returned from the Mokelome on Monday last Much fatigued by a long ride Since our return we have Made up our Minds to go to San Francisco. We will probably Set out for that place next week. Mr Brown `s Express (Successer to Elwood) arived on Thursday, no letters yet. Tod & Brion Express arived on Friday also, being the Second time this Month. I understand it is the intention of that firm to run hereafter twice a Month, Friend Green arived from the Mountains on tuesday without Success. He reports Deer very plenty. He and his party killing Six while gone. they Saw one Grizily Bear but there Being but two of the party near, thay passed without attacking the Monster. There has been quite a change in the weather this past week, we having one or two Slight Showers and a number of days, when the Sun was obscured by dark clouds, very Cool night etc.



Sept. 15: Yesterday Sep. 14 walked to White Pond in Stow on the Marlborough Road—having passed one pond called sometimes Pratt’s Pond sometimes Bottomless Pond in Sudbury— Saw afterward another Pond beyond Willis’ also called Bottomless Pond in a thick swamp.

The farmers are now cutting—topping their corn—gathering their early fruit—raking their cranberries—digging their potatoes &c

Everything has its use & men seek sedulously for the best article for each use The Watchmaker finds the oil of the Porpoise’s jaw the best for oiling his watches. Man has a million eyes & the race knows infinitely more than the individual. Consent to be wise through your race.

Autumnal mornings when the feet of countless sparrows is heard like rain drops on the roof by the boy who sleeps in the garret

Villages with a single long street lined with trees—so straight and wide that you can see a chicken run across them a mile off. ——

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[Henry Thoreau](#)'s entry in his journal he would later copy into his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:


[Paragraph 51] Government and legislation! these I thought were respectable professions. We have heard of heaven-born Numas, Lycurguses, and Solons,¹ in the history of the world, whose **names** at least may stand for ideal legislators; but think of legislating to **regulate** the breeding of slaves, or the exportation of tobacco! What have divine legislators to do with the exportation or the importation of tobacco? what humane ones with the breeding of slaves? Suppose you were to submit the question to any son of God,—and has He no children in the nineteenth century? is it a family which is extinct?—in what condition would you get it again? What shall a State like Virginia say for itself at the last day, in which these have been the principal, the staple productions? What ground is there for patriotism in such a State? [cf. [Acts 17:29](#), [Galatians 3:26](#), [John 3:10](#), [Romans 8:16](#)] I derive my facts from statistical tables which the States themselves have published.

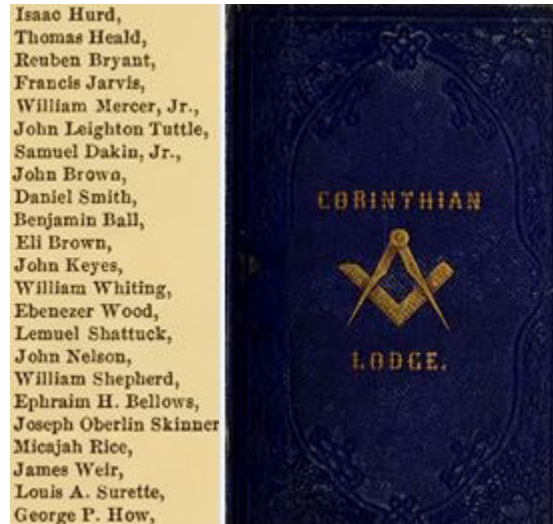
1. Numa, Lycurgus, and Solon were legislators of Rome, Sparta, and Athens respectively. Thoreau presumably read about them in Plutarch's LIVES translated by John and William Langhorne (NY: Samuel Campbell, 1822)

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

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 September 16, Monday, 1850: [Louis A. Surette](#) was admitted to membership at the Corinthian Lodge of the [Masons](#) of [Concord](#), Massachusetts.



[Senator Jefferson Davis](#) voted against a bill that would ban future buying and selling of slaves within the boundaries of Washington (the District of Columbia that had been reserved for the uses of our federal government). This bill nevertheless passed the Senate by a vote of 33 yeas over 19 nays — what are ya' gonna do, Jeff, secede?

Heimaths-Kinder op.85, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

 September 17, Tuesday, 1850: To put down unrest between himself and the landed classes, Elector Friedrich Wilhelm II of Hesse requested military aid from the [German Confederation](#).

When a fire broke out in [San Francisco](#) at around 4AM on this morning, 130 buildings would be destroyed at an estimated loss of only \$250,000 (the blocks consumed between Dupont, Montgomery, Washington and Pacific streets had already been burned over in the previous fire, so it was primarily single-story buildings that were being consumed).

In the national census, the household of [Nehemiah Ball](#) in Concord amounted to Nehemiah, age 59, wife Mary, and children Mary (and husband), Caroline, Maria, Angelina, Ephraim, Elizabeth, and Nehemiah.

Assistant Marshall W.W. Wilde of the 1850 US Census inventoried the Thoreau household as consisting (for government purposes) of:

- [John Thoreau](#), 63-year-old male
- [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#), 63-year-old female
- [Henry David Thoreau](#), 33-year-old male
- [Sophia E. Thoreau](#), 31-year-old female
- [Jane Thoreau](#), 64-year-old female
- [Maria Thoreau](#), 53-year-old female
- [Margaret Doland](#), 18-year-old female
- [Catherine Riorden](#), 13-year-old female



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Catherine was listed as born in Ireland, the rest in Massachusetts. Presumably the name should have been listed as Riorden rather than Rioden. The head of the Thoreau family was listed as pencil maker and no occupations were indicated for the others. Presumably the two younger females were helping maintain the boardinghouse.



In [San Francisco, California](#):

About four o'clock in the morning of this day, fire broke out in the "Philadelphia House," on the north side of Jackson street, near to the Washington market. It was the fourth great conflagration in the city. The principal portions of the different building squares lying between Dupont, Montgomery,



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Washington and Pacific streets were overrun by the flames. The buildings erected on these quarters were chiefly of wood, and generally one story only in height; so that, although the space over which the fire extended was very great, much less proportionate damage was sustained than on the occasions of the preceding great fires. The loss was estimated to be from a quarter to half a million of dollars. The newly organized fire companies were of much service in staying the progress of the conflagration, and would have been of still more had there not been a short supply of water. It was evident, however, that the want of a proper head or engineering chief sadly hindered the harmonious action not only of these and the hook and ladder companies, but of every person who volunteered help in extinguishing the flames. As usual, the burned space was so soon afterwards covered with buildings that in a few weeks all external traces of the disaster disappeared. It was remarked at this time that there were certain unlucky individuals whose properties had been consumed on each occasion of the four great fires—all within nine months! Many had suffered twice and thrice by these successive calamities. This surely was enough to try the patience of a modern Job, and drive the bravest to despair. But in a common calamity, however great, there is such sympathy and consolation, that the mind readily recovers its equanimity. People were almost beginning to consider that such conflagrations could not be avoided, but were surely sent either as a punishment for their wickedness or as a necessary drawback upon the otherwise great profits of general business. So those burned out just set themselves doggedly to work again, and soon reared up new and grander habitations for themselves. Happily indeed does the Phoenix appear on the corporation seal, since, like it, the city was continually reviving and springing from its own ashes a fairer and more substantial thing than before.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

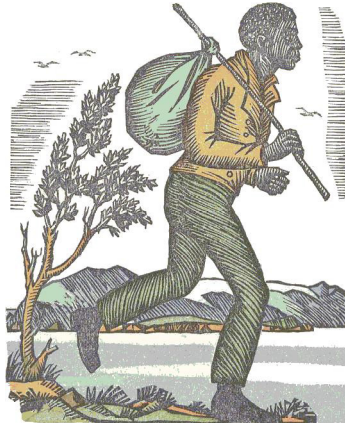
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 September 18, Wednesday, 1850: When the federal Congress had entered into the famous Compromise of 1850, as part of this agreement (an agreement eventually determined to be unconstitutional) it outlawed trade in slaves within the district boundaries of Washington DC while retaining the institution of human enslavement itself. Another part of this agreement had mandated that the Fugitive Slave Act be strengthened and amplified.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

Any slaves who escaped to a state where slavery was outlawed must be returned to their owner. As of this date “all good citizens” were required to obey this mandate on pain of heavy penalty,⁵³ while jury trial and the right to testify would in the future be prohibited to any such fugitives:



53. Was there no outcry that this was specifically in violation of DEUTERONOMY 23: 15, 16? What could be more straightforward?
“Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who is escaped from his master unto thee:
He shall dwell with thee, *even* among you, in that place where he shall choose in one of thy gates,
where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.”



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An Act to amend, and supplementary to, the Act entitled “An Act respecting Fugitives from Justice, and Persons escaping from the Service of their Masters,” approved February twelfth, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.

Sections 1, 2, and 3 were concerned with the formal provisions for appointing commissioners, who were “hereby authorized and required to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.”

[READ THE ENTIRE ENACTMENT HERE.](#)

Section 4 invested the appointed commissioners with “authority to take and remove such fugitives from service or labor ... to the State or Territory from which such persons may have escaped or fled.”

Section 5 specified the penalties for failure to comply with warrants issued under the provisions of the act:

Should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to serve such warrant, or other process, when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute the same, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of one thousand dollars.

Furthermore, should an arrested fugitive manage to escape from custody, the marshal or deputy would be liable to prosecution, and could be sued for “the full value of the service or labor of said fugitive in the State, Territory or District whence he escaped.”

Commissioners were also empowered “to summon and call to their aid the bystanders,” and any failure to co-operate with such a summons would be a violation of the law:

All good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required.

Section 6:

And be it further enacted, That when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the United States, has heretofore or shall hereafter escape into another State or Territory of the United States, the person or persons to whom such labor or service may be due ... may pursue and reclaim such fugitive person, either by procuring a warrant from some one of the courts, judges or commissioners aforesaid, ... or by seizing and arresting such fugitive, where the same can be done without process, and by taking, or causing such person to be taken, forthwith before such court, judge, or commissioner...; and upon satisfactory proof being made, ... to use such reasonable force and restraint as may be necessary, under the circumstances of the case, to take and remove such fugitive person back to the State or Territory whence he or she may have escaped as aforesaid. In no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence....



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Section 7:

And be it further enacted, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct, hinder, or prevent such claimant ... from arresting such a fugitive from service or labor, either with or without process as aforesaid, or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from service or labor, from the custody of such claimant ...; or shall aid, abet, or assist such person ... to escape from such claimant ...; or shall harbor or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from service or labor as aforesaid, shall, for either of said offences, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months ...; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost as aforesaid, to be recovered by action of debt....

Section 8 dealt with the payments to be made to various officials for their part in the arrest, custody and delivery of a fugitive to his or her claimant. In effect, the financial incentives authorized under this clause turned the pursuit of escaped slaves into a species of bounty-hunting:

The marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said District and Territorial courts, shall be paid for their services ...; and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars.... The person or persons authorized to execute the process ... shall also be entitled to a fee of five dollars each for each person he or they may arrest and take before any such commissioner.

Section 9 stipulated that if the claimant suspected an attempt will be made to rescue the fugitive by force, then the arresting officer would be required “to retain such fugitive in his custody, and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there to deliver him to said claimant.”

[READ THE ENTIRE ENACTMENT HERE.](#)

As this new federal [Fugitive Slave Law](#) went into effect, hundreds of families across the United States, one or more of whose family members had previously escaped from enslavement, or one or more of whose family members had papers that might not be in the best of order, were forced to abandon their homes and their employments, and seek a safer haven in Canada.

The hounds are baying on my track
O Christians will you send me back?

Fugitive Slave Law passed in United States results in flood of slaves and free Blacks to the safety of [Canada](#) (in [Canada](#), they would find, the streets were not paved with gold; for instance the [Common School Act](#) required blacks to attend separate schools wherever these existed).


The 1st person sent south under the new 1850 fugitive slave law would be James Hamlet in New-York, who was taken back to “his owner” in [Maryland](#). The next 10 black Americans would be seized in Harrisburg and in Bedford, Pennsylvania. By the end of the year the toll would be 19 seized, 17 delivered.



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Northern [nullifications](#) of the fugitive slave laws would be cited in 1860 by South Carolina as a cause of secession. Congress would repeal both laws during the [Civil War](#), in 1864.

[Henry Thoreau](#) would mention [Daniel Webster](#)'s bill  at the very end of his "Battle of the Ants" materials:



WALDEN: Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.'" A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

POLK
WEBSTER

KIRBY AND SPENCE

WILLIAM KIRBY
WILLIAM SPENCE

On the very day that the Congress was enacting this new and improved [Fugitive Slave Law](#), [Waldo Emerson](#) was finally sitting at his desk and replying to a letter that he had received, requesting that he sponsor a woman's rights convention. The man who has been called "Mr. America" wrote:

I should not wish women to wish political functions.

Emerson responded, to his female petitioner, that he predicted that such a convention would produce mere "heartless noise," which they might well be ashamed of once it was over.

MISOGYNY

The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 was voted into effect by the 1st Session of the 31st US Congress:

READ THE FULL TEXT

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT OF 1850
THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS. Sess. I. Ch. 60. 1850

Chap. LX.--An Act to amend, and supplementary to the Act entitled "An Act respecting Fugitives from Justice, and Persons escaping from the Service of their Masters," approved February twelfth, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the

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United States of America in Congress assembled, That the persons who have been, or may hereafter be, appointed commissioners, in virtue of any act of Congress, by the Circuit Courts of the United States, and Who, in consequence of such appointment, are authorized to exercise the powers that any justice of the peace, or other magistrate of any of the United States, may exercise in respect to offenders for any crime or offense against the United States, by arresting, imprisoning, or bailing the same under and by the virtue of the thirty-third section of the act of the twenty-fourth of September seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, entitled "An Act to establish the judicial courts of the United States" shall be, and are hereby, authorized and required to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the Superior Court of each organized Territory of the United States shall have the same power to appoint commissioners to take acknowledgments of bail and affidavits, and to take depositions of witnesses in civil causes, which is now possessed by the Circuit Court of the United States; and all commissioners who shall hereafter be appointed for such purposes by the Superior Court of any organized Territory of the United States, shall possess all the powers, and exercise all the duties, conferred by law upon the commissioners appointed by the Circuit Courts of the United States for similar purposes, and shall moreover exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That the Circuit Courts of the United States shall from time to time enlarge the number of the commissioners, with a view to afford reasonable facilities to reclaim fugitives from labor, and to the prompt discharge of the duties imposed by this act.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That the commissioners above named shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, in their respective circuits and districts within the several States, and the judges of the Superior Courts of the Territories, severally and collectively, in term-time and vacation; shall grant certificates to such claimants, upon satisfactory proof being made, with authority to take and remove such fugitives from service or labor, under the restrictions herein contained, to the State or Territory from which such persons may have escaped or fled.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals to obey and execute all warrants and precepts issued under the provisions of this act, when to them directed; and should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to receive such warrant, or other process, when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute the same, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of one thousand dollars, to the use of such claimant, on the motion of such claimant, by the Circuit or District Court for the district of such marshal; and after arrest of such fugitive, by such marshal or his deputy, or whilst at any time in his custody under the provisions of this act, should such fugitive escape, whether with or without the assent of such marshal or his deputy, such marshal shall be liable, on his official bond, to be prosecuted for the benefit of such claimant, for the full value



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of the service or labor of said fugitive in the State, Territory, or District whence he escaped: and the better to enable the said commissioners, when thus appointed, to execute their duties faithfully and efficiently, in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution of the United States and of this act, they are hereby authorized and empowered, within their counties respectively, to appoint, in writing under their hands, any one or more suitable persons, from time to time, to execute all such warrants and other process as may be issued by them in the lawful performance of their respective duties; with authority to such commissioners, or the persons to be appointed by them, to execute process as aforesaid, to summon and call to their aid the bystanders, or posse comitatus of the proper county, when necessary to ensure a faithful observance of the clause of the Constitution referred to, in conformity with the provisions of this act; and all good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid, for that purpose; and said warrants shall run, and be executed by said officers, any where in the State within which they are issued.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, That when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the United States, has heretofore or shall hereafter escape into another State or Territory of the United States, the person or persons to whom such service or labor may be due, or his, her, or their agent or attorney, duly authorized, by power of attorney, in writing, acknowledged and certified under the seal of some legal officer or court of the State or Territory in which the same may be executed, may pursue and reclaim such fugitive person, either by procuring a warrant from some one of the courts, judges, or commissioners aforesaid, of the proper circuit, district, or county, for the apprehension of such fugitive from service or labor, or by seizing and arresting such fugitive, where the same can be done without process, and by taking, or causing such person to be taken, forthwith before such court, judge, or commissioner, whose duty it shall be to hear and determine the case of such claimant in a summary manner; and upon satisfactory proof being made, by deposition or affidavit, in writing, to be taken and certified by such court, judge, or commissioner, or by other satisfactory testimony, duly taken and certified by some court, magistrate, justice of the peace, or other legal officer authorized to administer an oath and take depositions under the laws of the State or Territory from which such person owing service or labor may have escaped, with a certificate of such magistracy or other authority, as aforesaid, with the seal of the proper court or officer thereto attached, which seal shall be sufficient to establish the competency of the proof, and with proof, also by affidavit, of the identity of the person whose service or labor is claimed to be due as aforesaid, that the person so arrested does in fact owe service or labor to the person or persons claiming him or her, in the State or Territory from which such fugitive may have escaped as aforesaid, and that said person escaped, to make out and deliver to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, a certificate setting forth the substantial facts as to the service or labor due from such fugitive to the claimant, and of his or her escape from the State or Territory in which he or she was arrested, with authority to such claimant, or his or her agent or attorney,

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to use such reasonable force and restraint as may be necessary, under the circumstances of the case, to take and remove such fugitive person back to the State or Territory whence he or she may have escaped as aforesaid. In no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence; and the certificates in this and the first [fourth] section mentioned, shall be conclusive of the right of the person or persons in whose favor granted, to remove such fugitive to the State or Territory from which he escaped, and shall prevent all molestation of such person or persons by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate, or other person whomsoever.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct, hinder, or prevent such claimant, his agent or attorney, or any person or persons lawfully assisting him, her, or them, from arresting such a fugitive from service or labor, either with or without process as aforesaid, or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from service or labor, from the custody of such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or other person or persons lawfully assisting as aforesaid, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given and declared; or shall aid, abet, or assist such person so owing service or labor as aforesaid, directly or indirectly, to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, or other person or persons legally authorized as aforesaid; or shall harbor or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from service or labor as aforesaid, shall, for either of said offences, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, by indictment and conviction before the District Court of the United States for the district in which such offence may have been committed, or before the proper court of criminal jurisdiction, if committed within any one of the organized Territories of the United States; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost as aforesaid, to be recovered by action of debt, in any of the District or Territorial Courts aforesaid, within whose jurisdiction the said offence may have been committed.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That the marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said District and Territorial Courts, shall be paid, for their services, the like fees as may be allowed for similar services in other cases; and where such services are rendered exclusively in the arrest, custody, and delivery of the fugitive to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or where such supposed fugitive may be discharged out of custody for the want of sufficient proof as aforesaid, then such fees are to be paid in whole by such claimant, his or her agent or attorney; and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars in full for his services in each case, upon the delivery of the said certificate to the claimant, his agent or attorney; or a fee of five dollars in cases where the proof shall not, in the opinion of such commissioner, warrant such certificate and delivery, inclusive of all services incident to such arrest and examination, to be paid, in either case, by the claimant, his or her agent or attorney. The person or persons authorized to



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execute the process to be issued by such commissioner for the arrest and detention of fugitives from service or labor as aforesaid, shall also be entitled to a fee of five dollars each for each person he or they may arrest, and take before any commissioner as aforesaid, at the instance and request of such claimant, with such other fees as may be deemed reasonable by such commissioner for such other additional services as may be necessarily performed by him or them; such as attending at the examination, keeping the fugitive in custody, and providing him with food and lodging during his detention, and until the final determination of such commissioners; and, in general, for performing such other duties as may be required by such claimant, his or her attorney or agent, or commissioner in the premises, such fees to be made up in conformity with the fees usually charged by the officers of the courts of justice within the proper district or county, as near as may be practicable, and paid by such claimants, their agents or attorneys, whether such supposed fugitives from service or labor be ordered to be delivered to such claimant by the final determination of such commissioner or not.

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, That, upon affidavit made by the claimant of such fugitive, his agent or attorney, after such certificate has been issued, that he has reason to apprehend that such fugitive will be rescued by force from his or their possession before he can be taken beyond the limits of the State in which the arrest is made, it shall be the duty of the officer making the arrest to retain such fugitive in his custody, and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there to deliver him to said claimant, his agent, or attorney. And to this end, the officer aforesaid is hereby authorized and required to employ so many persons as he may deem necessary to overcome such force, and to retain them in his service so long as circumstances may require. The said officer and his assistants, while so employed, to receive the same compensation, and to be allowed the same expenses, as are now allowed by law for transportation of criminals, to be certified by the judge of the district within which the arrest is made, and paid out of the treasury of the United States.


SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That when any person held to service or labor in any State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia, shall escape therefrom, the party to whom such service or labor shall be due, his, her, or their agent or attorney, may apply to any court of record therein, or judge thereof in vacation, and make satisfactory proof to such court, or judge in vacation, of the escape aforesaid, and that the person escaping owed service or labor to such party. Whereupon the court shall cause a record to be made of the matters so proved, and also a general description of the person so escaping, with such convenient certainty as may be; and a transcript of such record, authenticated by the attestation of the clerk and of the seal of the said court, being produced in any other State, Territory, or district in which the person so escaping may be found, and being exhibited to any judge, commissioner, or other office, authorized by the law of the United States to cause persons escaping from service or labor to be delivered up, shall be held and taken to be full and conclusive evidence of the fact of escape, and that the service or labor of the person escaping is due to the party in such record mentioned. And upon the production by the said party of other and further evidence if necessary, either oral or by

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affidavit, in addition to what is contained in the said record of the identity of the person escaping, he or she shall be delivered up to the claimant, And the said court, commissioner, judge, or other person authorized by this act to grant certificates to claimants or fugitives, shall, upon the production of the record and other evidences aforesaid, grant to such claimant a certificate of his right to take any such person identified and proved to be owing service or labor as aforesaid, which certificate shall authorize such claimant to seize or arrest and transport such person to the State or Territory from which he escaped: Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as requiring the production of a transcript of such record as evidence as aforesaid. But in its absence the claim shall be heard and determined upon other satisfactory proofs, competent in law.

Approved, September 18, 1850.

 September 19, Thursday, 1850: In the newspapers for this day, the excursion to [Canada](#) that Thoreau and Channing would go on was being advertised.



Sep' 19th The Gerardia Yellow trumpet like flower
 Veiny-leaved Hawkweed (leaves handsome radical—excepting one or two—know them well)
 Hieracium venosum
 flower like a dandelion
 Canada Snap Dragon Small pea-like blue flower in The woodpaths
 Antirrhinum Canadense.
 Pine weed thickly branched low weed with red seed vessels
 in wood paths & fields Sarothra Gentianoides
 Cucumber root (medeola)
 Tree primrose
 Red stemmed Cornel
 The very minute flower which grows now in the mid of the Marlboro Road

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 September 20, Friday, 1850: The [slave trade](#) was banned in the District of Columbia.



After September 19: I am glad to have drunk water so long, as I prefer the natural sky to an opium eater's heaven —would keep sober always, and lead a sane life, not indebted to stimulants. Whatever my practice may be, I believe that it is the only drink for a wise man, and only the foolish habitually use any other. Think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of coffee or of an evening with a dish of tea. Wine is not a noble liquor, except when it is confined to the pores of the grape. Even music is wont to be intoxicating. Such apparently slight causes destroyed Greece and Rome. & will destroy England and America.
 I have seen where the rain dripped from the trees on a sand bank on the Marlboro road, that each little pebble which had protected the sand made the summit of a sort of basaltic column of sand —a phenomenon which looked as if it might be repeated on a larger scale in nature.
 The golden-rods & asters impress me not like individuals but great families covering a thousand hills & monopolising a season.
 The indigo weed turns black when dry, and I have been interested to find in each of its humble seed



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vessels, a worm.

The deep cut is sometimes excited to productiveness by a rain in mid-summer. It impresses me somewhat as if it were a cave, with all its stalactites turned wrong side out ward. Workers in bronze should come here for their patterns.

Those were carrots which I saw naturalized in Wheelers field. It was 4 or five years since he planted there.

To-day I saw a sun flower in the woods.

It is pleasant to see the viola pedata blossoming again now in September with a beauty somewhat serener than that of these yellow flowers.

The trees on the bank of the river have white furrows worn about them marking the height of the freshets, at what levels the water has stood.

Water is so much more fine and sensitive an element than earth. A single boat man passing up or down unavoidably shakes the whole of a wide river, and disturbs its every reflection

The air is an element which our voices shake still further than our oars the water.

The red maples on the river, standing far in the water when the banks are overflown and touched by the earliest frosts, are memorable features in the scenery of the stream at this season.

Now you can scent the ripe grapes far off on the banks as you row along. Their fragrance is finer than their flavor.

My companion said he would drink when the boat got under the bridge, because the water would be cooler in the shade –though the stream quickly passes through the piers from shade to sun again.–

It is something beautiful the act of drinking –the stooping to imbibe some of this wide spread element, in obedient to instinct, without whim– We do not so simply drink in other influences.

It is pleasant to have been to a place by the way a river went.

The forms of trees & groves change with every stroke of the oar.

It seems hardly worth the while to risk the dangers of the sea between Leghorn & New York –for the sake of a cargo of Juniper berries & bitter almonds.

O! If I could be intoxicated on air and water! on hope and memory! And always See the maples standing red in the midst of the waters on the meadow.

Those have met with losses, who have lost their children. I saw the widow this morning whose son was drowned ———

That I might never be blind to the beauty of the landscape –to hear music without any vibrating cord. A family in which there was singing in the morning.

To hear a neighbor singing! All other speech sounds thereafter like profanity. A man cannot sing falsehood or cowardice He must sing truth & heroism. to attune his voice to some instruments. It would be noblest to sing with the wind. I have seen a man making himself a viol –patiently & fondly paring the thin wood & shaping it, and when I considered the end of the work –he was ennobled in my eyes. He was building himself a ship with which to discover new worlds.

I am much indebted to my neighbor who will now & then in the intervals of his work draw forth a few strains from his accordion. Though he is but a learner, I find when his strains cease, that I have been elevated.


The question is not whether you drink, but what liquor.

Those have met with losses, who have lost their children. I saw the widow this morning whose son was drowned.



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
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 September 21, Saturday, [1850](#): Incidental music to Guillard's comédie Un mariage sous la Régence by Jacques Offenbach was performed for the initial time, at the Comédie-Française, Paris.

An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 21

 September 22, Sunday, [1850](#): A pogrom took place in New-York City as 500 gentiles raided a [Jewish](#)-occupied tenement on Yom Kippur, vandalizing, beating, and robbing.

[James Bonniwell](#) and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they have arrived and were struggling in the [California](#) gold field:

Sunday September 22

We are all well. We have been working on the dam. Billy is quite recovered of the dysentery. We had some cloudy weather with a sprinkle of rain.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

On Monday last hearing of a new discovery being Made at the American Camp (where we wintered last) I was induced to take a tramp to that place. I accordingly Set out about 8 A.M and arrived at about 4 P.M. I found a very Extensive flat (Say 15 Ach) Upon which there were about 50 persons at work throwing off about 18 inches of the top Soil. On inquiry I found the dirt paid from 6 to 10 cts to the pan. We put up for the night at a large new log Cabin Erected by Some Men who inclosed Some 15 or 20 Ach of Marchy Soil upon which they have Succeeded in raising a nice crop of potatoes Corn Cabbage, Watermellons, Mushmellons etc.


The next Morning after Eating a harty Breakfast we Started for home. at Wood's digings I Saw a Young Grizely chaned to a post. he was caught near the Toolomme while very young. He is now about the Size of a Sheep, and he has become So tame & gentle that a person can pat him just like a Dog. At 12 Oclock we was at the Mclanes fery on the Stanislaus River. We found here emence labour Spent in turning the river, by diging race- ways of Several hundred Yards in length and about 15 ftt wide, into which they have turned the water by building a Strong dam acrost the Stream at the Upper End of the Raceway. This work has imployed from 60 to 80 Men for three or four Months, and I am Sorry to Say they are now obliged to abandon it without a cents remuneration it proving a complete failure. We did not stop long here but Set out for the Summit of an Exceeding high Mountain,



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that lies directly in our way. and by the way, this Mountain is the dread of the whole traveling Community. After getting at the top of this Mountain, I was about 12 Miles from home. My legs and feet were already So lame by the previous day's tramp together with My journey So far back, that I could scarcely Stand. but I continued on gradually, and at Sunset I found Myself Safely harboured in our little Cabbin very Much fatigued, and exceedingly lame. The weather appears to indicate the approach of the wet Season. we had quite a Shower, Yesterday.

 September 23, Monday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they have arrived and were struggling in the [California](#) gold field:

Monday Sept 23.

We have been working on the dam. All well.

 September 24, Tuesday, 1850: [James Bonniwell](#) and his brothers had joined a wagon train heading toward the West Coast, starting at Milwaukee, Wisconsin near the family farm at Mequon and arriving at Hangtown (although James would later return to Wisconsin). Hence his and his teenage son [George Capes Bonniwell](#)'s preserved gold rush diary. At this point they have arrived and were struggling in the [California](#) gold field:

Tuesday Sep 24.


We had a very stormy night. Rained hard and made the water rise. The dam sprang a leak. Had to work before breakfast. Looks doubtful whether the dam will stand. About 2 p.m., the dam busted. The dam above gave way, and such a body of water caused everything to fall before it. It is a great loss and has put a stop to everything. In consequence, we have to lose time till something is concluded on whether the dam is to be built up or not.

I now must close this book, and I hope that all that reads it will excuse all bad writing, spelling, and as I find by looking at it, there is plenty I should have corrected it before I set it down, but had not time. I hope every allowance will be made.

-Geo Bonniwell

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 September 25, Wednesday-October 3, Thursday, 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) went with [Ellery Channing](#) and a trainload of other [tourists](#) to explore the valley of the St. Lawrence River, by rail to Burlington, Vermont, by steamer to Plattsburg, New York, by rail to Montréal, by steamer to Québec, with side trips to St. Anne de Beaupré and to the Montmorency Falls near Québec City.⁵⁴



[HISTORY OF RR](#)



"[The [railroad](#) will] only encourage the common people to move about needlessly."

— [Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington](#)



54. The rail tour of [Canada](#) on which Thoreau and Channing had embarked for economy, two of a total of 1,346 tourists, was one that had been sponsored by the author of a well-attended [panorama](#), William Burr. His panorama, BURR'S SEVEN MILE MIRROR, had been on exhibit in Boston since February 4th. His 48-page handbook BURR'S MOVING MIRROR OF THE LAKES, THE NIAGARA, ST. LAWRENCE AND SAGUERNAY [SAGUENAY] RIVERS EMBRACING THE ENTIRE RANGE OF BORDER SCENERY, OF THE UNITED STATES & CANADIAN SHORES, FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE ATLANTIC had been available for Thoreau's and Channing's inspection. The entire 9-day trip, because of this economy of group travel, would cost Thoreau a total of \$12.⁷⁵, inclusive of the \$1.¹² 1/2 he would spend for a map and two guidebooks. The train tickets cost \$5.⁰⁰ for the round trip to Montréal, plus \$2.⁰⁰ for the leg to Québec. Over the nine days our intrepid voyager-with-umbrella would pay for lodgings on only four of the nights. (We may note a similarity between this trip and the trip that had been made in 1816 by Lieutenant Francis Hall, a trip about which Thoreau had read.)

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This is what Montréal looked like in the Year of Our Lord 1850 (on a sunny seasonal morning):



The river and falls of Saint Mary in southeastern British Columbia are now, however, completely different from the way they were when they were described by [Thoreau](#) — due to diversion of water to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal:



WALDEN: Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

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Upon his return, [Thoreau](#) would begin to read about [Canada](#). Here is one commentator's "take" on "[A YANKEE IN CANADA](#)":

When he visited the valley of the St. Lawrence River in 1850, he noticed that he was being "reminded of the government every day. It parades itself before you" (106). In regard to the omnipresent Canadian soldierly reminders of subjecthood, he quipped that "the inhabitants evidently rely on them in a great measure for music and entertainment" (28). But on Thoreau "they made a sad impression on the whole, for it was obvious that all true manhood was in the process of being drilled out of them. I have no doubt that soldiers well drilled are, as a class, peculiarly destitute of originality and independence. The officers appeared like men dressed above their condition. It is impossible to give the soldier a good education without making him a deserter. His natural foe is the government that drills him. What would any philanthropist, who felt an interest in these men's welfare, naturally do, but first of all teach them so to respect themselves, that they could not be hired for this work" (40). He noticed that the soldiers, in performance of their military gestures, were "seemingly as indifferent to fewness of spectators as the phenomena of nature are" (29). A dress parade was "an interesting sight" and he particularly remarked the soldiers' white kid gloves. In contrast, he remarked upon the gracefulness of a soldier's cat as it walked "up a clefted plank into a high loophole, designed for mus-catry, as serene as Wisdom herself, and with a gracefully waving motion of her tail, as if her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace" (94). He thought that the key would be, if they could put not only their hands and heads together in this uniform manner, but also their "hearts and all" together, that "such a co-operation and harmony would be the very end and success for which government now exists in vain" (29-30). Failing this, "Give me a country where it is the most natural thing in the world for a government that does not understand you to let you alone" (106). "Inexpressibly beautiful appears the recognition by man of the least natural fact, and the allying his life to it" (32). "The greater, or rather the most prominent, part of this city [Québec] was constructed with the design to offer the deadest resistance to leaden and iron missiles that might be cast against it. But it is a remarkable meteorological and psychological fact, that it is rarely known to rain lead with much violence, except on places so constructed" (39). Seeing the utter valuelessness of the fort for any purpose other than for the defense of itself, he thought that fortifications must be "only the bone for which the parties fought. . . . How often we read that the enemy occupied a position which commanded the old, and so the fort was evacuated. Have not the school-house and the printing-press occupied a position which commands such a fort as this?" (101) Thoreau commented that all these military things were

TIMELINE OF CANADA



September 25, Wednesday, [1850](#): The importance of [Rudolf Julius Emanuel Clausius](#)'s just-published *UEBER DIE BEWEGENDE KRAFT, WELCHE DER WÄRME UND DIE GESETZE, WELCHE SICH DARAUSS FÜR DIE WÄRMELEHRE SELBST ABLEITEN LASSEN* (On the Moving Force of Heat and the Laws of Heat which may be Deduced Therefrom), articulating what would come to be known as the [2d Law of Thermodynamics](#), that heat can only be transferred from a warmer body to a colder body, was so blazingly obvious to anyone who could understand its mathematics that he was invited to the post of Professor at the Royal Artillery and Engineering School in Berlin, Germany (in 1865 he'll restate his law by means of a new coinage he had devised, "[entropy](#)" meaning in Greek "intrinsic direction," by pointing out that in any closed system its total entropy "S" can always only increase).

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) boarded a Boston&Maine coach at 7:40AM in Concord station, bound for points north:

I FEAR that I have not got much to say about Canada, not having seen much; what I got by going to Canada was a cold. I left Concord, Massachusetts, Wednesday morning, September 25th, 1850, for Quebec. Fare, seven dollars there and back ; distance from Boston, five hundred and ten miles ; being obliged to leave

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Montreal on the return as soon as Friday, October 4th, or within ten days. I will not stop to tell the reader the names of my fellow travellers ; there were said to be fifteen hundred of them. I wished only to be set down in Canada, and take one honest walk there, as I might in Concord woods of an afternoon.

The country was new to me beyond Fitchburg. In Ashburnham and afterward, as we were whirled rapidly along, I noticed the woodbine (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*), its leaves now changed, for the most part on dead trees, draping them like a red scarf. It was not a little exciting, suggesting bloodshed, or at least a military life, like an epaulet or sash, as if it were dyed with the blood of the trees whose wounds it was inadequate to staunch. For now the bloody autumn was come, and an Indian warfare was waged through the forest. These military trees appeared very numerous, for our rapid progress connected those that were even some miles apart. Does the woodbine prefer the elm? The first view of Monadnoc was obtained five or six miles this side of Fitzwilliam, but nearest and best at Troy and beyond. Then there were the Troy cuts and embankments. Keene street strikes the traveller favorably, it is so wide, level, straight, and long. I have heard one of my relatives who was born and bred there say that you could see a chicken run across it a mile off. I have also been told that when this town was settled they laid out a street four rods wide, but at a subsequent meeting of the proprietors one rose and remarked, "We have plenty of land, why not make the street eight rods wide?" and so they voted that it should be eight rods wide, and the town is known far and near for its handsome street. It was a cheap way of securing comfort, as well as fame, and I wish that all new towns would take pattern from this. It is best to lay our plans widely in youth, for then land is cheap, and it is but too easy to contract our views afterward. Youths so laid out, with broad avenues and parks, that they may make handsome and liberal old men! Show me a youth whose mind is like some Washington city of magnificent distances, prepared for the most remotely successful and glorious life after all, when those spaces shall be built over and the idea of the founder be realized. I trust that every New England boy will begin by laying out a Keene street through his head, eight rods wide. I know one such Washington city of a man, whose lots as yet are only surveyed and staked out, and except a cluster of shanties here and there, only the Capitol stands there for all structures, and any day you may see from afar his princely idea borne coachwise along the spacious but yet empty avenues. Keene is built on a remarkably large and level interval, like the bed of a lake, and the surrounding hills, which are remote from its street, must afford some good walks. The scenery of mountain towns is commonly too much crowded. A town which is built on a plain of some extent, with an open horizon, and surrounded by hills at a distance, affords the best walks and views.

As we travel northwest up the country, sugar-maples, beeches, birches, hemlocks, spruce, butternuts and ash trees prevail more and more. To the rapid traveller the number of elms in a town is the measure of its civility. One man in the cars has a bottle full of some liquor. The whole company smile whenever it is

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exhibited. I find no difficulty in containing myself. The Westmoreland country looked attractive. I heard a passenger giving the very obvious derivation of this name, West-more-land, as if it were purely American, and he had made a discovery ; but I thought of "my cousin Westmoreland" in England. Every one will remember the approach to Bellows Falls, under a high cliff which rises from the Connecticut. I was disappointed in the size of the river here ; it appeared shrunk to a mere mountain stream. The water was evidently very low. The rivers which we had crossed this forenoon possessed more of the character of mountain streams than those in the vicinity of Concord, and I was surprised to see everywhere traces of recent freshets, which had carried away bridges and injured the rail-road, though I had heard nothing of it. In Ludlow, Mount Holly, and beyond, there is interesting mountain scenery, not rugged and stupendous, but such as you could easily ramble over, long narrow mountain vales through which to see the horizon. You are in the midst of the Green Mountains. A few more elevated blue peaks are seen from the neighborhood of Mount Holly, perhaps Killington Peak is one. Sometimes, as on the Western rail-road, you are whirled over mountainous embankments, from which the scared horses in the valleys appear diminished to hounds. All the hills blush; I think that autumn must be the best season to journey over even the **Green** Mountains. You frequently exclaim to yourself, What **red** maples! The sugar-maple is not so red. You see some of the latter with rosy spots or cheeks only, blushing on one side like fruit, while all the rest of the tree is green, proving either some partiality in the light or frosts, or some prematurity in particular branches.

Tall and slender ash-trees, whose foliage is turned to a dark mulberry color, are frequent. The butternut, which is a remarkably spreading tree, is turned completely yellow, thus proving its relation to the hickories. I was also struck by the bright yellow tints of the yellow-birch. The sugar-maple is remarkable for its clean ankle. The groves of these trees looked like vast forest sheds, their branches stopping short at a uniform height, four or five feet from the ground, like eaves, as if they had been trimmed by art, so that you could look under and through the whole grove with its leafy canopy, as under a tent whose curtain is raised.


As you approach Lake Champlain you begin to see the New York mountains. The first view of the lake at Vergennes is impressive, but rather from association than from any peculiarity in the scenery. It lies there so small (not appearing in that proportion to the width of the State that it does on the map,) but beautifully quiet, like a picture of the Lake of Lucerne on a music box, where you trace the name of Lucerne among the foliage ; far more ideal than ever it looked on the map. It does not say, "Here I am, Lake Champlain," as the conductor might for it, but having studied the geography thirty years, you crossed over a hill one afternoon and beheld it. But it is only a glimpse that you get here. At Burlington you rush to a wharf and go on board a steamboat, two hundred and thirty-two miles from Boston. We left Concord at twenty minutes before eight in the morning, and were in Burlington about six at night,



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but too late to see the lake.

 September 26, Thursday, 1850: In San Francisco, California:

Captain Bezer Simmons, the senior partner of the well-known house of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., died this day. He was among the most respected citizens of San Francisco, and the earliest business men of the place. His name appears on several occasions in these "Annals," in connection with subjects of public interest. Captain Simmons was a native of Woodstock, Vt. Some years previous to the cession of California to the American Government he was engaged in trading along the coast of Lower California, and in 1848, purchased property in San Francisco, where he settled, and soon afterwards engaged in extensive and successful business operations. In April, 1849, he was sorely afflicted by the death of his wife, (who was the sister of Frederick Billings, of the law firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings,) and before the close of the year, he received intelligence of the death of his mother and a brother to whom he was strongly attached. In January, 1851, he repaired to Woodstock, with the remains of his wife, to bury them in her native town. On his return he learned that his business was in an alarming condition, and soon after the firm was declared insolvent. Being exceedingly sensitive, this rapid succession of misfortunes and afflictions were thought to aggravate an indisposition under which he had been for some time suffering, and which consequently terminated his life. His death was considered almost a public calamity, and his body was attended to the grave by an immense concourse of the best portion of the inhabitants of the city.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 September 27, Friday, 1850: Henry Thoreau and Ellery Channing steamed along the St. Lawrence River of Canada aboard the *John Munn*:

I went on deck at daybreak, when we were thirty or forty miles above Quebec. The banks were now higher and more interesting. There was an "uninterrupted succession of white-washed cottages" on each side of the river. This is what every traveller tells. But it is not to be taken as an evidence of the populousness of the country in general, hardly even of the river banks. They have presented a similar appearance for a hundred years. The Swedish traveller and naturalist Kalm, who descended this river in 1749, says, "It could really be called a village, beginning at Montreal and ending at Quebec, which is a distance of more than one hundred and eighty miles; for the farm-houses are never above five arpens, and sometimes but three asunder, a few places excepted." Even in 1684 Hontan said that the houses were not more than a gunshot apart at most. Ere long we passed *Cap Rouge*, eight miles above Quebec, the mouth of the *Chaudière* on the opposite or south side, New Liverpool Cove with its lumber rafts and some shipping; then Sillery and Wolfe's Cove and the Heights of Abraham on the north, with now a view of Cape Diamond and the citadel in front. The approach to Quebec was very imposing. It was about six o'clock in the morning when we arrived. There is but a single street under the cliff on the south side of the cape, which was made by blasting the rock and filling up the river. Three story houses did not rise more than one fifth or one sixth the way up the nearly perpendicular rock, whose summit is three hundred and forty-five feet above the water. We saw, as we glided past, the sign on the side of the precipice, part way up, pointing to the spot where Montgomery was killed



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in 1775. Formerly it was the custom for those who went to Quebec for the first time, to be ducked, or else pay a fine. Not even the Governor General escaped. But we were too many to be ducked, even if the custom had not been abolished.

Here we were, in the harbor of Quebec, still three hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in a basin two miles across, where the greatest depth is twenty-eight fathoms, and though the water is fresh, the tide rises seventeen to twenty-four feet, a harbor “large and deep enough,” says a British traveller, “to hold the English navy.” I may as well state that in 1844 the county of Quebec contained

- about 45000 inhabitants, (the city and suburbs having about 43000.)
- about 28000 being Canadians of French origin.
- about 8000 being Canadians of British origin.
- over 7000 being natives of Ireland;
- 1500 being natives of England;
- the rest Scotch and others. 36000 belong to the Church of Rome.

Separating ourselves from the crowd we walked up a narrow street, thence ascended by some wooden steps, called the Break-neck Stairs, into another steep narrow and zigzag street, blasted through the rock, which last led through a low massive stone portal, called Prescott Gate, the principal thoroughfare, into the Upper Town. This passage was defended by cannon, with a guard-house over it, a sentinel at his post, and other soldiers at hand ready to relieve him. I rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was in the nineteenth century, and was not entering one of those portals which sometimes adorn the frontispieces of new editions of old black-letter volumes. I thought it would be a good place to read [Froissart's](#) Chronicles. It was such a reminiscence of the middle ages as Scott's novels. Men apparently dwelt there for security. Peace be unto them! As if the inhabitants of New York were to go over to Castle William to live! What a place it must be to bring up children! Being safe through the gate we naturally took the street which was steepest, and after a few turns found ourselves on the Durham Terrace, a wooden platform on the site of the old Castle of St. Louis, still one hundred and fifteen feet below the summit of the citadel, overlooking the Lower Town, the wharf where we had landed, the harbor, the Isle of Orleans, and the river and surrounding country to a great distance. It was literally a *splendid* view. We could see six or seven miles distant in the north-east an indentation in the lofty shore of the northern channel, apparently on one side of the harbor, which marked the mouth of the Montmorenci, whose celebrated fall was only a few rods in the rear.

At a shoe-shop, whither we were directed for this purpose we got some of our American money changed into English. I found that American hard money would have answered as well, excepting cents, which fell very fast before their pennies, it taking two of the former to make one of the latter, and often the penny which had cost us two cents did us the service of one cent only. Moreover, our robust cents were compelled to meet on even terms a crew of vile half-penny tokens and bung-town coppers, which had more brass in their composition, and so perchance made their way in the world.

Wishing to get into the citadel, we were directed to the Jesuits' Barracks, —a good part of the public buildings here are barracks,— to get a pass of the Town Major. We did not heed the sentries at the gate, nor did they us, and what under the sun they were placed there for, unless to hinder a free circulation of the air, was not apparent. There we saw soldiers eating their breakfasts in their mess room, from bare wooden tables in camp fashion. We were continually meeting with soldiers in the streets, carrying funny little tin pails of all shapes, even semicircular, as if made to pack conveniently. I supposed that they contained their dinners, so many slices of bread and butter to each, perchance. Sometimes they were carrying some kind of military chest on a sort of bier or hand barrow, with a springy, undulating, military step, all passengers giving way to them, even the charette drivers stopping for them to pass, — as if the battle were being lost from an inadequate supply of powder. There was a regiment of Highlanders, and, as I understood, of Royal Irish, in the city; and by this time

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there was a regiment of Yankees also. I had already observed, looking up even from the water, the head and shoulders of some General Poniatowski, with an enormous cocked hat and gun peering over the roof of a house, away up where the chimney caps commonly are with us, as it were a caricature of war and military awfulness; but I had not gone far up St. Louis street before my riddle was solved, by the apparition of a real live Highlander under a cocked hat, and with his knees out, standing and marching sentinel on the ramparts between St. Louis and St. John's Gates. (It must be a holy war that is waged there.) We stood close by without fear and looked at him. His legs were somewhat tanned, and the hair had begun to grow on them as some of our wise men predict that it will in such cases, but I did not think they were remarkable in any respect. Notwithstanding all his warlike gear, when I inquired of him the way to the Plains of Abraham, he could not answer me without betraying some bashfulness through his broad Scotch. Soon after, we passed another of these creatures standing sentry at the St. Louis Gate, who let us go by without shooting us or even demanding the countersign. We then began to go through the gate, which was so thick and tunnel-like as to remind me of those lines in Claudian's Old Man of Verona, about the getting out of the gate being the greater part of a journey; — as you might imagine yourself crawling through an architectural vignette *at the end* of a black-letter volume. We were then reminded that we had been in a fortress, from which we emerged by numerous zigzags in a ditch-like road, going a considerable distance to advance a few rods, where they could have shot us two or three times over, if their minds had been disposed as their guns were. The greatest, or rather the most prominent, part of this city was constructed with the design to offer the deadliest resistance to leaden and iron missiles that might be cast against it. But it is a remarkable meteorological and psychological fact, that it is rarely known to rain lead with much violence, except on places so constructed. Keeping on about a mile we came to the Plains of Abraham; for having got through with the Saints, we come next to the Patriarchs. Here the Highland regiment was being reviewed, while the band stood on one side and played — methinks it was "*La Claire Fontaine*," the national air of the Canadian French.

This is the site where a real battle once took place, to commemorate which they have had a sham fight here almost every day since. The Highlanders manœuvred very well, and if the precision of their movements was less remarkable, they did not appear so stiffly erect as the English or Royal Irish, but had a more elastic and graceful gait, like a herd of their own red deer, or as if accustomed to stepping down the sides of mountains. But they made a sad impression on the whole, for it was obvious that all true manhood was in the process of being drilled out of them. I have no doubt that soldiers well drilled are as a class peculiarly destitute of originality and independence. The officers appeared like men dressed above their condition. It is impossible to give the soldier a good education without making him a deserter. His natural foe is the government that drills him. What would any philanthropist who felt an interest in these men's welfare naturally do, but first of all teach them so to respect themselves that they could not be hired for this work, whatever might be the consequences to this government or that; — not drill a few, but educate all. I observed one older man among them, grey as a wharf-rat and supple as the devil, marching lock-step with the rest, who would have to pay for that elastic gait.

We returned to the citadel along the heights, plucking such flowers as grew there. There was an abundance of succory still in blossom, broadleaved golden-rod, butter-cups, thorn-bushes, Canada thistles, and ivy, on the very summit of Cape Diamond. I also found the bladder-campion in the neighborhood. We there enjoyed an extensive view which I will describe in another place. Our pass, which stated that all the rules were "to be strictly enforced," as if they were determined to keep up the semblance of reality to the last gasp, opened to us the Dalhousie Gate, and we were conducted over the citadel by a bare-legged Highlander in cocked hat and full regimentals. He told us that he had been here about three years, and had formerly been stationed at Gibraltar. As if his regiment, having perchance been nestled amid the rocks of Edinburgh Castle, must flit from rock to rock thenceforth over the earth's surface, like a bald eagle, or other bird of prey, from eyrie to eyrie.

As we were going out we met the Yankees coming in in a body, headed by a red-coated officer

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called the commandant, and escorted by many citizens both English and French Canadian; I therefore immediately fell into the procession, and went round the citadel again with more intelligent guides, carrying, as before, all my effects with me. Seeing that nobody walked with the red-coated commandant, I attached myself to him, and though I was not what is called well dressed, he did not know whether to repel me or not, for I talked like one who was not aware of any deficiency in that respect. Probably there was not one among all the Yankees who went to Canada this time, who was not more splendidly dressed than I was. It would have been a poor story if I had not enjoyed some distinction. I had on my “bad weather clothes,” like Olaf Trygvesson the Northman when he went to the Thing in England, where, by the way, he won his bride. As we stood by the thirty-two pounder on the summit of Cape Diamond, which is fired three times a day, the commandant told me that it would carry to the Isle of Orleans, four miles distant, and that no hostile vessel could come round the island. I now saw the subterranean or rather “casemated barracks” of the soldiers, which I had not noticed before, though I might have walked over them. They had very narrow windows, serving as loopholes for musketry, and small iron chimneys rising above the ground. There we saw the soldiers at home and in an undress, splitting wood, –I looked to see whether with swords or axes,– and in various ways endeavoring to realize that their nation was now at peace with this part of the world. A part of each regiment, chiefly officers, are allowed to marry. A grandfatherly would-be-witty Englishman could give a Yankee whom he was patronizing no reason for the bare knees of the Highlanders, other than oddity. The rock within the citadel is a little convex, so that shells falling on it would roll toward the circumference, where the barracks of the soldiers and officers are; it has been proposed therefore to make it slightly concave, so that they may roll into the centre, where they would be comparatively harmless, and it is estimated that to do this would cost twenty thousand pounds sterling. It may be well to remember this when I build my next house, and have the roof “all correct” for bomb-shells.

At mid-afternoon we made haste down *Sault au Matelot* Street towards the Falls of Montmorenci, about eight miles down the St. Lawrence on the north side, leaving the further examination of Quebec till our return. On our way we saw men in the streets sawing logs pit-fashion, and afterward with a common wood-saw and horse cutting the planks into squares for paving the streets. This looked very shiftless, especially in a country abounding in Water-power, and reminded me that I was no longer in Yankee land. I found on inquiry that the excuse for this was, that labor was so cheap, and I thought with some pain, — how cheap men are here! I have since learned that the English traveller Warburton, remarked soon after landing at Quebec, that every thing was cheap there but men. That must be the difference between going thither from New and from Old England. I had already observed the dogs harnessed to their little milk-carts, which contain a single large can, lying asleep in the gutters, regardless of the horses, while they rested from their labors, at different stages of the ascent in the Upper Town. I was surprised at the regular and extensive use made of these animals for drawing, not only milk, but groceries, wood, &c. It reminded me that the dog commonly is not put to any use. Cats catch mice; but dogs only worry the cats. [Kalm](#), a hundred years ago, saw sledges here for ladies to ride in drawn by a pair of dogs. He says, “A middle-sized dog is sufficient to draw a single person when the roads are good,” and he was told by old people that horses were very scarce in their youth, and almost all the land carriage was then effected by dogs. They made me think of the Esquimaux, who, in fact, are the next people on the north. [Charlevoix](#) says that the first horses were introduced in 1665.

We crossed Dorchester Bridge over the St. Charles, –the little river in which Cartier, the discoverer of the St Lawrence, put his ships, and spent the winter of 1535,– and found ourselves on an excellent Macadamized road, called *Le Chemin de Beauport*. We had left Concord Wednesday morning, and we endeavored to realize that now, Friday morning, we were taking a walk in Canada, in the Seigniori of Beauport, a foreign country, which a few days before had seemed almost as far off as England and France. Instead of rambling to Flint’s Pond or the Sudbury Meadows, we found ourselves, after being a little detained in cars and steamboats, –after spending half a night at Burlington, and half a day at Montreal,– taking a walk down the bank of the St. Lawrence to the Falls of Montmorenci and

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elsewhere. Well, I thought to myself, here I am in a foreign country, let me have my eyes about me and take it all in.

It already looked and felt a good deal colder than it had in New England, as we might have expected it would. I realized fully that I was four degrees nearer the pole, and shuddered at the thought; and I wondered if it were possible that the peaches might not be all gone when I returned. It was an atmosphere that made me think of the fur-trade, which is so interesting a department in Canada, for I had for all head covering a thin palm-leaf hat without lining, that cost twenty-five cents, and over my coat one of those unspeakably cheap, as well as thin, brown linen sacks of the Oak Hall pattern, which every summer appear all over New England, thick as the leaves upon the trees. It was a thoroughly Yankee costume, which some of my fellow travellers wore in the cars to save their coats a dusting. I wore mine at first because it looked better than the coat it covered, and last because two coats were warmer than one, though one was thin and dirty. I never wear my best coat on a journey; though perchance I could show a certificate to prove that I have a more costly one, at least, at home, if that were all that a gentleman required. It is not wise for a traveller to go dressed. I should no more think of it than of putting on a clean dicky and blacking my shoes to go a fishing. As if you were going out to dine, when in fact the genuine traveller is going out to work hard and fare harder, to eat a crust by the way-side whenever he can get it. Honest travelling is about as dirty work as you can do. Why, a man needs a pair of overalls for it. As for blacking my shoes in such a case, I should as soon think of blacking my face. I carry a piece of tallow to preserve the leather, and keep out the water, that's all; and many an officious shoe-black, who carried off my shoes when I was slumbering, mistaking me for a gentleman, has had occasion to repent it before he produced a gloss on them. My pack, in fact, was soon made, for I keep a short list of those articles, which, from frequent experience I have found indispensable to the foot traveller, and when I am about to start, I have only to consult that to be sure that nothing is omitted, and, what is more important, nothing superfluous inserted. Most of my fellow travellers carried carpet-bags or valises. Sometimes one had two or three ponderous yellow valises in his clutch at each hitch of the cars, as if we were going to have another rush for seats; and when there was a rush in earnest, and there were not a few, I would see my man in the crowd, with two or three affectionate lusty fellows along each side of his arm, between his shoulder and his valises, which last held them tight to his back, like the nut on the end of a screw. I could not help asking in my mind, — what so great cause for showing Canada to those valises, when perchance your very nieces had to stay at home for want of an escort? I should have liked to be present when the custom-house officer came aboard of him, and asked him to declare upon his honor if he had anything but wearing apparel in them. Even the elephant carries but a small trunk on his journeys. The perfection of travelling is to travel without baggage. After considerable reflection and experience, I have concluded that the best bag for the foot traveller is made with a handkerchief, or if he studies appearances, a piece of stiff brown paper, well tied up, with a fresh piece within to put outside when the first is torn. That is good for both town and country, and none will know but you are carrying home the silk for a new gown for your wife, when it may be a dirty shirt. A bundle which you can carry literally under your arm, and which will shrink and swell with its contents. I never found the carpet-bag of equal capacity which was not a bundle of itself. We styled ourselves the knights of the umbrella and the bundle, for wherever we went, whether to Notre Dame, or Mount Royal, or the Champ de Mars, to the Town Major's, or the Bishop's Palace, to the Citadel with a barelegged Highlander for our escort, or to the Plains of Abraham, to dinner or to bed, the umbrella and the bundle went with us, for we wished to be ready to digress at any moment. We made it our home nowhere in particular, but everywhere where our umbrella and bundle were. It would have been an amusing circumstance if the mayor of one of those cities had politely asked us where we were staying; we could only have answered that we were staying with his honor for the time being. I was amused when, after our return, some green ones inquired if we found it easy to get accommodated, as if we went abroad to get accommodated, when we can get that at home. There was no crowd where we put up. The best houses, in my opinion, are never crowded. But to proceed with my story.

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We met with many charettes bringing wood and stone to the city. The most ordinary looking horses travelled faster than ours, or perhaps they were ordinary looking because, as I am told, the Canadians do not use the curry-comb. Moreover, it is said that on the approach of winter their horses acquire an increased quantity of hair to protect them from the cold. If this is true, some of our horses would make you think winter was approaching even in mid summer. We soon began to see women and girls at work in the fields, digging potatoes alone, or bundling up the grain which the men cut. They appeared in rude health with a great deal of color in their cheeks, and if their occupation had made them coarse, it impressed me as better in its effects than making shirts at four-pence apiece, or doing nothing at all, unless it be chewing slate-pencils, with still smaller results. They were much more agreeable objects with their great broad-brimmed hats and flowing dresses, than the men and boys. We afterwards saw them doing various other kinds of work; indeed I thought that we saw more women at work out of doors than men.

On our return we observed in this town a girl with Indian boots nearly two feet high taking the harness off a dog. The purity and transparency of the atmosphere were wonderful. When we had been walking an hour we were surprised on turning round to see how near the city with its glittering tin roofs still looked. A village ten miles off did not appear to be more than three or four. I was convinced that you could see objects distinctly there much farther than here. It is true, the villages are of a dazzling white, but the dazzle is to be referred perhaps to the transparency of the atmosphere as much as to the white-wash.

We were now fairly in the village of Beauport, though there was still but one road. The houses stood close upon this, without any front-yards, and at any angle with it, as if they had dropped down, being set with more reference to the road which the sun travels. It being about sundown and the falls not far off, we began to look round for a lodging, for we preferred to put up at a private house, that we might see more of the inhabitants. We inquired first at the most promising looking houses, if indeed any were promising. When we knocked they shouted some French word for Come in, perhaps *Entrez*, and we asked for a lodging in English; but we found, unexpectedly, that they spoke French only. Then we went along and tried another house, being generally saluted by a rush of two or three little curs which readily distinguished a foreigner, and which we were prepared now to hear bark in French. Our first question would be, *Parlez vous Anglais?* but the invariable answer was, *Non Monsieur*; and we soon found that the inhabitants were exclusively French Canadian, and nobody spoke English at all any more than in France; that in fact we were in a foreign country, where the inhabitants uttered not one familiar sound to us. Then we tried by turns to talk French with them, in which we succeeded sometimes pretty well, but for the most part pretty ill. *Pouvezvous nous donner un lit cette nuit?* we would ask, and then they would answer with French volubility, so that we could catch only a word here and there. We could understand the women and children generally better than the men, and they us; and thus after a while we would learn that they had no more beds than they used. So we were compelled to inquire *Y a-t-il une maison publique ici?* — (*auberge* we should have said perhaps, for they seemed never to have heard of the other,) and they answered at length that there was no tavern, unless we could get lodging at the mill, *le moulin*, which we had passed; or they would direct us to a grocery, and almost every house had a small grocery at one end of it. We called on the public notary, or village lawyer, but he had no more beds nor English than the rest. At one house there was so good a misunderstanding at once established, through the politeness of all parties, that we were encouraged to walk in and sit down and ask for a glass of water; and having drunk their water, we thought it was as good as to have tasted their salt. When our host and his wife spoke of their poor accommodations, meaning for themselves, we assured them that they were good enough, for we thought that they were only apologizing for the poorness of the accommodations they were about to offer us, and we did not discover our mistake till they took us up a ladder into a loft and showed to our eyes what they had been laboring in vain to communicate to our brains through our ears, that they had but that one apartment with its few beds for the whole family. We made our *a-dieu* forthwith, and with gravity, perceiving the literal signification of that word. We were finally taken in at a sort of public-house,



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whose master worked for Patterson, the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills driven by a portion of the Montmorenci stolen from the fall, whose roar we now heard. We here talked or murdered French all the evening with the master of the house and his family, and probably had a more amusing time than if we had completely understood one another. At length they showed us to a bed in their best chamber, very high to get into, with a low wooden rail to it. It had no cotton sheets, but coarse home-made dark-colored linen ones. Afterward we had to do with sheets still coarser than these, and nearly the color of our blankets. There was a large open buffet crowded with crockery in one corner of the room, as if to display their wealth to travellers, and pictures of Scripture scenes, French, Italian, and Spanish, hung around. Our hostess came back directly to inquire if we would have brandy for breakfast.

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In London, the 1st column of what would become the [Crystal Palace](#) was being raised.

Restrictions were set on the [French](#) press by President [Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) were just south of Plattsburg, Vermont and got their first fair view of Lake Champlain, (still, incidentally, a fair view):

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CANADA
QUÉBEC





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We got our first fair view of the lake at dawn, just before reaching Plattsburg, and saw blue ranges of mountains on either hand, in New York and in Vermont, the former especially grand. A few white schooners, like gulls, were seen in the distance, for it is not waste and solitary like a lake in Tartary; but it was such a view as leaves not much to be said.... The number of French Canadian gentlemen and ladies among the passengers, and the sound of the French language, advertised us by this time, that we were being whirled toward some foreign vortex. And now we have left Rouse's Point, and entered the Sorel River, and passed the invisible barrier between the States and Canada. The shores of the Sorel, Richelieu, or St. John's River, were flat and reedy, where I had expected something more rough and mountainous for a natural boundary between two nations. Yet I saw a difference at once, in the few huts, in the pirogues on the shore, and as it were, in the shore itself. This was an interesting scenery to me, and the very reeds or rushes in the shallow water, and the tree tops in the swamps, have left a pleasing impression. We had still a distant view behind us of two or three blue mountains in Vermont and New York. About nine o'clock in the forenoon we reached St. John's, an old frontier post three hundred and six miles from Boston and twenty-four from Montreal. We now discovered that we were in a foreign country, in a station-house of another nation. This building was a barn-like structure looking as if it were the work of the villagers combined, like a log-house in a new settlement. My attention was caught by the double advertisements in French and English fastened to its posts, by the formality of the English, and the covert or open reference to their queen and the British lion. No gentlemanly conductor appeared, none whom you would know to be the conductor by his dress and demeanor; but ere long we began to see here and there a solid, red-faced, burly-looking Englishman, a little puffy perhaps, who made us ashamed of ourselves and our thin and nervous countrymen, — a grandfatherly personage at home in his great coat, who looked as if he might be a stage proprietor, certainly a railroad director, and knew, or had a right to know when the cars did start. Then there were two or three pale-faced, black-eyed, loquacious Canadian French gentlemen there, shrugging their shoulders; pitted as if they had all had the small pox. In the mean while some soldiers, red-coats, belonging to the barracks nearby, were turned out to be drilled. At every important point in our route the soldiers showed themselves ready for us; though they were evidently rather raw recruits here, they manœuvred far better than our soldiers; yet, as usual, I heard some Yankees talk as if they were no great shakes, and they had seen the Acton Blues manœuvre as well. The officers spoke sharply to them, and appeared to be doing their part thoroughly. I heard one, suddenly coming to the rear, exclaim, "Michael Donouy, take his name!" though I could not see what the latter did or omitted to do. It was whispered that Michael Donouy would have to suffer for that. I heard some of our party discussing the possibility of their driving these troops off the field with their umbrellas. I thought that the Yankee, though undisciplined, had this advantage at least, that he especially is a man who, everywhere and under all circumstances, is fully resolved to better his condition essentially, and therefore he could afford to be beaten at first; while the virtue of the Irishman, and to a great extent the Englishman, consists in merely maintaining his ground or condition. The Canadians here, a rather poor-looking race clad in grey homespun, which gave them the appearance of being covered with dust, were riding about in caleches and small one-horse carts called charettes. The Yankees assumed that all the riders were racing, or at least exhibiting the paces of their horses, and saluted them accordingly. We saw but little of the village here, for nobody could tell us when the cars would start; that was kept a profound secret, perhaps for political reasons; and therefore we were tied to our seats. The inhabitants of St. John's and vicinity are described by an English traveller as "singularly unprepossessing," and before completing his period he adds, "besides, they are generally very much disaffected to the British Crown." I suspect that that "besides" should have been a because.

At length about noon the cars began to roll toward La Prairie. The whole distance of fifteen miles was over a remarkably level country, resembling a western prairie, with the mountains about Chambly visible in the north-east. This novel, but monotonous, scenery was exciting. At La Prairie we first took notice of the tinned roofs, but, above all, of the St. Lawrence, which looked like a lake, in fact it is considerably expanded here; it was nine miles across diagonally to Montreal. Mount Royal in the rear of the city and the island of St. Helens opposite to it, were now conspicuous. We could also see the Sault St. Louis about five miles up the river, and the Sault Norman still further eastward. The former are described as the most considerable rapids in the St. Lawrence; but we could see merely a gleam of light there as from a cobweb in the sun. Soon the city of Montreal was discovered with its tin roofs shining afar. Their reflections fell on the eye like a clash of cymbals on the ear.

CATHOLICS

1850-1851

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Above all the church of Notre Dame was conspicuous, and anon the Bonsecours Market-House occupying a commanding position on the quay, in the rear of the shipping. This city makes the more favorable impression from being approached by water, and also being built of stone, a gray limestone found on the island. Here, after travelling directly inland the whole breadth of New England, we had struck upon a city's harbor, —it made on me the impression of a sea-port,— to which ships of six hundred tons can ascend, and where vessels drawing fifteen feet lie close to the wharf, — five hundred and forty miles from the Gulf; the St. Lawrence being here two miles wide. There was a great crowd assembled on the ferry-boat wharf, and on the quay, to receive the Yankees, and flags of all colors were streaming from the vessels to celebrate their arrival. When the gun was fired, the gentry hurraed again and again, and then the Canadian caleche drivers, who were most interested in the matter, and who, I perceived, were separated from the former by a fence, hurraed their welcome; first the broad-cloth, then the home-spun.

It was early in the afternoon when we stepped ashore. With a single companion I soon found my way to the church of Notre Dame. I saw that it was of great size and signified something. It is said to be the largest ecclesiastical structure in North America, and can seat ten thousand. It is two hundred fifty-five and a half feet long, and the groined ceiling is eighty feet above your head. The Catholic are the only churches which I have seen worth remembering, which are not almost wholly prophane. I do not speak only of the rich and splendid like this, but of the humblest of them as well. Coming from the hurraing mob and the rattling carriages, we pushed aside the listed door of this church and found ourselves instantly in an atmosphere which might be sacred to thought and religion if one had any. There sat one or two women who had stolen a moment from the concerns of the day as they were passing; but if there had been fifty people there, it would still have been the most solitary place imaginable. They did not look up at us, nor did one regard another. We walked softly down the broad-aisle with our hats in our hands. Presently came in a troop of Canadians, in their homespun, who had come to the city in the boat with us, and one and all kneeled down in the aisle before the high altar to their devotions, somewhat awkwardly, as cattle prepare to lie down, and there we left them. As if you were to catch some farmer's sons from Marlboro, come to Cattleshow, silently kneeling in Concord meetinghouse some Wednesday! Would there not soon be a mob peeping in at the windows? It is true, these Roman Catholics, priests and all, impress me as a people who have fallen far behind the significance of their symbols. It is as if an ox had strayed into a church and were trying to bethink himself. Nevertheless, they are capable of reverence; but we Yankees are a people in whom this sentiment has nearly died out, and in this respect we cannot bethink ourselves even as oxen. I did not mind the pictures nor the candles, whether tallow or tin. Those of the former which I looked at appeared tawdry. It matters little to me whether the pictures are by a neophyte of the Algonquin or the Italian tribe. But I was impressed by the quiet religious atmosphere of the place. It was a great cave in the midst of a city, —and what were the altars and the tinsel but the sparkling stalactites,— into which you entered in a moment, and where the still atmosphere and the sombre light disposed to serious and profitable thought. Such a cave at hand, which you can enter any day, is worth a thousand of our churches which are open only on Sundays, —hardly long enough for an airing,— and then filled with a bustling congregation. A church where the priest is the least part, where you do your own preaching, where the universe preaches to you and can be heard. I am not sure but this Catholic religion would be an admirable one if the priest were quite omitted. I think that I might go to church myself sometimes, some Monday, if I lived in a city where there was such a one to go to. In Concord, to be sure, we do not need such. Our forests are such a church, far grander and more sacred. We dare not leave *our* meetinghouses open for fear they would be prophaned. Such a cave, such a shrine, in one of our groves, for instance, how long would it be respected — for what purposes would it be entered, by such baboons as we are? I think of its value not only to religion, but to philosophy and poetry; beside a Reading Room to have a Thinking Room in every city! Perchance the time will come when every house even will have not only its sleeping rooms, and dining room, and talking room or parlor, but its Thinking Room also, and the architects will put it into their plans. Let it be furnished and ornamented with whatever conduces to serious and creative thought. I should not object to the holy water, or any other simple symbol, if it were consecrated by the imagination of the worshippers.

I heard that some Yankees bet that the candles here were not wax but tin. A European assured them that they were wax; but inquiring of the sexton he was surprised to learn that they were tin filled with oil. The church was too poor to afford wax. As for the Protestant churches, here, as elsewhere, they did not interest me, for it is only as caves that churches interest me at all, and in that respect they were inferior.

1850-1851

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Montreal makes the impression of a larger city than you had expected to find, though you may have heard that it contains nearly sixty thousand inhabitants. In the newer parts it appeared to be growing fast like a small New York, and to be considerably Americanized. The names of the squares reminded you of Paris — the Champ de Mars, the Place d'Armes, and others, and you felt as if a French revolution might break out any moment. Glimpses of Mount Royal rising behind the town, and the names of some streets in that direction made one think of Edinburgh. That hill sets off this city wonderfully. I inquired at a principal bookstore for books published in Montreal. They said that there were none but school books, and the like, they got their books from the States. From time to time we met a priest in the streets, for they are distinguished by their dress, like the *civil* police. Like clergymen generally, with or without the gown, they made on us the impression of effeminacy. We also met some Sisters of Charity, dressed in black, with Shaker-shaped black bonnets and crosses, and cadaverous faces, who looked as if they had almost cried their eyes out, — their complexions parboiled with scalding tears; insulting the daylight by their presence, having taken an oath not to smile. By cadaverous, I mean that their faces were like the faces of those who have been dead and buried for a year, and then untombed, with the life's grief upon them, and yet, for some unaccountable reason, the process of decay arrested.

“Truth never fails her servant, Sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.”

They waited demurely on the side-walk while a truck laden with raisins was driven in at the seminary of St. Sulpice, never once lifting their eyes from the ground.

The soldier here, as everywhere in Canada, appeared to be put forward, and by his best foot. They were in the proportion of the soldiers to the laborers in an African ant-hill. The inhabitants evidently rely on them in a great measure, for music and entertainment. You would meet with them pacing back and forth before some guard-house or passage way, guarding, regarding, and disregarding all kinds of law by turns, apparently for the sake of the discipline to themselves, and not because it was important to exclude anybody from entering that way. They reminded me of the men who are paid for piling up bricks and then throwing them down again. On every prominent ledge you could see England's hands holding the Canadas, and I judged by the redness of her knuckles that she would soon have to let go. In the rear of such a guard-house, in a large gravelled square or parade ground, called the Champ de Mars, we saw a large body of soldiers being drilled, we being as yet the only spectators. But they did not appear to notice us any more than the devotees in the church, but were seemingly as indifferent to fewness of spectators as the phenomena of nature are, whatever they might have been thinking under their helmets of the Yankees that were to come. Each man wore white kid gloves. It was one of the most interesting sights which I saw in Canada. The problem appeared to be, how to smooth down all individual protuberances or idiosyncrasies, and make a thousand men move as one man, animated by one central will, and there was some approach to success. They obeyed the signals of a commander who stood at a great distance, wand in hand, and the precision, and promptness, and harmony of their movements, could not easily have been matched. The harmony was far more remarkable than that of any quire or band, and obtained, no doubt, at a greater cost. They made on me the impression, not of many individuals, but of one vast centipede of a man, good for all sorts of pulling down; — and why not then for some kinds of building up? If men could combine thus earnestly, and patiently, and harmoniously, to some really worthy end, what might they not accomplish? They now put their hands, and partially perchance their heads, together, and the result is that they are the imperfect tools of an imperfect and tyrannical government. But if they could put their hands and heads and hearts and all together, such a cooperation and harmony would be the very end and success for which government now exists in vain — a government, as it were, not only with tools, but stock to trade with.

I was obliged to frame some sentences that sounded like French in order to deal with the market women, who, for the most part, cannot speak English. According to the guide-book the relative population of this city stands nearly thus. Two fifths are French Canadian; nearly one-fifth British Canadian; one and a half fifth English, Irish, and Scotch; somewhat less than one half fifth Germans, United States people, and others. I saw nothing like pie for sale, and no good cake to put in my bundle, such as you can easily find in our towns, but plenty of fair-looking apples, for which Montreal Island is celebrated, and also pears, cheaper and I thought better than ours, and peaches, which, though they were probably brought from the south, were as cheap as they commonly are with us. So imperative is the law of demand and supply that, as I have been told, the market of Montreal is sometimes supplied with green apples from the state of New York some weeks even before they are ripe in the latter place.

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I saw here the spruce wax which the Canadians chew, done up in little silvered papers, a penny a roll; also a small and shrivelled fruit which they called *cerises* mixed with many little stems somewhat like raisins, but I soon returned what I had bought, finding them rather insipid, only putting a sample in my pocket. Since my return, I find on comparison that it is the fruit of the sweet viburnum (*viburnum lentago*) which with us rarely holds on till it is ripe.


I stood on the deck of the steamer John Munn, late in the afternoon, when the second and third ferry-boats arrived from La Prairie bringing the remainder of the Yankees. I never saw so many caleches, cabs, charrettes, and similar vehicles, collected before, and doubt if New York could easily furnish more. The handsome and substantial stone quay which stretches a mile along the river side and protects the street from the ice, was thronged with the citizens who had turned out on foot and in carriages to welcome or to behold the Yankees. It was interesting to see the caleche drivers dash up and down the slopes of the quay with their active little horses. They drive much faster than in our cities. I have been told that some of them come nine miles into the city every morning and return every night, without changing their horses during the day. In the midst of the crowd of carts, I observed one deep one loaded with sheep with their legs tied together, and their bodies piled one upon another. As if the driver had forgotten that they were sheep and not yet mutton. A sight, I trust, peculiar to Canada, though I fear that it is not.

About six o'clock we started for Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles distant by the river; gliding past Longueil and Boucherville on the right, and *Pointe aux Trembles*, "so called from having been originally covered with aspens," and *Bout de l'Isle*, or the End of the Island, on the left. I repeat these names not merely for want of more substantial facts to record, but because they sounded singularly poetic to my ears. There certainly was no lie in them. They suggested that some simple and perchance heroic human life might have transpired there. There is all the poetry in the world in a name. It is a poem which the mass of men hear and read. What is poetry in the common sense but a string of such jingling names. I want nothing better than a good word. The name of a thing may easily be more than the thing itself to me. Inexpressibly beautiful appears the recognition by man of the least natural fact, and the allying his life to it. All the world reiterating this slender truth, that aspens once grew there; and the swift inference is, that men were there to see them. And so it would be with the names of our native and neighboring villages, if we had not profaned them.

The daylight now failed us and we went below, but I endeavored to console myself for being obliged to make this voyage by night by thinking that I did not lose a great deal, the shores being low and rather unattractive, and that the river itself was much the most interesting object. I heard something in the night about the boat being at William Henry, Three Rivers, and in the Richelieu Rapids, but I still where I had been when I lost sight of *Pointe aux Trembles*. To hear a man who has been waked up at midnight in the cabin of a steamboat, inquiring,—"Waiter, where are we now?"—is as if at any moment of the earth's revolution round the sun, or of the system round its centre, one were to raise himself up and inquire of one of the deck hands, — Where are we now?

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 September 28, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 28

A bill in the federal Congress restricted flogging as a method of torture/punishment in the US Navy (this would be expanded in 1852, and in 1860 such floggings would be entirely prohibited).

The *HMS North Star*, Master Commander James Saunders, arrived at Spithead on its return from the Arctic region in search of the Sir John Franklin party of lost explorers. This vessel had sailed from Greenhithe during May 1849 and had been imprisoned in the ice from October 1st, 1849 to August 1st, 1850.

The Whig senator and Know-Nothing Henry Clay left Washington DC by rail, heading toward his home in Lexington, Kentucky. Supporters shouted their appreciation of him across a railroad station. He declined to shake hands, pleading his age and infirmity.

On this night in Westerlo, New York, Reuben A. Dunbar, a 20-year-old recent newlywed whose spouse had a baby on the way, murdered his relatives Stephen V. Lester, age 8, and David L. Lester, age 10. The bodies would be found in the woods and interred at the Wickham Farm Burying Ground, Dunbar Hollow, Dormansville, New York. Dunbar would explain he had been after their inheritance. He would hang.



REUBEN A. DUNBAR



1850-1851

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) walked in Québec:

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The next morning when I asked their names she took down the temperance pledges of herself and husband and children, which were hanging against the wall. They were Jean Baptiste Binet and his wife Genevieve Binet. Jean Baptiste is the sobriquet of the French Canadians.

After breakfast we proceeded to the fall, which was within half a mile, and at this distance its rustling sound, like the wind among the leaves, filled all the air. We were disappointed to find that we were in some measure shut out from the west side of the fall by the private grounds and fences of Patterson, who appropriates not only a part of the water for his mill, but a still larger part of the prospect, so that we were obliged to trespass. This gentleman's mansion-house and grounds were formerly occupied by the Duke of Kent, father to Queen Victoria. It appeared to me in bad taste for an individual, though he were the father of Queen Victoria, to obtrude himself with his land titles, or at least his fences, on so remarkable a natural phenomenon, which should in every sense belong to mankind. Some falls should even be kept sacred from the intrusion of mills and factories, as water privileges in another than the mill-wright's sense. This small river falls perpendicularly nearly two hundred and fifty feet at one pitch. The St. Lawrence falls only one hundred and sixty-four feet at Niagara. It is a very simple and noble fall, and leaves nothing to be desired; but the most that I could say of it would only have the force of one other testimony to assure the reader that it is there. We looked directly down on it from the point of a projecting rock, and saw far below us, on a low promontory, the grass kept fresh and green by the perpetual drizzle, looking like moss. The rock is a kind of slate, in the crevices of which grew ferns and golden-rods. The prevailing trees on the shores were spruce and arbor-vitæ, the latter very large and now full of fruit; also aspens, alders, and the mountain ash with its berries. Every immigrant who arrives in this country by way of the St. Lawrence, as he opens a point of the Isle of Orleans sees the Montmorenci tumbling into the Great River thus magnificently in a vast white sheet, making its contribution with emphasis. Roberval's Pilot, Jean Alphonse, saw this fall thus and described it in 1542. It is a splendid introduction to the scenery of Quebec. Instead of an artificial fountain in its squares, Quebec has this magnificent natural waterfall to adorn one side of its harbor. Within the mouth of the chasm below, which can be entered only at ebb tide, we had a grand view at once of Quebec and of the fall. Kalm says that the noise of the fall is sometimes heard at Quebec about eight miles distant, and is a sign of a north-east wind. The side of this chasm, of soft and crumbling slate too steep to climb, was among the memorable features of the scene. In the winter of 1829 the frozen spray of the fall descending on the ice of the St. Lawrence made a hill one hundred and twenty-six feet high. It is an annual phenomenon which some think may help explain the formation of glaciers.

In the vicinity of the fall we began to notice what looked like our red-fruited thorn bushes grown to the size of ordinary apple trees, very common and full of large red or yellow fruit which the inhabitants called *pommettes*, but I did not learn that they were put to any use.

By the middle of the forenoon, though it was a rainy day, we were once more on our way down the north bank of the St. Lawrence, in a north-easterly direction, toward the Falls of St. Anne, which are about thirty miles from Quebec.... The single road runs along the side of the slope two or three hundred feet above the river at first, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile distant from it, and affords fine views of the north channel, which is about a mile wide, and of the beautiful Isle of Orleans, about twenty miles long by five wide, where grow the best apples and plums in the Quebec District.

Though there was but this single road, it was a continuous village for as far as we walked this day and the next, or about thirty miles down the river, the houses being as near together all the way as in the middle of one of our smallest straggling country villages, and we could never tell by their number when we were on the skirts of a parish, for the road never ran through the fields or woods. We were told that it was just six miles from one parish church to another. I thought that we saw every house in Ange Gardien. Therefore, as it was a muddy day, we never got out of the mud, nor out of the village, unless we got over the fence; then indeed, if it was on the north side, we were out of the civilized world. There were sometimes a few more houses near the church, it is true, but we had only to go a quarter of a mile from the road to the top of the bank to find ourselves on the verge of the uninhabited, and, for the most part, unexplored wilderness stretching toward Hudson's Bay. The farms were accordingly extremely long and narrow, each having a frontage on the river....

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The road, in this clayey looking soil, was exceedingly muddy in consequence of the night's rain. We met an old woman directing her dog, which was harnessed to a little cart, to the least muddy part of it. It was a beggarly sight. But harnessed to the cart as he was, we heard him barking after we had passed, though we looked any where but to the cart to see where the dog was that barked. The houses commonly fronted the south, whatever angle they might make with the road; and frequently they had no door nor cheerful window on the roadside. Half the time, they stood fifteen to forty rods from the road, and there was no very obvious passage to them, so that you would suppose that there must be another road running by them; they were of stone, rather coarsely mortared, but neatly white-washed, almost invariably one story high, and long in proportion to their height, with a shingled roof, the shingles being pointed, for ornament, at the eaves, like the pickets of a fence, and also, one row half way up the roof. The gables sometimes projected a foot or two at the ridge-pole only. Yet they were very humble and unpretending dwellings. They commonly had the date of their erection on them. The windows opened in the middle, like blinds, and were frequently provided with solid shutters. Sometimes, when we walked along the back side of a house, which stood near the road, we observed stout stakes leaning against it, by which the shutters, now pushed half open, were fastened at night; within, the houses were neatly ceiled with wood not painted. The oven was commonly out of doors, built of stone and mortar, frequently on a raised platform of planks. The cellar was often on the opposite side of the road, in front of or behind the houses, looking like an ice-house with us, with a lattice door for summer. The very few mechanics whom we met had an old-Bettyish look, in their aprons and *bonnets rouges*, like fools' caps. The men wore commonly the same *bonnet rouge*, or red woollen, or worsted cap, or sometimes blue or gray, looking to us as if they had got up with their night-caps on, and in fact, I afterwards found that they had. Their clothes were of the cloth of the country, *étouffe du pays*, gray or some other plain color. The women looked stout, with gowns that stood out stiffly, also, for the most part, apparently of some home-made stuff. We also saw some specimens of the more characteristic winter dress of the Canadian, and I have since frequently detected him in New England by his coarse gray home-spun capote and picturesque red sash, and his well furred cap, made to protect his ears against the severity of his climate.

It drizzled all day, so that the roads did not improve. We began now to meet with wooden crosses frequently, by the road-side, about a dozen feet high, often old and toppling down, sometimes standing on a square wooden platform, sometimes in a pile of stones, with a little niche containing a picture of the virgin and child, or of Christ alone, sometimes with a string of beads, and covered with a piece of glass to keep out the rain, with the words, *pour la vierge*, or *Iniri*, on them. Frequently, on the cross-bar, there would be quite a collection of symbolical knick-knacks, looking like an Italian's board; the representation in wood of a hand, a hammer, spikes, pincers, a flask of vinegar, a ladder, &c., the whole perchance surmounted by a weathercock; but I could not look at an honest weather-cock in this walk, without mistrusting that there was some covert reference in it to St. Peter. From time to time we passed a little one story chapel-like building, with a tin-roofed spire, a shrine, perhaps it would be called, close to the path-side, with a lattice door, through which we could see an altar, and pictures about the walls; equally open, through rain and shine, though there was no getting into it. At these places the inhabitants kneeled and perhaps breathed a short prayer. We saw one school-house in our walk, and listened to the sounds which issued from it; but it appeared like a place where the process, not of enlightening, but of obfuscating the mind was going on, and the pupils received only so much light as could penetrate the shadow of the Catholic church. The churches were very picturesque, and their interior much more showy than the dwelling houses promised. They were of stone, for it was ordered in 1699, that that should be their material. They had tinned spires, and quaint ornaments. That of *l'Ange Gardien* had a dial on it, with the middle age Roman numerals on its face, and some images in niches on the outside. Probably its counterpart has existed in Normandy for a thousand years. At the church of Château Richer, which is the next parish to l'Ange Gardien, we read, looking over the wall, the inscriptions in the adjacent church-yard, which began with, "*Ici git*" or "*repose*," and one over a boy contained, "*Priez pour lui*." This answered as well as Père la Chaise. We knocked at the door of the curé's house here, when a sleek friar-like personage, in his sacerdotal robe appeared. To our *Parlez-vous Anglais?* even he answered, "*Non, Monsieur*;" but at last we made him understand what we wanted. It was to find the ruins of the old château. "*Ah! oui! oui!*" he exclaimed, and donning his coat, hastened forth, and conducted us to a small heap of rubbish which we had already examined. He said that fifteen years before, it was *plus considérable*. Seeing at that moment three little red birds fly out of a crevice in the ruins, up into an arbor-vitæ tree, which grew out of them, I asked him their names, in such French as I could muster, but he neither understood me, nor ornithology; he only inquired where we had *appris à parler Français*; we told him, *dans les États-Unis*; and so we bowed him into his house again. I was surprised to find a man wearing a black coat, and with apparently no work to do, even in that part of the world.

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... We saw peas, and even beans, collected into heaps in the fields. The former are an important crop here, and, I suppose, are not so much infested by the weevil as with us. There were plenty of apples, very fair and sound, by the road-side, but they were so small as to suggest the origin of the apple in the crab. There was also a small red fruit which they called *snells*, and another, also red and very acid, whose name a little boy wrote for me "*pinbéna*." It is probably the same with, or similar to the *pembina* of the voyageurs, a species of *viburnum*, which, according to Richardson, has given its name to many of the rivers of Rupert's Land. The forest trees were spruce, arbor-vitæ, firs, birches, beeches, two or three kinds of maple, bass-wood, wild-cherry, aspens, &c., but no pitch pines (*pinus rigida*). I saw very few, if any, trees which had been set out for shade or ornament. The water was commonly running streams or springs in the bank by the road-side, and was excellent. The parishes are commonly separated by a stream, and frequently the farms. I noticed that the fields were furrowed or thrown into beds seven or eight feet wide to dry the soil.

At the *Rivière du Sault à la Puce*, which, I suppose, means the River of the Fall of the Flea, was advertised in English, as the sportsmen are English, "the best snipe-shooting grounds," over the door of a small public-house. These words being English affected me as if I had been absent now ten years from my country, and for so long had not heard the sound of my native language, and every one of them was as interesting to me as if I had been a snipe-shooter, and they had been snipes. The prunella or self-heal, in the grass here, was an old acquaintance. We frequently saw the inhabitants washing, or cooking for their pigs, and in one place hackling flax by the road-side. It was pleasant to see these usually domestic operations carried on out of doors, even in that cold country.

At twilight we reached a bridge over a little river, the boundary between Château Richer and St. Anne, *le premier pont de Ste. Anne*, and at dark the church of *La Bonne Ste. Anne*. Formerly vessels from France, when they came in sight of this church, gave "a general discharge of their artillery," as a sign of joy that they had escaped all the dangers of the river. Though all the while we had grand views of the adjacent country far up and down the river, and, for the most part, when we turned about, of Quebec in the horizon behind us, and we never beheld it without new surprise and admiration; yet, throughout our walk, the Great River of Canada on our right hand was the main feature in the landscape, and this expands so rapidly below the Isle of Orleans, and creates such a breadth of level horizon above its waters in that direction, that, looking down the river as we approached the extremity of that island, the St. Lawrence seemed to be opening into the ocean, though we were still about three hundred and twenty-five miles from what can be called its mouth.

When we inquired here for a *maison publique* we were directed apparently to that private house where we were most likely to find entertainment. There were no guide-boards where we walked, because there was but one road; there were no shops nor signs, because there were no artisans to speak of, and the people raised their own provisions; and there were no taverns because there were no travellers. We here bespoke lodging and breakfast. They had, as usual, a large old-fashioned, two-storied box stove in the middle of the room, out of which, in due time, there was sure to be forthcoming a supper, breakfast, or dinner. The lower half held the fire, the upper the hot air, and as it was a cool Canadian evening, this was a comforting sight to us. Being four or five feet high it warmed the whole person as you stood by it. The stove was plainly a very important article of furniture in Canada, and was not set aside during the summer. Its size, and the respect which was paid to it, told of the severe winters which it had seen and prevailed over. The master of the house, in his long-pointed, red woollen cap, had a thoroughly antique physiognomy of the old Norman stamp. He might have come over with Jacques Cartier. His was the hardest French to understand of any we had heard yet, for there was a great difference between one speaker and another, and this man talked with a pipe in his mouth beside, a kind of tobacco French. I asked him what he called his dog. He shouted *Brock!* (the name of the breed). We liked to hear the cat called *min* — min! min! min! I inquired if we could cross the river here to the Isle of Orleans, thinking to return that way when we had been to the Falls. He answered, "*S'il ne fait pas un trop grand vent,*" If there is not too much wind. They use small boats or pirogues, and the waves are often too high for them. He wore, as usual, something between a moccasin and a boot, which he called *bottes Indiennes*, Indian boots, and had made himself. The tops were of calf or sheep skin, and the soles of cow hide turned up like a moccasin. They were yellow or reddish, the leather never having been tanned nor colored. The women wore the same. He told us that he had travelled ten leagues due north into the bush. He had been to the Falls of St. Anne, and said that they were more beautiful, but not greater, than Montmorenci, *plus beau mais non plus grand que Montmorenci*. As soon as we had retired the family commenced their devotions. A little boy officiated, and for a long time we heard him muttering over his prayers.



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September 29, Sunday, 1850: [Pope Pius IX](#) determined to restore a regular Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, Anglicanism to the contrary notwithstanding.

September 29, Sunday, 1850: The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn. Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

We Set out the first of the week for Stockton where we arrived on the 23rd in the Evening. Stockton has grown very Much Since last fall. Some very pretty buildings have been Erected Since, which together with the regular trips of the Steamboats, gives the place the appearance of an Old business Settlement. We had a very heavy Shower of rain in the Evening. On Tuesday Morning at 10 O Clock we Set out down the river for [San Francisco](#). On Wednesday we passed the great New York of the Pacific (Mentioned before in this Journal) It appears very much as it did a year ago there are now about 5 Shanties in the place. In the Evening we arrived in Benecia. We landed and got Some Supper after which we took a walk around to See the place. We found it greatly enlarged Since last fall, Many improvements have been Made. All hours of the night the Steamboats may be heard ringing their Bells & blowing their wistle landing as they pass to and from Stockton Sacramento & San Francisco. On Thursday Eve we aroved at San Francisco. This City has grown So, and is So altered in its appearance that I Scarsley knew its Streets and avenues. Business was quite brisk Especialy in Mercantile line provisions on the rise etc Mechanicks Wages from 5 to \$12. large numbers runing about unable to procure work.



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[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) collected a Québec waterfall:

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In the morning, after a breakfast of tea, maple sugar, bread and butter, and what I suppose is called a *potage* (potatoes and meat boiled with flour), the universal dish as we found, perhaps the national one, I ran over to the Church of La Bonne Ste. Anne, whose matin bell we had heard, it being Sunday morning. Our book said that this church had “long been an object of interest, from the miraculous cures said to have been wrought on visitors to the shrine.” There was a profusion of gilding, and I counted more than twenty-five crutches suspended on the walls, some for grown persons, some for children, which it was to be inferred so many sick had been able to dispense with; but they looked as if they had been made to order by the carpenter who made the church. There were one or two villagers at their devotions at that early hour, who did not look up, but when they had sat a long time with their little book before the picture of one saint, went to another. Our whole walk was through a thoroughly Catholic country, and there was no trace of any other religion. I doubt if there are any more simple and unsophisticated Catholics any where. Emery de Caen, Champlain’s contemporary, told the Huguenot sailors that “Monseigneur, the Duke de Ventadour (Viceroy), did not wish that they should sing psalms in the Great River.”

On our way to the falls, we met the habitans coming to the Church of La Bonne Ste. Anne, walking or riding in charettes by families. I remarked that they were universally of small stature. The toll-man at the bridge, over the St. Anne, was the first man we had chanced to meet since we left Quebec, who could speak a word of English. How good French the inhabitants of this part of Canada speak, I am not competent to say; I only know that it is not made impure by being mixed with English. I do not know why it should not be as good as is spoken in Normandy. Charlevoix, who was here a hundred years ago, observes, “the French language is nowhere spoken with greater purity, there being no accent perceptible;” and Potherie said “they had no dialect, which, indeed, is generally lost in a colony.”

The falls, which we were in search of, are three miles up the St. Anne. We followed for a short distance a foot-path up the east bank of this river, through handsome sugar-maple and arbor-vitæ groves. Having lost the path which led to a house where we were to get further directions, we dashed at once into the woods, steering by guess and by compass, climbing directly through woods, a steep hill, or mountain, five or six hundred feet high, which was, in fact, only the bank of the St. Lawrence. Beyond this we by good luck fell into another path, and following this or a branch of it, at our discretion, through a forest consisting of large white pines, –the first we had seen in our walk,– we at length heard the roar of falling water, and came out at the head of the Falls of St. Anne. We had descended into a ravine or cleft in the mountain, whose walls rose still a hundred feet above us, though we were near its top, and we now stood on a very rocky shore, where the water had lately flowed a dozen feet higher, as appeared by the stones and drift-wood, and large birches twisted and splintered as a farmer twists a withe. Here the river, one or two hundred feet wide, came flowing rapidly over a rocky bed out of that interesting wilderness which stretches toward Hudson’s Bay and Davis’s Strait. Ha-ha Bay, on the Saguenay, was about one hundred miles north of where we stood. Looking on the map, I find that the first country on the north which bears a name, is that part of Rupert’s Land called East Main. This river, called after the holy Anne, flowing from such a direction, here tumbled over a precipice, at present by three channels, how far down I do not know, but far enough for all our purposes, and to as good a distance as if twice as far. It matters little whether you call it one, or two, or three hundred feet; at any rate, it was a sufficient water-privilege for us. I crossed the principal channel directly over the verge of the fall, where it was contracted to about fifteen feet in width, by a dead tree which had been dropped across and secured in a cleft of the opposite rock, and a smaller one a few feet higher, which served for a hand-rail. This bridge was rotten as well as small and slippery, being stripped of bark, and I was obliged to seize a moment to pass when the falling water did not surge over it, and mid-way, though at the expense of wet feet, I looked down probably more than a hundred feet, into the mist and foam below. This gave me the freedom of an island of precipitous rock, by which I descended as by giant steps, the rock being composed of large cubical masses, clothed with delicate, close-hugging lichens of various colors, kept fresh and bright by the moisture, till I viewed the first fall from the front, and looked down still deeper to where the second and third channels fell into a remarkably large circular basin worn in the stone. The falling water seemed to jar the very rocks, and the noise to be ever increasing. The vista down stream was through a narrow and deep cleft in the mountain, all white suds at the bottom; but a sudden angle in this gorge prevented my seeing through to the bottom of the fall. Returning to the shore, I made my way down stream through the forest to see how far the fall extended, and how the river came out of that adventure. It was to clamber along the side of a precipitous mountain of loose mossy rocks, covered with a damp primitive forest, and terminating at the bottom in an abrupt precipice over the stream. This was the east side of the fall.

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At length, after a quarter of a mile, I got down to still water, and on looking up through the winding gorge, I could just see to the foot of the fall which I had before examined; while from the opposite side of the stream, here much contracted, rose a perpendicular wall, I will not venture to say how many hundred feet, but only that it was the highest perpendicular wall of bare rock that I ever saw. In front of me tumbled in from the summit of the cliff a tributary stream, making a beautiful cascade, which was a remarkable fall in itself, and there was a cleft in this precipice, apparently four or five feet wide, perfectly straight up and down from top to bottom, which from its cavernous depth and darkness, appeared merely as *a black streak*. This precipice is not sloped, nor is the material soft and crumbling slate as at Montmorenci, but it rises perfectly perpendicular, like the side of a mountain fortress, and is cracked into vast cubical masses of gray and black rock shining with moisture, as if it were the ruin of an ancient wall built by Titans. Birches, spruces, mountain-ashes with their bright red berries, arbor-vitæ, white pines, alders, &c., overhung this chasm on the very verge of the cliff and in the crevices, and here and there were buttresses of rock supporting trees part way down, yet so as to enhance, not injure, the effect of the bare rock. Take it altogether, it was a most wild and rugged and stupendous chasm, so deep and narrow where a river had worn itself a passage through a mountain of rock, and all around was the comparatively untrodden wilderness.

This was the limit of our walk down the St. Lawrence. Early in the afternoon we began to retrace our steps, not being able to cross the north channel and return by the Isle of Orleans, on account of the *trop grand vent*, or too great wind. Though the waves did run pretty high, it was evident that the inhabitants of Montmorenci County were no sailors, and made but little use of the river. When we reached the bridge, between St. Anne and Château Richer, I ran back a little way to ask a man in the field the name of the river which we were crossing, but for a long time I could not make out what he said, for he was one of the more unintelligible Jacques Cartier men. At last it flashed upon me that it was *La Rivière au Chien*, or the Dog River, which my eyes beheld, which brought to my mind the life of the Canadian *voyageur* and *coureur de bois*, a more western and wilder Arcadia, methinks, than the world has ever seen; for the Greeks, with all their wood and river gods, were not so qualified to name the natural features of a country, as the ancestors of these French Canadians; and if any people had a right to substitute their own for the Indian names, it was they. They have preceded the pioneer on our own frontiers, and named the *prairie* for us. *La Rivière au Chien* cannot, by any license of language, be translated into Dog River, for that is not such a giving it to the dogs, and recognizing their place in creation as the French implies. One of the tributaries of the St. Anne is named, *La Rivière de la Rose*; and further east are, *La Rivière de la Blondelle*, and *La Rivière de la Friponne*. Their very *rivière* meanders more than our *river*.

Yet the impression which this country made on me, was commonly different from this. To a traveller from the Old World, Canada East may appear like a new country, and its inhabitants like colonists, but to me, coming from New England, and being a very green traveller withal –notwithstanding what I have said about Hudson's Bay,– it appeared as old as Normandy itself, and realized much that I had heard of Europe and the Middle Ages. Even the names of humble Canadian villages, affected me as if they had been those of the renowned cities of antiquity. To be told by a habitant, when I asked the name of a village in sight, that it is *St. Fereole* or *Ste. Anne*, the *Guardian Angel* or the *Holy Joseph's*, or of a mountain, that it was *Bélange*, or *St. Hyacinthe*! As soon as you leave the States, these saintly names begin. *St. John* is the first town you stop at (fortunately we did not see it), and thenceforward, the names of the mountains and streams, and villages, reel, if I may so speak, with the intoxication of poetry; — *Chambly*, *Longueil*, *Pointe aux Trembles*, *Bartholomy*, &c., &c.; as if it needed only a little foreign accent, a few more liquids and vowels perchance in the language, to make us locate our ideals at once. I began to dream of Provence and the Troubadours, and of places and things which have no existence on the earth. They veiled the Indian and the primitive forest, and the woods toward Hudson's Bay, were only as the forests of France and Germany. I could not at once bring myself to believe that the inhabitants who pronounced daily those beautiful, and to me, significant names, lead as prosaic lives as we of New England. In short, the Canada which I saw, was not merely a place for railroads to terminate in, and for criminals to run to.

When I asked the man to whom I have referred, if there were any falls on the *Rivière au Chien*, for I saw that it came over the same high bank with the Montmorenci and St. Anne; he answered that there were. How far? I inquired; *Trois quatres lieue*. How high? *Je pense, quatre-vingt-dix pieds*; that is, ninety feet. We turned aside to look at the falls of the *Rivière du Sault à la Puce*, half a mile from the road, which before we had passed in our haste and ignorance, and we pronounced them as beautiful as any that we saw; yet they seemed to make no account of them there, and when first we inquired the way to the Falls, directed us to Montmorenci, seven miles distant.

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It was evident that this was the country for waterfalls; that every stream that empties into the St. Lawrence, for some hundreds of miles, must have a great fall or cascade on it, and in its passage through the mountains, was, for a short distance, a small Saguenay, with its upright walls. This fall of La Puce, the least remarkable of the four which we visited in this vicinity, we had never heard of till we came to Canada, and yet, so far as I know, there is nothing of the kind in New England to be compared with it. Most travellers in Canada would not hear of it, though they might go so near as to hear it. Since my return I find that in the topographical description of the country mention is made of “two or three romantic falls” on this stream, though we saw and heard of but this one. Ask the inhabitants respecting any stream, if there is a fall on it, and they will perchance tell you of something as interesting as Bashpish or the Catskill, which no traveller has ever seen, or if they have not found it, you may possibly trace up the stream and discover it yourself. Falls there are a drug; and we became quite dissipated in respect to them. We had drank too much of them. Beside these which I have referred to, there are a thousand other falls on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries which I have not seen nor heard of; and above all there is one which I have heard of, called Niagara, so that I think that this river must be the most remarkable for its falls of any in the world.

At a house near the western boundary of Château Richer, whose master was said to speak a very little English, having recently lived at Quebec, we got lodging for the night. As usual, we had to go down a lane to get round to the south side of the house where the door was, away from the road. For these Canadian houses have no front door, properly speaking. Every part is for the use of the occupant exclusively, and no part has reference to the traveller or to travel. Every New England house, on the contrary, has a front and principal door opening to the great world, though it may be on the cold side, for it stands on the highway of nations, and the road which runs by it, comes from the Old World and goes to the Far West; but the Canadian’s door opens into his back yard and farm alone, and the road which runs behind his house leads only from the church of one saint to that of another. We found a large family, hired men, wife, and children, just eating their supper. They prepared some for us afterwards. The hired men were a merry crew of short black-eyed fellows, and the wife a thin-faced, sharp-featured French Canadian woman. Our host’s English staggered us rather more than any French we had heard yet; indeed, we found that even we spoke better French than he did English, and we concluded that a less crime would be committed on the whole, if we spoke French with him, and in no respect aided or abetted his attempts to speak English. We had a long and merry chat with the family this Sunday evening in their spacious kitchen. While my companion smoked a pipe and *parlez-vous’d* with one party, I *parleyed* and gesticulated to another. The whole family was enlisted, and I kept a little girl writing what was otherwise unintelligible. The geography getting obscure, we called for chalk, and the greasy oiled table-cloth having been wiped, –for it needed no French, but only a sentence from the universal language of looks on my part, to indicate that it needed it,– we drew the St. Lawrence with its parishes thereon, and thenceforward went on swimmingly, by turns handling the chalk and committing to the table-cloth what would otherwise have been left in a limbo of unintelligibility. This was greatly to the entertainment of all parties. I was amused to hear how much use they made of the word *oui* in conversation with one another. After repeated single insertions of it one would suddenly throw back his head at the same time with his chair, and exclaim rapidly, *oui! oui! oui! oui!* like a Yankee driving pigs. Our host told us that the farms thereabouts were generally two acres, or three hundred and sixty French feet wide, by one and a half leagues (?) or a little more than four and a half of our miles deep. This use of the word acre as long measure, arises from the fact that the French acre or arpent, the arpent of Paris, makes a square of ten perches of eighteen feet each on a side, a Paris foot being equal to 1.06575 English feet. He said that the wood was cut off about one mile from the river. The rest was “bush,” and beyond that the “Queen’s bush.” Old as the country is, each land-holder bounds on the primitive forest, and fuel bears no price. As I had forgotten the French for *sickle*, they went out in the evening to the barn and got one, and so clenched the certainty of our understanding one another. Then, wishing to learn if they used the cradle, and not knowing any French word for this instrument, I set up the knives and forks on the blade of the sickle to represent one; at which they all exclaimed that they knew and had used it. When *snells* were mentioned they went out in the dark and plucked some. They were pretty good. They said that they had three kinds of plums growing wild, blue, white, and red, the two former much alike, and the best. Also they asked me if I would have *des pommes*, some apples, and got me some. They were exceedingly fair and glossy, and it was evident that there was no worm in them, but they were as hard almost as a stone, as if the season was too short to mellow them. We had seen no soft and yellow apples by the roadside. I declined eating one, much as I admired it, observing that it would be good *dans le printemps*, in the spring.



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 September 30, Monday, [1850](#): The federal Congress adjourned.

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) walked on to Château-Richer, about a dozen miles northeast of Quebec: In the morning when the mistress had set the eggs a frying, she nodded to a thick-set jolly-looking fellow, who rolled up his sleeves, seized the long-handled griddle, and commenced a series of revolutions and evolutions with it, ever and anon tossing its contents into the air, where they turned completely topsy-turvy and came down t' other side up; and this he repeated till they were done. That appeared to be his duty when eggs were concerned. I did not chance to witness this performance, but my companion did, and he pronounced it a master-piece in its way. This man's farm, with the buildings, cost seven hundred pounds; some smaller ones, two hundred....

The population which we had seen the last two days, –I mean the habitants of Montmorenci County,– appeared very inferior, intellectually and even physically, to that of New England. In some respects they were incredibly filthy. It was evident that they had not advanced since the settlement of the country, that they were quite behind the age, and fairly represented their ancestors in Normandy a thousand years ago. Even in respect to the common arts of life, they are not so far advanced as a frontier town in the West three years old. They have no money invested in railroad stock, and probably never will have. If they have got a French phrase for a railroad, it is as much as you can expect of them. They are very far from a revolution; have no quarrel with Church or State, but their vice and their virtue is content. As for annexation, they have never dreamed of it; indeed, they have not a clear idea what or where the States are. The English government has been remarkably liberal to its Catholic subjects in Canada, permitting them to wear their own fetters, both political and religious, as far as was possible for subjects. Their government is even too good for them. Parliament passed “an act [in 1825] to provide for the extinction of feudal and seigniorial rights and burdens on lands in Lower Canada, and for the gradual conversion of those tenures into the tenure of free and common socage,” &c. But as late as 1831, at least, the design of the act was likely to be frustrated, owing to the reluctance of the seigniors and peasants. It has been observed by another that the French Canadians do not extend nor perpetuate their influence. The British, Irish, and other immigrants, who have settled the townships, are found to have imitated the American settlers, and not the French. They reminded me in this of the Indians, whom they were slow to displace and to whose habits of life they themselves more readily conformed than the Indians to theirs. The Governor-General Denouville remarked, in 1685, that some had long thought that it was necessary to bring the Indians near them in order to Frenchify (*franciser*) them, but that they had every reason to think themselves in an error; for those who had come near them and were even collected in villages in the midst of the colony had not become French, but the French, who had haunted them, had become savages. Kalm said: “Though many nations imitate the French customs, yet I observed, on the contrary, that the French in Canada, in many respects, follow the customs of the Indians, with whom they converse every day. They make use of the tobacco-pipes, shoes, garters, and girdles of the Indians. They follow the Indian way of making war with exactness; they mix the same things with tobacco (he might have said that both French and English learned the use itself of this weed of the Indian); they make use of the Indian bark-boats, and row them in the Indian way; they wrap square pieces of cloth round their feet instead of stockings; and have adopted many other Indian fashions.” Thus, while the descendants of the Pilgrims are teaching the English to make pegged boots, the descendants of the French in Canada are wearing the Indian moccasin still. The French, to their credit be it said, to a certain extent respected the Indians as a separate and independent people, and spoke of them and contrasted themselves with them as the English have never done. They not only went to war with them as allies, but they lived at home with them as neighbors. In 1627 the French king declared “that the descendants of the French, settled in” New France, “and the savages who should be brought to the knowledge of the faith, and should make profession of it, should be counted and reputed French born (*Naturels François*); and as such could emigrate to France, when it seemed good to them, and there acquire, will, inherit, &c., &c., without obtaining letters of naturalization.” When the English had possession of Quebec, in 1630, the Indians, attempting to practise the same familiarity with them that they had with the French, were driven out of their houses with blows; which accident taught them a difference between the two races, and attached them yet more to the French. The impression made on me was, that the French Canadians were even sharing the fate of the Indians, or at least gradually disappearing in what is called the Saxon current....



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OCTOBER 1850

→ October 1850: [Count Adam de Gurowski](#)'s "Slavic Languages and Literature" appeared in [The North American Review](#) (pages 323-359).

→ October 1850: Indiana began the process of adopting a new [State Constitution](#) replacing the one it had put in place in 1816: this would effectively prohibit free black or part-black Americans from ever becoming legitimate Hoosiers — let alone citizens.

Article 13: No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in the State, after the adoption of this Constitution.

→ October 1850: This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

→ October 1850: [Moncure Daniel Conway](#). FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA. Pamphlet. Printed for the Author, Warrenton, Virginia.

READ THE FULL TEXT

→ October 1850: The Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) became an itinerant preacher.

During this month and the following one, the federal Senate being out of session, [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) was on a speaking tour in central Mississippi (see his letter to Lowndes County citizens of November 22d) while tending to the business of his [slave](#) plantation "[Brierfield](#)" at Davis Bend on the Mississippi River.

→ October 1850: [Paulina Wright Davis](#) took the lead in planning and arranging, in [Worcester](#), Massachusetts, the first National Woman's Rights Convention. The Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) signed the call to convene this convention. Paulina presided.

FEMINISM

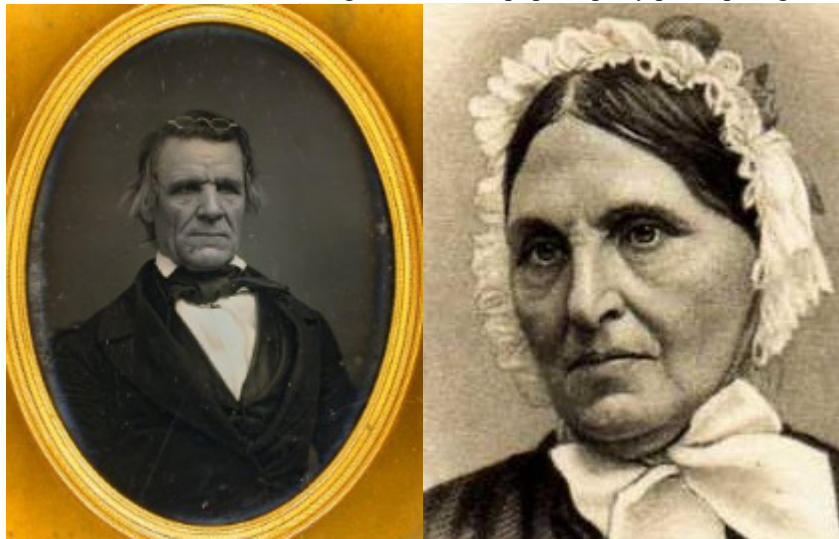
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October 1850: [Jenny Lind](#)'s final couple of concerts of the original series sponsored by [Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) took place in the very inappropriate venue of the hall above the Fitchburg Railroad Station in [Boston](#), before an utterly packed house. "The floor seemed to have no support underneath, but to hang over the railroad track by steel braces from the rafters above. Would it hold?" Barnum did not remain to see what would happen. The hall, being squarish with a low ceiling, was singularly inappropriate for vocal performances. In order to get air the crowd had to break the windows. At first Ms. Lind was so tense she could not sing but after awhile she was able to summon her remarkable voice, with its range from the B below middle-C to the high G. In the days that followed there was a whole lot of shouting and cursing, and a good many of the ticket purchasers received their money back.

On this visit to [Boston](#), [Jenny](#) also paid a visit to the [Reverend Edward Thompson Taylor](#)'s Seamen's Bethel, although there is no indication that she sang there — except perhaps by participating in communal hymns.



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October 1850: Classes began at a new Female (later Woman's) Medical College of Pennsylvania at 227 Arch Street in Philadelphia that had been organized by [Friend](#) William Mullen and a group of [Philadelphia](#) businessmen. This was the very 1st such institution, not only in America but in the world. The first class was of 8 women enrolled for the degree of Doctor of Medicine,⁵⁵ 5 of them Quakers including Friend [Ann Preston](#), and another 32 who enrolled as "listeners." This first year the faculty was all male but in the following year Hannah Longshore, who had been tutored in medicine before her enrollment, would be listed as a faculty member, a demonstrator in anatomy.


[FEMINISM](#)

55. By the way, these women doctors would need to receive their diplomas while under police escort for their own safety.



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 October 1850: The Irish harvest was mostly healthy, with patches of blight isolated from one another, such as in counties Clare and Limerick, but the quantity of potatoes harvested was still below pre-Famine levels. We don't know precisely how many people starved to death or, weakened by starvation, succumbed to diarrhea and fever or to cholera in Ireland during this period, and a table prepared after the fact by the Census Commissioners, presented here, in all probability under-estimates the mortality because of the manner in which they collected data: for a family all of whose members succumbed zero deaths would have been tabulated. Of the total number of deaths, which would be between 500,000 and 1,500,000, the percentage of that total which would occur in each year probably worked out to something like this:

Mortality, expressed as %ages of the 1841 Population

Year	%
1842	5.1%
1843	5.2%
1844	5.6%
1845	6.4%
1846	9.1%
1847	18.5%
1848	15.4%
1849	17.9%
1850	12.2%

The figures shown for 1849 are the result of this outbreak of cholera as it had spread in Connacht, Leinster, and Munster, as well as of the general Irish starvation.



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October [1850](#): The Chicago City Council voted not to sustain the new federal Fugitive Slave Act, while in New-York, a large meeting was voting to sustain it. James Hamlet, a Williamsburgh, New York freedman, would be the 1st person arrested by Federal authorities under the new law but the resulting public outrage would eventuate in his being purchased for \$800 and then freed.

According to a letter from Samuel Griffitts Morgan in [San Francisco](#)⁵⁶ to his uncle [Friend](#) Charles Wain Morgan back home in [New Bedford](#), some of the black men who had come to the gold fields in the expectation that a gold strike would relieve them of debts to the Morgan family, including Samuel P. Woodland and Polly Johnson's son-in-law Thomas P. Buchanan, proprietor of a New Bedford bathhouse, who had come there — were being sadly disappointed. “Samy Woodline & wife are making money washing — they have so far only been able to pay their freight bill — your turn will come next and I will look after them on y[ou]r account,” S. Griffitts Morgan wrote. “... Th P. Buchanan is back here from the mines, worse off than he started — I immediately applied to Macundsay [?] & Co for his old situation as steward of their mess — and he is now there at \$200 p[e]r month so poor Thomas is prospering again — he has the pluck and determination of a bull terrier and vows the Bath house shall be paid for before he leaves here — Nathan [[Nathan Johnson](#)] is worse off a good deal than when he left home.”

56. Samuel Griffitts Morgan (1816-September 23, 1893) had been employed as a clerk by his uncle Friend Charles Wain Morgan until in about 1836 he formed a “Pope & Morgan” partnership in New Bedford with William G.E. Pope (1815-*circa* 1869). This firm acted as agent for such vessels as the bark *Braganza* and ship *Chandler Price*. He acted as supercargo on the clipper ships *Flying Cloud*, *John Jay*, *Sea Serpent*, and *St. Lawrence*, and then during the gold rush sold a variety of goods at his store in San Francisco. Many of his commodities were consigned to him by Grinnell, Minturn, and Company of New-York, but he also did business with Hathaway in New-York, Donald McKay in Boston, Nye, Perkins and Company in China, and Charles W. Morgan in New Bedford.

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 October 1850: [Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s "Free Schools in Virginia: A Plea of Education, Virtue and Thrift, vs. Ignorance, Vice and Poverty" was distributed in the form of a pamphlet by the Virginia Office of the [Recorder](#).⁵⁷




AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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My pamphlet on Free Schools excited no discussion in Virginia. My only important sympathizers were Law Professor Minor of the University of Virginia and Samuel M. Janney, Quaker preacher in Loudoun. My father was pleased, though he did not express agreement. I looked eagerly into my New York "Tribune" to see what Greeley would say about it. His paragraph (editorial) was friendly, but I only remember the closing words: "Virginia's white children will never be educated till its coloured children are free." This shaft went very deep into me, for I found that proslavery "philosophers" considered the Free School system a dangerous Northern "ism."

 October 1850: To earn funds [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) went to work for Florentine Antonio Meucci at his candle factory on [Staten Island](#), moving back there from [Manhattan Island](#).


57.  October 1850: [Moncure Daniel Conway](#). FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA. Pamphlet. Printed for the Author, Warrenton, Virginia.


READ THE FULL TEXT



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 October/November 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) studied [Jacques Cartier](#)'s *VOYAGES DE DÉCOUVERTE AU CANADA*, [Samuel de Champlain](#)'s *VOYAGES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE OCCIDENTALE, DICTE CANADA; FAITS POUR LE S^R DE CHAMPLAIN XAINCTOGEAIS, CAPITAINE POUR LE ROY ET LA MARINE DU PONANT, & TOUTES LES DESCOUERTES QU'IL A FAITES EN CE PAIS DEPUIS L'AN 1603; JUSQUES EN L'AN 1629...* (Paris: C. Collet, 1632) and *LES VOYAGES DU SIEUR DE CHAMPLAIN XAINCTOGEAIS, CAPITAINE ORDINAIRE POUR LE ROY, EN LA MARINE. DIVISEZ EN DEUX LIVRES. OU, JOURNAL TRES FIDELE DES OBSERVATIONS FAITES ÉS DESCOUERTURES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE...* (A Paris: Chez Iean Berjon, ...), and [Marc Lescarbot](#)'s *HISTOIRE DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE, CONTENANT LES NAVIGATIONS, DECOUVERTES ET HABITATIONS FAITES PAR LES FRANCAIS ES INDES OCCIDENTALES* (Paris: Jean Milot, 1609; 2d edition, enlarged, 1611; with new additions, 1618).

 October 1, Tuesday, 1850: The *Prince Albert*, [Commander Charles Codrington Forsyth](#), the latest of the vessels that sailed from England in search of the [Sir John Franklin](#) party of lost explorers, arrived at Aberdeen, Scotland from Barrow's Straits after an absence of less than 4 months. It brought intelligence that traces of Franklin's party had been found at Cape Reilly and Beechey Island, at the entrance to Wellington Channel.

The *Advance* and *Rescue*, in their northerly drift, reached the latitude 75° 23'.



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[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) walked back to Québec City, crossed the St. Lawrence to Point Levi in a



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French-Canadian ferry-boat, and inspected the Chaudière Falls:

After spending the night at a farm-house in Château-Richer, about a dozen miles northeast of Quebec, we set out on our return to the city. We stopped at the next house, a picturesque old stone mill, over the *Chipré*, –for so the name sounded,– such as you will nowhere see in the States, and asked the millers the age of the mill. They went up stairs to call the master; but the crabbed old miser asked why we wanted to know, and would tell us only for some compensation. I wanted French to give him a piece of my mind. I had got enough to talk on a pinch, but not to quarrel; so I had to come away looking all I would have said. This was the utmost incivility we met with in Canada. In Beauport, within a few miles of Quebec, we turned aside to look at a church which was just being completed, — a very large and handsome edifice of stone, with a green bough stuck in its gable, of some significance to Catholics. The comparative wealth of the Church in this country was apparent; for in this village we did not see one good house besides. They were all humble cottages; and yet this appeared to me a more imposing structure than any church in Boston. But I am no judge of these things.

Re-entering Quebec through St. John's Gate, we took a caleche in Market Square for the Falls of the Chaudière, about nine miles southwest of the city, for which we were to pay so much, besides forty *sous* for tolls. The driver, as usual, spoke French only. The number of these vehicles is very great for so small a town. They are like one of our chaises that has lost its top, only stouter and longer in the body, with a seat for the driver where the dasher is with us, and broad leather cars on each side to protect the riders from the wheel and keep children from falling out. They had an easy jaunting look, which, as our hours were numbered, persuaded us to be riders. We met with them on every road near Quebec these days, each with its complement of two inquisitive-looking foreigners and a Canadian driver, the former evidently enjoying their novel experience, for commonly it is only the horse whose language you do not understand; but they were one remove further from him by the intervention of an equally unintelligible driver. We crossed the St. Lawrence to Point Levi in a French-Canadian ferry-boat, which was inconvenient and dirty, and managed with great noise and bustle. The current was very strong and tumultuous, and the boat tossed enough to make some sick, though it was only a mile across; yet the wind was not to be compared with that of the day before, and we saw that the Canadians had a good excuse for not taking us over to the Isle of Orleans in a pirogue, however shiftless they may be for not having provided any other conveyance. The route which we took to the Chaudière are three miles from its mouth on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Though they were the largest which I saw in Canada, I was not proportionately interested by them, probably from satiety. I did not see any *peculiar* propriety in the name Chaudière, or caldron. I saw here the most brilliant rainbow that I ever imagined. It was just across the stream below the precipice, formed on the mist which this tremendous fall produced; and I stood on a level with the key-stone of its arch. It was not a few faint prismatic colors merely, but a full semi-circle, only four or five rods in diameter, though as wide as usual, so intensely bright as to pain the eye, and apparently as substantial as an arch of stone. It changed its position and colors as we moved, and was the brighter because the sun shone so clearly and the mist was so thick. Evidently a picture painted on mist for the men and animals that came to the falls to look at; but for what special purpose beyond this, I know not. At the farthest point in this ride, and when most inland, unexpectedly at a turn in the road we descried the frowning citadel of Quebec in the horizon, like the beak of a bird of prey. We returned by the river-road under the bank, which is very high, abrupt, and rocky. When we were opposite to Quebec, I was surprised to see that in the Lower Town, under the shadow of the rock, the lamps were lit, twinkling not unlike crystals in a cavern, while the citadel high above, and we, too, on the south shore, were in broad daylight. As we were too late for the ferry-boat that night, we put up at a *maison de pension* at Point Levi. The usual two-story stove was here placed against an opening in the partition shaped like a fireplace, and so warmed several rooms. We could not understand their French here very well, but the *potage* was just like what we had had before. There were many small chambers with doorways but no doors. The walls of our chamber, all around and overhead, were neatly ceiled, and the timbers cased with wood unpainted. The pillows were checkered and tasselled, and the usual long-pointed red woollen or worsted night-cap was placed on each. I pulled mine out to see how it was made. It was in the form of a double cone, one end tucked into the other; just such, it appeared, as I saw men wearing all day in the streets. Probably I should have put it on if the cold had been then, as it is sometimes there, thirty or forty degrees below zero.



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October 2, Wednesday, 1850: When Whig and Know-Nothing senator [Henry Clay](#) arrived at the train station in Lexington, Kentucky from Washington DC, a crowd gathered to escort him to the Phoenix Hotel. Speaking briefly to the crowd, this aged “Great Compromiser” reiterated his belief that the Union had been saved. He lifted his arms and pointed in the direction of his estate, Ashland: “There lives an old lady about a mile and a half from here, whom I would rather see than any of you.” The crowd laughed and applauded.

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) toured in the city of Québec.

When we landed at Quebec the next morning, a man lay on his back on the wharf, apparently dying, in the midst of a crowd and directly in the path of the horses, groaning, “*O ma conscience!*” I thought that he pronounced his French more distinctly than any I heard, as if the dying had already acquired the accents of a universal language. Having secured the only unengaged berths in the Lord Sydenham steamer, which was to leave Quebec before sundown, and being resolved, now that I had seen somewhat of the country, to get an idea of the city, I proceeded to walk round the Upper Town, or fortified portion, which is two miles and three quarters in circuit, alone, as near as I could get to the cliff and the walls, like a rat looking for a hole; going round by the southwest, where there is but a single street between the cliff and the water, and up the long, wooden stairs, through the suburbs northward to the King’s Woodyard, which I thought must have been a long way from his fireplace, and under the cliffs of the St. Charles, where the drains issue under the walls, and the walls are loop-holed for musketry; so returning by Mountain Street and Prescott Gate to the Upper Town. Having found my way by an obscure passage near the St. Louis Gate to the glacis on the north of the citadel proper, –I believe that I was the only visitor then in the city who got in there,– I enjoyed a prospect nearly as good as from within the citadel itself, which I had explored some days before. As I walked on the glacis I heard the sound of a bagpipe from the soldiers’ dwellings in the rock, and was further soothed and affected by the sight of a soldier’s cat walking up a clefted plank into a high loop-hole, designed for *mus-catry*, as serene as Wisdom herself, and with a gracefully waving motion of her tail, as if her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace. Sealing a slat fence, where a small force might have checked me, I got out of the esplanade into the Governor’s Garden, and read the well-known inscription on Wolfe and Montcalm’s monument, which for saying much in little, and that to the purpose, undoubtedly deserved the prize medal which it received:

CAT

MORTEM . VIRTUS . COMMUNEM .
FAMAM . HISTORIA .
MONUMENTUM . POSTERITAS .
DEDIT.

Valor gave them one death, history one fame, posterity one monument. The Government Garden has for nose-gays, amid kitchen vegetables, beside the common garden flowers, the usual complement of cannon directed toward some future and possible enemy. I then returned up St. Louis Street to the esplanade and ramparts there, and went round the Upper Town once more, though I was very tired, this time on the *inside* of the wall; for I knew that the wall was the main thing in Quebec, and had cost a great deal of money, and therefore I must make the most of it. In fact, these are the only remarkable walls we have in North America, though we have a good deal of Virginia fence, it is true. Moreover, I cannot say but I yielded in some measure to the soldier instinct, and, having but a short time to spare, thought it best to examine the wall thoroughly, that I might be the better prepared if I should ever be called that way again in the service of my country. I committed all the gates to memory in their order, which did not cost me so much trouble as it would have done at the hundred-gated city, there being only five; nor were they so hard to remember as those seven of Bœotian Thebes; and, moreover, I thought that, if seven champions were enough against the latter, one would be enough

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against Quebec, though he bore for all armor and device only an umbrella and a bundle. I took the nunneries as I went, for I had learned to distinguish them by the blinds; and I observed also the foundling hospitals and the convents, and whatever was attached to, or in the vicinity of the walls. All the rest I omitted, as naturally as one would the inside of an inedible shell-fish. These were the only pearls, and the wall the only mother-of-pearl for me. Quebec is chiefly famous for the thickness of its parietal bones. The technical terms of its conchology may stagger a beginner a little at first, such as *banlieue*, *esplanade*, *glacis*, *ravelin*, *cavalier*, &c., &c., but with the aid of a comprehensive dictionary you soon learn the nature of your ground. I was surprised at the extent of the artillery barracks, built so long ago, — *Casernes Nouvelles*, they used to be called, — nearly six hundred feet in length by forty in depth, where the sentries, like peripatetic philosophers, were so absorbed in thought, as not to notice me when I passed in and out at the gates. Within, are “small arms of every description, sufficient for the equipment of twenty thousand men,” so arranged as to give a startling *coup d’œil* to strangers. I did not enter, not wishing to get a black eye; for they are said to be “in a state of complete repair and readiness for immediate use.”

At first the French took care of it; yet Wolfe sailed by it with impunity, and took the town of Quebec without experiencing any hinderance at last from its fortifications. They were only the bone for which the parties fought. Then the English began to take care of it. So of any fort in the world, — that in Boston harbor, for instance. We shall at length hear that an enemy sailed by it in the night, for it cannot sail itself, and both it and its inhabitants are always benighted. How often we read that the enemy occupied a position which commanded the old, and so the fort was evacuated. Have not the school-house and the printing-press occupied a position which commands such a fort as this?

However, this is a ruin kept in remarkably good repair. There are some eight hundred or thousand men there to exhibit it. One regiment goes bare-legged to increase the attraction. If you wish to study the muscles of the leg about the knee, repair to Quebec. This universal exhibition in Canada of the tools and sinews of war reminded me of the keeper of a menagerie showing his animals’ claws. It was the English leopard showing his claws. Always the *royal* something or other; as, at the menagerie, the Royal Bengal Tiger. Silliman states that “the cold is so intense in the winter nights, particularly on Cape Diamond, that the sentinels cannot stand it more than one hour, and are relieved at the expiration of that time”; “and even, as it is said, at much shorter intervals, in case of the most extreme cold.” What a natural or unnatural fool must that soldier be, — to say nothing of his government, — who, when quicksilver is freezing and blood is ceasing to be quick, will stand to have his face frozen, watching the walls of Quebec, though, so far as they are concerned, both honest and dishonest men all the world over have been in their beds nearly half a century, — or at least for that space travellers have visited Quebec only as they would read history. I shall never again wake up in a colder night than usual, but I shall think how rapidly the sentinels relieving one another on the walls of Quebec, their quicksilver being all frozen, as if apprehensive that some hostile Wolfe may even then be sealing the Heights of Abraham, or some persevering Arnold about to issue from the wilderness; some Malay or Japanese, perchance, coming round by the northwest coast, having chosen that moment to assault the citadel! Why I should as soon expect to find the sentinels still relieving one another on the walls of Nineveh, which have so long been buried to the world! What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me, and not I it. Of course, if they had no wall they would not need to have any sentinels.

You might venture to advertise this farm as well fenced with substantial stone walls (saying nothing about the eight hundred Highlanders and Royal Irish who are required to keep them from toppling down); stock and tools to go with the land if desired. But it would not be wise for the seller to exhibit his farmbook.

Why should Canada, wild and unsettled as it is, impress us as an older country than the States, unless because her institutions are old? All things appeared to contend there, as I have implied, with a certain rust of antiquity, — such as forms on old armor and iron guns, — the rust of conventions and

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formalities. It is said that the metallic roofs of Montreal and Quebec keep sound and bright for forty years in some cases. But if the rust was not on the tinned roofs and spires, it was on the inhabitants and their institutions. Yet the work of burnishing goes briskly forward. I imagined that the government vessels at the wharves were laden with rotten-stone and oxalic acid, —that is what the first ship from England in the spring comes freighted with,— and the hands of the colonial legislature are cased in wash-leather. The principal exports must be *gunny* bags, verdigris, and iron rust. Those who first built this fort, coming from Old France with the memory and tradition of feudal days and customs weighing on them, were unquestionably behind their age; and those who now inhabit and repair it are behind their ancestors or predecessors. Those old chevaliers thought that they could transplant the feudal system to America. It has been set out, but it has not thriven. Notwithstanding that Canada was settled first, and, unlike New England, for a long series of years enjoyed the fostering care of the mother country, —notwithstanding that, as [Charlevoix](#) tells us, it had more of the ancient *noblesse* among its early settlers than any other of the French colonies, and perhaps than all the others together,— there are in both the Canadas but 600,000 of French descent to-day, — about half so many as the population of Massachusetts. The whole population of both Canadas is but about 1,700,000 Canadians, English, Irish, Scotch, Indians, and all, put together! Samuel Laing, in his essay on the Northmen, to whom especially, rather than the Saxons, he refers the energy and indeed the excellence of the English character, observes that, when they occupied Scandinavia, “each man possessed his lot of land without reference to, or acknowledgment of, any other man, —without any local chief to whom his military service or other quit-rent for his land was due,— without tenure from, or duty or obligation to, any superior, real or fictitious, except the general sovereign. The individual settler held his land, as his descendants in Norway still express it, by the same right as the king held his crown, —by *udal* right, or *adel*,— that is, noble right.” The French have occupied Canada, not *udally*, or by noble right, but *feudally*, or by ignoble right. They are a nation of peasants....

About twelve o’clock this day, being in the Lower Town, I looked up at the signal-gun by the flag-staff on Cape Diamond, and saw a soldier up in the heavens there making preparations to fire it, — both he and the gun in bold relief against the sky. Soon after, being warned by the boom of the gun to look up again, there was only the cannon in the sky, the smoke just blowing away from it, as if the soldier, having touched it off, had concealed himself for effect, leaving the sound to echo grandly from shore to shore, and far up and down the river. This answered the purpose of a dinner-horn.

There are no such restaurateurs in Quebec or Montreal as there are in Boston. I hunted an hour or two in vain in this town to find one, till I lost my appetite. In one house, called a restaurateur, where lunches were advertised, I found only tables covered with bottles and glasses innumerable, containing apparently a sample of every liquid that has been known since the earth dried up after the flood, but no scent of solid food did I perceive gross enough to excite a hungry mouse. In short, I saw nothing to tempt me there, but a large map of Canada against the wall. In another place I once more got as far as the bottles, and then asked for a bill of fare; was told to walk up stairs; had no bill of fare, nothing but fare. “Have you any pies or pudding?” I inquired, for I am obliged to keep my savageness in check by a low diet. “No, sir; we’ve nice mutton-chop, roast beef, beef-steak, cutlets,” and so on. A burly Englishman, who was in the midst of the siege of a piece of roast beef, and of whom I have never had a front view to this day, turned half round, with his mouth half full, and remarked, “You’ll find no pies nor puddings in Quebec, sir; they don’t make any here.” I found that it was even so, and therefore bought some musty cake and some fruit in the open market-place. This market-place by the waterside, where the old women sat by their tables in the open air, amid a dense crowd jabbering all languages, was the best place in Quebec to observe the people; and the ferry-boats, continually coming and going with their motley crews and cargoes, added much to the entertainment. I also saw them getting water from the river, for Quebec is supplied with water by cart and barrel. This city impressed me as wholly foreign and French, for I scarcely heard the sound of the English language in the streets. More than three fifths of the inhabitants are of French origin; and if the traveller did not visit the fortifications particularly, he might not be reminded that the English have any foothold here; and, in any case, if he

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looked no farther than Quebec, they would appear to have planted themselves in Canada only as they have in Spain at Gibraltar; and he who plants upon a rock cannot expect much increase. The novel sights and sounds by the water-side made me think of such ports as Boulogne, Dieppe, Rouen, and Havre de Grace, which I have never seen; but I have no doubt that they present similar scenes. I was much amused from first to last with the sounds made by the charette and caleche drivers. It was that part of their foreign language that you heard the most of, –the French they talked to their horses,– and which they talked the loudest. It was a more novel sound to me than the French of conversation. The streets resounded with the cries, “*Qui donc!*” “*March tôt!*” I suspect that many of our horses which came from Canada would prick up their ears at these sounds. Of the shops, I was most attracted by those where furs and Indian works were sold, as containing articles of genuine Canadian manufacture. I have been told that two townsmen of mine, who were interested in horticulture, travelling once in Canada, and being in Quebec, thought it would be a good opportunity to obtain seeds of the real Canada crook-neck squash. So they went into a shop where such things were advertised, and inquired for the same. The shopkeeper had the very thing they wanted. “But are you sure,” they asked, “that these are the genuine Canada crook-neck?” “O yes, gentlemen,” answered he, “they are a lot which I have received directly from Boston,” I resolved that my Canada crook-neck seeds should be such as had grown in Canada.

Too much has not been said about the scenery of Quebec. The fortifications of Cape Diamond are omnipresent. They preside, they frown over the river and surrounding country. You travel ten, twenty, thirty miles amid the hills on either side, and then, when you have long since forgotten them, perchance slept on them by the way, at a turn of the road or of your body, there they are still, with their geometry against the sky. The child that is born and brought up thirty miles distant, and has never travelled to the city, reads his country’s history, sees the level lines of the citadel amid the cloud-built citadels in the western horizon, and is told that that is Quebec. No wonder if Jacques Cartier’s pilot exclaimed in Norman French, *Que bec!* –“What a beak!”– when he saw this cape, as some suppose. Every modern traveller involuntarily uses a similar expression. Particularly it is said that its sudden apparition on turning Point Levi makes a memorable impression on him who arrives by water.

Here, for a short time, I lost sight of the wall, but I recovered it again on emerging from the barrack yard. There I met with a Scotchman who appeared to have business with the wall, like myself; and, being thus mutually drawn together by a similarity of tastes, we had a little conversation *sub mœnibus*, that is, by an angle of the wall which sheltered us. He lived about thirty miles northwest of Quebec; had been nineteen years in the country; said he was disappointed that he was not brought to America after all, but found himself still under British rule and where his own language was not spoken; that many Scotch, Irish, and English were disappointed in like manner, and either went to the States, or pushed up the river to Canada West, nearer to the States, and where their language was spoken. He talked of visiting the States some time; and, as he seemed ignorant of geography, I warned him that it was one thing to visit the State of Massachusetts, and another to visit the State of California. He said it was colder there than usual at that season, and he was lucky to have brought his thick togue, or frock-coat, with him; thought it would snow, and then be pleasant and warm. That is the way we are always thinking. However, his words were music to me in my thin hat and sack.

At the ramparts on the cliff near the old Parliament House I counted twenty-four thirty-two-pounders in a row, pointed over the harbor, with their balls piled pyramid-wise between them, –there are said to be in all about one hundred and eighty guns mounted at Quebec,– all which were faithfully kept dusted by officials, in accordance with the motto, “In time of peace prepare for war”; but I saw no preparations for peace; she was plainly an uninvited guest.

Having thus completed the circuit of this fortress, both within and without, I went no farther by the wall for fear that I should become wall-eyed. However, I think that I deserve to be made a member of the Royal Sappers and Miners.

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In short, I observed everywhere the most perfect arrangements for keeping a wall in order, not even permitting the lichens to grow on it, which some think an ornament; but then I saw no cultivation nor pasturing within it to pay for the outlay, and cattle were strictly forbidden to feed on the glacis under the severest penalties. Where the dogs get their milk I don't know, and I fear it is bloody at best.

The citadel of Quebec says, "I *will* live here, and you sha'n't prevent me." To which you return, that you have not the slightest objection; live and let live. The Martello towers looked, for all the world, exactly like abandoned wind-mills which had not had a grist to grind these hundred years. Indeed, the whole castle here was a "folly," —England's folly,— and, in more senses than one, a castle in the air. The inhabitants and the government are gradually waking up to a sense of this truth; for I heard something said about their abandoning the wall around the Upper Town, and confining the fortifications to the citadel of forty acres. Of course they will finally reduce their intrenchments to the circumference of their own brave hearts.

The most modern fortifications have an air of antiquity about them; they have the aspect of ruins in better or worse repair from the day they are built, because they are not really the work of this age. The very place where the soldier resides has a peculiar tendency to become old and dilapidated, as the word *barrack* implies. I couple all fortifications in my mind with the dismantled Spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world; and if in any place they are not actually dismantled, it is because there the intellect of the inhabitants is dismantled. The commanding officer of an old fort near Valdivia in South America, when a traveller remarked to him that, with one discharge, his gun-carriages would certainly fall to pieces, gravely replied, "No, I am sure, sir, they would stand two." Perhaps the guns of Quebec would stand three. Such structures carry us back to the Middle Ages, the siege of Jerusalem, and St. Jean d'Acre, and the days of the Bucaniers. In the armory of the citadel they showed me a clumsy implement, long since useless, which they called a Lombard gun. I thought that their whole citadel was such a Lombard gun, fit object for the museums of the curious. Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me? The fort was the first institution that was founded here, and it is amusing to read in Champlain how assiduously they worked at it almost from the first day of the settlement. The founders of the colony thought this an excellent site for a wall, —and no doubt it was a better site, in some respects, for a wall than for a city,— but it chanced that a city got behind it. It chanced, too, that a Lower Town got before it, and clung like an oyster to the outside of the crags, as you may see at low tide. It is as if you were to come to a country village surrounded by palisades in the old Indian fashion, — interesting only as a relic of antiquity and barbarism. A fortified town is like a man cased in the heavy armor of antiquity, with a horse-load of broadswords and small arms slung to him, endeavoring to go about his business. Or is this an indispensable machinery for the good government of the country? The inhabitants of California succeed pretty well, and are doing better and better every day, without any such institutions. What use has this fortress served, to look at it even from the soldiers' point of view?

The view from Cape Diamond has been compared by European travellers with the most remarkable views of a similar kind in Europe, such as from Edinburgh Castle, Gibraltar, Cintra, and others, and preferred by many. A main peculiarity in this, compared with other views which I have beheld, is that it is from the ramparts of a fortified city, and not from a solitary and majestic river cape alone that this view is obtained. I associate the beauty of Quebec with the steel-like and flashing air, which may be peculiar to that season of the year, in which the blue flowers of the succory and some late golden-rods and buttercups on the summit of Cape Diamond were almost my only companions, — the former bluer than the heavens they faced. Yet even I yielded in some degree to the influence of historical associations, and found it hard to attend to the geology of Cape Diamond or the botany of the Plains

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of Abraham. I still remember the harbor far beneath me, sparkling like silver in the sun, –the answering highlands of Point Levi on the southeast,– the frowning Cap Tourmente abruptly bounding the seaward view far in the northeast, –the villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg on the north,– and further west the distant Val Cartier, sparkling with white cottages, hardly removed by distance through the clear air, — not to mention a few blue mountains along the horizon in that direction. You look out from the ramparts of the citadel beyond the frontiers of civilization. Yonder small group of hills, according to the guidebook, forms “the portal of the wilds which are trodden only by the feet of the Indian hunters as far as Hudson’s Bay.” It is but a few years since Bouchette declared that the country ten leagues north of the British capital of North America was as little known as the middle of Africa. Thus the citadel under my feet, and all historical associations, were swept away again by an influence from the wilds and from nature, as if the beholder had read her history, — an influence which, like the Great River itself, flowed from the Arctic fastnesses and Western forests with irresistible tide over all....

After visiting the Museum and taking one more look at the wall, I made haste to the Lord Sydenham steamer, which at five o’clock was to leave for Montreal. I had already taken a seat on deck, but finding that I had still an hour and a half to spare, and remembering that large map of Canada which I had seen in the parlor of the restaurateur in my search after pudding, and realizing that I might never see the like out of the country, I returned thither, asked liberty to look at the map, rolled up the mahogany table, put my handkerchief on it, stood on it, and copied all I wanted before the maid came in and said to me standing on the table, “Some gentlemen want the room, sir”; and I retreated without having broken the neck of a single bottle, or my own, very thankful and willing to pay for all the solid food I had got. We were soon abreast of Cap Rouge, eight miles above Quebec, after we got underway. It was in this place, then called “*Fort du France Roy*,” that the Sieur de Roberval with his company, having sent home two of this three ships, spent the winter of 1542-43. It appears that they fared in the following manner (I translate from the original): “Each mess had only two loaves, weighing each a pound, and half a pound of beef. They ate pork for dinner, with half a pound of butter, and beef for supper, with about two handfuls of beans, without butter. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays they ate salted code, and sometimes green, for dinner, with butter; and porpoise and beans for supper. Monsieur Roberval administered good justice, and punished each according to his offence. One, named Michel Gaillon, was hung for theft; John of Nantes was put in irons and imprisoned for his fault; and others were likewise put in irons; and many were whipped, both men and women; by which means they lived in peace and tranquillity.” In an account of a voyage up this river, printed in the Jesuit Relations in the year 1664, it is said: “It was an interesting navigation for us in ascending the river from Cap Tourment to Quebec, to see on this side and on that, for the space of eight leagues, the farms and the houses of the company, built by our French, all along these shores. On the right, the seignories of Beauport, of Notre Dame des Anges; and on the left, this beautiful Isle of Orleans.” The same traveller names among the fruits of the country observed at the Isles of Richelieu, at the head of Lake St. Peter, “kinds (*des espèces*) of little apples or haws (*semelles*), and of pears, which only ripen with the frost.”

Night came on before we had passed the high banks....



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October 3, Thursday, 1850: Henry Thoreau and Ellery Channing steamed back up the St. Lawrence River from Québec and did some touring in Montréal:

When I went on deck at dawn we had already passed through Lake St. Peter, and saw islands ahead of us. Our boat advancing with a strong and steady pulse over the calm surface, we felt as if we were permitted to be awake in the scenery of a dream. Many vivacious Lombardy poplars along the distant shores gave them a novel and lively, though artificial look, and contrasted strangely with the slender and graceful elms on both shores and islands. The church of Varennes, fifteen miles from Montreal, was conspicuous at a great distance before us, appearing to belong to, and rise out of, the river; and now, and before, Mount Royal indicated where the city was. We arrived about seven o'clock, and set forth immediately to ascend the mountain, two miles distant, going across lots in spite of numerous signs threatening the severest penalties to trespassers, past an old building known as the MacTavish property, — Simon MacTavish, I suppose, whom Silliman refers to as “in a sense the founder of the Northwestern Company.” His tomb was behind in the woods, with a remarkably high wall and higher monument. The family returned to Europe. He could not have imagined how dead he would be in a few years, and all the more dead and forgotten for being buried under such a mass of gloomy stone, where not even memory could get at him without a crowbar. Ah! poor man, with that last end of his! However, he may have been the worthiest of mortals for aught that I know. From the mountain-top we got a view of the whole city; the flat, fertile, extensive island; the noble sea of the St. Lawrence swelling into lakes; the mountains about St. Hyacinth, and in Vermont and New York; and the mouth of the Ottawa in the west, overlooking that St. Ann’s where the voyageur sings his “parting hymn,” and bids adieu to civilization, — a name, thanks to Moore’s verses, the most suggestive of poetic associations of any in Canada. We, too, climbed the hill which Cartier first of white men, ascended, and named Mont-real, (the 3rd of October, O.S., 1535), and, like him, “we saw the said river as far as we could see, *grand, large, et spacieux*, going to the southwest,” toward that land whither Donnacona had told the discoverer that he had been a month’s journey from Canada, where there grew “*force Canelle et Girofle*,” much cinnamon and cloves, and where also, as the natives told him, were three great lakes and afterward *une mer douce*, — a sweet sea, — *de laquelle n’est mention avoir vu le bout*, of which there is no mention to have seen the end. But instead of an Indian town far in the interior of a new world, with guides to show us where the river came from, we found a splendid and bustling stone-built city of white men, and only a few squalid Indians offered to sell us baskets at the Lachine Railroad Depot, and Hochelaga is, perchance, but the fancy name of an engine company or an eating house.



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October 4, Friday, 1850: James Hamlet, a Williamsburgh, New York freedman, had been the 1st person arrested by Federal authorities under the new Fugitive Slave Law but the resulting public outrage would eventuate in his being purchased in the Baltimore Slave Market of Hope H. Slatter for \$800 and then freed to return to Williamsburgh.

After enduring 5 days of bombardment a Danish army of 1,600 led by Hans Helgesen thwarted an attack at Friedrichstadt by 5,000 soldiers of the Schleswig-Holstein army.

Henry Thoreau and Ellery Channing returned from Canada:

We left Montreal Wednesday, the 2d of October [this can only be an inaccurate transcription from notes, for our pair of intrepid travelers had left Montréal **for Québec** on Wednesday the 2d, and they were leaving Montréal **for home** on **Friday the 4th**, and there is simply no way to reconstrue their reported travels and adventures into 8 days rather than 10], late in the afternoon. In the La Prairie cars the Yankees made themselves merry, imitating the cries of the charette-drivers to perfection, greatly to the amusement of some French-Canadian travellers, and they kept it up all the way to Boston. I saw one person on board the boat at St. John's, and one or two more elsewhere in Canada, wearing homespun gray great-coats, or capotes, with conical and comical hoods, which fell back between their shoulders like small bags, ready to be turned up over the head when occasion required, though a hat usurped that place now. They looked as if they would be convenient and proper enough as long as the coats were new and tidy, but would soon come to have a beggarly and unsightly look, akin to rags and dust-holes. We reached Burlington early in the morning, where the Yankees tried to pass off their Canada coppers, but the news-boys knew better. Returning through the Green Mountains, I was reminded that I had not seen in Canada such brilliant autumnal tints as I had previously seen in Vermont. Perhaps there was not yet so great and sudden a contrast with the summer heats in the former country as in these mountain valleys. As we were passing through Ashburnham, by a new white house which stood at some distance in a field, one passenger exclaimed, so that all in the car could hear him, "There, there's not so good a house as that in all Canada!" I did not much wonder at his remark, for there is a neatness, as well as evident prosperity, a certain elastic easiness of circumstances, so to speak, when not rich, about a New England house, as if the proprietor could at least afford to make repairs in the spring, which the Canadian houses do not suggest. Though of stone, they are not better constructed than a stone barn would be with us; the only building, except the château, and while every village here contains at least several gentlemen or "squires," *there* there is but one to a seignior.

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It was [Frederick Douglass](#)'s speech at [Faneuil Hall](#) on this evening that prompted the formation of the Boston



Vigilance Committee, which eventually would spawn the [Secret "Six"](#) conspiracy in support of the activities of Captain [John Brown](#),⁵⁸ with the Boston attorney [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) providing it with legal counsel.



[Frederick Douglass](#) declared bravely, in accordance with the Southern code of honor which equated **willingness to abandon life** with **deservingness of freedom**,⁵⁹ that "I should welcome the intelligence tomorrow, should it come, that slaves had risen in the South, and that the sable arms which had been engaged in beautifying and adorning the South, were engaged in spreading death and devastation."

58. (Of course, this was Captain Brown's conspiracy, since he was a white man and therefore a leader, and not [Frederick Douglass](#)'s conspiracy, since he was a black man and therefore a follower — despite the fact that while said conspiracy was being hatched [John Brown](#) was residing in the spare bedroom of Douglass's home in Rochester NY! :-)

59. Cf the slavemaster Patrick Henry's often-quoted "patriotic" declaration before the Virginia House of Burgesses, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death."

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(Of course, although the idea of the raid on [Harpers Ferry](#) happened to be hatched while Brown was residing in Douglass's spare bedroom, the idea of the raid was obviously all the white man's idea and obviously none of the colored man's idea, since we all know that colored people are not either originative or possessed of leadership capabilities. ;-)



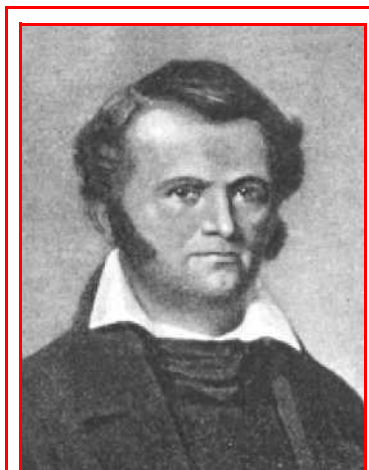
A Vigilance Committee was also forming on this day in Syracuse, New York. It was made up of:

- P.H. Agan
- George Barnes
- Abnr. Bates
- Lyman Clary
- C.W. Levenworth
- J.W. Loguen
- H. Putnam
- R.R. Raymond
- C.B. Sedgwick
- V.W. Smith
- John Thomas
- C.A. Wheaton
- John Wilkinson


Under the pressure of the [Fugitive Slave Law](#), the “nonresistant” [Henry C. Wright](#) eventually came –surprise, surprise– to legitimate violence. No more Mr. Nice Guy:



Every man, who believes resistance to tyrants to be obedience to God, is bound by his **own principles** (not by mine) to arm himself with a pistol or a dirk, a bowie-knife, a rifle, or any deadly weapon, and inflict death with his own hand, on each and ever man who shall attempt to execute the recent law of Congress, or any other law, made with a view to re-capture and return to bondage fugitive slaves.



James Bowie

 October 5, Saturday, 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) arrived in Concord:

I got home this Thursday [actually, Saturday the 5th] evening, having spent just one week [actually, 10 days, from the 7:40AM on the 25th of September to the evening of the 5th of October] in Canada and travelled eleven hundred miles. The whole expense of this journey, including two guidebooks and a map, which cost one dollar twelve and a half cents, was twelve dollars seventy five cents. I do not suppose that I have seen all British America; that could not be done by a cheap excursion, unless it were a cheap excursion to the Icy Sea, as seen by Hearne or McKenzie, and then, no doubt, some interesting features would be omitted. I wished to go a little way behind that word *Canadense*, of which naturalists make such frequent use; and I should like still right well to make a longer excursion on foot through the wilder parts of Canada, which perhaps might be called *Iter Canadense*.

At Boston, the launching of the *Surprise*, a 1,261-ton clipper ship designed by Samuel Hartt Pook and constructed by Samuel Hall.

Royal Assent was given to the separation of Victoria from New South Wales in [Australia](#).


An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL
ISSUE OF OCTOBER 5

In his maiden political speech, before a group of Free Soilers at the [Worcester](#) City Hall, [George Frisbie Hoar](#) excoriated [Daniel Webster](#) for having endorsed a bill “which the Saxon language does not contain words strong enough adequately to condemn; a Bill, to describe which, is not to gild refined gold ... but to increase the blackness of Egyptian darkness,” to wit, the [Fugitive Slave Law](#).



THE RIGHTEOUS **WICKED**
WHITE POLITICIAN **BLACK DANIEL**

 October 6, Sunday, 1850: The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

To day I had the pleasure of hearing Brother Wheeler preach in



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the Baptist Chapple at this place the house was crowded among the rest I saw Some 12 ladies, a Sight of whome, where actualy good for Sore Eyes. Especialy to Miners who have been in the Mountains for a Year. In the Evening we Called on Mrs Ludlow & Daughter (Ladies who came with us around cape Horn) We found them well etc.

Ottinger Reiter-Marsch op.83 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

[Thomas Henry Huxley](#) began a letter to his spouse Rachel "Menen" Huxley that would be posted on the 9th:

Sunday

Dearest Menen, I have not talked to you for a long time, but this has not been for want of many, many thoughts of you. Let me see, it's a whole month since I have written a word-and we have now just left the Azores. In consequence of our usual luck-fine calm weather with light variable winds -our passage from the Falklands became very much lengthened, and our supply of water fell seriously short. We had to go on an allowance of 3 pints per diem for all purposes, which is but just sufficient for all our animal wants, and sadly diminished our small stock of comforts.

So it was determined to call at the Azores. Our first intention was to go to Terceira but Fayal was nearest, and we were glad enough to put in there.

At dawn last Sunday, we knew that we ought to see the great peak of Pico, one of the islands, which rises a sharp cone for near 8000 feet. I went on deck before dawn (such an extraordinary exertion was no great merit, for I was called up to see a sick man) and there sure enough, right ahead of us was Pico, a sharp peak, rising straight out of the sea some thirty miles off. As the sun rose behind it, nothing could be more glorious than it appeared, dark and majestic, and crowned with a beautiful and richly coloured garland of clouds. I thought to myself what a grand thing it would be to be up on the top of that about sunrise and formed a resolution that if possible there I would be before we left the Azores.

I did nothing but talk about it all that day-and found plenty of people who promised they would go too. However, many were called but few chosen, as you will see by and bye. Soon we had a clear view of Fayal, which is comparatively low, and the island of St George which lies further away from Fayal than Pico. Then the Magdalen rocks came in sight and finally we came to an anchor off the town of Horta (Fayal) about four in the afternoon.

I did not go ashore then, but looked after the commissariat. The people brought off lots of eggs at a very cheap rate, and vast quantities were immediately consumed on board.-There is something perfectly animal and filthy in one's ravenous appetite on first coming into harbour.

As for the town, it looked like all the Portuguese towns I have ever seen-very white and clean-looking with various churches and convents in a most hideous style of architecture.

The party returning from the shore reported that there was nothing to be seen-only the English consul was very polite and hospitable and had a very pretty unmarried daughter. Of course

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I thought it would be expedient to pay my respects at the earliest opportunity, especially as I was very desirous to ascertain the feasibility [sic] of getting up the Pico. So I called the next morning and saw the consul Mr Minchin, a very kind and polite old military gentleman, and the daughter Miss Minchin—pretty enough but not much to my taste—and another daughter Mrs Creagh, not so pretty but much handsomer. I fell in friendship with her at first sight and she quite justified my instinct—turning out to be a most agreeable, kind, ladylike creature. Then there was her husband, a young major—unattached, and decidedly a fast man, but a gentleman withal, and whom I found a most essential adjunct to the Pico scheme.

The consul was a painter, and we talked about painting, and to my horror he asked me to bring my sketches ashore and come and dine with him. And I went and dined—and exhibited—and “snaked” myself into Mrs Creagh’s good graces, while Simpson (tell it not in Gath) and Brady flirted with pretty Miss Nelly.

I have come to the conclusion, my dear Menen, that there must be something in my peculiarly ugly phiz which inspireth great confidence in woman-kind—a sort of old-man expression—inasmuch as it has more than once happened to me, to be consulted by them within four and twenty hours after I had first had the honour of their acquaintance. So it was in the present case. Mrs Creagh had come out from England in a very debilitated state, and was not thoroughly recovered, and I had to put on additional gravity in order to listen to her complaints. I was very glad to have it in my power to do her some good, what between physic and lancet.

I have stated all this for your especial rumination, wicked one, inasmuch as you used, I remember, to treat my professional dignity with great slight. But that’s just it, “a prophet hath no honour in his own country”.

You will only be jealous if I tell you how one taught the sisters the Schottische—how one used to dine at the consul’s every night and then practise it, and how much fun one had—so I won’t say a word more about it. I will only tell you how I persuaded Nelly that your hair was “Australian Silk” and how, when Mrs Creagh gave me a very beautiful bouquet at parting, I told her it was lucky that the owner of the Australian silk did not see it.

Well they were most kind hospitable people, and I assure you I was quite sorry to leave our friends of six days’ standing, when in spite of all Nelly’s pretty persuasion, old Yule stolidly determined on sailing last Saturday.

While we were at Fayal, an Italian gentleman, Signor Augustin Robbio, a violinist, brought a letter of introduction to the consul—and one evening was kind enough to give us a specimen of his playing at the consul’s home. I was very much pleased with his musical powers—as far as I can judge, they were of a high order. He visits England I believe in the Spring.

The American consul, Mr Datney, was very civil to us. His family was in some affliction as one of his sons had married the favourite daughter of that unhappy man Professor Webster [?] who was hanged the other day. I did not see her, but I am told that she is a clever person of great musical talent, but very apathetic. She seems to care nothing for the horrible catastrophe which has befallen her father. When her husband



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broke the news of the murder to her, she listened very quietly and when he had done only said "what an unfortunate occurrence". I think that is the sublime of bathos. I should have boxed her ears had I been her husband-I love a snow-house but not an iceberg.

But I have not yet told you about the ascent of the Pico- and that I shall leave for another time, as it is the middle of the night, blowing a gale of wind right in our teeth and the ship nearly pitching us under. Addio, little one. I shall read some of your journal. October 9th, 1850.



October 7, Monday, 1850: [Jenny Lind](#) sang in Howard's Hall in downtown [Providence, Rhode Island](#).

The most expensive of the 2,000 seats went to one William Ross, at a price of \$650. Jenny autographed his ticket stub. There were another hundred people permitted to stand inside the building. The doors of the hall were purposely left open, and seats on nearby window ledges were being hawked at 25 cents each.

At a disunion meeting in Natchez, Mississippi, fire-eating Democratic [Governor John Anthony Quitman](#) addressed the assembly, but many of the citizens who attended were opposed to disunion (at a similar meeting in Yazoo City on the same day, the resolutions proposed were voted down).

The convention for amending the constitution of Indiana assembled at Indianapolis. The Honorable George W. Carr was elected president.

The published author [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by a [George Bailey](#) in Portland, who had read [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) and was wondering about that [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) which had been mentioned in the advertisement at the end.



Portland, Me., Oct. 7th., 1850.

Dear Sir:


A few days since, by a lucky accident I met with a copy of a work of yours - "A week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." - I read it with much interest, - and if I tell you plainly that I am delighted with the book, it is because I cannot help telling you so; - therefore you should pardon whatever is amiss in the expression. - I should like to ask you many questions touching your allusions to persons; such, for instance, as What were the names of the "aged shepherd" and "youthful pastor", p. 21? - What that of the "Concord poet" quoted on p. 49? - of the Justice of the Peace and Deacon, p. 68? what the name of "one who was born on its head waters," quoted on p. 90? - and many more of a similar nature; but I fear that such an act on the part of a stranger, would be but little short of impertinence, though it might be kindly considered by you; so I must not use that method of making myself "wise above what is written."


Next to confessing to you my admiration of your book, my object in writing you, is to make an enquiry for "Walden; or Life in the Woods," - announced at the close of the "Week", as shortly to be published. I have enquired for it in Boston, but no one can tell me anything about it. Will you please inform me if it has been published, and, if so, where it may be found? - Truly & Respectfully Yours,

Geo. A. Bailey

H.D. Thoreau, Esq., Concord, Mass.


Do we know that Thoreau responded to this letter? This confusion over "*Walden; or Life in the Woods*" would have of course been in reference to the incorrect "will soon be published" advertisement the publisher placed at the end of the book. The answers to the other inquiries would have been:

 Here then an *aged shepherd* dwelt, The Reverend [Ezra Ripley](#)
 Who to his flock his substance dealt,
 And ruled them with a vigorous crook,
 By precept of the sacred Book;
 But he the pierless bridge passed o'er,
 And solitary left the shore.


 Anon a *youthful pastor* came, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)
 Whose crook was not unknown to fame,
 His lambs he viewed with gentle glance,
 Spread o'er the country's wide expanse,
 And fed with "Mosses from the Manse."
 Here was our Hawthorne in the dale,
 And here the shepherd told his tale.

* * *


"So fair we seem, so cold we are,
 So fast we hasten to decay,
 Yet through our night glows many a star,
 That still shall claim its sunny day."


 "The River," "*Concord poet*" [Ellery Channing](#)

* * *

 "*Justice of the Peace and Deacon*"

* * *

 "*born on its head-waters*" [Nathaniel Peabody Rogers](#)
 Editor of the Concord NH [Herald of Freedom](#)

 October 8, Tuesday, [1850](#): There was a Union meeting in Mobile, Alabama.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) conveyed local news items:

RECORDER'S COURT. — This was the only Court in operation yesterday. Among other prisoners was Edward Stanthiel who was taken into custody on the charge of assault with intent to kill. From the testimony it appears that Stanthiel purchased a revolver yesterday morning, and without knowing it was loaded, pointed it at a crowd of people in the square, and drew the trigger. The pistol went off and the ball went through William D. Higgins' hand and Nicholas Kirby's hat. It was clearly proved that Stanthiel could not have been aware that the pistol was loaded. The prisoner was discharged, the Recorder regarding the affair as purely accidental.

Captain George H. Porter was brought up on a charge of larceny. Captain Porter is Master of the Steamer *Mariposa*, and it is alleged that William A. Thorp placed in his hands \$295 in gold dust, which was not delivered according to agreement. Another version is, that Thorp, shortly after depositing the money with Captain Porter, withdrew it himself. The examination was postponed to Wednesday next.

Charles Smith, William Ray, and Daniel Richards, arrested for highway robbery, were committed for examination this morning. The prisoners were taken in the act of rifling a man's pockets near Clark's Point on Sunday night. The man had been knocked down, and the prisoners were armed with slung shots.

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Richard How was examined on charge of stealing three barrels of white wine from the store of Jean Claesy. Mr. Claesy's store was broken open and the wine stolen several days ago, and officer Blitz found one of the casks on the defendant's premises. The prisoner proved that he bought the wine, and was therefore discharged.

R. Ryan, arrested on the charge of stealing clothes, proved a good character and was discharged. The clothes in question had been retained as security for the payment of a bill for washing. The other cases, sixteen in all were for drunkenness. Seven were fined a sum which in the aggregate amounted to seventy-five dollars. The others were discharged.

THE ELECTION. — The contest at the polls yesterday was stronger than we ever before witnessed in this city. During the whole day the polls were thronged, and the excitement in some instances was very great. Occasionally a knock-down marred the general good humor, but so far as we can learn there was no affray of very serious nature. As a party triumph, the result of this election can afford neither party much consolation for the number of straight out party votes was comparatively small. The representative ticket, in particular, was "scratched" to an extent that proves conclusively that party nomination have but little influence. Had the city been divided into eight or ten wards, we think that a much larger number of votes would have been cast, for it is a fact that a large collection of people about a voting place deters many men from exercising that "glorious privilege" of freemen.

Mr Broderick is re-elected to the Senate by a majority of 336 over Mr. Barthol. At the Mission Mr. Broderick has 50 majority, Mr. Simpton is elected Harbor Master, and we think there can be no doubt that Mr. Benham is re-elected to the office of District Attorney. We are also inclined to the opinion that Mr. Shattuck is elected Judge of the Superior Court, and probably a majority of the Whig Assembly ticket.

The judge of the election met again this morning, to complete the canvassings, and we shall give the result in full to-morrow.

ANOTHER STEAMSHIP FOR THE PANAMA AND SAN FRANCISCO TRADE. — A Baltimore letter of the 7th August in the Washington Union, says:

Messrs. John S. Brown & Co. are building a steamship for Lieutenant Hunter of the U.S. navy, and Major Heiss, late of the Union, of four hundred tons burthen, destined to run on the Pacific, between Panama and San Francisco. She is intended for a swift ocean steamer, being 150 feet on deck, and 27 feet breadth of beam. She is building under the direction of Captain McCausland, of the steamer *Baltimore*.

BY THE EARS. — Gihon, of the Picayune, and Crane, of the Courier, have got together by the ears, and are calling each other all sorts of hard names. The former came out with a placard yesterday, in which he expressed his "opinion" publicly.

CORONER'S INQUEST. — Coroner Gallagher held an inquest, yesterday, on the body of a man named Walter Bell, aged 30 years, supposed to be a native of Scotland, found dead in a tent near Clark's Point. The evidence went to prove that Bell had been sick about a week. Verdict of jury, "death from some cause unknown."



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RIVER INTELLIGENCE. — The news by the *Carolina* precludes us from giving the usual amount of excerpts from the up river papers in this morning's issue.

CITY COUNCIL. — There was no quorum of either branch of the City Council, last evening. The next regular meeting is on Friday evening next.



October 9, Wednesday, 1850: It may have been in this timeframe that [Daniel Webster](#) visited the Daguerreotype studio of [Albert Sands Southworth](#) and [Josiah Johnson Hawes](#) on Tremont Row in Boston's Scollay Square (this studio produced the very finest of images, for a clientele made up of the most impressive political, intellectual, and artistic figures, so it is not by any accident that we lack a comparison daguerreotype of [Henry Thoreau](#) from such a source). This monumental portraiture seems to embody the characterization given of Webster by [Thomas Carlyle](#), that “as a logic fencer, advocate, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back [Webster] at 1st sight against all the extant world.”

The beginning of the “Hülsemann Letter” incident, as described in Edwin P. Whipple's *THE GREAT SPEECHES AND ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER WITH AN ESSAY ON DANIEL WEBSTER AS A MASTER OF ENGLISH STYLE* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1879): “Mr. Webster, as has been stated, arrived at Marshfield on the 9th of October, 1850, where he remained for the space of 2 weeks. He brought with him the papers relating to this controversy with Austria. Before he left Washington, he gave to Mr. Hunter, a gentleman then and still filling an important post in the Department of State, verbal instructions concerning some of the points which would require to be touched in an answer to Mr. Hülsemann's letter of September 30th, and requested Mr. Hunter to prepare a draft of such an answer. This was done, and Mr. Hunter's draft of an answer was forwarded to Mr. Webster at Marshfield. On the 20th of October, 1850, Mr. Webster, being far from well, addressed a note to Mr. Everett,⁶⁰ requesting him also to prepare a draft of a reply to Mr. Hülsemann, at the same time sending to Mr. Everett a copy of Mr. Hülsemann's letter and of President Taylor's message to the Senate relating to Mr. Mann's mission to Hungary.⁶¹ On the 21st Mr. Webster went to his farm in Franklin, New Hampshire, where he remained until the 4th of November. While there he received from Mr. Everett a draft of an answer to Mr. Hülsemann, which was written by Mr. Everett between the 21st and the 24th of October.

Soon after Mr. Webster's death, it was rumored that the real author of ‘the Hülsemann letter’ was Mr. Hunter, — a rumor for which Mr. Hunter himself was in no way responsible. At a later period, in the summer of 1853, the statement obtained currency in the newspapers that Mr. Everett wrote this celebrated despatch, and many comments were made upon the supposed fact that Mr. Everett had claimed its authorship. The facts are, that, while at Franklin, Mr. Webster, with Mr. Hunter's and Mr. Everett's drafts both before him, went over the whole subject, making considerable changes in Mr. Everett's draft, striking out entire paragraphs with his pen, altering some phrases, and writing new paragraphs of his own, but adopting Mr. Everett's draft as the basis of the official paper; a purpose which he expressed to Mr. Everett on his return to Boston toward Washington. Subsequently, when he had arrived in Washington, Mr. Webster caused a third draft to be made, in the State Department, from Mr. Everett's paper and his own additions and alterations. On this third draft he made still other changes and additions, and, when the whole was completed to his own satisfaction, the official letter was drawn out by a clerk, was submitted to the President, and, being signed by Mr. Webster, was sent to Mr. Hülsemann.⁶²

There are, no doubt, passages and expressions in this letter which are in a tone not usual with Mr. Webster in his diplomatic papers. How he himself regarded the criticisms that might be made upon it may be seen from the following note:—

60. Mr. Everett had then resigned the Presidency of Harvard College.

61. Whether Mr. Hunter's draft was also sent to Mr. Everett, I do not know. The internal evidence would seem to indicate that it was; but the fact is not material.



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[TO MR. TICKNOR.]

‘Washington, January 16, 1851.

‘My dear Sir,—If you say that my Hülsemann letter is boastful and rough, I shall own the soft impeachment. My excuse is twofold: 1. I thought it well enough to speak out, and tell the people of Europe who and what we are, and awaken them to a just sense of the unparalleled growth of this country. 2. I wished to write a paper which should touch the national pride, and make a man feel **sheepish** and look **silly** who should speak of disunion. It is curious enough but it is certain, that Mr. Mann’s private instructions were seen, somehow, by Schwarzenberg.

‘Yours always truly,

‘DANIEL WEBSTER.’”⁶³

Department of State, Washington, December 21, 1850.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, had the honor to receive, some time ago, the note of Mr. Hülsemann, Chargé d’Affaires of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, of the 30th of September. Causes, not arising from any want of personal regard for Mr. Hülsemann, or of proper respect for his government, have delayed an answer until the present moment. Having submitted Mr. Hülsemann’s letter to the President, the undersigned is now directed by him to return the following reply.

The objects of Mr. Hülsemann’s note are, first, to protest, by order of his government, against the steps taken by the late President of the United States to ascertain the progress and probable result of the revolutionary movements in Hungary; and, secondly, to complain of some expressions in the instructions of the late Secretary of State to Mr. A. Dudley Mann, a confidential agent of the United States, as communicated by President Taylor to the Senate on the 28th of March last.

The principal ground of protest is founded on the idea, or in the allegation, that the government of the United States, by the mission of Mr. Mann and his instructions, has interfered in the domestic affairs of Austria in a manner unjust or disrespectful toward that power. The President’s message was a communication made by him to the Senate, transmitting a correspondence between the executive government and a confidential agent of its own. This would seem to be itself a domestic transaction, a mere instance of intercourse between the President and the Senate, in the manner which is usual and indispensable in communications between the different branches of the government. It was not addressed either to Austria or Hungary; nor was it a public manifesto, to which any foreign state was called on to reply.

62. I have seen, I believe, all the documents in relation to this matter; viz. Mr. Hunter’s draft, Mr. Everett’s (in his handwriting, with Mr. Webster’s erasures), the third draft, made at the department under Mr. Webster’s directions, and the original added paragraphs, written by Mr. Webster with his own hand. To those who are curious about the question of **authorship**, it is needful only to say that Mr. Webster adopted Mr. Everett’s draft as the basis of the official letter, but that the official letter is a much more vigorous, expanded, and complete production than Mr. Everett’s draft. It is described in a note written by Mr. Everett to one of the literary executors, in 1853, as follows: “It can be stated truly that what Mr. Webster did himself to the letter was very considerable; and that he added one half in bulk to the original draft; and that his additions were of the most significant character. It was very carefully elaborated in the department by him, till he was authorized to speak of it as he did at the Kossuth dinner....”

This refers to what Mr. Webster said in his speech at the Kossuth banquet, in Washington, January 7, 1852:—

“May I be so egotistical as to say that I have nothing new to say on the subject of Hungary? Gentlemen, in the autumn of the year before last, out of health, and retired to my paternal home among the mountains of New Hampshire, I was, by reason of my physical condition, confined to my house; but I was among the mountains, whose native air I was bound to inspire. Nothing saluted my senses, nothing saluted my mind, or my sentiments, but freedom, full and entire; and there, gentlemen, near the graves of my ancestors, I wrote a letter, which most of you have seen, addressed to the Austrian *chargé d’affaires*. I can say nothing of the ability displayed in that letter, but, as to its principles, while the sun and moon endure, I stand by them.”

63. From Hon. George T. Curtis’s *Life of Daniel Webster*, Vol. II. pp. 535-537.

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It was an account of its transactions communicated by the executive government to the Senate, at the request of that body; made public, indeed, but made public only because such is the common and usual course of proceeding. It may be regarded as

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somewhat strange, therefore, that the Austrian Cabinet did not perceive that, by the instructions given to Mr. Hülsemann, it was itself interfering with the domestic concerns of a foreign state, the very thing which is the ground of its complaint against the United States.

This department has, on former occasions, informed the ministers of foreign powers, that a communication from the President to either house of Congress is regarded as a domestic communication, of which, ordinarily, no foreign state has cognizance; and in more recent instances, the great inconvenience of making such communications the subject of diplomatic correspondence and discussion has been fully shown. If it had been the pleasure of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, during the struggles in Hungary, to have admonished the provisional government or the people of that country against involving themselves in disaster, by following the evil and dangerous example of the United States of America in making efforts for the establishment of independent governments, such an admonition from that sovereign to his Hungarian subjects would not have originated here a diplomatic correspondence. The President might, perhaps, on this ground, have declined to direct any particular reply to Mr. Hülsemann's note; but out of proper respect for the Austrian government, it has been thought better to answer that note at length; and the more especially, as the occasion is not unfavorable for the expression of the general sentiments of the government of the United States upon the topics which that note discusses.

A leading subject in Mr. Hülsemann's note is that of the correspondence between Mr. Hülsemann and the predecessor of the undersigned, in which Mr. Clayton, by direction of the President, informed Mr. Hülsemann "that Mr. Mann's mission had no other object in view than to obtain reliable information as to the true state of affairs in Hungary, by personal observation." Mr. Hülsemann remarks, that "this explanation can hardly be admitted, for it says very little as to the cause of the anxiety which was felt to ascertain the chances of the revolutionists." As this, however, is the only purpose which can, with any appearance of truth, be attributed to the agency; as nothing whatever is alleged by Mr. Hülsemann to have been either done or said by the agent inconsistent with such an object, the undersigned conceives that Mr. Clayton's explanation ought to be deemed, not only admissible, but quite satisfactory. Mr. Hülsemann states, in the course of his note, that his instructions to address his present communication to Mr. Clayton reached Washington about the time of the lamented death of the late President, and that he delayed from a sense of propriety the execution of his task until the new administration should be fully organized; "a delay which he now rejoices at, as it has given him the opportunity of ascertaining from the new President himself, on the occasion of the reception of the diplomatic corps, that the fundamental policy of the United States, so frequently proclaimed, would guide the relations of the American government with other powers." Mr. Hülsemann also observes, that it is in his power to assure the undersigned "that the Imperial government is disposed to cultivate relations of friendship and good understanding with the United States."



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The President receives this assurance of the disposition of the Imperial government with great satisfaction; and, in consideration of the friendly relations of the two governments thus mutually recognized, and of the peculiar nature of the incidents by which their good understanding is supposed by Mr. Hülsemann to have been for a moment disturbed or endangered, the President regrets that Mr. Hülsemann did not feel himself at liberty wholly to forbear from the execution of instructions, which were of course transmitted from Vienna without any foresight of the state of things under which they would reach Washington. If Mr. Hülsemann saw, in the address of the President to the diplomatic corps, satisfactory pledges of the sentiments and the policy of this government in regard to neutral rights and neutral duties, it might, perhaps, have been better not to bring on a discussion of past transactions. But the undersigned readily admits that this was a question fit only for the consideration and decision of Mr. Hülsemann himself; and although the President does not see that any good purpose can be answered by reopening the inquiry into the propriety of the steps taken by President Taylor to ascertain the probable issue of the late civil war in Hungary, justice to his memory requires the undersigned briefly to restate the history of those steps, and to show their consistency with the neutral policy which has invariably guided the government of the United States in its foreign relations, as well as with the established and well-settled principles of national intercourse, and the doctrines of public law.

The undersigned will first observe, that the President is persuaded his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, does not think that the government of the United States ought to view with unconcern the extraordinary events which have occurred, not only in his dominions, but in many other parts of Europe, since February, 1848. The government and people of the United States, like other intelligent governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality toward foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the contemporary world, as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history. But the undersigned goes further, and freely admits that, in proportion as these extraordinary events appeared to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular government, on which the American constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country. Well-known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short

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a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized states of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government. That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his minister in the Netherlands in 1787, he observes, that "it is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom." This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to republican liberty is the result of the reaction of America upon Europe; and the source and centre of this reaction has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States. The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the powers composing the European alliance is from the history and constitutional organization of the government of those powers. The sovereigns who form that alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign states; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States, and their forms of government. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied sovereigns, after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgences from crowned heads. "Useful and necessary changes in legislation and administration," says the Laybach Circular of May, 1821, "ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power; all that deviates from this line necessarily leads to disorder, commotions, and evils far more insufferable than those which they pretend to remedy." And his late Austrian Majesty, Francis the First, is reported to have declared, in an address to the Hungarian Diet, in 1820, that "the whole world had become foolish, and, leaving their ancient laws, were in search of imaginary constitutions." These declarations amount to nothing less than a denial of the lawfulness of the origin of the government of the United States, since it is certain that that government was established in consequence of a change which did not proceed from thrones, or the permission of crowned heads. But the government of the United States heard these denunciations of its fundamental principles without remonstrance, or the disturbance of its equanimity. This was thirty years ago.

The power of this republic, at the present moment, is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the house of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface. Its population, already twenty-five millions, will exceed that of

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the Austrian empire within the period during which it may be hoped that Mr. Hülsemann may yet remain in the honorable discharge of his duties to his government. Its navigation and commerce are hardly exceeded by the oldest and most commercial nations; its maritime means and its maritime power may be seen by Austria herself, in all seas where she has ports, as well as they may be seen, also, in all other quarters of the globe. Life, liberty, property, and all personal rights, are amply secured to all citizens, and protected by just and stable laws; and credit, public and private, is as well established as in any government of Continental Europe; and the country, in all its interests and concerns, partakes most largely in all the improvements and progress which distinguish the age. Certainly, the United States may be pardoned, even by those who profess adherence to the principles of absolute government, if they entertain an ardent affection for those popular forms of political organization which have so rapidly advanced their own prosperity and happiness, and enabled them, in so short a period, to bring their country, and the hemisphere to which it belongs, to the notice and respectful regard, not to say the admiration, of the civilized world. Nevertheless, the United States have abstained, at all times, from acts of interference with the political changes of Europe. They cannot, however, fail to cherish always a lively interest in the fortunes of nations struggling for institutions like their own. But this sympathy, so far from being necessarily a hostile feeling toward any of the parties to these great national struggles, is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all. The Hungarian people are three or four times as numerous as the inhabitants of these United States were when the American Revolution broke out. They possess, in a distinct language, and in other respects, important elements of a separate nationality, which the Anglo-Saxon race in this country did not possess; and if the United States wish success to countries contending for popular constitutions and national independence, it is only because they regard such constitutions and such national independence, not as imaginary, but as real blessings. They claim no right, however, to take part in the struggles of foreign powers in order to promote these ends. It is only in defence of his own government, and its principles and character, that the undersigned has now expressed himself on this subject. But when the people of the United States behold the people of foreign countries, without any such interference, spontaneously moving toward the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely cannot be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators.

In regard to the recent very important occurrences in the Austrian empire, the undersigned freely admits the difficulty which exists in this country, and is alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann, of obtaining accurate information. But this difficulty is by no means to be ascribed to what Mr. Hülsemann calls, with little justice, as it seems to the undersigned, "the mendacious rumors propagated by the American press." For information on this subject, and others of the same kind, the American press is, of necessity, almost wholly dependent upon that of Europe; and if "mendacious rumors" respecting Austrian and Hungarian affairs



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have been anywhere propagated, that propagation of falsehoods has been most prolific on the European continent, and in countries immediately bordering on the Austrian empire. But, wherever these errors may have originated, they certainly justified the late President in seeking true information through authentic channels.

His attention was first particularly drawn to the state of things in Hungary by the correspondence of Mr. Stiles, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Vienna. In the autumn of 1848, an application was made to this gentleman, on behalf of Mr. Kossuth, formerly Minister of Finance for the Kingdom of Hungary by Imperial appointment, but, at the time the application was made, chief of the revolutionary government. The object of this application was to obtain the good offices of Mr. Stiles with the Imperial government, with a view to the suspension of hostilities. This application became the subject of a conference between Prince Schwarzenberg, the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Stiles. The Prince commended the considerateness and propriety with which Mr. Stiles had acted; and, so far from disapproving his interference, advised him, in case he received a further communication from the revolutionary government in Hungary, to have an interview with Prince Windischgrätz, who was charged by the Emperor with the proceedings determined on in relation to that kingdom. A week after these occurrences, Mr. Stiles received, through a secret channel, a communication signed by L. Kossuth, President of the Committee of Defence, and countersigned by Francis Pulszky, Secretary of State. On the receipt of this communication, Mr. Stiles had an interview with Prince Windischgrätz, "who received him with the utmost kindness, and thanked him for his efforts toward reconciling the existing difficulties." Such were the incidents which first drew the attention of the government of the United States particularly to the affairs of Hungary, and the conduct of Mr. Stiles, though acting without instructions in a matter of much delicacy, having been viewed with satisfaction by the Imperial government, was approved by that of the United States.

In the course of the year 1848, and in the early part of 1849, a considerable number of Hungarians came to the United States. Among them were individuals representing themselves to be in the confidence of the revolutionary government, and by these persons the President was strongly urged to recognize the existence of that government. In these applications, and in the manner in which they were viewed by the President, there was nothing unusual; still less was there any thing unauthorized by the law of nations. It is the right of every independent state to enter into friendly relations with every other independent state. Of course, questions of prudence naturally arise in reference to new states, brought by successful revolutions into the family of nations; but it is not to be required of neutral powers that they should await the recognition of the new government by the parent state. No principle of public law has been more frequently acted upon, within the last thirty years, by the great powers of the world, than this. Within that period, eight or ten new states have established independent governments, within the limits of the colonial dominions of Spain, on this



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continent; and in Europe the same thing has been done by Belgium and Greece. The existence of all these governments was recognized by some of the leading powers of Europe, as well as by the United States, before it was acknowledged by the states from which they had separated themselves. If, therefore, the United States had gone so far as formally to acknowledge the independence of Hungary, although, as the result has proved, it would have been a precipitate step, and one from which no benefit would have resulted to either party; it would not, nevertheless, have been an act against the law of nations, provided they took no part in her contest with Austria. But the United States did no such thing. Not only did they not yield to Hungary any actual countenance or succor, not only did they not show their ships of war in the Adriatic with any menacing or hostile aspect, but they studiously abstained from every thing which had not been done in other cases in times past, and contented themselves with instituting an inquiry into the truth and reality of alleged political occurrences. Mr. Hülsemann incorrectly states, unintentionally certainly, the nature of the mission of this agent, when he says that "a United States agent had been despatched to Vienna with orders to watch for a favorable moment to recognize the Hungarian republic, and to conclude a treaty of commerce with the same." This, indeed, would have been a lawful object, but Mr. Mann's errand was, in the first instance, purely one of inquiry. He had no power to act, unless he had first come to the conviction that a firm and stable Hungarian government existed. "The principal object the President has in view," according to his instructions, "is to obtain minute and reliable information in regard to Hungary, in connection with the affairs of adjoining countries, the probable issue of the present revolutionary movements, and the chances we may have of forming commercial arrangements with that power favorable to the United States." Again, in the same paper, it is said: "The object of the President is to obtain information in regard to Hungary, and her resources and prospects, with a view to an early recognition of her independence and the formation of commercial relations with her." It was only in the event that the new government should appear, in the opinion of the agent, to be firm and stable, that the President proposed to recommend its recognition.

Mr. Hülsemann, in qualifying these steps of President Taylor with the epithet of "hostile," seems to take for granted that the inquiry could, in the expectation of the President, have but one result, and that favorable to Hungary. If this were so, it would not change the case. But the American government sought for nothing but truth; it desired to learn the facts through a reliable channel. It so happened, in the chances and vicissitudes of human affairs, that the result was adverse to the Hungarian revolution. The American agent, as was stated in his instructions to be not unlikely, found the condition of Hungarian affairs less prosperous than it had been, or had been believed to be. He did not enter Hungary, nor hold any direct communication with her revolutionary leaders. He reported against the recognition of her independence, because he found she had been unable to set up a firm and stable government. He carefully forbore, as his instructions required, to give



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publicity to his mission, and the undersigned supposes that the Austrian government first learned its existence from the communications of the President to the Senate.

Mr. Hülsemann will observe from this statement, that Mr. Mann's mission was wholly unobjectionable, and strictly within the rule of the law of nations and the duty of the United States as a neutral power. He will accordingly feel how little foundation there is for his remark, that "those who did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of sending Mr. Dudley Mann on such an errand should, independent of considerations of propriety, have borne in mind that they were exposing their emissary to be treated as a spy." A spy is a person sent by one belligerent to gain secret information of the forces and defences of the other, to be used for hostile purposes. According to practice, he may use deception, under the penalty of being lawfully hanged if detected. To give this odious name and character to a confidential agent of a neutral power, bearing the commission of his country, and sent for a purpose fully warranted by the law of nations, is not only to abuse language, but also to confound all just ideas, and to announce the wildest and most extravagant notions, such as certainly were not to have been expected in a grave diplomatic paper; and the President directs the undersigned to say to Mr. Hülsemann, that the American government would regard such an imputation upon it by the Cabinet of Austria as that it employs spies, and that in a quarrel none of its own, as distinctly offensive, if it did not presume, as it is willing to presume, that the word used in the original German was not of equivalent meaning with "spy" in the English language, or that in some other way the employment of such an opprobrious term may be explained. Had the Imperial government of Austria subjected Mr. Mann for the treatment of a spy, it would have placed itself without the pale of civilized nations; and the Cabinet of Vienna may be assured, that if it had carried, or attempted to carry, any such lawless purpose into effect, in the case of an authorized agent of this government, the spirit of the people of this country would have demanded immediate hostilities to be waged by the utmost exertion of the power of the republic, military and naval.

Mr. Hülsemann proceeds to remark, that "this extremely painful incident, therefore, might have been passed over, without any written evidence being left on our part in the archives of the United States, had not General Taylor thought proper to revive the whole subject by communicating to the Senate, in his message of the 18th [28th] of last March, the instructions with which Mr. Mann had been furnished on the occasion of his mission to Vienna. The publicity which has been given to that document has placed the Imperial government under the necessity of entering a formal protest, through its official representative, against the proceedings of the American government, lest that government should construe our silence into approbation, or toleration even, of the principles which appear to have guided its action and the means it has adopted." The undersigned reasserts to Mr. Hülsemann, and to the Cabinet of Vienna, and in the presence of the world, that the steps taken by President Taylor, now protested against by the Austrian government, were warranted by the law of nations and agreeable to the usages of civilized

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states. With respect to the communication of Mr. Mann's instructions to the Senate, and the language in which they are couched, it has already been said, and Mr. Hülsemann must feel the justice of the remark, that these are domestic affairs, in reference to which the government of the United States cannot admit the slightest responsibility to the government of his Imperial Majesty. No state, deserving the appellation of independent, can permit the language in which it may instruct its own officers in the discharge of their duties to itself to be called in question under any pretext by a foreign power.

But even if this were not so, Mr. Hülsemann is in an error in stating that the Austrian government is called an "iron rule" in Mr. Mann's instructions. That phrase is not found in the paper; and in respect to the honorary epithet bestowed in Mr. Mann's instructions on the late chief of the revolutionary government of Hungary, Mr. Hülsemann will bear in mind that the government of the United States cannot justly be expected, in a confidential communication to its own agent, to withhold from an individual an epithet of distinction of which a great part of the world thinks him worthy, merely on the ground that his own government regards him as a rebel. At an early stage of the American Revolution, while Washington was considered by the English government as a rebel chief, he was regarded on the Continent of Europe as an illustrious hero. But the undersigned will take the liberty of bringing the Cabinet of Vienna into the presence of its own predecessors, and of citing for its consideration the conduct of the Imperial government itself. In the year 1777 the war of the American Revolution was raging all over these United States. England was prosecuting that war with a most resolute determination, and by the exertion of all her military means to the fullest extent. Germany was at that time at peace with England; and yet an agent of that Congress, which was looked upon by England in no other light than that of a body in open rebellion, was not only received with great respect by the ambassador of the Empress Queen at Paris, and by the minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany (who afterwards mounted the Imperial throne), but resided in Vienna for a considerable time; not, indeed, officially acknowledged, but treated with courtesy and respect; and the Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded by that agent to exert himself to prevent the German powers from furnishing troops to England to enable her to suppress the rebellion in America. Neither Mr. Hülsemann nor the Cabinet of Vienna, it is presumed, will undertake to say that any thing said or done by this government in regard to the recent war between Austria and Hungary is not borne out, and much more than borne out, by this example of the Imperial Court. It is believed that the Emperor Joseph the Second habitually spoke in terms of respect and admiration of the character of Washington, as he is known to have done of that of Franklin; and he deemed it no infraction of neutrality to inform himself of the progress of the revolutionary struggle in America, or to express his deep sense of the merits and the talents of those illustrious men who were then leading their country to independence and renown. The undersigned may add, that in 1781 the courts of Russia and Austria proposed a diplomatic congress of the belligerent powers, to which the commissioners of the United States should



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be admitted.

Mr. Hülsemann thinks that in Mr. Mann's instructions improper expressions are introduced in regard to Russia; but the undersigned has no reason to suppose that Russia herself is of that opinion. The only observation made in those instructions about Russia is, that she "has chosen to assume an attitude of interference, and her immense preparations for invading and reducing the Hungarians to the rule of Austria, from which they desire to be released, gave so serious a character to the contest as to awaken the most painful solicitude in the minds of Americans." The undersigned cannot but consider the Austrian Cabinet as unnecessarily susceptible in looking upon language like this as a "hostile demonstration." If we remember that it was addressed by the government to its own agent, and has received publicity only through a communication from one department of the American government to another, the language quoted must be deemed moderate and inoffensive. The comity of nations would hardly forbid its being addressed to the two imperial powers themselves. It is scarcely necessary for the undersigned to say, that the relations of the United States with Russia have always been of the most friendly kind, and have never been deemed by either party to require any compromise of their peculiar views upon subjects of domestic or foreign polity, or the true origin of governments. At any rate, the fact that Austria, in her contest with Hungary, had an intimate and faithful ally in Russia, cannot alter the real nature of the question between Austria and Hungary, nor in any way affect the neutral rights and duties of the government of the United States, or the justifiable sympathies of the American people. It is, indeed, easy to conceive, that favor toward struggling Hungary would be not diminished, but increased, when it was seen that the arm of Austria was strengthened and upheld by a power whose assistance threatened to be, and which in the end proved to be, overwhelmingly destructive of all her hopes.

Toward the conclusion of his note Mr. Hülsemann remarks, that "if the government of the United States were to think it proper to take an indirect part in the political movements of Europe, American policy would be exposed to acts of retaliation, and to certain inconveniences which would not fail to affect the commerce and industry of the two hemispheres." As to this possible fortune, this hypothetical retaliation, the government and people of the United States are quite willing to take their chances and abide their destiny. Taking neither a direct nor an indirect part in the domestic or intestine movements of Europe, they have no fear of events of the nature alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann. It would be idle now to discuss with Mr. Hülsemann those acts of retaliation which he imagines may possibly take place at some indefinite time hereafter. Those questions will be discussed when they arise; and Mr. Hülsemann and the Cabinet at Vienna may rest assured, that, in the mean time, while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinions, freely and at all times, upon the great political events which may transpire among

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the civilized nations of the earth. Their own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of civil liberty; and believing those principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied to be eminently favorable to the prosperity of states, to be, in fact, the only principles of government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age, the President has perceived, with great satisfaction, that, in the constitution recently introduced into the Austrian empire, many of these great principles are recognized and applied, and he cherishes a sincere wish that they may produce the same happy effects throughout his Austrian Majesty's extensive dominions that they have done in the United States.

The undersigned has the honor to repeat to Mr. Hülsemann the assurance of his high consideration.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE CHEVALIER J.G. HÜLSEMANN, **Chargé d'Affaires of Austria, Washington.**



October 11: Plucked a wild-rose the 9th of Oct. on Fair Haven Hill.

Butter-and-eggs which blossomed several months ago –still freshly bloom (Oct 11th)

He knew what shrubs were best for withes.

This is a remarkable year. Huckleberries are still quite abundant and fresh –on Conantum. There have been more berries than pickers or even worms. (Oct 9th)

I am always exhilarated, as were the early voyagers –by the sight of sassafras –Laurus Sassafras–

The green leaves bruised have the fragrance of lemons and a thousand spices. To the same order belong cinnamon, cassia, camphor. Hickory is said to be an Indian name

Nuttall's Cont. of Michaux

The seed vessel of the sweet briar is a very beautiful glossy elliptical fruit. What with the fragrance of its leaves –its blossom & its fruit, it is thrice crowned.



October 10, Thursday, 1850: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) wrote to his friend Specchi in [Havana](#), describing his life on [Staten Island](#).



October 11, Friday, 1850: Louise-Marie Thérèse Charlotte Isabelle, Queen of Belgium, wife of King Leopold I, mother of 4 children including the one who would become King Leopold II of the Belgians, died of [tuberculosis](#) in Ostend at the age of 38.



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 October 12, Saturday, 1850: Birth of [Dr. Robert Montgomery Smith Jackson](#) and Mary Herron Jackson's daughter Jennie Jackson.

An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 12

 October 13, Sunday, 1850: [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#) wrote in his [Mokelumme Hill, California](#) storekeeping diary that "On tuesday Morning I left Stockton on horse Back for the Mines, at 12 O Clock Overtook the Boys with the Teams (who left on Monday Evening). On Thursday Morning left the Teams very Early 5 Miles below the Double Springs took breakfast at that place after which I persued My way for Murphys or Stoutenburgh Placer. The teams being bound for the Mckelome Hill I arrived in the Evening about 4 O Clock, and found all right. Tod & Brion Express had been up and left a letter for us (it was from Aunt A of Bridgehamtom LI) I had the pleasure of hearing the Missionary (Sent out by the Priest) preach at this place (his name is douglass)."

Joseph Joachim took up duties as Konzertmeister in the Weimar orchestra conducted by Franz Liszt.

[Thomas Henry Huxley](#) wrote to Henrietta Heathorn:

The Party "what went up the Pico" consisted of Dunbar, Capt. Stewart, Tighe, Heath, Major Creagh, a half-Portuguese who spoke English very well, and myself. I had been ashore at Fayal all the morning of Thursday the day we started, and was half tempted not to go. The consul wanted me to dine with him, and I had once submitted to the lot in the shape of tossing, which decided against me. However, my invincible dislike to give up any project once formed was too much for me, and off I started for the ship at about two o'clock. Now two o'clock was fixed as the latest hour we were to start-but I got on board and dressed appropriately and still found plenty of time, greatly rejoiced after all at not giving up a resolution. Stewart was fretting and fussing away after the grub, Creagh talking to everybody all at once with incredible volubility, Dunbar ditto, Tighe snuffling, Heath quiet and resolute as usual and looking after proviant and requisites, very much in earnest-and it was nearly four before we left the ship for Pico, about five miles distant. I began to laugh when we left the ship, and I don't think that I left off for about six hours. Such a queer trio as Dunbar, Creagh and Stewart I never had the luck to meet with before. After sundry ridiculous disputes as to navigation, we reached the town, dashing up through some heavy rollers which threatened to swamp us. Ourselves and our traps landed, any rational people would have commenced travelling, as we had some twelve miles to go to the proposed resting place, and the sun was near setting. But not we. First and foremost we went and took possession of an empty house the proprietor of which had kindly given us his key.

Then there was a great question about animals, Stewart and

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Dunbar protesting they would not and could not walk a mile. None were to be had, however, but there were hopes entertained that the priest who lived up at the other end of the long straggling town might be persuaded to lend a horse.

So, attended by all the population, who looked at us with faces not unlike those of an English mob round a Cherokee Indian, we trudged on. We had a tail of seven or eight Portuguese to carry our luggage and altogether formed quite a procession.

We had not gone very far before Creagh called a halt opposite one house and said we must go and see his friend one Signor Teira, a rich proprietor. So up we went and sitting on a sort of terrace devoured fruit while M. Teira was being found. While thus engaged a most ridiculous scene took place in the shape of a quarrel between Stewart and Dunbar, the former abusing the latter in the most unmeasured terms for certain improprieties. Poor Stewart, he lost his breath; he might as well have talked to a post. There was a rich, comic, stolid expression on his adversary's face all the while, beautiful to behold. It nearly killed me laughing, when at the end of Stewart's tirade, his reply consisted merely in mimicking the three last words thereof. The cream of the joke was that old Stewart was just as bad as the other himself.

Creagh is decidedly a "fast man", but this little scene rather palled on him and he asked me quietly if this style of conversation was common among naval officers. I rather enlightened him on that point, by assuring him that the two in this case quite understood one another. In fact they were excellent friends again in half an hour.

By and bye Signor Teira, a pleasing gentlemanly young man, made his appearance with a lot more Portuguese gentlemen. We must taste his wine, and very good it was, the second bottle especially was I think the most delicious Port I ever tasted. Imported direct from Lisbon and unadulterated it is quite a different thing from the fiery abomination you get in England. The sun set apace, and at last we started again. A great deal of time was now lost in embassages to the Padre, who is a man not to be lightly treated in Portuguese places. Hopes were beginning to be entertained of bringing the matter to a successful issue, when Creagh swore a big swear that he wouldn't wait any longer and if anybody would come with him he would start sans guide sans provisions and sans everything. We who meant to go to the top, to wit, Heath, Tighe, and myself, immediately seconded the motion and off we went leaving the others to follow when they pleased. Creagh had a very indefinite idea of the road, which lies between high stone fences, built up of blocks of lava, but he knew there were two old ruined houses on the right hand side about seven miles off and insisted greatly on that point! Furthermore he was very particular in taking a compass bearing of the peak, the utility of which measure was not clear to any one but himself, inasmuch as we had to follow a road, not to go across country. Cross-country, indeed-it would puzzle all the steeple-chasers in or about Melton to manage that. The face of the country is cut up by high lava walls as I have told you with narrow lanes between them. These walls enclose fields or rather vineyards, but the vines are not grown on poles, but on stone fences of just the same character as the walls, running in



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parallel lines about four feet apart right across the field, so that the fields, as the vines did not cover the fences, had very much the look of immense currycombs.

However, no wise discouraged we started off at a sporting pace and walked (with a few stoppages for consultations as to the "diritta via" and a few doublings and returns not worth mentioning) some three or four miles. It was now dark. We neither heard nor saw anything of our friends, and beginning to entertain some not altogether unfounded doubts of the correctness of our course, we betook ourselves to the next cottage to inquire if our friends had not passed. The courteous old Portuguese peasant made us at home with much politeness, brought us fruit, and then his wife brought out a picturesque lamp dangling from a tripod and the little daughter made big eyes at us out of the dark shade within the house—we were a most picturesque party.

Well, we waited and waited, but no one came. We were too grand to go back, and having received some assurances (half understood, for not one of us could understand a dozen words of Portuguese) that we were in the right track we started again. We trudged on, frequently looking back to catch a glimpse of the lights of our party (sometimes fancying we saw them) for about four miles—shin-breaking work it was too, and chill withal. At last we reached the Major's house, which however turned out most unaccountably to be on the left side of the road, and here were determined to wait, especially as it was beginning to rain smartly and we had no covering and no water. The house was miserable and half unroofed. Some of the thatch made us a fire, and at the imminent risk of our heads, no plaster or mortar being employed in Pico architecture, we dislodged a rude rafter for firewood. Then we set fire to the bush outside and, not knowing what mischief we might be doing, took infinite pains to put it out again.

Finally, when the rain pattered through the thatch and a couple of hours had elapsed, we began to abuse our companions for leaving us in the lurch. Firewood began to run short, and we had debates worthy of an American Congress as to the propriety of "annexing" the door of the hut, but considerations of Justice I am happy to say prevailed. Then we held a council of war, and as we all agreed that nothing could be done without the commissariat, we determined on marching down hill again. A bitter resolution this was, and many were the anathemas on our friends below. We had not gone very far, however, before we saw a light below us and rejoicing in the arrival of our party we all rushed back to the hut, determined not to let them know our misgivings. We waited patiently some time, and at last appeared a single Portuguese with a lantern. All he had to say was "You come back—signors not come". Fancy how cantankerous we got, how mürrend we descended, and how John Portugal got small thanks. But again we had not proceeded half a mile before we saw more lights and had in answer to our cooe a loud hail; this time it was our veritable tail, commissariat and all. Such a rich procession, first various flambeau bearers; then Dunbar à pied, trudging laboriously up the hill; then Stewart à coeval, on a little beast of a pony and looking for all the world like Silenus; then a whole troop of blackguards carrying tent and

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tentpoles, baskets of fruit, water, etc. etc.

The delay had been all about the Padre's horse, but we soon forgot all about that, in the inhibition of certain liquids round our fire. But we were not allowed to rest here, our guide telling us that we must go further on, so we formed again and marched two or three miles further-up hill continually-till we reached some empty cottages, after the same style as that we had left. It was now nine or ten o'clock and as we who meant to go up (Stewart and Dunbar had long before declared their intention of waiting for us at the first resting place) determined to see the sun rise from the peak, we had not more than an hour to spare.

Stewart was constituted cook and immediately set to work upon a stew, which being concocted was put on a fire outside, one of us mounting guard to see that our Portuguese friends did not make free with its savoury contents.

Heath brewed a pot of tea, inside. Dunbar lay on his back and did nothing but make us laugh, and Creagh was afflicted with a continual succession of small angular lumps of lava wh. would run into his back. The "Portugals" carried it clearly written on their faces that they thought us a party of mad Englishmen. And I don't wonder at it.

Having greatly comforted and refreshed our inward man, the five of us-to wit, Creagh, Heath, Tighe, Lane and myself, with our guide and three or four Portuguese bearers- proceeded on our journey. The road now became nothing but the bed of a dry torrent, and even with our torches required much circumspection. Still we walked continually between the high lava walls. On, on-I never had such a queer walk. Then we marched through a queer long cleft in the rock some thirty feet deep, and not more than two wide, with perpendicular sides all overhanging with fern. Up, up continually. At last we came to a clear space, without fences, where "the difficult air of the mountain top" blew freely on our faces. Here we walked over a springy turf, saturated with moisture. The Peak looked quite close, black and frowning. And as for us we seemed mere pigmies in the wide spaces. Odd basin-shaped cavities of old craters were lit up fantastically as we crossed, our shadows thrown long and weird on the smooth turf. At one place was a pool of water, the last we should meet with we were told, and we took the opportunity to refresh. Still we ascended until we came to a low wall with a wicket gate, and here we were told it was no use going any further as we should probably break our necks if we went on without the moon's light. Creagh's energy on this and like occasions was something delightful. He gesticulated and sputtered in Portuguese English and gave them to understand that we were a kind of people who rather took a pleasure in breaking our necks, if it so pleased us, that we were very different from them-d-d Portuguese as they were-and that go on we would. Eventually the dispute was compromised into an hour's rest. So we gathered heather for our beds and each wrapping himself up in his plaid or coat, went peacefully to sleep. In about an hour I woke and I was just looking at the Great Bear and wondering if I had really slept an hour, when Creagh who was close to me sang out, "I say, Doctor, time to start; haven't you been snoring!", immediately jumping up and beginning to bully the

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Portuguese, which seemed to be a great relief to his excitable feelings. It was now about two o'clock. All our worst climbing was before us, but we were in capital order, and worked on in capital style.

The rarefaction of the air began to give one a little uneasiness about the throat, but that was merged in the satisfaction of being so high up, and after one or two rebellions on the part of the guides, which were greeted by Creagh's eloquent appeals to their fears, cupidity, or jealousy as the case might be, the first grey of dawn found us not above a mile from the base of the crater. But here we left Lane, the half-Portuguese; he said he had a pain in his legs and gave up without a struggle. We left him to make his way back, the Major taking occasion to draw a great moral on the comparative endurance of English and Portuguese.

We reached the base of the crater and it was still dawn. We were all in high spirits and I had just remarked that I felt as little tired as when I started, when I found myself seized with a sudden attack of my old enemy, palpitation of the heart, so bad that I was obliged to lie down. Stand I could not in spite of all my efforts, so I told them to go on, that I should be well presently and would join them, as I believed I should. However, there I stuck for about a couple of hours, unable to make any exertion, and cursing my stars at being thus balked.

We had ascended on the west side of the Peak too, so that there was no chance of my absolutely seeing the sun rise, and I began to be rather disgusted. But I was amply repaid for all my trouble as the sun rose. Where I was, was more than 7000 feet above the sea, within 6 or 700 feet of the top of the Peak, so that had I reached the top my view would not have been perceptibly more extensive. How can I describe to you the glory of the scene. Far-thousands of feet-below me lay a huge mass of fleecy white clouds, gorgeously tinged here and there as they caught the rays of the sun. In the midst of them was an opening, and there lay framed the island of Fayal. From the great distance of the horizon, sea and sky were melted into one grey mass, and Fayal looked like an exquisite little painting on a rich grey ground. And then as the light increased you might spy the ship, a mere speck in the bay of Orta, and in the channel between the islands a white spot here and there, which you knew and yet could hardly believe was a boat's sail. I never shall forget it as long as I live. I had my sketch book in my haversack but it would have been presumption in Titian and Claude and Turner if they could have been rolled into one to attempt to depict such a sight. Furthermore my condition was not exactly favourable to artistic pursuits.

My reverie over the sunrise had been somewhat interrupted by the importunity of two Portuguese boys who had been left behind with me, and who not understanding the good cause I had to be quiet, were continually shouting to me to "come on, you". I felt a morbid desire to break both their heads. As I would not ascend, they began to descend while shouting to me to "come on, you", but as descending was as difficult to me as ascending I remained where I was, until I became sufficiently recovered as to crawl along a little way towards my tormentors. As I did this I suspect in rather a lame, tumbledown sort of manner, it seemed at length

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to enter their stupid heads that there might be something wrong and one came back to me. By way of explaining, I took his hand and put it upon my heart which was going pit-a-pat at a great rate. He felt it with a great air of commiseration and then gradually sliding his hand over the other side, to my astonishment I found his finger sliding into my waistcoat pocket, where my spare cash lay. I gave my friend to understand that this was not quite correct, and then made him help me down to his companion who was some distance below us with a keg of wine, just the thing I wanted.

When I reached this worthy, I demanded wine at once, but deuce a bit could I get until I handed over a sixpence a drink. I was angry at the impertinence of the blackguard but as I was not exactly in a position to quarrel with him I acceded to his demand. The keg was pulled away each time and not given back till the demand "You give shilling" was complied with. The best of the joke was we had bought the wine so that it was absolutely mine.

I got much better with the wine and wrapping myself up had a doze until the three who went to the top, Heath, Creagh and Tighe, returned. They had had a hard climb, and had not seen very much more than I, though that did not much alleviate my disgust at my shortcoming.

We began to descend, and on our way I told Creagh as rather a good joke what had befallen me with my friends the boys. He was mightily wroth and threatened great things. (He had had occasion to knock down one gentleman after we parted.) I begged of him to take no notice of the affair and I thought it was all over, but it was not, as you will hear in the end.

When we reached the hut where we left Stewart and Dunbar on the previous night, the former had according to his agreement prepared us a grand breakfast of eggs and milk and Irish stew. I sat and drank and then being regularly knocked up went fast asleep inside the hut.

In the meanwhile Creagh had informed Stewart of the conduct of the boys, and he most outrageously proceeded at once to administer naval justice upon the unfortunate principal delinquent.

Being rather too fat and short-winded to perform such a feat himself, he bribed a Portuguese who was standing by and who was a sort of constable in the village, with a couple of shillings, to catch the culprit. Then he had him "seized up" nautical fashion and with a cob made up by himself for the occasion he administered personally a preliminary dozen lashes, with a will I have no doubt, then getting tired he handed over the cob to the constable and by the aid of the universal persuader, a shilling, got him to give the remaining three dozen, contenting himself with merely superintending. It was a tolerable cool proceeding in a foreign country and I wonder they did not give him a touch of the knife, but I suppose they looked upon us as "those mad Englishmen who always have pistols about them".

I should have put a stop to the whole affair had I been conscious of it, but I was unfortunately in a dead sleep the whole time. We got on board again without further adventures, by about four o'clock, so that our whole expedition had not taken us more than 24 hours. I dressed, went ashore, dined at the consul's and




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afterwards danced schottisches and polkas with his daughters, not getting on board again till about 1 o'clock in the morning. I did not feel at all tired until a day or two afterwards, and then not much.

On Saturday they had got up a very pleasant excursion for us into the country, but old Yule, bother him, would not stop and we sailed about two o'clock on that day. I really felt quite sorry to part with our friends, particularly Mrs Creagh (don't be jealous!)-there was so much genuine kindness, apart from mere civility, about them. But such is our life in the Service.

We had a splendid westerly gale for two days, and fully expected to have been in England last Sunday (the 18th) but (our luck!) it suddenly dropped and most unaccountably a strong E. gale sprang up in our teeth. This lasted, abating in violence, until yesterday, when a light westerly wind again sprang up, and now bids fair to carry us home. I do not now wish that word-home-from my heart, dearest. I did four years ago. But now I feel most truly, that where you are there is my true home. There is where all my loves and all my anxieties are centered. Those whose care and affection reared me into manhood seem but as aliens, compared with you. The scenes of my childhood and youthhood seem but as strange compared with dear old Holmwood, and the bush paths where we twain have walked hand in hand. Why is this? Your heart will tell you.

 October 14, Monday, 1850: A convention for amending the constitution of Virginia assembled in Richmond, Virginia.

Assembled in Convention at *Nanah Waiya*, a platform mound earthwork in Mississippi, the *Choctaw (Chahta)* native nation enacted its own Constitution.

 October 15, Tuesday, 1850: The Sacramento, California Transcript reported on conditions in the gold field:

GOLD DIGGINGS AT RINGGOLD. — The miners who were engaged last fall and winter in the vicinity of Weberville, will remember this little place, about a mile and a half above. At that period it could only boast of some three or four houses, and no one supposed it would ever be much larger. Such being its prospect we were somewhat surprised on learning from a gentleman just from that point, that Ringgold contains at this time about two hundred houses, is supplied with several extensive stores, besides innumerable small ones, has one lawyer, ten doctors, and a number engaged in the different mercantile pursuits.

The main cause of this prosperity is owing to the discovery of some rather rich diggings in the vicinity of the place. The ravines in that section paid quite profitably last season, but the impression was somewhat general that they had been worked out. This seems to have been an error, as some persons who are engaged on claims heretofore worked, are, at this time, amply rewarded for their industry and perseverance.



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This day week, a small ravine at the upper end of the village, was prospected, and yielded largely. Some twenty-five claims were forthwith staked off. As an evidence of its productiveness our informant states that on Friday last Messrs. Daniel Bowman and Peter Bowman, brothers, took out \$229; several others on the same day took out \$100 each – all the claims averaging from \$40 to \$75 per man.

There are numerous gulches in the vicinity, and this winter that whole section of country will be thoroughly examined.

The village is exceedingly pleasant, and an abundance of timber and water is at hand. The main street wears more the appearance of a city than a little village, and the stores are fitted up with all the precision of large city establishments, and are fillwith commodities mostly used by the miner. Among the largest stores in town is that of Mr. C. P. Wales, who is doing a brisk trade, and is every way worthy of the confidence of the community in which he is located.

What is singular in a California town of such size is, not a single gaming saloon has yet been located there, although the village has several good Hotels. Neither has a house of worship been erected, but religious services are doubtless held under the shade of some tall oak, as was the custom in Weberville prior to the erection of a church in that town.

This is but one instance out of an hundred, where towns are erected in a month, and business transactions to the extent of thousands of dollars take place, without its being considered unusual or worthy of note; whilst if such an event occurred in either of the old States it would be heralded from one extremity of the country to the other.

TIMES AT FRISCO. – Two fellows were arraigned before the Recorder at the Bay, on Friday, for assaulting and robbing a Chinaman.

.... A jealous husband received a lesson from the Court to the tune of a fine of \$40 for beating his wife.

.... The keepers of a number of groggeries have been arraigned for failure to take out licences.

.... John Smith was fined for assaulting Captain Hindman, an eccentric old codger, who imagines himself specially called, to avenge all the wickedness in the world.

.... A Mexican stabbed his paramour on Thursday, from the effects of which she died a short time afterwards.

CENSUS STATISTICS. – The Courier has been furnished by the Census agent with the following statistics of San Francisco and county: Out of the first 3,200 inhabitants, whose names have been registered, there were –

Born in Foreign Countries.....	1467
" " Massachusetts.....	655
" " New York.....	396

The remainder, 682, being born in the other States of the Union. Out of the number there are of infants under one year. 24, born in this city. Of the whole number, four were born on the Pacific, and two on the Atlantic Oceans.

GEOLOGICAL. – Dr. Blake, formerly Professor of Anatomy in one of our Western Colleges, has recently arrived from a geological



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tour across the plains. He has been engaged in the geological survey of Salt Lake and the surrounding region, and took the trip from the G.S.L. City to California, for the purpose of completing geological notes taken on a line from one side of the continent to the other. We should think that the Doctor might not only find it for his pleasure but for his interest to render the assistance of his geological knowledge to some of the joint stock mining companies now starting. The Doctor's office can be found on J. street, between 2d and 3rd.

NAVAL. — The U. S. ship *Vincennes*, left San Francisco on the 10th, bound on a cruise to Valparaiso, Callao, and other South American ports along the coast. The *Vincennes* had on board \$350,000 for Callao and Valparaiso, on mercantile account.

HIGH RENTS. — The Journal complains of the excessive rents at San Francisco, and says they must come down — that the days of high rents and high interest are passed. The rate of wages is reduced, and the rate of living and lodging ought to be reduced in proportion. The same remarks will hold good in our own city — \$600 and \$800 for a single store room, per month, is too much for the times. And we have heard where \$800 has been paid per month for ground rent, a sum sufficient to swamp any ordinary concern.



October 16, Wednesday, 1850: The Sacramento, California Transcript repeated a news item from October 5th in Marysville:

MURDER IN YUBA COUNTY. — The Marysville Herald notices an inquest that was held on the bodies of three men, found about four miles from Marysville, on the 5th instant:

"The skulls of all three were broken in, evidently with clubs or some heavy weapon. From the appearance of the bodies it is supposed the murder must have taken place about two months since. The only papers found on the deceased were two letters, one from James Irbell, dated Taladago, Alabama, Jan. 16, 1850, to introduce Mr. Jno. H. Terry, and three brothers of the names of John, David, and Doctor Taylor; this letter is directed to Mr. George Carlton, Col. Montgomery, and Alexander Carlton. The other letter is dated Toladago Co., Alabama, June 3d, 1850, written by A.T. Dixon, and directed to Charles Millender, Sacramento City."

We have been informed by a gentleman in this city, that the names of the three men who were murdered are Charles and William Millender, and O'Donnell, from Mobile, Alabama. It is stated that O'Donnell has three or four thousand deposited in this city.



October 17, Thursday, 1850: A celebratory bipartisan Union festival and "Free Barbeque," in compliment to the renowned Whig and Know-Nothing politician Henry Clay, 73 years of age, was staged at the Fair Grounds near Lexington, Kentucky. The Know Nothing politician, in "delicate health," was by this point unable to shake hands, but expressed his delight that Kentuckians "were almost unanimous ... Democrats no less than Whigs" in their support of his "Great Compromise." He hoped for "quiet and tranquility." The occasion generated 6 celebratory resolutions affirming Kentucky's allegiance to the Union and jubilantly toasting Clay's efforts in preserving the Union.



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Malcontents, at the North and in the South, may seek to continue or revive agitation, but, rebuked and discountenanced by the Masses, they will ultimately be silenced generally, and induced to keep the peace!

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[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal on this day that [Dr. Alfred I. Tauber](#) would come to consider relevant to an understanding of his attitude toward time and eternity: “In all my travels I never came to the abode of the present.”



TIME AND ETERNITY

The journal indicates that Thoreau had been reading in a book new to that year from Stacy’s Circulating Library of Concord, THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U.S.N. LATE ALCALDE OF MONTEREY; AUTHOR OF “DECK AND PORT,” ETC., ETC. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. (New York: Published by A.S. Barnes & Co., No. 51 John-street; Cincinnati:—H.W. Derby & Co.).

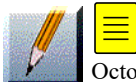
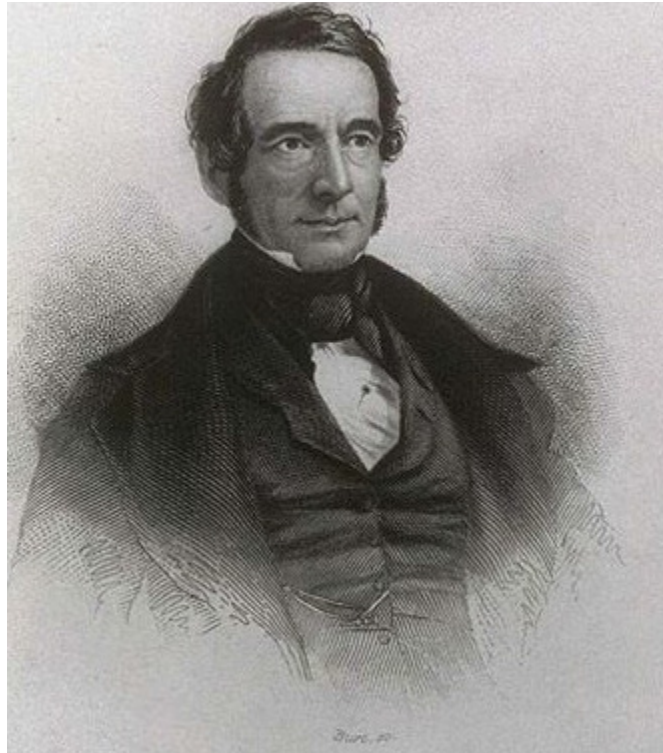


A United States deserter, from the fort at Monterey, on his way to the mines, upon the back of a mule which the Vulture claims.

3 YEARS IN CALIFORNIA

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October 17: I observed today (Oct 17th) the small blueberry bushes by the path side –now blood red –full of white blossoms as in the spring. The blossoms of spring contrasting strangely with the leaves of autumn.– The former seemed to have expanded from sympathy with the maturity of the leaves.
[Walter Colton](#) in his California says “age is no certain evidence of merit–, since folly runs to seed as fast as wisdom”.
The imagination never forgives an insult.



October 18, Friday, [1850](#): The Pacific Mail Steamship SS *Oregon* brought confirmation to [San Francisco](#) that California had become on September 9th the 31st state of the United States of America. The celebration of this would last for weeks. The state capital would be variously at [San Jose](#) (1850-1851), [Vallejo](#) (1852-1853), and [Benicia](#) (1853-1854) until [Sacramento](#) would be designated in 1854.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Josiah Pierce, Jr.](#), representing the Portland, Maine lyceum, about the possibility that he could lecture again some Wednesday evening, supposing they could put up \$25.⁰⁰ for the travel expenses in lieu of a more substantial pecuniary compensation.



To: HDT
From: Josiah Pierce
Date: 10/18/50

Portland. Oct. 18. 1850.
Dear Sir,
In behalf of its Managing Committee, I have
the honor of inviting you to lecture before the "Portland
Lyceum"
on some Wednesday evening during the next winter.



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Your former animated and interesting discourse is fresh, in the memory of its members, and they are very anxious to have their minds again invigorated, enlivened and instructed by you. If you consent to our request, will you be pleased to designate the time of the winter when you would prefer to come here?

The Managers have been used to offer gentlemen who come here to lecture from a distance equivalent to your own, only the sum of twenty-five dollars, not under the name of pecuniary compensation for the lectures but for travelling expenses—

An early and favorable reply will much oblige us.

With great respect.

Your obedient Servant.

Josiah. Pierce. Jr.

Henry. D. Thoreau. Esq.



October 19, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 19

Per the Sacramento, California Transcript:

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of a man named John Bradbury, about 21 years of age, formerly of Newtown, Jasper county, Ill. The deceased died on the Levee yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, having been taken ill the night before, about 12 o'clock. The impression was that Newton died from Cholera Morbus.



October 20, Sunday, 1850: By the time the Reverend Daniel Foster had arrived in Chester, Massachusetts, the Whig party was suffering due to loss of members to the new Free Soil party and other anti-slavery parties. The Reverend Foster had left the Whigs to become a Free-Soiler and this could not have gone over well with Deacon Forbes Kyle in his congregation. Perhaps, however, they might have put aside their differences, had it not been for the Compromise of 1850. This was a mish-mash of acts pushed through by President Zachary Taylor in order to forestall civil war between north and south. The abolitionist side, especially, would consider it a failure, because while it brought California into the union as a free state, it also created a Fugitive Slave Law that they found abhorrent. The new law gave slavemasters a privilege to pursue escaping slaves across state borders, and since Northern states had been neglecting to enforce previous versions of the law, it had placed enforcement in the hands of marshals of the federal government. From his diary we know that the Reverend Foster was incensed at this law, and his frequent abolitionist sermons would include condemnations



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of it, the Taylor administration, and the Whigs. This was too much for Whig loyalist Forbes Kyle to take and so he engineered the dismissal of the new reverend just 10 months after his installation. On this day the Reverend [Foster](#) offered his farewell sermon. He would become again an itinerant, "service" minister.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

On Wednesday, (Having put our goods and traps, in a wagon) I Set out for Mokelome Hill, by trale through St Atone. I arived at the Hill about 6 O Clock PM where I found the Boys with the goods etc all well on Thursday George Started for Stockton. I visited Double Springs in the Morning, etc after Shifting Our traps from one Wagon to another, bound for Mokelome Hill, I returned in the Evening. Dureing the remainder of the week, We engaged in putting up Our tent or Tent Frame. To day I had the pleasure of visiting Brother Atwood & Small, and hearing the former preach etc.



October 21, Monday, [1850](#): [Charles Wesley Slack](#) made a record of accounts for the Vigilance Committees from October 21st, 1850 to November 1st, 1853.

The [Sacramento, California Transcript](#) indulged its reading public with a piece of what was during that period being considered to be innocent white racist funny-stuff:

EFFECTS OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA.

INQUEST. — The dead body of a colored man was found in a tent on I, near Fourth street, yesterday morning, over which the Coroner summoned a colored jury. The Coroner found the colored inmates of the house where he went to collect the jury, rejoicing with exceeding great joy at the admission of California into the Union, and nothing but the solemn duty in hand could have induced them to abate their patriotic ceremonies a moment. They, however, were alive to the impulses of humanity, and while their minds were occupied in contemplating the glorious news to this gracious country, they were also attentive to the commands of the Coroner.

William Jackson was requested by the Coroner to act as foreman of the jury, and we are authorized to say that his services in that capacity were most valuable as well as patriotic. The commands given by him to the rest of the jury were delivered in a very officer-like manner, which were duly regarded, but still the loquacious disposition of his subalterns could not be checked. When the oath was about to be administered, some of the jurors held up both hands, but the foreman, sensitive to the strictest proprieties, proceeded to lop the left arm of his less consummate co-laborers. The other was being repeated by the Coroner, the jurors all standing in the most solemn attitudes, when the foreman discovered that one of them had forgotten to bare his head. This was too much for him to bear, and with one fell swoop he knocked off the offensive hat. All things being



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now ready, the investigation was commenced, and the jury came to the conclusion that the name of the deceased was Henry Brown, - that he had lived in the tent where he was found dead, for some time past, during the latter part of which he was indisposed. These circumstances being taken into consideration, after much deliberation thereon, the jury rendered to the Coroner the following philosophical and patriotic verdict:

"The deceased came to his death by causes unknown to the jury, but in our belief by the act of God. In testimony whereof, the Jurors of this inquest, all being colored men and free citizens of the State of California, and now one of the United States of America, have hereunto set out hands, the day and year aforesaid.

WILLIAM JACKSON, Foreman.

GREEN LOGON

WM. B. PEARSE

His

BERTLETT X HOLMES

Mark

His

WM. A. X BIVINS

Mark

His

GEORGE X GARBYBANK

Mark

JAMES MACKEY"



October 22, Tuesday, 1850: Gustav Theodor Fechner woke up on this morning with the important realization that in studying the effects of stimuli on sensation, the relation between stimulus intensity and sensation quickly becomes more or less logarithmic rather than linear.

Sara la Baigneuse for 3 choruses and orchestra by Hector Berlioz to words of Victor Hugo was performed for the initial time, in Salle Ste.-Cécile, Paris.

The city council of Chicago passed resolutions nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law and releasing its police from obedience to it (this would create great excitement and, on October 24th, the mayor would preside over a public meeting at which Illinois Senator Stephen A. Douglas would speak in favor of enforcing the law; upon this, the city government would reconsider its former action).

With the ink barely dry on the nation's new federal Fugitive Slave Act, Basil Dorsey, with 9 other self-proclaimed fugitives from slavery, published a call for local residents to come to their aid and resist any effort to return them to the South. Local citizens were concerned that Dorsey was at risk in his travels as teamster and raised \$150 to purchase his freedom.



In San Francisco, California:

To show the rapid progress of the city in one direction, we shall give a short notice of the state of the wharves in the bay about this time.

CENTRAL WHARF. - So early as the autumn of 1848 the want of a good ship wharf was seriously felt, and different schemes were, in the following winter and spring months, projected to supply the deficiency. It was not, however, till May of 1849, that any active steps were taken in the matter. At that time a proper

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wharf association was formed, which raised considerable capital, and began operations. By December of the same year, eight hundred feet of the wharf was finished. In the fire of June, 1850, a considerable portion was consumed, but the part destroyed was promptly repaired – even while the smoke of the ruins around continued to ascend. In August following, measures were taken to continue the work; and at the date of this notice, it extended so much as two thousand feet into the bay. This wharf had already cost \$180,000; and was of the greatest service to the shipping of the port. Large vessels could lay alongside and discharge at any state of the tide.

MARKET STREET WHARF commenced at the foot of Market street, and had already run out six hundred feet into the bay.

CALIFORNIA STREET WHARF was four hundred feet long and thirty-two feet wide,

HOWISON'S PIER was eleven hundred feet in length, by forty feet in width—the depth of water, at full tide, being fourteen feet at the extremity.

SACRAMENTO STREET WHARF was eight hundred feet in length.

CLAY STREET WHARF was nine hundred feet in length, by forty feet in width; and in another month was extended to eighteen hundred feet.

WASHINGTON STREET WHARF was two hundred and seventy five feet long.

JACKSON STREET WHARF was five hundred and fifty-two feet in length, with thirteen feet depth of water.

PACIFIC STREET WHARF was already five hundred and twenty-five feet long, and sixty feet wide.

BROADWAY WHARF was two hundred and fifty feet long, and forty feet wide.

CUNNINGHAM'S WHARF was three hundred and seventy-five feet long, and thirty-three feet wide, having a T at its end three hundred and thirty feet long, by thirty feet wide. It had twenty-five feet depth of water at the cross line.

LAW'S WHARF, at the foot of Green street, was likewise in the course of formation; and a wharf, to be seventeen hundred feet in length, was immediately about to be undertaken by the city, on the north beach. The cost of these various wharves already amounted to nearly a million and a half of dollars; and they provided artificial thoroughfares to the extent of almost two miles. A few of them were the property of the corporation; but the greater number were owned by private companies or by individuals, who drew large returns from them. There is little trace left of these works, for the water space along their sides is now covered with houses, while the wharves themselves have become public streets, their future extensions forming the existing wharves and piers of the city. This gradual march across the deep waters of the bay is a peculiar feature in the progress of the city, and serves to liken it to those other queens of the sea, Venice and Amsterdam, and perhaps also to St. Petersburg. But where the latter have canals for streets, and solid earth now beneath their first pile-founded buildings, [San Francisco](#), over a great portion of its business and most valuable districts, has still only a vast body of tidal water, beneath both the plank-covered streets and the pile-founded houses themselves. Year by year, however, this strange watery abyss is being filled up by the removal of the sand hills behind,



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which may be said to be taken up and cast bodily into the deep. When the original wharves were erected they proved of the utmost benefit to the commerce and prosperity of the city; and their extent, as detailed above, shows in a striking manner the energy and enterprise of the people who had constructed them in so short a space of time.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

On this day and the following one, [William Penny Brookes](#) had persuaded the Wenlock Agricultural Reading Society to award prizes for athletic prowess in order to promote the “moral, physical and intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of the town & neighbourhood of Wenlock and especially of the Working classes.” His “Wenlock Olympian Class” games began at the Much Wenlock racecourse — and would henceforward be taking place annually. Brookes would correspond regularly with the Greeks involved with the revival of Olympiads in Athens, and in 1889 he and Baron Pierre de Coubertin would enter into correspondence (Coubertin was not initially enthused by Brookes’s idea of organizing international games devoted to promoting the moral, physical, and intellectual development of the working classes — but by 1908 this would have proven to be such a winning idea that he would be claiming to himself having originated it).




October 23, Wednesday, [1850](#): In the auditorium of Brinley Hall at 340 Main Street in [Worcester](#), where the Commerce Office Building now stands, some 1,000 persons assembled and the 1st national women’s rights convention was held. (The small meeting at Seneca Falls 2 years earlier had not been what we’d need to term a national one.) [Lucy Stone](#), [Abby Kelley Foster](#), [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#), Friend [Lucretia Mott](#), Diana W. Ballou of [Cumberland](#), [Rhode Island](#), and [Sojourner Truth](#) of [Northampton](#) were present, as was [William Lloyd Garrison](#).

READ ABOUT THIS MEETING

FEMINISM

Per the [Sacramento, California Transcript](#):

CORONER’S INQUEST. — On yesterday Coroner Gallagher held an inquest on the body of Louisa Taylor, a native of London, England, stabbed seven or eight days ago, in a house in Stockton street. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Hubbard, of the Marine Hospital, and it was ascertained that the wound was in the abdomen and penetrated the stomach, and that the wound was the cause of her death. Verdict of the jury: “That Louisa Taylor came to her death by a wound in her abdomen, inflicted by a knife, dirk, or other sharp instrument, in the hands, as the jury believe, of a Chilean woman called Big Mary.” The Coroner also held an inquest on the body of Eleazer W. Hooper, aged 50, a native of Boston, Mass. It was given in evidence that the deceased requested permission to sleep in a tent occupied by a man named Williams, and that in the night he became very unwell, and requested Williams to go for a physician. At ten o’clock Williams endeavored to obtain a doctor, but was unsuccessful — the persons to whom he applied saying “it was too late.” When he returned to his tent, after an absence of about an hour, Hooper was dead. Verdict of the jury, “Death caused by dysentery and the want of medical aid.”

 October 23, Wednesday, 1850: According to [Elizabeth Cady Stanton](#), speaking retrospectively in 1870, “The movement in England, as in America, may be dated from the first National Convention, held at [Worcester, Mass.](#), October, 1850.”



FEMINISM

Although [Angelina Emily Grimké Weld](#) was elected to be a member for this vital convention, it would turn out that she would be unable to attend.

Why was it that Stanton, and also [Susan B. Anthony](#), [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), and other pioneers regarded this 1850 Convention in [Worcester](#) as the beginning of the crusade for woman’s equality? Why had it not been the 1848 meeting at Seneca Falls for which Stanton had drafted the celebrated Declaration of Sentiments and in which Mott had played such a leading role?

- The gathering at Seneca Falls had been largely a local affair as would be several others that followed, whereas by way of radical contrast this Worcester convention had attracted delegates from most of the northern states.
- Seneca Falls had sparked discussion but it was not clear in its aftermath that there was a national constituency ready to take up the cause. The attendance in response to this Worcester meeting’s Call of those who wanted to see a woman’s rights movement, and the positive reaction to its published proceedings both here and in Europe, showed that a sufficient number of women, and some men, were indeed ready.
- This 1850 convention eventuated in a set of standing committees which marked the beginnings of organized work for woman’s rights.

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The records of the convention may be studied at:

<http://www.wwhp.org/Resources/WomensRights/proceedings.html>

[Waldo Emerson](#) declined to address this convention, and continued to decline such invitations until the 1855 convention in [Boston](#), saying “I do not think it yet appears that women wish this equal share in public affairs,” meaning of course “I do not think it yet appears that we wish to grant women this equal share in public affairs.”



Were I in a sarcastic mood, I would characterize this attitude by inventing a news clipping something like the following: 

His Excellency, Hon. Ralph W. Emerson, Representative of the Human Race, treated with the woman, Mrs. James Mott, for purposes of pacification and common decency.

At the beginning of the meeting a Quaker male, [Friend](#) Joseph C. Hathaway of Farmington, New York, was appointed President *pro tem*. As the meeting was getting itself properly organized, however, [Paulina Wright Davis](#) was selected as President, with [Friend](#) Joseph sitting down instead as Secretary for the meeting. At least three New York Quakers were on the body’s Central Committee — Hathaway, [Friend](#) Pliny Sexton and [Friend](#) Sarah H. Hallock, and we immediately note that although this Central Committee was by and large female, two of the three Quakes in this committee were male.

During the course of this convention [Friend Lucretia Mott](#) had occasion to straighten out [Wendell Phillips](#), and he later commented that “she put, as she well knows how, the silken snapper on her whiplash,” that it had been “beautifully done, so the victim himself could enjoy the artistic perfection of his punishment.”



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Now here is a news clipping from this period, equally legitimately offensive, which I **didn't** make up:⁶⁴



His Excellency, Gov. Ramsey and Hon. Richard W. Thompson, have been appointed Commissioners, to treat with the Sioux for the lands west of the Mississippi.

ALEXANDER H. RAMSEY

The list of the “members” of this Convention is of interest in that it includes [Sophia Foord](#) of [Dedham, Massachusetts](#), [Sojourner Truth](#) of [Northampton](#), [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#) the lyceum lecturer, etc. The newspaper report described Truth’s appearance as dark and “uncomely.” [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), a leader at the convention, described Truth more charitably as “the poor woman who had grown up under the curse of Slavery.” Those on the list, those who officially registered as “members” of the Convention, some 267 in all, were only a fraction of the thousands who attended one or more of the sessions. As J.G. Forman reported in the [New-York Daily Tribune](#) for October 24, 1850, “it was voted that all present be invited to take part in the discussions of the Convention, but that only those who signed the roll of membership be allowed to vote.” The process of signing probably meant that people who arrived together or sat together would have adjacent numbers in the sequence that appears in the Proceedings. This would explain the clustering of people by region and by family name:

- 1 Hannah M. Darlington Kennett Square, [Pennsylvania](#)
- 2 T.B. Elliot [Boston](#)
- 3 Antoinette L. Brown Henrietta NY
- 4 Sarah Pillsbury [Concord NH](#)
- 5 Eliza J. Kenney [Salem MA](#)
- 6 M.S. Firth Leicester MA
- 7 Oliver Dennett Portland ME
- 8 Julia A. McIntyre Charlton MA
- 9 Emily Sanford Oxford MA
- 10 H.M. Sanford Oxford MA
- 11 C.D.M. Lane [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 12 Elizabeth Firth Leicester MA
- 13 S.C. Sargent [Boston](#)
- 14 C.A.K. Ball [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 15 M.A. Thompson [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 16 Lucinda Safford [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 17 S.E. Hall [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 18 S.D. Holmes Kingston MA
- 19 Z.W. Harlow [Plymouth MA](#)
- 20 N.B. Spooner [Plymouth MA](#)
- 21 Ignatius Sargent [Boston](#)
- 22 A.B. Humphrey [Hopedale](#)
- 23 M.R. Hadwen [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 24 J.H. Shaw [Nantucket Island](#)
- 25 Diana W. Ballou [Cumberland RI](#)
- 26 Olive Darling Millville MA
- 27 M.A. Walden [Hopedale](#)
- 28 C.M. Collins Brooklyn CT
- 29 A.H. Metcalf [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 30 P.B. Cogswell [Concord NH](#)
- 31 Sarah Tyndale [Philadelphia](#)
- 32 A.P.B. Rawson [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)

64. From the [Dakota Tawaxitku Kin](#), or [The Dakota Friend](#), St. Paul, [Minnesota](#), November 1850. This word “Sioux,” incidentally, is a hopelessly offensive and alienating term, for it is short for the Ojibwa term “*nadouessioux*” or “enemy.” A better term would be “Dakota,” which in the Dakota language means “union” or “ally.” It tells you a lot about the patronizing attitude of these missionaries, that they would be willing to use an offputting term like “Sioux” in this newspaper.



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- 33 Nathaniel Barney
- 34 Sarah H. Earle
- 35 [Parker Pillsbury](#)
- 36 Lewis Ford
- 37 J.T. Everett
- 38 Loring Moody
- 39 [Sojourner Truth](#)
- 40 [Friend](#) Pliny Sexton
- 41 Rev. J.G. Forman
- 42 Andrew Stone M.D.
- 43 Samuel May, Jr.
- 44 Sarah R. May
- 45 [Frederick Douglass](#)
- 46 Charles Bigham
- 47 J.T. Partridge
- 48 Eliza C. Clapp
- 49 Daniel Steward
- 50 E.B. Chase
- 51 [Sophia Foord](#)
- 52 E.A. Clark
- 53 E.H. Taft
- 54 Olive W. Hastings
- 55 Rebecca Plumly
- 56 S.L. Hastings
- 57 Sophia Taft
- 58 Anna E. Ruggles
- 59 Mrs. A.E. Brown
- 60 Janette Jackson
- 61 Anna R. Cox
- 62 Cynthia P. Bliss
- 63 R.M.C. Capron
- 64 M.H. Mowry
- 65 Mary Eddy
- 66 Mary Abbott
- 67 Anna E. Fish
- 68 C.G. Munyan
- 69 Maria L. Southwick
- 70 Anna Cornell
- 71 S. Monroe
- 72 Anna E. Price
- 73 M.C. Monroe
- 74 F.C. Johnson
- 75 Thomas Hill
- 76 Elizabeth Frail
- 77 Eli Belknap
- 78 M.M. Frail
- 79 Valentine Belknap
- 80 Phebe Goodwin
- 81 Edgar Hicks
- 82 Ira Foster
- 83 Effingham L. Capron
- 84 Frances H. Drake
- 85 Calvin Fairbanks
- 86 E.M. Dodge
- 87 Eliza Barney
- 88 Lydia Barney

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- [Nantucket Island](#)
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- [Concord NH](#)
- Abington MA
- [Princeton MA](#)
- Harwich MA
- [Northampton](#)
- Palmyra NY
- W. Bridgewater MA
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- Leicester MA
- Leicester MA
- Rochester NY
- Feltonville MA
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- Leicester MA
- East Line MA
- Valley Falls MA
- [Dedham MA](#)
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- [Dedham MA](#)
- Lancaster, [Pennsylvania](#)
- [Philadelphia](#)
- Lancaster, [Pennsylvania](#)

- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- [Brattleboro VT](#)
- [Philadelphia](#)
- [Philadelphia](#)
- [Pawtucket](#), Rhode Island
- [Providence](#)
- [Providence](#)
- [Providence](#)
- [Hopedale](#)
- [Hopedale](#)
- [Hopedale](#)
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- Plainfield CT
- Plainfield CT
- Plainfield CT
- Plainfield CT
- Sturbridge MA
- Webster MA
- Hopkinton MA
- Hopkinton MA
- Hopkinton MA
- Hopkinton MA
- West Chester, [Pennsylvania](#)
- Brooklyn NY
- [Canterbury NH](#)
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- Leominster MA
- Leominster MA
- [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- [Nantucket Island](#)
- [Nantucket Island](#)



1850-1851

- 89 Alice Jackson Avondale, [Pennsylvania](#)
- 90 G.D. Williams Leicester MA
- 91 Marian Blackwell Cincinnati OH
- 92 Elizabeth Earle [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 93 [Friend](#) Joseph C. Hathaway Farmington NY
- 94 E. Jane Alden [Lowell MA](#)
- 95 Elizabeth Dayton [Lowell MA](#)
- 96 Lima H. Ober [Boston](#)
- 97 Mrs. Lucy N. Colman Saratoga Springs NY
- 98 Dorothy Whiting Clintonville MA
- 99 Emily Whiting Clintonville MA
- 100 Abigail Morgan Clinton MA
- 101 Julia Worcester Milton NH
- 102 Mary R. Metcalf [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 103 R.H. Ober [Boston](#)
- 104 D.A. Mundy [Hopedale](#)
- 105 Dr. S. Rogers [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 106 Jacob Pierce PA
- 107 Mrs. E.J. Henshaw W. Brookfield MA
- 108 Edward Southwick [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 109 E.A. Merrick [Princeton MA](#)
- 110 Mrs. C. Merrick [Princeton MA](#)
- 111 Lewis E. Capen PA
- 112 Joseph Carpenter [New-York](#)
- 113 Martha Smith Plainfield CT
- 114 Lucius Holmes Thompson CT
- 115 Benj. Segur Thompson CT
- 116 C.S. Dow [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 117 S.L. Miller PA
- 118 Isaac L. Miller PA
- 119 Buel Picket Sherman CT
- 120 Josiah Henshaw W. Brookfield MA
- 121 Andrew Wellington Lexington MA
- 122 Louisa Gleason [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 123 Paulina Gerry Stoneham MA
- 124 [Lucy Stone](#) West Brookfield MA
- 125 Ellen Blackwell Cincinnati OH
- 126 Mrs. Chickery [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 127 Mrs. F.A. Pierce [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 128 C.M. Trenor [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 129 R.C. Capron [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 130 Wm. Lloyd Garrison [Boston](#)
- 131 Emily Loveland [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 132 Mrs. S. Worcester [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 133 Phebe Worcester [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 134 Adeline Worcester [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 135 Joanna R. Ballou MA
- 136 Abby H. Price [Hopedale](#)
- 137 B. Willard MA
- 138 T. Poole Abington MA
- 139 M.B. Kent [Boston](#)
- 140 D.H. Knowlton [Grafton MA](#)
- 141 E.H. Knowlton MA
- 142 G. Valentine [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 143 A. Prince [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
- 144 Lydia Wilmarth [Worcester, Massachusetts](#)

1850-1851



1850-1851

- 145 J.G. Warren
- 146 Mrs. E.A. Stowell
- 147 Martin Stowell
- 148 Mrs. E. Stamp
- 149 C. M. Barbour
- 150 Daniel Mitchell
- 151 Alice H. Easton
- 152 Anna Q.T. Parsons
- 153 C.D. McLane
- 154 W.H. Channing
- 155 Wendell Phillips
- 156 Abby K. Foster
- 157 S. S. Foster
- 158 [Paulina Wright Davis](#)
- 159 Wm. D. Cady
- 160 Ernestine L. Rose
- 161 Mrs. J. G. Hodgden
- 162 C.M. Shaw
- 163 Ophelia D. Hill
- 164 Mrs. P. Allen
- 165 Lucy C. Dike
- 166 E. Goddard
- 167 M.F. Gilbert
- 168 G. Davis
- 169 A.H. Johnson
- 170 W.H. Harrington
- 171 E.B. Briggs
- 172 A.C. Lackey
- 173 Ora Ober
- 174 A. Barnes
- 175 Thomas Provan
- 176 Rebecca Provan
- 177 A.W. Thayer
- 178 M.M. Munyan
- 179 W.H. Johnson
- 180 Dr. S. Mowry
- 181 [George W. Benson](#)
- 182 Mrs. C.M. Carter
- 183 H.S. Brigham
- 184 E.A. Welsh
- 185 Mrs. J.H. Moore
- 186 Margaret S. Merrit
- 187 Martha Willard
- 188 A.N. Lamb
- 189 Mrs. Chaplin
- 190 Caroline Farnum
- 191 N.B. Hill
- 192 K. Parsons
- 193 Jillson
- 194 E.W.K. Thompson
- 195 L. Wait
- 196 Mrs. Mary G. Wright
- 197 F.H. Underwood
- 198 Asa Cutler
- 199 J.B. Willard
- 200 Perry Joslin

1850-1851

[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Pawtucket](#), Rhode Island

[Boston](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Boston](#)
[Boston](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Providence](#)
Warren MA
[New-York](#)
Roxbury MA
[Boston](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Millbury MA
Thompson CT
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
West Brookfield MA
[Providence](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Upton MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Princeton RI
[Hopedale](#)
[Hopedale](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Millbury MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Chepachet](#) RI
[Northampton](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Bolton MA
Feltonville MA
Charlton MA
Charlton MA
Charlton MA
Charlton MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)

Blackstone MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)

[Boston](#)
CA
Webster MA
CT
Westford MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)



1850-1851

- 201 [Friend](#) Sarah H. Hallock
- 202 Elizabeth Johnson
- 203 Seneth Smith
- 204 Marian Hill
- 205 Wm. Coe
- 206 E.T. Smith
- 207 Mary R. Hubbard
- 208 S. Aldrich
- 209 M.A. Maynard
- 210 S.P.R.
- 211 Anna R. Blake
- 212 Ellen M. Prescott
- 213 J.M. Cummings
- 214 Nancy Fay
- 215 M. Jane Davis
- 216 D.R. Crandell
- 217 E.M. Burleigh
- 218 Sarah Chafee
- 219 Adeline Perry
- 220 Lydia E. Chase
- 221 J.A. Fuller
- 222 Sarah Prentice
- 223 Emily Prentice
- 224 H.N. Fairbanks
- 225 Mrs. A. Crowl
- 226 Dwight Tracy
- 227 J.S. Perry
- 228 Isaac Norcross
- 229 M.A.W. Johnson
- 230 Mrs. C.I.H. Nichols
- 231 [Charles Calistus Burleigh](#)
- 232 E.A. Parrington
- 233 Mrs. Parrington
- 234 Harriet F. Hunt
- 235 Chas F. Hovey
- 236 [Friend Lucretia Mott](#)
- 237 Susan Fuller
- 238 Thomas Earle
- 239 Alice Earle
- 240 Martha B. Earle
- 241 Anne H. Southwick
- 242 Joseph A. Howland
- 243 Adeline H. Howland
- 244 O.T. Harris
- 245 Julia T. Harris
- 246 John M. Spear
- 247 E.J. Alden
- 248 E.D. Draper
- 249 D.R.P. Hewitt
- 250 L.G. Wilkins
- 251 J.H. Binney
- 252 Mary Adams
- 253 Anna T. Draper
- 254 Josephine Reglar
- 255 Anna Goulding
- 256 Adeline S. Greene

1850-1851

Milton NY
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Oxford MA
Webster MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Leominster MA

Hopkinton MA
Feltonville MA
Feltonville MA
Monmouth ME
Monmouth ME
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Upton MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Oxford MA
Leominster MA
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
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[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
Salem OH
[Brattleboro VT](#)
Plainfield CT
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Boston](#)
[Boston](#)
[Philadelphia](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Boston](#)

[Hopedale](#)
[Salem MA](#)
[Salem MA](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)
[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)

[Worcester, Massachusetts](#)




1850-1851

- 257 Silence Bigelow
- 258 A. Wyman
- 259 L.H. Ober
- 260 Betsey F. Lawton
- 261 Emma Parker
- 262 Olive W. Hastings
- 263 Silas Smith
- 264 Asenath Fuller
- 265 Denney M.F. Walker
- 266 Eunice D.F. Pierce
- 267 Elijah Houghton

[Chepachet](#) RI
[Philadelphia](#)
Lancaster MA (error?)
IO

1850-1851

 October 24, Thursday, 1850: [William Cooper Nell](#) sent a telegram to [Frederick Douglass](#), at a cost to the antislavery movement of \$1.⁹⁵.

Several days earlier, the city council of Chicago had passed resolutions nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law and releasing its police from obedience to it, but this had created great excitement. The mayor therefore presided on this day over a public meeting at which [Illinois](#) Senator [Stephen A. Douglas](#) spoke in favor of enforcing the law (the city government would reconsider its former action).

The 2d day of the national women's rights convention in the auditorium of Brinley Hall at 340 Main Street in [Worcester](#), where the Commerce Office Building now stands, with some thousand people in attendance.

READ ABOUT THIS MEETING

FEMINISM

1850-1851

1850-1851

[Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

Now that the civil engineer is fairly established, I think we must have one day a naturalist in every village as invariably as a lawyer or doctor.... The universal impulse toward natural science in the last twenty years promises this practical issue. And how beautiful would be the profession. C.T. Jackson, John L. Russell, Henry Thoreau, George Bradford and John Lesley would find their employment. All questions answered for stipulated fees; and on the other hand, new information paid for, as a newspaper office pays for news.



GEORGE PARTRIDGE BRADFORD

A family of 3, the William Harris family, while fleeing the United States of America, had taken passage on a barge headed up the Erie Canal as part of their journey toward Canada. As the barge approached Syracuse, New York, the white crew resolved upon an innocent little prank. They falsely alerted the father that slave-catchers were waiting for him. He jumped from the barge to the tow-path and there slit his throat, while his wife grabbed up their child and plunged into the canal. (The account I have seen of this incident neglected to mention whether any member of the family survived, so presumably what was intended was that both mother and child had of course drowned. The account I have seen of this incident also neglected to mention how



1850-1851

1850-1851

ashamed of themselves the white pranksters became at the consequences of their innocent little prank.)

[Robert Schumann](#) conducted his 1st concert in Düsseldorf. It featured Clara Schumann as soloist in Mendelssohn's g minor concerto.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) described a hunting accident of a rather usual sort:

ACCIDENTAL DEATH. — Mr. Levi Gilbert, of Brooklyn, N.Y., came to his death yesterday under the following circumstances. Mr. Gilbert was on a gunning excursion in the *Bat*, in company with three other gentlemen. He had raised his gun to fire, and in setting it down again he struck the hammer against the gunwale; the gun was discharged, and the entire contents entered his left breast, passing up into his neck, and killing him instantly. Deceased was twenty-four years of age, and has a wife and two children in Brooklyn. Coroner Gallagher held an inquest on the body last evening, when a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts.

The [Sacramento, California Transcript](#) offered an account of a cholera fatality, as happening per the popular current theory that this was an illness that was being produced by breathing "bad air," something referred to as "a mal-aria":

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday afternoon on the body of David B. McClune, from Jefferson county, Wisconsin. The verdict of the Jury was that death took place from [Cholera](#), brought on by exposure in sleeping out in the night air.



October 25, Friday, 1850: [Eugene Ring](#) returned to [San Francisco](#).

Per the [Sacramento, California Transcript](#):

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of a native of Oahu, Sandwich Islands, by the name of Joe, who died yesterday in a tent on the Levee, at the foot of Q street. The verdict of the Jury was that his death was produced by [cholera](#). He had been unattended by any physician.

MURDER. — We regret to learn that another act of violence has been committed in this city. On Thursday evening, George Baker, commonly known by the sobriquet of "Mickey," was brought before Justice Endicot, on a charge of murder. It appeared from the depositions of the witnesses, Silas P. Trop and Geo. M. Smith, that at the Dickenson House or at the St. Charles, Mickey and Arch. Turner, with others, were engaged in a game of "poker," when some words were made use of which excited an angry feeling. The parties then left the house and proceeded to the Levee, where, soon afterwards, Mickey was pushed off the foot-walk, but whether it was by Corney or not does not appear. However, Mickey drew his knife and stabbed Corney twice in the side.

As Smith was going to fetch some liquor for the deceased, he was fired at twice, the first ball passing close to his head, the second through his ear. The prisoner was committed to the brig, in default of finding bail to the amount of \$5,000. Corney died from the effect of the wounds on the following day. Turner

1850-1851

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forthwith vamoosed. – [Stockton Journal.]

→ October 26, Saturday, 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Waldo Emerson](#) had a long talk, primarily about the isolation of the individual human being.

[Captain Robert McClure](#) of the *HMS Investigator* explored a [Northwest Passage](#).

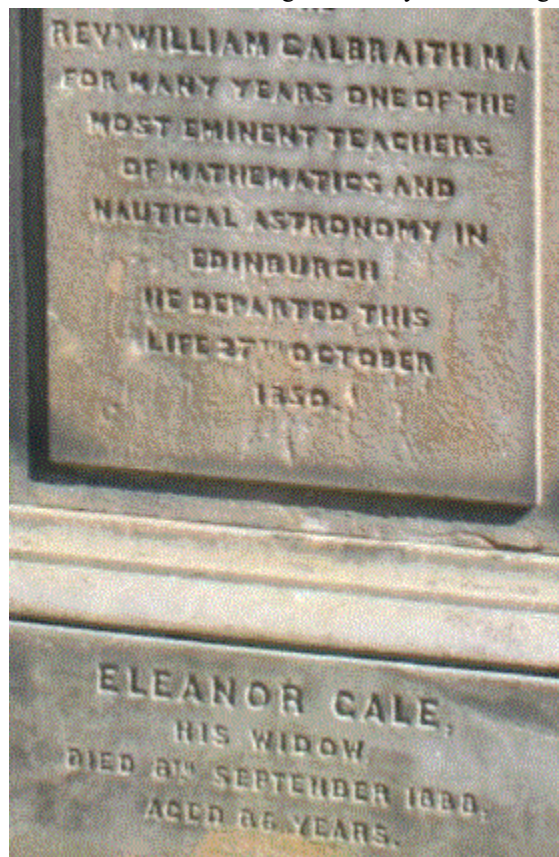
A large Union meeting took place in Dayton, Ohio.

An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 26

→ October 27, Sunday, 1850: [William Galbraith](#) died. The caskets for him and his spouse [Eleanor Gale Galbraith](#) are in the north-east section of the Grange Cemetery in Edinburgh, Scotland.




The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.



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Very pleasant weather the past week. Progressing with Our Store tent etc. Mr Tod & Co Express arived on Friday No letters yet Mailed one to day for Mrs Hal- of 11 st NY. Preparations are Makeing here for a very large bank. Miners are coming in from all quarters etc etc.

 October 28, Monday, 1850: [Martha Wiley](#) got married with Orlando B. Potter, counsellor-at-law then of South Reading (afterwards of New-York).

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), perhaps [Samuel de Champlain](#)'s *VOYAGES ET DECOUVERTURES FAITES EN LA NOUVELLE FRANCE, DEPUIS L'ANNÉE 1615, JUSQUES À LA FIN DE L'ANNÉE 1618...* (Paris: Claude de Collet, 1627), or perhaps *VOYAGES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE (1603-1629)*, or perhaps *VOYAGES DU SIEUR DE CHAMPLAIN, OU, JOURNAL ÈS DÉCOUVERTES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE* (Paris: Imprimé aux frais du gouvernement..., 1830), or perhaps *VOYAGES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE OCCIDENTALE, DICTE CANADA; FAITS POUR LE S^R DE CHAMPLAIN XAINCTOGEAIS, CAPITAINE POUR LE ROY ET LA MARINE DU PONANT, & TOUTES LES DECOUERTES QU'IL A FAITES EN CE PAIS DEPUIS L'AN 1603; JUSQUES EN L'AN 1629...* (Paris: C. Collet, 1632).

SAMVEL CHAMPLAIN

He also checked out *VOYAGES DE DÉCOUVERTE AU CANADA, ENTRE LES ANNÉES 1534 ET 1542, PAR JACQUES QUARTIER, LE SIEUR DE ROBERVAL, JEAN ALPHONSE DE XANCTOIGNE, ETC. SUIVIS DE LA DESCRIPTION DE QUÉBEC ET DE SES ENVIRONS EN 1608, ET DE DIVERS EXTRAITS RELATIVEMENT AU LIEU DE L'HIVERNEMENT DE JACQUES QUARTIER EN 1535-36* (Quebec: Société littéraire et historique de Québec, imprimé chez W. Cowan et fils, 1843).⁶⁵

READ THIS VOLUME



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"

— [Emily Dickinson](#)



65. The person we now call "Jacques Cartier" (1491-1557) was being referred to at that time as "Quartier."

1850-1851

1850-1851





1850-1851

1850-1851



CAPE COD: Even as late as 1633 we find Winthrop, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, who was not the most likely to be misinformed, who, moreover, has the fame, at least, of having discovered Wachusett Mountain (discerned it forty miles inland), talking about the "Great Lake" and the "hideous swamps about it," near which the Connecticut and the "Potomack" took their rise; and among the memorable events of the year 1642 he chronicles Darby Field, an Irishman's expedition to the "White hill," from whose top he saw eastward what he "judged to be the Gulf of Canada," and westward what he "judged to be the great lake which Canada River comes out of," and where he found much "Muscovy glass," and "could rive out pieces of forty feet long and seven or eight broad." While the very inhabitants of New England were thus fabling about the country a hundred miles inland, which was a terra incognita to them, -or rather many years before the earliest date referred to,- Champlain, the first Governor of Canada, not to mention the inland discoveries of Cartier, Roberval, and others, of the preceding century, and his own earlier voyage, had already gone to war against the Iroquois in their forest forts, and penetrated to the Great Lakes and wintered there, before a Pilgrim had heard of New England. In Champlain's "Voyages," printed in 1613, there is a plate representing a fight in which he aided the Canada Indians against the Iroquois, near the south end of Lake Champlain, in July, 1609, eleven years before the settlement of Plymouth. Bancroft says he joined the Algonquins in an expedition against the Iroquois, or Five Nations, in the northwest of New York. This is that "Great Lake," which the English, hearing some rumor of from the French, long after, locate in an "Imaginary Province called Laconia, and spent several years about 1630 in the vain attempt to discover." (Sir Ferdinand Gorges, in Maine Hist. Coll., Vol. II. p. 68.) Thomas Morton has a chapter on this "Great Lake." In the edition of Champlain's map dated 1632, the Falls of Niagara appear; and in a great lake northwest of Mer Douce (Lake Huron) there is an island represented, over which is written, "Isle ou il y une mine de cuivre," - "Island where there is a mine of copper." This will do for an offset to our Governor's "Muscovy Glass." Of all these adventures and discoveries we have a minute and faithful account, giving facts and dates as well as charts and soundings, all scientific and Frenchman-like, with scarcely one fable or traveller's story.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

WINTHROP

CHAMPLAIN
CARTIER
ROBERVAL
ALPHONSE

GORGES



October 29, Tuesday, 1850: In San Francisco, California:

This day was set apart to celebrate the admission of California into the Union. When, on the 18th instant, the mail steamer "Oregon" was entering the bay, she fired repeated preconcerted signal guns which warned the citizens of the glorious news. Immediately the whole of the inhabitants were afoot, and grew half wild with excitement until they heard definitely that the tidings were as they had expected. Business of almost every description was instantly suspended, the courts adjourned in the

1850-1851**1850-1851**

midst of their work, and men rushed from every house into the streets and towards the wharves, to hail the harbinger of the welcome news. When the steamer rounded Clark's Point and came in front of the city, her masts literally covered with flags and signals, a universal shout arose from ten thousand voices on the wharves, in the streets, upon the hills, house-tops, and the world of shipping in the bay. Again and again were huzzas repeated, adding more and more every moment to the intense excitement and unprecedented enthusiasm. Every public place was soon crowded with eager seekers after the particulars of the news, and the first papers issued an hour after the appearance of the Oregon were sold by the newsboys at from one to five dollars each. The enthusiasm increased as the day advanced. Flags of every nation were run up on a thousand masts and peaks and staffs, and a couple of large guns placed upon the plaza were constantly discharged. At night every public thoroughfare was crowded with the rejoicing populace. Almost every large building, all the public saloons and places of amusement were brilliantly illuminated – music from a hundred bands assisted the excitement – numerous balls and parties were hastily got up – bonfires blazed upon the hills, and rockets were incessantly thrown into the air, until the dawn of the following day. Many difficulties had occurred to delay this happy event, and the people had become sick at heart with the "hope deferred" of calling themselves, and of being in reality citizens of the great American Union. It is only necessary to state here, without going into particulars, that the delay had arisen from the jealousy of the proslavery party in Congress, at a time when they and the abolitionists were nicely balanced in number, to admit an additional free State into the Union, whereby so many more votes would be given against the peculiar and obnoxious "domestic institution" of the South. Several compromises had been occasionally attempted to be effected by statesmen of each great party, but without success. In the end, however, the bill for the admission of [California](#) passed through Congress by large majorities. Such an occasion beyond all others demanded a proper celebration at [San Francisco](#); and the citizens, accordingly, one and all, united to make the day memorable. On the 29th instant, a procession of the various public bodies and inhabitants of the city, with appropriate banners, devices, music and the like, marched through the principal streets to the plaza. The Chinese turned out in large numbers on this occasion, and formed a striking feature in the ceremonies of the day. The Honorable Nathaniel Bennett, of the Supreme Court, delivered a suitable oration to the people on the plaza, and an ode, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Wills, was sung by a full choir. During the day repeated discharges of fire-arms and a proper salute from great guns carried off some of the popular excitement, while the shipping displayed innumerable flags. In the evening, public bonfires and fireworks were exhibited from Telegraph Hill, Rincon Point, and the islands in the bay. The houses were likewise brilliantly illuminated, and the rejoicings were every where loudly continued during the night. Some five hundred gentlemen and three hundred ladies met at the grandest public ball that had yet been witnessed in the city, and danced and made merry, till daylight, in the pride and joy of their hearts



1850-1851

1850-1851

that [California](#) was truly now the thirty-first State of the Union. On this day (October 29th), the steamer "Sagamore" exploded, when about to leave the wharf for Stockton. Thirty or forty persons were killed.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



October 29, Tuesday, [1850](#): The statue of the Honorable [John Caldwell Calhoun](#), lost in the wreck of the *Elizabeth* near Fire Island on July 19th, was recovered in an uninjured condition except for a slight fracture to the right arm.

The Portuguese frigate, *Donna Maria II.*, of 32 guns, was accidentally blown up in the harbor of Macao, and completely destroyed, and 188 of the 244 men on board perished in the explosion.

On page 4 of the New-York [Herald](#) editor [Frederic Hudson](#) editorialized relentlessly about that collection of "fanatics" up in Worcester, Massachusetts who were crediting that in socialism, abolition, and infidelity lay the salvation of the world:

THE WORCESTER FANATICS — PROGRESS OF SOCIALISM, ABOLITION, AND INFIDELITY. It has been known ever since [Fourier](#), [Brisbane](#), and [Greeley](#) first promulgated their social theories, that society is all wrong. It is known also that their attempts to reform it have signally failed. Social phalanxes, on the [Fourier](#) principle of common stock, common privileges, and dividends to members of the establishment, have been tried in various parts of the country with the worst sort of success. In some cases, the speculators upon the credulity and spare cash of their followers, have pocketed the proceeds of these enterprises, and left the phalanx the privilege either to starve or disperse. Monsieur [Cabet](#) and his [Icarians](#), in their wanderings over the plains of Arkansas in search of their promised land, afford a striking example. Fourierism, therefore, has fallen into contempt, the experiments not justifying the plan of the philosophers to make "labor attractive," because there is nothing in it by which your lazy philosophers can be made to work.

The next experiment by our delectable reformer of the [Tribune](#) was anti-rentism, which is simply the doctrine of occupying other people's property free of cost. All the good that has resulted, after repeated outbreaks and acts of bloodshed in the practical working of this doctrine, has been the creation of a political faction [of [Thurlow Weed](#) and [Senator William Henry Seward](#), the nucleus of the future of Republican Party in New York] controlling the politics of the State. The existing laws, however, upholding the right of the landowner to collect rents for the use of his property, still continuing in force, the experiment of anti-rentism as a social reform, has also proved to be inefficient.

But Philosopher [Greeley](#) is not the chap to drop the cause of suffering humanity. Not he. Union associations were prosecuted, until he lodged a bevy of unfortunate tailors in jail — the [Rochester knockings](#) were consulted, as likely to afford to the "laboring millions," some new attractions to labor, or some spiritual expedient by which cold victuals, at least, might be got without labor. Phrenology was tried, and found wanting.



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1850-1851

There was nothing disclosed in "Combe's Constitution of Man," of practical utility in securing a distribution of "every thing to every body." [??] [Tittlebat Titmouse](#), elected to Parliament on that platform, dodged the question, as J.B. [[James Buchanan](#)?] dodged the Fugitive Slave bill in Congress. [Grubby](#) next delved into the mysteries of [Mesmerism](#), but although clairvoyance can tell where Kidd's gold is to be found, if he had any, it could not tell how society is to live without work being done by somebody. Another kink of our friend "[Grubby](#)" is land reform, which means that all the public lands are to be given to actual settlers, in small parcels [later the nucleus of the Homestead Act], the deficiency to be supplied upon Big Thunder's [?] doctrine of the right from occupation of lands belonging to other people.

But all of these expedients have been found to be mere palliatives, while a radical reform of society has been the great object of the philosophers, [Fourier](#), [Brisbane](#), [Greeley](#), Big Thunder, Combe, [Fowler](#), [Collyer](#) and the Model Artists, the Rochester knockers, and [[Reverend Andrew Jackson](#)] [Davis](#), with his revelations, all having failed, all having proved unsatisfactory, tried separately, what next is to be done? Try them all together.

Here we come into broad, open smooth water. Here the daylight of discovery breaks in upon us as the first glimpse of the great Salt Lake broke upon the Mormons. Here we unbuckle our traps, and go straight to work in shovelling up the gold dust. The old Syracuse engineer jumped up in his nether garment, and shouted "Eureka," and [Grubby Greeley](#) answers Abby Kelly at Worcester, with "Eureka." We have got it. Got what? The philosopher's stone—the key to the millennium—the one thing needful—the schedule of the final reformation. The Lord be praised.

It is the philosopher's omnibus bill — it is the putting all in a lump the several experiments of reform of the [Tribune](#) reformers, with a good deal of new matter, new principles, and fundamental ideas, as put forth on the platform of the Woman's Rights Convention, recently held in Worcester. Let the world rejoice. Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, Garrison, Phillips, Mrs. Rose, Fred. Douglas[s], Sojourner Truth, and the Widow Mercy, sitting in council day and night, backed up, heart and soul, by our glorious [Greeley](#), have solved the problem of the age. They have squared the circle of society, and resolved the arcana of its perpetual motion. From our published reports of the proceedings, the speeches, the declarations, and the resolutions of the Worcester Convention, it will be seen that their platform is made up of all the timbers of all the philosophers and spiritual advisers of the [Tribune](#), founded upon the strong pillars of abolition, socialism, amalgamation and infidelity, compassing all the discoveries in heaven and earth. The new dispensation of Lucretia Mott and the philosophers, proposes:

1. To dispense with Christianity and the Bible. After an experiment of nineteen centuries, they declare the system to be a humbug.
2. To abolish the existing political and social system of society as part of the false machinery of the age.
3. To put all races, sexes and colors upon a footing of perfect



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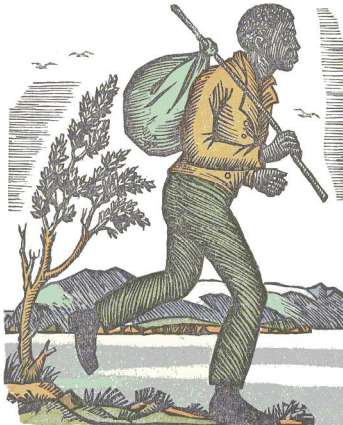
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equality. The convention having proved by phrenology and biology that, the sexes are equal in point of intellect, and that color is a mere difference of complexion, it is proposed to abolish the only distinction of sex by a universal adoption of breeches.

Most assuredly, this grand reformation involves, as incidentals, the abolition of slavery, black and white, the doctrine of amalgamation to its fullest extent, fun and refinement, as was never dreamed of, even by Davis, in his revelations, or by [\[Reverend Sylvester\] Graham](#), from the inspiration of bran bread and turnips.

The philosophers of the Tribune have, therefore, published the Worcester platform in the capacity of the official organ of this tremendous reformation. Old things are to be done away with, and all things are to become new. Seward is to be sustained, and [President Millard] Fillmore is only to be tolerated till the advent of the new dispensation, when Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, Douglass, [Greeley](#) and Sojourner Truth are to rule the roost. Then, and not till then, shall we realise the jubilee of the Devil and his angels.

 October 30, Wednesday, [1850](#): There was a large Union meeting at Castle Garden in [New-York](#), at which it was voted to sustain the [Fugitive Slave Act](#).



“Agre[e]ably to previous notice a meeting of the members of Concord Lyceum was held at the vestry of the Unitarian Church. The meeting was called to order by the President. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Simon Brown. Vice President, Dr. Bartlett. [Vice President], C. W. Goodnow. Treasurer, John Brown Jr. Sect Albert Stacy. Curators: Dr. Bartlett, G.M. Brooks, C. Bowers. Voted that the debt of last year be paid out [of] the funds collected this year. Voted that the Lyceum do not commence till there are one hundred dollars in the Treasury. — Albert Stacy Sec’t’y.”

Exactly a year to the day after the funeral, a monument was unveiled at the grave of [Frédéric François Chopin](#). A small amount of Polish earth was brought for the occasion and sprinkled over this final resting place.

The [Sacramento, California Transcript](#) described a recent “visitation of Providence”:

CORONER’S INQUISITION. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of an Irishman found dead in a tent on J street, between First and Second. His name could not be ascertained. Verdict of the Jury, that he came to his death by a visitation of Providence.



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October 31, Thursday, 1850: In the new palace on the Plaza de Cervantes, Queen Isabella personally opened the Cortes.

Thomas Henry Huxley wrote to Sir John Richardson:

I regret very much that in consequence of our being ordered to be paid off at Chatham, instead of Portsmouth, as we always hoped and expected, I shall be unable to submit to your inspection the zoological notes and drawings which I have made during our cruise. They are somewhat numerous (over 180 sheets of drawings), and I hope not altogether valueless, since they have been made with as great care and attention as I am master of—and with a microscope, such as has rarely, if ever, made a voyage round the world before. A further reason for indulging in this hope consists in the fact that they relate for the most part to animals hitherto very little known, whether from their rarity or from their perishable nature, and that they bear upon many curious physiological points.

I may thus classify and enumerate the observations I have made—

1. Upon the organs of hearing and circulation in some of the transparent Crustacea, and upon the structure of certain of the lower forms of Crustacea.

2. Upon some very remarkable new forms of Annelids, and especially upon the much contested genus *Sagitta*, which I have evidence to show is neither a Mollusc nor an Epizoon, but an Annelid.

3. Upon the nervous system of certain Mollusca hitherto imperfectly described—upon what appears to me to be an urinary organ in many of them—and upon the structure of *Firola* and *Atlanta*, of which latter I have a pretty complete account.

4. Upon two perfectly new (ordinally new) species of Ascidians.

5. Upon *Pyrosoma* and *Salpa*. The former has never been described (I think) since Savigny's time, and he had only specimens preserved in spirits. I have a great deal to add and alter. Then as to *Salpa*, whose mode of generation has always been so great a bone of contention, I have a long series of observations and drawings which I have verified over and over again, and which, if correct, must give rise to quite a new view of the matter. I may mention as an interesting fact that in these animals so low in the scale I have found a placental circulation, rudimentary indeed, but nevertheless a perfect model on a small scale of that which takes place in the mammalia.

6. I have the materials for a monograph upon the *Acalephæ* and *Hydrostatic Acalephæ*. I have examined very carefully more than forty genera of these animals—many of them very rare, and some quite new. But I paid comparatively little attention to the collection of new species, caring rather to come to some clear and definite idea as to the structure of those which had indeed been long known, but very little understood. Unfortunately for science, but fortunately for me, this method appears to have been somewhat novel with observers of these animals, and consequently everywhere new and remarkable facts were to be had for the picking up.

It is not to be supposed that one could occupy one's self with the animals for so long without coming to some conclusion as to



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their systematic place, however subsidiary to observation such considerations must always be regarded, and it seems to me (although on such matters I can of course only speak with the greatest hesitation) that just as the more minute and careful observations made upon the old "Vermes" of Linnæus necessitated the breaking up of that class into several very distinct classes, so more careful investigation requires the breaking up of Cuvier's "Radiata" (which succeeded the "Vermes" as a sort of zoological lumber-room) into several very distinct and well-defined new classes, of which the Acalephæ, Hydrostatic Acalephæ, actinoid and hydroid polypes, will form one. But I fear that I am trespassing beyond the limits of a letter. I have only wished to state what I have done in order that you may judge concerning the propriety or impropriety of what I propose to do. And I trust that you will not think that I am presuming too much upon your kindness if I take the liberty of thus asking your advice about my own affairs. In truth, I feel in a manner responsible to you for the use of the appointment you procured for me; and furthermore, Capt. Stanley's unfortunate decease has left the interests of the ship in general and my own in particular without a representative.

Can you inform me, then, what chance I should have either (1) of procuring a grant for the publication of my papers, or (2) should that not be feasible, to obtain a nominal appointment (say to the Fisguard at Woolwich, as in Dr. Hooker's case) for such time as might be requisite for the publication of my papers and drawings in some other way?

I shall see Professors Owen and Forbes when I reach London, and I have a letter of introduction to Sir John Herschel (who has, I hear, a great penchant for the towing-net). Supposing I could do so, would it be of any use to procure recommendations from them that my papers should be published?

[(Half-erased) To Sir F. Beaufort also I have a letter.] Would it not be proper also to write to Sir W. Burnett acquainting him with my views, and requesting his acquiescence and assistance? Begging an answer at your earliest convenience, addressed either to the Rattlesnake or to my brother, I remain, your obedient servant, T.H. Huxley

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Destruction by fire of the City Hospital, which was situated at the head of Clay street, and owned by Dr. Peter Smith. This was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The fire broke out in an adjoining house, which was also consumed. Several of the patients were severely burned, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions of the firemen and citizens that they were saved at all.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Also found in the pages of the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

TERRIBLE DISASTER — GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

STEAMER SAGAMORE BLOWS UP. — On Tuesday afternoon, at a moment when



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our citizens were rejoicing in a general jubilee, the festivities were marred by the announcement of a disaster, the most destructive to life which has ever befallen our city. At five o'clock, just as the steamer *Sagamore* was casting off from central wharf, with a large number of passengers, bound for Stockton, her boiler burst with a terrible explosion. Masses of timber and human bodies were scattered in every direction. Many bodies were blown into the water, from which they were recovered by the numerous boats which thronged about the scene of the disaster. The boat was a complete wreck, and from among the fragments were taken the dead and the dying, mutilated in a manner shocking to behold.

The cause of this sad affair is perhaps unknown. The *Sagamore's* boiler was nearly new, and was pronounced by the boiler inspector to be the best in the port. It may have been caused by lack of water, and we are informed by one of the passengers on her last trip down from Stockton, that her pumps were very much out of order. One of the passengers on board at the time of the explosion, informs us that steam had not been blown off for half an hour previous to the accident. Whatever the cause may be, a rigid investigation is necessary, in order to prevent, if possible, similar accidents in future.

Capt. Cole, the master of the boat, was blown a distance of fifty feet into the water. He is considerably injured, though his wounds are not of such a nature as to preclude a speedy recovery. The wreck has been towed to the beach beyond Bush street, where she now remains. A large crowd was gathered in the vicinity all day yesterday.

The number of persons on board at the time of the accident, cannot be accurately ascertained, as the passenger list has not been found. We have heard it variously estimated at from seventy-five to a hundred. Many bodies were so much mutilated that it was found impossible to identify them. Limbs and fragments were gathered up in baskets – a shocking sight. The following particulars have been carefully prepared, but it is impossible to ascertain at present the full extent of this appalling calamity.

The Dead. –

John Oxhall, an Englishman, formerly resided in Richmond, Va., where he has a wife and six children.

Lucien Denis, a Frenchman, keeper of "A la bajado de los mineros," a restaurant in Stockton.

Ratineau, a baker, late of New Orleans.

Two others whose bodies have not been recognized. The bodies of the five above enumerated are at the city hospital.

John Pender, died while being conveyed to the marine hospital.

Pierre Dupenong, a native of Bordeaux, France.

Jerome Berrere, a Frenchman.

Joshua A. Stone, of London, England.

George Beatty.

James Teller, clerk of the boat.

Garrison Warner, colored, head steward of the boat.

Mr. E.H. Austin, a passenger.

A female, name unknown.

Two men, names unknown. Their bodies are in a building foot of Sacramento street wharf.



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David Johnson, of Illinois.
Three other men, whose names could not be identified, but upon which an inquest was held by Coroner Gallagher.

[Lists of wounded and missing.]

THE INQUEST. — Coroner Gallagher held an inquest on the bodies of the above named dead, yesterday. The jury was composed of the following persons: John P. Haff, Ezra S. Porter, Alfred A. Rhodes, James Owins, Rodman Gibbons, Thomas A. Leggett, and Thomas Gibbons. After hearing the testimony of Geo. W. Coffee, Esq., steamboat inspector, and such other evidence as could be procured, the following verdict was rendered.

"The jury, after a careful examination of the facts connected with the sad calamity of the explosion of the boiler of the steamboat *Sagamore*, by which so great a sacrifice of life had been made, have come to the conclusion that the explosion of the boiler was the result of carelessness on the part of the engineer — and that the following named persons came to their death by said explosion: Lucien Dennis, Garrison Warner, James M. Letter, David Johnson, Joshua Stone, Pierre Duperoy, Jerome Barrere, John Oxhall, and E.H. Austin, and three others who could not be identified." ... [Letters from 2 passengers in next column.]

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS



WALDEN: If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, —we never need read of another. One is enough.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

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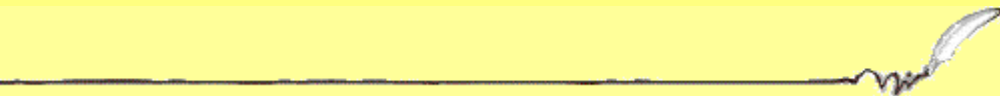
Undeniably, the Assabet and [Sudbury Rivers](#) were dammed at the top by the dams of the compensating reservoirs built by the City of Boston, and those of countless factory mills. But were they **damned** by that? The meadowland farmers thought so, calling the summer water releases from the compensating reservoirs "water avalanches," and comparing their violence to an alligator in the water. Thoreau's high-resolution hydrological data from two separate lines of inquiry during 1860 showed that the compensating reservoirs strengthened and raised the summer flows, causing more frequent floods and wetter meadows.

He also bemoaned the wholesale deforestation of the uplands, which had been taking place for centuries. By the winter of 1852, he was alarmed that "they are cutting down our woods more seriously than ever.... Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds!" By 1857 he was watching razed land being burned in all directions, and predicted a completely denuded landscape in the near future: "The smokes from a dozen clearings far and wide, from a portion of the earth thirty miles or more in diameter, ... woods burned up from year to year.... The smokes will become rarer and thinner year by year, till I shall detect only a mere feathery film and there is no more brush to be burned." By 1859, forest cover had reached its minimum: "There is scarcely a wood of sufficient size and density left now for an owl to haunt in, and if I hear one hoot I may be sure where he is."

This deforestation was drying the uplands and enhancing the storm flooding. Sprout-land and trodden pastures were sending stronger pulses of snowmelt runoff to the main valley, leaving less to infiltrate down to aquifers to sustain the brooks between storms. Thoreau saw this as a crime against upland landscapes: "These little brooks have their history. They once turned sawmills. They even used their influence to destroy the primitive [forests] which grew on their banks, and now, for their reward, the sun is let in to dry them up and narrow their channels. Their crime rebounds against themselves."

The upland environment makeover made Thoreau's river more volatile than before. This was particularly true for late summer subtropical storms. A heavy summer rainstorm that previously would have been buffered by forest foliage, soaked up by humus, and allowed to infiltrate down to the aquifer instead now drains away as surface and shallow subsurface runoff to nearby brooks. When these brooks combined forces, and when they entered sediment-filled downstream channels, they overflowed, strengthening the summer freshets that ruined the hay. And with the forest gone, far less moisture was being sent back up to the atmosphere via evapotranspiration during the summer. This kept Musketaquid's summer stage higher than during the Holocene....

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 233-234



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... With higher storm discharges came excess sediment, especially from tillage landscapes. Thoreau wrote: "The ground being bare where corn was cultivated last year, I see that the sandy soil has been washed far down the hill for its whole length by the recent rains combined with the melting snow.... This, plainly, is one reason why the brows of such hills are commonly so barren. They lose much more than they gain annually." When washed into his three rivers, this sand gave them material to work into beaches on the edge of enlarged channels: "various parallel shore lines, with stones arranged more or less in rows along them – thus forming a regular beach of 4 or 5 rods length." Additionally, the upland landscape was being drenched by livestock manure, whether dropped on pastures by the animals themselves or spread on grain fields as fertilizer. Thoreau began to notice that the green scum called duckweed, so characteristic of barnyards, was now showing up in river sloughs. The use of imported chemical fertilizers, particularly guano, was increasing as well. Swamps that once sopped up nutrients now became a source. Thus, when it rained, a flush of nutrients worked its way downstream into a sluggish river where the only thing limiting aquatic growth was the amount of phosphorous and nitrogen. Ironically, the fertilization of English hay on the uplands stimulated the growth of aquatic plants in the shallows, clogging the river with weeds and backing up water.

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 233-234



October 31: Left Concord Wednesday morning Sep 25th '50 for Quebec. Fare \$7.00 to and fro. Obligated to leave Montreal on return as soon as Friday Oct 4th

The country was New to me beyond Fitchburg.

In Ashburnham & afterwards I noticed the woodbine –especially {*Forty-two leaves missing*}

However mean your life is meet it & live –do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest The fault finder will find faults even in paradise Love your life, poor as it is. You may perchance have some pleasant –thrilling glorious hours even in a poor-house– The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's house.

The snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts as any where –& indeed the towns poor seem to live the most independent lives of any. they are simply great enough to receive –without misgiving. Cultivate poverty like sage like a garden herb. Do not trouble yourself to get new things –whether clothes –or friends– That is dissipation. Turn the old –return to them. Things do not change, we change. If I were confined to a corner –in a garret all my days like a spider –the world would be just as large to me –while I had my thoughts

In all my travels I never came to the abode of the present

I live in the angle of a leaden wall into whose alloy was poured a littl bell metal. Some times in the repose of my midday there reaches my ears a confused tintinnabulum from without– It is the noise

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of my contemporaries. That the brilliant leaves of Autumn are not withered ones is proved by the fact, that they wilt when gathered as soon as the green.

But now, Oct 31st, they are all withered. This has been the most perfect afternoon in the year. The air quite warm enough – perfectly still & dry & clear, and not a cloud in the sky. Scarcely the song of a cricket is heard to disturb the stillness. When they ceased their song I do not know – I wonder that the impetus which our hearing had got did not hurry us into deafness over a precipitous silence. There must have been a thick web of cobwebs on the grass this morning promising this fair day – for I see them still through the afternoon covering not only the grass but the bushes & the trees. They are stretched across the unfrequented roads from weed to weed & broken by the legs of the horses

I thought today that it would be pleasing to study the dead & withered plants – the ghosts of plants which now remain in the fields – for they fill almost as large a space to the eye as the green have done – They live not in memory only, but to the fancy & imagination

As we were passing through Ashburnham by a new white house which stood at some distance in a field one passenger exclaimed so that all the passengers could hear him. “There, there’s not so good a house as that in all Canada” I did not much wonder at his remark – There is a neatness as well as thrift & elastic comfort – a certain flexible easiness of circumstance when not rich – about a New England house which the Canadian houses do not suggest. Though of stone they were no better constructed than a stone barn would be with us. The only building on which money & taste are expended is the church. At Beauport we examined a magnificent cathedral, not quite completed – where I do not remember that there were any but the meanest house in sight around it.

Our Indian summer I am tempted to say is the finest season in the year. Here has been such a day as I think Italy never sees.

Though it has been so warm to day I found some of the morning’s frost still remaining under the north side of a wood – to my astonishment

Why was this beautiful day made, and no man to improve it? We went through seven-star? lane to White pond.

Looking through a stately pine-grove I saw the western sun falling in golden streams through its aisles – Its west side opposite to me was all lit up with golden light; but what was I to it? – Such sights remind me of houses which we never inhabit. – that commonly I am not at home in the world. I see somewhat fairer than I enjoy or possess

A fair afternoon – a celestial afternoon cannot occur but we mar our pleasure by reproaching ourselves that we do not make all our days beautiful – The thought of what I am – of my pitiful conduct – deters me from receiving what joy I might from the glorious days that visit me. After the era of youth is passed the knowledge of ourselves is an alloy that spoils our satisfactions.

I am wont to think that I could spend my days contentedly in any retired country house that I see – for I see it to advantage now & without incumbrance – I have not yet imported my humdrum thoughts – my prosaic habits into it to mar the landscape. What is this beauty in the Landscape but a certain fertility in me? I look in vain to see it realized but in my own life. If I could wholly cease to be ashamed of myself – I think that all my days would be fair. *{Two-thirds page missing}*

When I asked at the principal bookstore in Montreal to see such books as were published there – the answer was that none were published there but those of a statistical character & the like – that their books came from the states. This reminds me of an anecdote which one of my townsmen once told me. He and another gentleman both interested in horticulture by the way were once travelling in Canada *{Two-thirds page missing}* butter milk cool and sweet – He looked in – It was a delicious retreat for dogdays – even for a live body – and the water was purity itself – There was one frog of the leopard species swimming in the milk, and another sitting on the edge of the edge of the pan –

– As once he was riding past Jennie Dugan’s was invited by her boys to look into their mother’s spring house. He looked in. It was a delectable place to keep butter & milk cool & sweet in dogdays, – but there was a leopard frog swimming in the milk, and another sitting on the edge of the pan. *{One-half page missing}*



After October 31: is lost. Thou art a personality so vast & universal that I have never seen one of thy features. I am suddenly very near to another land than land than can be bought & sold – this is not Mr Bull’s swamp. This is a far faraway field on the confines of the actual Concord where

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nature is partially present.

These farms I have my self surveyed –these lines I have run –these bounds I have set up –they have no chemistry to fix them they fade from the surface of the glass (the picture) this light is too strong for them. And the *{One-half page missing}* *{Two leaves missing}*

{One-sixth page missing} him. Love is not *{MS torn}*nday *{MS torn}* love makes fragrant all the atmosphere– It is because of nothing which he has done –or I– Someone has done it for us. My dear, my dewy, sister –let thy rain descend on me. I not only love thee –, but I love the best of thee –that is to love thee rarely. I do not love thee every day. I love thee on my great days– Thy dewy words feed me like the manna of the morning. I am as much thy sister as thy brother– Thou art as much my brother as my sister. It is a portion of thee & a portion of me which are of kin. Thou dost not have to woo me– I do not have to woo thee. O my sister! O Diana –thy tracks are on the eastern hills– Thou surely passed that way I, the hunter, saw them. –in the morning dew –my eyes pursue thee. Ah my friend what if I do not answer thee I hear thee. thou canst speak, I cannot. I hear & forget to answer I am occupied with hearing.– I awoke and thought of thee –thou wast present to my mind. How camest thou there? Was I not present to thee likewise? *{One-sixth page missing}*

The oystermen had anchored their boat near the shore without regard to the state of the tide –and when we came to it to set sail just after noon we found that it was aground. Seeing that they were preparing to push it off I was about to take off my shoes & stockings in order to wade to it first –but a dutch sailor –with a singular bull-frog or trilobite expression of the eyes whose eyes were like frog ponds in the broad platter of his cheeks –& gleamed like a pool covered with frog-spittle – immediately offered me the use of his back, so mounting with my legs under his arms and hugging him like one of family –he set me aboard of the periauger?

They then leaned their hardest against the stern –bracing their feet against the sandy bottom in 2 feet of water –the Dutchman with his broad back among them –in the most Dutch-like & easy way they applied themselves to this labor, while the skipper tried to raise the bows –never jerking or bustling but silently exerting what vigor was inherent in them –doing no doubt their utmost endeavor while I pushed with a spike pole –but it was all in vain– It was decided to be unsuccessful –we did not disturb its bed by a grain of sand. Well what now said I How long have we got to wait. Till the tide rises said the Captain. But no man knew of the tide how it was– So I went in to bathe looking out for sharks –& chasing crabs –and the Dutchman waded out among the muscle to spear a crab. The skipper stuck a clam shell into the sand at the water’s edge to discover if it was rising –and the sailors the Dutchman & the other having got more drink at Oake’s, stretched themselves on the sea weed close to the waters edge went to sleep. After an hour or more we could discover no change in the shell even by a hairs breadth –from which we learned that it was about the turn of the tide and we must wait some hours longer.

I once went in search of the relics of a human body –a week after a wreck– –which had been cast up the day before onto the beach –though the sharks had stript off the flesh. I got the direction from a light house– I should find it a mile or two distant over the sand a dozen rods from the water by a stick which was stuck up covered with a cloth. Pursuing the direction pointd out –I expected that I should have to look very narrowly at the sand to find so small an object –but so completely smooth & bare was the beach –half a mile wide of sand –& so magnifying the mirage toward the sea –that when I was half a mile distant the insignificant stick or sliver for which marked the spot –looked like a broken mast in the sand– As if where there was no other object, this trifling sliver –had puffed itself up to the vision to fill the void –& there lay the relics in a certain state –rendered perfectly inoffensive to both bodily & spiritual eye by the surrounding scenery– A slight inequality in the sweep of the shore Alone with the sea & the beach –attending to the sea –whose hollow roar seemed addressed to the ears of the departed –articulate speech to them. It was as conspicuous on that sandy plain as if a generation had labored to pile up a cairn there– Where there were so few objects the least was obvious as a mausoleum.– It reigned over the shore –that dead body possessed the shore as no living one could– It showed a title to the sands which no living ruler could.–

My father was commissary at Fort Independence in the last war. He says that the baker whom he engaged returned 18 ounces of bread for 16 of flour, and was glad of the job on those terms. *{Three-fifths page missing}*

In a pleasant spring morning all men’s sins are forgiven. You may have known your neighbor yesterday for a drunkard & a thief –and merely pitied or despised him –& despaired of the world – but the sun shines bright & warm this first spring morning and you meet him quietly serenely at any

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work –and see how even his exhausted debauched veins and nerves expand with still joy & bless the new day –feel the spring influence with the innocence of infancy {*Three-fifths page missing*} feet above the water that in the reflected wood I saw the sky here and there through the trees at their base, and it was altogether light & airy –but no sky was seen through the substantial wood above, it was quite solid & dark. When I walked down to the edge of the river however I thought that the reflection corresponded with the substance and they were equally light or dark –open or close ie there was some sky seen through both– When afterward I had ascended *high* up the hill the reflection was as dark & solid as ever the wood had looked– Commonly perhaps there is more sky in the reflection than in the substance.

We were inclined to give the preference to the reflection –but when we looked with inverted head – we thought the substance was the fairest–

There is a good echo from that wood to one standing on the side of fair Haven– It was particularly good to day. The woodland lungs seemed particularly sound to day –they echo your shout with a fuller & rounder voice than it was given in –seeming to *mouth* it –it was uttered with a sort of sweeping intonation half round a vast circle *ore rotundo* by a broad dell among the tree tops passing it round to the entrance of all the aisles of the wood.

You had to choose the right key or pitch –else the woods would not echo it with any spirit & so with eloquence. Of what significance is any sound if Nature does not echo it. It does not prevail. It dies away as soon as uttered. I wonder that wild men have not made more of echoes, or that we do not hear that they have made more. It would be a pleasant a soothing & cheerful mission to go about the country in search of them –articulating –speaking vocal –oracular –resounding –sonorous –hollow –prophetic places –places where in to found an oracle –sites for oracles –sacred –ears of nature– I used to strike with a paddle on the side of my boat on Walden Pond –filling the surrounding woods with circling & dilating sound. awaking the woods –“stirring them up” –as a keeper of a menagerie his lions & tigers –a growl from all. All melody is a sweet echo as it were coincident with movement of our organs –we wake the echo of the place we are in –its slumbering music

I should think that savages would have made a god of echo.

I will call that Echo Wood.

Crystal water –for White Pond.

There was a sawmill once on Nut-Meadow Brook –near Jennie’s Road.

–These little brooks have their history –they once turned saw mills –they even used their *influence* to destroy the primitive which grew on their banks and now for their reward the sun –is let in to dry them up –& narrow their channels– Their crime rebounds against themselves– You still find the traces of ancient dams –where the simple brooks were taught to use their influence to destroy the primitive forests on their borders –& now for penalty they flow –tinkling past with shrunken channels.– tinkling a plaintive & repentant strain went brawling through the wood –being by an evil spirit turned against their neighbor forests

What does education often do!– It makes a straight-cut ditch –of a free meandering brook.

You must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates while walking.

The actual life of men is not without a dramatic interest to the thinker– It is not in all its aspects prosaic. 70 000 pilgrims proceed annually to Mecca from the various nations of Islám

I was one evening passing a retired farm-house which had a smooth green plat before it –just after sundown –when I saw a hen turkey which had gone to roost on the front fence with her wings outspread over her young now pretty well advanced who were roosting on the next rail a foot or two below her. It completed a picture of rural repose & happiness such as I had not seen for a long time. A particularly neat & quiet place –where the very ground was swept around the wood piles– The neighboring fence of roots –agreeable forms for the traveller to study like the bones of marine monsters & the horns of mastodons or megatheriums

You might say of a philosopher that he was in this world as a spectator.

A squaw came to our door today, with two papposes –and said –“Me want a pie.” Theirs is not common begging– You are merely the rich Indian who shares his goods with the poor. They merely offer you an opportunity to be generous and hospitable.

Equally simple was the observation which an Indian made at Mr Hoar’s door the other day –who

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went there to sell his baskets. “No, we dont want any,” said the one who went to the door– “What? do you mean to starve us?” asked the Indian in astonishment as he was going out the gate. The Indian seems to have said –I too will do like the white man I will go into business. He sees his white neighbors well off around him –and he thinks that if he only enters on the profession of basket-making riches will flow in unto him as a matter of course. Just as the Lawyer weaves arguments and by some magical means wealth & standing follow. He thinks that when he has made the baskets he has done his part –now it is yours to buy them. He has not discovered that it is necessary for him to make it worth your while to buy them –or make some which it will be worth your while to buy. With great simplicity he says to himself I too will be a man of business –I will go into trade– It is n’t enough simply to make baskets You have got to sell them.

I have an uncle who, once, just as he stepped on to the dock at New York –from a steamboat, saw some strange birds in the water –and called to Gothamite to know what they were– Just then his hat blew off into the dock –and the man answered by saying Mr –your hat is off– Whereupon My Uncle straightening himself up –asked again with vehemence. Blast you, sir, I want to know what those birds are. By the time that he had got this information, a man had recovered his hat.

NOVEMBER 1850

 November [1850](#): This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 November [1850](#): In 1996 curators at the York Institute Museum in Saco, Maine would discover in their basement 2 enormous rolls from a long-lost moving [panorama](#) of [John Bunyan](#)’s [THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS](#) painted in distemper on cotton sheeting, 8 feet by about 850 feet. This panorama had been donated in 1896 and had last been exhibited in 1897. This version of Pilgrim’s Progress had been 1st exhibited in [New-York](#) during this month of November 1850 and had been a critical and financial success, grossing in its 1st 6 months nearly \$100,000. The principle artists Edward H. May, Joseph Kyle, and Jacob Dallas were associates at the National Academy of Design. Other painters, Daniel Huntington and [Frederic Edwin Church](#), were full members, and Jasper Cropsey, F.O.C. Darley, and Paul Duggan would soon be accepted as full members. An 8th artist was Henry Courtenay Selous, a London panoramist. A 9th artist probably was the popular illustrator Charles Washington Wright, and then it seems there was a 10th. The [panorama](#) had been conceived in the winter of 1848. Dr. Kevin Avery, in his dissertation on panoramas, has suggested that the whole panorama thingie was a kind of homage to Thomas Cole. An exhibition of 1847 had featured Jesse Talbot’s “Christian and the Cross” and May’s “Bunyan Parting with his Blind Daughter,” while another that year had included Huntington’s “Mercy Fainting at the Wicked Gate” and [Church](#)’s “Valley of the Shadow of Death,” which would be followed in the next year with “River of the Water of Life.” All of these subjects as well as 2 previously exhibited at the National Academy of Design by Huntington found expression in the panorama of Pilgrim’s Progress. Commercial success prompted the creation of a copy, allegedly improved, so the work could be shown in 2 cities at once. 41 of the original 54 scenes of the 2d version now survive. This 2d version was finished during April 1851 and traveled through New Jersey and New York before apparently going west — it may have been this version that played in Detroit in 1853. The artists credited with the 2d version were




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Dallas, Kyle, Wright, and Huntington, and we know May had abandoned the project and left the country by the time the 2d version was finished. It arrived in New England in 1855 and never seems to have left. It was acquired by a pair of real estate brokers in Biddeford, Maine sometime during the 1850s. The panorama's tours of 1858 and 1864 don't seem to have extended beyond York County and nothing more is heard of it until the heirs of one of the real estate brokers donated what was left of it to the York Institute in 1896.

[Henry Thoreau](#) went to one of the traveling "panorama" shows made up of painted canvas rolls then being exhibited behind lecturers on theater stages, of steaming along the Rhine River, and was intrigued enough by it, and by the idea of himself as a young man who would, at least traditionally, need to venture and adventure for his inheritance, that he soon went to see another panorama, one of travel up the Mississippi River.

 November [1850](#): Letter from [Lydia Maria Child](#) to Anna Loring: Visit.

 November [1850](#): In [Providence](#), [Sojourner Truth](#), [Frederick Douglass](#), [Charles Calistus Burleigh](#), and [Charles Lenox Remond](#) addressed the annual meeting of the [Rhode Island](#) Anti-Slavery Society. This would be the first of Sojourner's antislavery speeches that has been documented.

I think it likely that it would have been at this point that [William J. Brown](#) met [Frederick Douglass](#):

[RACE POLITICS](#)



PAGES 93-94: When [Frederick Douglass](#) paid us a visit, I met him in company with several brethren, and he was introduced as a [Methodist](#) preacher. He said he had heard we were brought up on election day on crackers and cheese. He received his information from an Abolitionist in the Democratic party. It came about in this way: When the colored people were first called upon to vote to see whether the people wanted a constitution or not, the Suffrage party threatened to mob any colored person daring to vote that day. We proposed to meet at the old artillery gun house the day before. We had a meeting that evening and thought it best to get the people together and keep them over night, so they would be ready for the polls in the morning. In order to keep them we must have something to eat, for if the Democrats got hold of them we could not get them to vote, for they would get them filled up with rum so that we could not do a thing with them; so in order to secure them we had to hunt them up, bring them to the armory, and keep men there to entertain them. I met with them in the afternoon and found men of all sorts, from all parts of the city, and all associating together. They had coffee, crackers, cheese and shaved beef. During the time a lot of muskets were brought in, and put in a rack. It is said they were brought in to use in case of disturbance, some said good enough, let them come. They scraped the hollow and every place, getting all the men they could find; then coffee, crackers and cheese were plenty, and no one disturbed them. When the polls were opened, those in the first ward went to vote in a body, headed by two powerful men. They voted in the Benefit Street school house; the officers went ahead to open the way. They all voted and then went home, that ended the crackers and cheese. Mr. Bibb tried hard to get the colored voters to vote the Liberty ticket. We made him understand it was not all gold that glitters. He left our quarters and went about his business, and the Law and Order party elected their candidates. I received six dollars

[HENRY BIBB](#)



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for my work. Mr. Bowen employed me after election to go around and see if there were strangers that had been here long enough to vote, and see that their names were registered, and at the next election he would pay me. I collected quite a number who had never taken the trouble to register their names.



November 1850: In his volume SONGS OF LABOR, AND OTHER POEMS, Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) included a tribute to a schoolmaster, [Joshua Coffin](#), whom he had encountered at age 14:

To My Old School-Master. An Epistle not after the Manner of Horace.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness;

Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
Draw the mouths of bigots down,

Plague ambition's dream, and sit
Heavy on the hypocrite,
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
In the gilded coach of pride;

Let the fiend pass! — what can he
Find to do with such as thee?

Seldom comes that evil guest
Where the conscience lies at rest,
And brown health and quiet wit
Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,
In that smoked and dingy room,
Where the district gave thee rule
O'er its ragged winter school,

Thou didst teach the mysteries
Of those weary A B C's, —
Where, to fill the every pause
Of thy wise and learned saws,

Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice, at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife,

Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,
More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments

(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
With complacence on a book!

Where the genial pedagogue
Half forgot his rogues to flog,
Citing tale or apologue,
Wise and merry in its drift
As old Phaedrus' two-fold gift,

Had the little rebels known it,

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Risum et prudentiam monet!

I,— the man of middle years,
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,
Looking, back to that far day,

And thy primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,

Wise with antiquarian search,
In the scrolls of state and church;
Named on history's title-page,
Parish-clerk and justice sage;

For the fertile's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
Gathering up the scattered leaves
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
Careless from her as she passed, —

Two-fold citizen art thou,
Freeman of the past and now.

He who bore thy name of old
Midway in the heavens did hold
Over Gibeon moon and sun;
Thou hast bidden them backward run;

Of to-day the present ray
Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride
What I deem of right thy pride;
Let the fools their tread-mills grind,
Look not forward nor behind,

Shuffle in and wriggle out,
Veer with every breeze about,
Turning like a wind-mill sail,
Or a dog that seeks his tail;

Let them laugh to see thee fast
Tabernacled in the Past,
Working out, with eye and lip,
Riddles of old penmanship,

Patient as Belzoni there
Sorting out, with loving care,
Mummies of dead questions stripped
From their seven-fold manuscript,

Dabbling, in their noisy way,
In the puddles of to-day,
Little know they of that vast
Solemn ocean of the past,

On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
Thou art walking with the dead,
Questioning the stranded years,
Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,

As thou callest up again
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,

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Cavalier and Puritan;

In an age whose eager view
Seeks but present things, and new,
Mad for party, sect and gold,
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
Coolly bagging fact on fact,
Naught amiss to thee can float,
Tale, or song, or anecdote;

Village gossip, centuries old,
Scandals by our grandames told,
What the pilgrim's table spread,
Where he lived, and whom he wed,

Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
For his ordination cheer,
Or the flip that well-nigh made
Glad his funeral cavalcade;

Weary prose, and poet's lines,
Flavored by their age, like wines,
Eulogistic of some quaint,
Doubtful, puritanic saint;

Lays that quickened husking jigs,
Jests that shook grave periwigs,
When the parson had his jokes
And his glass, like other folks;

Sermons that, for mortal hours,
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
As the long nineteenth lies poured
Downward from the sounding-board,

And, for fire of Pentecost,
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
What our fathers are shall be,
Shadow-shapes of memory!

Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good,
And the mind of strength shall prove
Weaker than the heart of love;

Pride of gray-beard wisdom less
Than the infant's guilelessness,
And his song of sorrow more
Than the crown the Psalmist wore!

Who shall then, with pious zeal,
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
From a stained and stony page
Reading to a careless age,
With a patient eye like thine,
Prosing tale and limping line,
Names and words the hoary rime
Of the Past has made sublime?

Who shall work for us as well
The antiquarian's miracle?
Who to seeming life recall
Teacher grave and pupil small?

Who shall give to thee and me

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Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and happy days be thine,
Ere thy full and honored age
Dates of time its latest page!

Squire for master, State for school,
Wisely lenient, live and rule;
Over grown-up knave and rogue
Play the watchful pedagogue;

Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
At the call of youth and beauty,
Speak for them the spell of law
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,

And the flaming sword remove
From the Paradise of Love.

Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
Ancient tome and record o'er;
Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,

Showing something, in thy part,
Of the old Puritanic art,
Singer after Sternhold's heart!

In thy pew, for many a year,
Homilies from Oldbug hear,⁶⁶
Who to wit like that of South,
And the Syrian's golden mouth,

Doth the homely pathos add
Which the pilgrim preachers had;
Breaking, like a child at play,
Gilded idols of the day,

Cant of knave and pomp of fool
Tossing with his ridicule,
Yet, in earnest or in jest,
Ever keeping truth abreast.

And, when thou art called, at last,
To thy townsmen of the past,
Not as stranger shalt thou come;
Thou shalt find thyself at home!
With the little and the big,
Woollen cap and periwig,
Madam in her high-laced ruff,
Goody in her home-made stuff,
Wise and simple, rich and poor,
Thou hast known them all before!

66. "Homilies from Oldbug hear." A certain "Dr. W" attributed his "The Puritan" to "Jonathan Oldbug."

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 November 1850: Representative [Horace Mann, Sr.](#) was re-elected to the federal Congress from Massachusetts's 8th District.


During this month [William and Ellen Craft](#), refugees from Georgia, would be rescued from slave catchers emboldened by the new federal Fugitive Slave Act, by a Boston Vigilance Committee, which would see them safely aboard a steamer headed for exile in England.

When [Peter Still](#) returned from Alabama to Philadelphia without having been able to purchase the freedom of his wife and children, he was approached by a Quaker, [Seth Concklin](#), who had learned of the reunion in freedom of Peter with his mother and his siblings in New Jersey. The white man was volunteering to rescue Peter's family out of Alabama.

Also packed off to England during this month was [Henry "Box" Brown](#) of course taking with him his "Mirror of Slavery" panorama, a lecture aid or "PowerPoint Presentation" consisting of a moving scroll of scenes exhibiting slave life and his unusual escape. The anti-slavery association of course sent along with him the usual white-guy escort.

A pro-slavery mob outside Faneuil Hall in Boston spoiled a reception for the English reformer [George Thompson](#) who had had such a leading role in the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies.



 *Geo Thompson*



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November 1850: Charles Dickens's semi-autobiographical THE PERSONAL HISTORY, ADVENTURES, EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION OF DAVID COPPERFIELD THE YOUNGER OF BLUNDERSTONE ROOKERY (WHICH HE NEVER MEANT TO PUBLISH ON ANY ACCOUNT), which had begun in monthly parts during May,

HDT

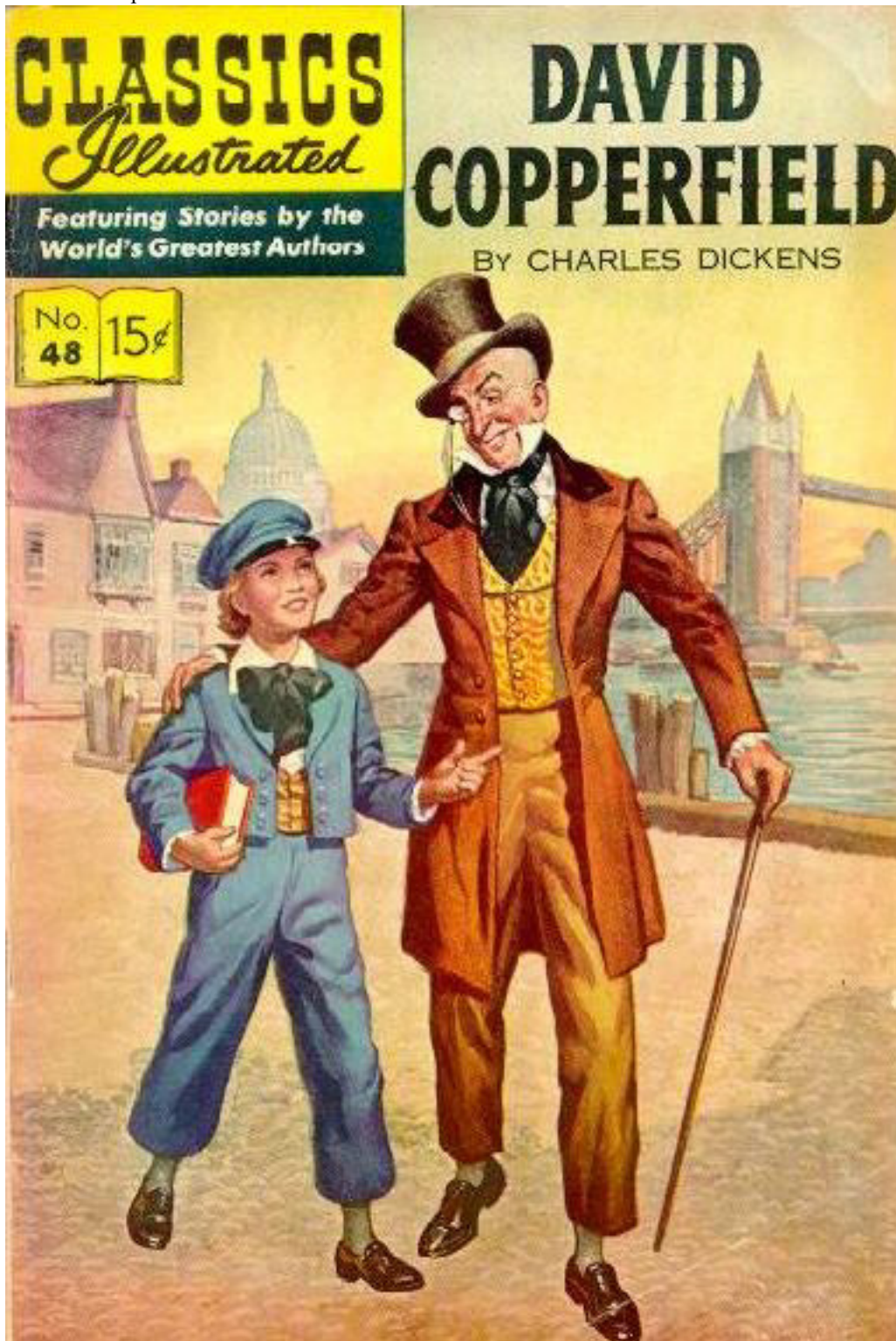
WHAT?

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came to its completion with this month's issue:



In [San Francisco, California](#):

We have already noticed the progress that had been made in the



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erection of wharves, and we may now direct attention to the important steps that had been taken in grading, planking and otherwise improving the streets of the city. During the summer of this year, the care of the mayor and common council had been particularly turned towards the improvements of the communications through the town, and many ordinances had been passed with that view. Considerable hills had consequently been cut down and immense hollows filled up. Great quantities of rock and sand were removed, from places where they were only nuisances, to other quarters where they became of use in removing the natural irregularities of the ground, and making all smooth and level. Piles were driven deep in the earth where needed, the principal streets were substantially planked, and commodious sewers formed. The cost of these improvements was very great, being estimated that nearly half a million of dollars would be required this year to complete those now in operation. The city paid about one-third of that amount, and raised the remainder by assessment upon the parties whose properties faced the streets which were altered. To show the extent of these improvements, we give the following lists of the streets in which they were now being executed. Those running north and south were as follows: -

Battery street between Market and California — graded and planked.
Sansome “ “ Bush and Broadway, “
Montgomery ” California “ “ and sewer.
Kearny “ “ “ “
Dupont “ Sacramento “ “
Stockton “ Clay and Water, “
Ohio “ Broadway and Pacific, “
Taylor “ Lombard and Water, “

Those running east and west were as follows:

Bush street, between Battery and Montgomery — graded and planked.
California “ bulkhead “ “ and sewer.
Sacramento “ Sansome and Dupont, “ “
Clay “ bulkhead and Stockton, “ “
Washington “ “ Dupont, “ “
Jackson “ “ “ “ “
Pacific “ Kearny “ “ “
Broadway “ Water and Ohio, “
Francisco “ “ Stockton, “

Thus the municipal authorities were taking precautions to remove, before the rainy season commenced, as many as possible of the obstacles, which, during the preceding winter, had rendered the streets nearly impassable.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...




November 1850: From this month until June of the following year, [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#) would be providing a series of ten articles to [Horace Greeley](#)'s [Tribune](#) under the title “Woman and Her Needs.”

FEMINISM



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 November 1, Friday, 1850: In China, the emperor had dispatched Lin Tse-hsu, of Opium War fame, to exterminate the Christians — but on this day Lin, being old, died on his trip south, before any effective struggle could be begun.

Discriminating duties of tonnage and impost upon the vessels and cargoes of the República de Chile were to be suspended from this date forward, on condition that Chile continued to impose no higher duties upon United States vessels and their cargoes than she imposed upon Chilian ships and their cargoes.

The remains of late President Zachary Taylor were deposited in the family cemetery near Louisville, Kentucky.

Per the Sacramento, California Transcript:

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner found the body of a man named Barrett, in a small white tent, near the American Fork, over the Slough, yesterday forenoon. But little information could be obtained, except his name. Verdict — died from general debility, cholera closing the scene of death.

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November 1, Friday, 1850: Henry Thoreau “found the bounds” of a woodlot that Nathan Brooks had sold to Cyrus Stow (he would divide this woodlot into 28 lots on November 14th).



Troops of the German Confederation entered the Electorate of Hesse to put down a revolt of the landed classes against Elector Friedrich Wilhelm II. Prussia opposed the move, in opposition to Austria.

Giacomo Meyerbeer was appointed a Knight of the Austrian Order of Franz Joseph.

In Boston on this day there was a rescue, by a Boston Vigilance Committee which would see them safely aboard a steamer headed for exile in England, of two refugees out of Georgia named William and Ellen Craft, from slave catchers emboldened by the new federal Fugitive Slave Act. During their last days in this country, Lewis Hayden of Boston would plant explosives on his front porch so that if necessary the slavecatching federal marshals could be blown away.


RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW





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 November 2, Saturday, 1850: [Caroline H. Dall](#) wrote an open letter to [Paulina Wright Davis](#), the president of the [Worcester Convention](#), about [prostitution](#). Even before this convention had begun, John Milton Earle had editorialized in the [Massachusetts Spy](#) that the existence of widespread prostitution in American cities was the strongest possible argument for woman's rights. At the convention, the address by Abby Price would follow along a line similar to the one argued in Dall's letter. Friend [Lucretia Mott](#) would deliver a tribute to Sarah Tyndale's work among the prostitutes of Philadelphia, and the Reverend [William Henry Channing](#), the Convention's vice president, also would speak in this regard.

FEMINISM

The Virginia convention adjourned until the 1st Monday in January.

An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):


CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 2

Per the [Sacramento, California](#) [Transcript](#):


INQUEST. — The Coroner, yesterday, held an inquest on the body of an Indian or Mexican, found dead on Seventeenth street, between M and N, under a large tree, surrounded by bushes. No evidence could be given as to the cause of his death. Verdict of Jury — death from some unknown cause.

[repeat of Sagamore explosion report, with a few extra details.]

 November 3, Sunday, 1850: When the Austrian and Prussian armies came into the presence of each other near Neuhoff, the Prussian army retired by the military roads without any difficult confrontation.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

It has had the appearance of rane all this week very Much and to day we experienced a Sprinkle from the South East with a cool wind. George returned from Stockton on Wednesday with goods & returned again on Friday, to run a Schooner up and down the San Juaquin which we have bought lately. No preaching to day on account of Mr Atwoods going to Stockton, we have our tent erected and goods aranged etc.

 November 4, Monday, 1850: [Daniel Webster](#) delivered a speech in justification of the Compromise of 1850 before his lodgings at the Revere House in beautiful downtown Boston.

A convention to amend the constitution of Maryland began in Annapolis.

Per the [Sacramento, California](#) [Transcript](#):

INQUEST. — The dead body of a Mexican was found near a pile of

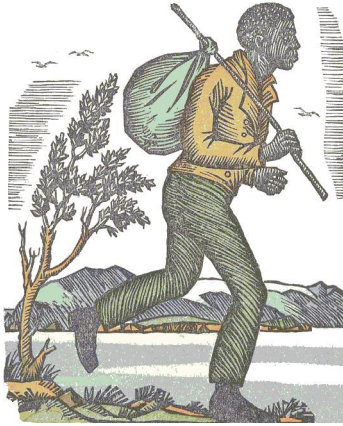
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trunks at the foot of I street, yesterday morning. A jury summoned by the Coroner, was unable to learn any particulars concerning the deceased, and they accordingly returned a verdict of death from causes unknown.



November 5, Tuesday, 1850: The Chicago abolitionist newspaper Western Citizen suggested that an appropriate response to the new Fugitive Slave Law would be for some of these black fugitives, who had escaped from Southern slavery among the wicked white people to Northern freedom among the decent white people, to return voluntarily to the South and there “seek martyrdom.” Yes, that’s not what they subliminally suggested, that’s the way they actually put the matter. Such black volunteers would serve, the newspaper pointed out editorially, as “propagandists of liberty.” The black martyrs would transform such self-immolation into “a standing appeal to the humanity of the North.”



To understand this sort of righteous newspaper rant, you have to understand something and understand it well: White abolitionism simply wasn’t about making the lives of Americans of color any easier. It didn’t have anything to do with that, at all. If you think it had anything to do with that, you’d better think again. It was about getting rid of The Negro Problem. It was about, it was all about, it was only about, the easing of the righteousnesses of white abolitionists.

“Let me hold you coat while somebody crucifies you.”



November 6, Wednesday, 1850: Yerba Buena and Angel Islands in San Francisco Bay were reserved for military use.

Per the Daily Alta California of San Francisco:

A party of gentlemen started early this morning on a hunting expedition, but in the course of a few hours returned with the lifeless body of one of their number. It appeared from the evidence at the inquest held over the body that deceased, in attempting to mount his horse, with a double barreled gun in his hand, received the entire contents of one of the barrels in the left side, causing instant death. The trigger became entangled in some of the cords attached to the saddle, and thus rent death into a heart buoyant with hope and joy. The name of the unfortunate man is G.K. Davis, from Haverhill, Mass. He has numerous friends in San Francisco.



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Friedrich Wilhelm, Count of Brandenburg, son of King Friedrich Wilhelm II and prime minister of Prussia, died suddenly.

When an Austrian ultimatum was recieved at Berlin that Prussia needed to evacuate Hesse within 8 days, dissolve the Erfurt League, and recognize the Diet, the Prussian monarch mobilized the entirety of the military force of his monarchy.

A convention to amend the constitution of New Hampshire began in Concord, New Hampshire, and elected [General Franklin Pierce](#) as its president.

The 1st fire engine arrived in the [Sandwich Isles](#).

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The [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) crafted a letter of reference (see the two following screens) for [William and Ellen Craft](#) to use in England:



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21, Cornhill, Boston,
November 6th, 1850.

My dear Mr Estlin,

I trust that in God's good providence this letter will be handed to you in safety by our good friends, William and Ellen Craft. They have lived amongst us about two years, and have proved themselves worthy, in all respects, of our confidence and regard. The laws of this republican and Christian land (tell it not in Moscow, nor in Constantinople) regard them only as slaves - chattels - personal property. But they nobly vindicated their title and right to freedom, two years since, by winning their way to it; at least, so they thought. But now, the slave power, with the aid of [Daniel Webster](#) and a band of lesser traitors, has enacted a law, which puts their dearly-bought liberties in the most imminent peril; holds out a strong temptation to every mercenary and unprincipled ruffian to become their kidnapper; and has stimulated the slaveholders generally to such desperate acts for the recovery of their fugitive property, as have never before been enacted in the history of this government.

Within a fortnight, two fellows from Macon, Georgia, have been in Boston for the purpose of arresting our friends William and Ellen. A writ was served against them from the United States District Court; but it was not served by the United States Marshal; why not, is not certainly known: perhaps through fear, for a general feeling of indignation, and a cool determination not to allow this young couple to be taken from Boston into slavery, was aroused, and pervaded the city. It is understood that one of the judges told the Marshal that he would not be authorised in breaking the door of Craft's house. Craft kept himself close within the house, armed himself, and awaited with remarkable composure the event. Ellen, in the meantime, had been taken to a retired place out of the city. The Vigilance Committee (appointed at a late meeting in Fanueil Hall) enlarged their numbers, held an almost permanent session, and appointed various subcommittees to act in different ways. One of these committees called repeatedly on Messrs. Hughes and Knight, the slave-catchers, and requested and advised them to leave the city. At first they peremptorily refused to do so, "till they got hold of the niggers." On complaint of different persons, these two fellows were several times arrested, carried before one of our county courts, and held to bail on charges of "conspiracy to kidnap," and of "defamation," in calling William and Ellen "SLAVES." At length, they became so alarmed, that they left the city by an indirect route, evading the vigilance of many persons who were on the look-out for them. Hughes, at one time, was near losing his life at the hands of an infuriated coloured man. While these men remained in the city, a prominent whig gentleman sent word to William Craft, that if he would submit peaceably to an arrest, he and his wife should be bought from their owners, cost what it might. Craft replied, in effect, that he was in a measure the representative of all the other fugitives in Boston, some 200 or 300 in number; that, if he gave up, they would all be at the mercy of the slave-catchers, and must fly from the city at any sacrifice; and that, if his freedom could be bought for two cents, he would not consent to compromise the matter in such a way. This event has stirred up the slave spirit of the country, south and north; the United States government is determined to try its hand in enforcing the [Fugitive Slave Law](#); and William and Ellen Craft would be prominent objects of the slaveholders' vengeance. Under these circumstances, it is the almost unanimous opinion of their best friends, that they should quit America as speedily as possible, and seek an asylum in England!



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Oh! shame, shame upon us, that Americans, whose fathers fought against Great Britain, in order to be FREE, should have to acknowledge this disgraceful fact! God gave us a fair and goodly heritage in this land, but man has cursed it with his devices and crimes against human souls and human rights. Is America the "land of the free, and the home of the brave?" God knows it is not; and we know it too. A brave young man and a virtuous young woman must fly the American shores, and seek, under the shadow of the British throne, the enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

But I must pursue my plain, sad story. All day long, I have been busy planning a safe way for William and Ellen to leave Boston. We dare not allow them to go on board a vessel, even in the port of Boston; for the writ is yet in the Marshal's hands, and he MAY be waiting an opportunity to serve it; so I am expecting to accompany them to-morrow to Portland, Maine, which is beyond the reach of the Marshal's authority; and there I hope to see them on board a British steamer.

This letter is written to introduce them to you. I know your infirm health; but I am sure, if you were stretched on your bed in your last illness, and could lift your hand at all, you would extend it to welcome these poor hunted fellow-creatures. Henceforth, England is their nation and their home. It is with real regret for our personal loss in their departure, as well as burning shame for the land that is not worthy of them, that we send them away, or rather allow them to go. But, with all the resolute courage they have shown in a most trying hour, they themselves see it is the part of a foolhardy rashness to attempt to stay here longer.

I must close; and with many renewed thanks for all your kind words and deeds towards us,

I am, very respectfully yours,

SAMUEL MAY, JUN.



November 7, Thursday, 1850: [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes](#), Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at [Harvard Medical College](#), delivered an eulogy of [Doctor George Parkman](#) to the assembled students and faculty.⁶⁷

Per the [Sacramento, California Transcript](#):

INQUEST. — The dead body of a man was found, yesterday morning, about three-fourths of a mile from the City Cemetery, lying on some blankets, and covered with an over-coat — a white Californian hat over the face. From appearances, it must have lain in the same position for six or eight days. By the side of the body a carbine, powder-horn and shot-pouch were found; and in a pocket was a memorandum book in which were written the following names: "Daniel Rice, Wm. H. Spears, C.C. Spears, J. Wills, (sick,)" besides a few remarks about "Fishing sales," in which the names of A. Wagner, F. Frost, and C.C. Baker were mentioned. A jury summoned by the Coroner rendered a verdict of "Death from causes unknown."

67. "The Benefactors of the Medical School of Harvard University: with a biographical sketch of the late Dr. George Parkman." An introductory lecture delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, November 7, 1850. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.



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November 8, Friday, 1850: Eugene Ring decided to spend the winter in Panama, and to return in the spring to the mines in California. He embarked in San Francisco on the barque *Powhatten*.

Per the Sacramento Transcript:

CORONER'S INQUEST. — Lawrence Wolf, late of galena, Illinois was found dead yesterday morning, in a wagon which stood at the corner of 1 and 14th streets. It appeared that he had been suffering from diarrhoea for three or four days past, during which time he had lain in the wagon, without attendance or medical aid. The Coroner held an inquest over the body, and the jury rendered a verdict of "death from Diarrhoea."

Caroline H. Dall's open letter to Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, president of the Worcester Convention, appeared in The Liberator:

Every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics;
nothing is safe but mediocrity.

— Sydney Smith

I do not know, my dear Mrs. Davis, whether you will thank me for addressing to you the words of encouragement which I find it necessary to give to the movement lately commenced at Worcester. But it is because I feel grateful to you, whom I do not personally know, that I find it necessary to do so. I thank you for the able, prudent and graceful address with which you opened the Convention. It is of immense importance that an effort of this kind should be made in a spirit of gentleness, which shall give the immediate lie to the slanders most probable concerning it. The popular idea of such a movement is, that woman expects to be reinstated in her rights by trampling upon man's — that nothing can be claimed for her but what is stolen from him. The truth is, that woman desires merely to be left free to act according to the demands of her nature, as man is; and she desires this, not for her sake, merely, but for his. She desires it for no individual and selfish gratification, but because well convinced that the great work of civilization cannot, otherwise, go on; that the world will suffer, and its spirit grow blustering and 'mannish' for lack of the feminine elements. What she wants is not woman's rights, but human rights; not power for herself, but for her race. The popular idea is, that the women immediately engaged in this reform expect to reap personal advantages from it. The truth is, that a more thankless task was never undertaken than theirs.

Women are shocked at those of their own sex, who speak freely of the social evils which grow out of the present condition of affairs, and husbands, brothers and lovers talk to those who love them best, as if no better motive than the love of notoriety could ever lead to such a result. No — it is our stern duty to insist upon the privilege of an education for women yet to be born, which we can never share; to claim that control over our own earning which we are, few of us, in a condition to profit by; to bear witness to an influence which the world needs, without ever hoping for a wide opportunity to exert it. And I am well aware that, in spite of the womanly tone that I desire we should preserve in doing this, there will be moments when, for the sake of our down-trodden and suffering sisters, we must

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needs speak stern and bitter truth. I am especially anxious that those who feel as if bound to speak in this matter should show themselves womanly and delicate, and capable of fulfilling, as they should be fulfilled, the duties of mother, wife and sister. Let no slattern seek the public gaze, claiming for a wider sphere of duty, when it may be easily seen that she is not faithful to the narrow field lying just about her. Let no scolding wife, nor impatient mother, bring her neglected home and moaning little ones before our view, by crying out for a license that she has already taken.

It does not seem to be generally understood that a woman's duty is determined by what are popularly called her rights. Men are little aware how much woman would help them bear the burden of life, if they had not themselves prescribed for her so low an ideal. It is the low ideal of woman's nature which prevails in society, that lies at the bottom of the most serious evils in it. I do not mean at this moment, snatched from hours of suffering which unfit me for any thorough discussion of the subject, to speak at length of woman's possibilities; to assert that her intellect may climb like Lucifer, yet never fall; that her voice may quell a political storm, yet never grow harsh or noisy; for I hold such questions to be of small importance. When we have given to women all the advantages of education, and the same freedom of action which are given to men, it will be time enough to discuss what they may naturally become. We cannot contravene the laws of God. Let us leave woman free; and if, in her first efforts to go alone, she trip like the nursling just out of her arms, there is no fear that she will perseveringly attempt a work for which she is too weak, or desire a field of action unsuited to her natural powers. Those who are contented with the present condition of the sex, need not dread any thing that may come after. Many women who have no desire for political influence, might be driven to exert it, if they found they could defeat a Fugitive Slave Bill, but no harm can come of investing them with open and sacred responsibility in regard to matters over which they now have a secret and dangerous power.

First of all, I am desirous that the women of this country should claim fitting provision for their own education. It is a stale truth now, that the safety of a republic depends upon the intelligence of its citizens; for the time is coming when the means of education, being wholly inefficient, the welfare of this republic, and the character of its citizens, will depend chiefly upon its mothers. Few persons know how difficult it is for a woman to procure an education. What is barely possible to wealth, is wholly impossible to poverty. Even men who teach mathematics and the languages to both sexes, teach them superficially to women, and take no pains to lay a solid foundation for such superstructures as they may afterward wish to rear. I speak from experience, for no money was spent on my own education, and I am, to this hour, daily mortified by its insufficiency, and the bad modes of investigation into which I was allowed to fall. If the poorer class of females in a community could receive a good education, they would be able to earn a living more successfully than they are now, and many of them would be spared lives of ignominy and sin. Now that the laws of Massachusetts have been somewhat altered with regard to

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property, I think that the subject next in importance is that of the rates of remuneration paid to women. It seems to me that the men and women in this country should imperatively demand, that when women do the same work as men, and are even acknowledged to do it better, they should be paid at the same rate. Why I feel particularly interested in this matter, will partly appear from the following remarks.

In every large city, there is a class of women, whose existence is a terror and reproach to the land in which they are born; whose name no modest woman is supposed to know; whose very breath is thought to poison the air of the sanctuary. I pass over the fact, so generally ignored, that there is a class of men corresponding to these women, and far viler in the sight of God, I doubt not. I avoid dwelling on the social death which is the lot of these miserable creatures, and which is often the reward of their first efforts for a better life. I know that many whom I love will blame me bitterly for speaking on this subject at all, but that blame I must bear as God permits, for I feel bound to draw your attention to a few facts. Whatever elevates woman will diminish this class; but proper remuneration for her labor would draw many from it at once, almost all, in fact, who had not reached the lowest deep. Most women, -if they dare to think about them at all,- suppose that these miserable creatures are always the victims of their own bad natures, or want of principle; that they find their life a life of pleasure, and that they would not forsake it if they could, unless under the influence of religious conviction. If such thinkers would study their own unpolluted natures more closely, they would understand the position of the despised class far better than they do; and the more intelligent and religious they themselves become, the more distinctly will they perceive, that to undertake the regeneration of such, is imperatively the duty of the women rather than the men of the community.

The facts of the matter, for which I refer you to Duchatelet in Paris, and James Talbot and Dr. Ryan in London, are these: - Nine-tenths of the women of this class in any community will be found to consist of two sub-divisions. First, those who are born to this life as naturally and inevitably as the robin is born to cleave the air. Of such are foundlings, orphans, and the children of the extremely poor, whose habits of lodging are fatal to modesty, in most instances. Second, those who began life honestly, but were compelled to sell themselves for bread. Of such are young exposed persons afraid to die, widows with large families dependent upon them, and single women burdened with the care of the infirm or aged. Many of this class have been known to leave this wretched life for months together, when it became possible for them to earn what is called an honest livelihood. Again, instead of leading a life of pleasure, such women suffer intensely, and twelve out of every fifteen examined testify, that they could not sustain its physical horrors without their daily dram. It is stated on good authority, that the strongest constitutions sink under this life in less than three years, and the cases are numerous in which, after a much shorter period, the victim commits [suicide](#).

I have stated these facts to show that no woman will remain in this life who can quit it, that there is hope for those who will

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hold out hope to them, and to show that inadequate remuneration for honest labor is one great reason why their number is so large. In making this statement, I depend not merely on the statistics published at Paris and London, but on my own observation in New England. Many persons imagine that the horrors detailed of foreign cities find no parallel here. This is not true. The public sense of decorum in Boston drives vice into close corners, but terrible indeed would be the revelation that a Duchatelet of our own must make. Passing the other evening through a street at the North end of the city, I saw three children, under ten years of age, cuddled close together for warmth, and sound asleep on the brick pavement, at the base of building erected to store flour. Returning, at a late hour, I found, not far from them, three of the most wretched of the women alluded to. They were scantily clothed and starving. Their breaths bore witness that, even in this extremity, they had preferred their daily dram to their daily bread; yet such was their eagerness for food and rest, that they almost clutched the garments of passers by.

These children slept and these women walked within the compass of the Swedish singer's voice [[Jenny Lind](#)], and many times that night, as the latter trod their dreary round, her clear notes swelled full upon their ears, the waves of her spiritual song floated round their dishonored heads, like dreams of their far-gone childhood, and the wonderful echo of the Herdsman's Song thrilled through the soul of more than one, I doubt not, like the cattle-call of her early companions, or the twittering of the swallows under the eaves of her home. These women had no roof to call their own, and the children who slept under God's unwinking eye on that cold stone, inherit their homelessness and their sin. Such women are redeemable, and better wages or a better education would save thousands from their fate. Need I say any more to induce women to strain every nerve to secure these two ends, at least?

It has been no small satisfaction to see that the presses which had least sympathy with the late movement, have reported respectfully the proceedings of the Convention. It has pained me not a little to find that a paper like the Christian Inquirer should take a different tone in this matter, and refuse to believe that any lofty motive could have brought the pioneers in this work together. The Inquirer says that woman has 'long possessed' an equality with man. I commend that sentence to the serious consideration of the editor whose superscription it bears. It seems to me that he never could have written it, if he had seen as much of human misery as I have, if he had known what are the rights and duties of the women of the lower classes. I can understand how a woman, delicately reared and carefully protected from the rough blasts of this world, may feel, in her selfish life, but little sympathy with me in this matter; but how a minister of the gospel, or any Christian man, conversant with the bitter realities of New York and Boston, can speak harshly of any honest effort for a change, I know not. Least of all do I understand how one, who has heard the voice of Lucretia Mott or Elizabeth Fry, can believe that every woman who speaks in public weakens the position and influences of her sex. Why can he not understand the injustice of one sex prescribing the

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sphere and duties of the other? What would be thought of the woman, I wonder, who should so prescribe for man? Nay, God made Elizabeth Barrett to write poetry; Jenny Lind He marvelously gifted to sing it; but Lucretia Mott He just as much gifted to urge on an erring race the doctrines of personal holiness, the duty of personal philanthropy.

Forgive me if I intrude upon your time, and continue to help all who are interested in this matter to be at once true to themselves and generous to others; acting calmly and quietly, yet nevertheless energetically, according to their highest convictions.

CAROLINE W.H. DALL
Boston, Nov. 2, 1850.



November 8 -50: The stillness of the woods & fields is remarkable at this season of the year. There is not even the chirp (creak) of a cricket to be heard. Of myriads of dry shrub-oak leaves, not one rustles. Your own breath can rustle them, yet the breath of heaven does not suffice to.— The trees have the aspect of waiting for winter The autumnal leaves have lost their color—they are now truly sere & dead—and the woods wear a somber color. Summer & harvest are over. The hickories—birches—chestnuts, no less than the maples have lost their leaves— The sprouts which had shot up so vigorously to repair the damage which the choppers had done have stopped short for the winter— Everything stands silent and expectant. If I listen I hear only the note of a chickadee—our most common and I may say native bird—most identified with our forests—or perchance the scream of a jay—or perchance from the solemn depths of these woods—I hear tolling far away the knell of one departed. Thought comes to fill the vacuum— As you walk however the partridge [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus** (Partridge)] still bursts away. The silent dry almost leafless—certainly fruitless woods. You wonder what cheer that bird can find in them. The partridge bursts away from the root of a shrub-oak like its own dry fruit, immortal bird! This sound still startles us. Dry golden rods now turned grey & white lint our clothes as We walk. And the drooping downy seed vessels of the epilobium remind us of the summer— Perchance you will meet with a few solitary asters in the dry fields with a little color left. The sumack is stripped of everything but its cone of red berries



This is a peculiar season—peculiar for its stillness—the crickets have ceased their song. The few birds are well nigh silent— The tinted & gay leaves are now sere and dead and the woods wear a sombre aspect. A carpet of snow under the pines & shrub-oaks will make it look more cheerful— Very few plants have now their spring But thoughts still spring in man's brain. There are no flowers nor berries to speak of. The grass begins to die at top— In the morning it is stiff with frost. Ice has been discovered in somebody's tub very early this morn of the thickness of a dollar. The flies are betwixt life & death. The wasps come into the houses & settle on the walls & windows All insects go into crevices. The fly is entangled in a web and struggles vainly to escape—but there is no spider to secure him— The corner of the pane is a deserted camp.

When I lived in the woods the wasps came by thousands to my lodge in November—as to winter

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quarters, and settled on my –windows & on the walls over my head sometimes deterring visitors from entering– Each morning when they were numbed with cold I swept some of them out. But I did not trouble myself to get rid of them they never molested me, though they bedded with me –and they gradually disappeared into what crevices I do not know.– avoiding winter

I saw a squash-bug go slowly behind a clapboard to avoid winter –as some of these melon-seeds come up in the garden again in the spring –so some of these squash bugs come forth– The flies are for a long time in a somnambulant state– They have too little energy or vis vitae to clean their wings or heads which are covered with dust. They buzz and bump their heads against the windows or lie on their backs and that is all –two or three short spurts– One of these mornings we shall hear that Mr Minot had to break the ice to water his cow. And so it will go on till the ground freezes. If the race had never lived through a winter what would they think was coming?

Walden Pond has at last fallen a little– It has been so high over the stones quite into the bushes that walkers have been excluded from it. There has been no accessible shore– All Ponds have been high–

The water stood higher than usual in the distant ponds which I visited & had never seen before. It has been a peculiar season. At Goose-Pond I notice that the birches of one years growth from the stumps standing in the water are all dead apparently killed by the water –unless like the pine they die down after springing from the stump.

It is warm somewhere anyday in the year– You will find some nook in the woods generally at midforenoon of the most blustering day where you may forget the cold. I used to resort to the North east shore of Walden where the sun reflected from the pine woods on the stoney shore made it as warm as a fireside. It is so much pleasanter and wholsomer to be warmed by the sun when you can than by a fire.

I saw today a double reflection on the pond of the cars passing –one beneath the other –occasioned –by a bright rippled streak on the surface of the water from which a second reflection sprang.

One who would study lichens must go into a new country where the rocks have not been burned.

Therien says that the Canadians say March-donc to their horses–

And that the acid fruit must be spelled painbéna– He says that the French acre or arpent is 10 perches by 10 of 18 ft each

HISTORY OF RR



November 9, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 9



Nov. 9th –50 It is a pleasant surprise to walk over a hill where an old wood has recently been cut off, and on looking round to see, instead of dense ranks of trees almost impermeable to light, distant well-known blue mts in the horizon & perchance a white village over an expanded open country. I now take this in preference to all my old familiar walks. So a new prospect and walks can be created where we least expected it. The old men have seen other prospects from these hills, than we do. There was the Old Kettell place –now Watt's which I surveyed for him last winter and lotted off –where 25 years ago I played horse in the paths of a thick wood and roasted apples & potatoes in an old pigeon-place –and gathered fruit at the pie-apple-tree.– A week or two after I surveyed it, it now being rotten and going to waste, I walked there and was surprised to find the place & prospect which I have described.

I found many fresh violets (*viola pedata*) to day –(nov. 9th) in the woods.

Saw a cat on the great fields –wilder than a rabbit –hunting artfully. I remember to have seen one once walking about the stoney shore at Walden Pond. It is not often that they wander so far from the houses. I once, however, met with a cat with young kittens in the woods –quite wild.


The leaves of the larch are now yellow and falling off. Just a month ago, I observed that the white

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pinus were particolored, green & yellow, the needles of the previous year now falling— Now I do not observe any yellow ones —and I expect to find that it is only for a few weeks in the fall after the new leaves have done growing that there are any yellow & falling— That there is a season when we may say the old pine leaves are now yellow —and, again, they are fallen. The trees were not so tidy then —they are not so full now. They look best when contrasted with a field of snow.

A rusty sparrow (**Sparrow**  *Fringillidae*) or two only remains to people the drear spaces— It goes to roost without neighbors.

It is pleasant to observe any growth in a wood. There is the Pitch pine field N east of Beck-Stows' swamp where some years ago I went a black berrying and observed that the pitch pines were beginning to come in —and have frequently since noticed how fairly they grew dotting the plain as evenly dispersed as if by art. To day I was aware that I walked in a pitch pine wood which erelong —perchance I may survey and lot off for wood auction and see the choppers at their work. There is also the old pigeon-place field by the deep cut. I remember it as an open grassy field. It is now one of our most pleasant woodland paths. In the former place near the edge of the old wood, the young pines line each side of the path like a palisade they grow so densely— It never rains but it pours —& so I think when I see a young grove of pitch pines crowding each other to death in this wide world. These are destined for the locomotive's maw. Their branches which it has taken so many years to mature are regarded even by the woodman as "trash."

Delicate dry feathery perchance (fescue grasses growing out of a tuft gracefully bending over the pathway. I do not know what they are but they belong to the season.

The chicadees —if I stand long enough —hop nearer & nearer inquisitively from pine bough to pine bough till with 4 or 5 feet, occasionally lisping a note.

The pitcher-plant though a little frost bitten and often cut off by the mower —now stands full of water in the meadows

I never found one that had not an insect in it.

I sometimes see well preserved walls running straight through the midst of high & old woods —built of course when the soil was cultivated many years ago —and am surprised to see slight stones still lying one upon another as the builder placed them while this huge oak has grown up from a chance acorn on the soil.

Though a man were known to have only one acquaintance in the world —yet when he spoke what might be construed personally —no one would know whom he meant. Though there were but two on a desolate island, they would conduct toward each other as if each had intercourse with a thousand others.

I saw in Canada 2 or 3 persons wearing homespun grey great coats with comical & conical hoods which fell back on their backs between the shoulders, like small bags ready to be turned up over the head when need was though then a hat usurped that place.— I saw that these must be what are called capots. They looked as if they would be convenient and proper enough as long as the coats were new & tidy —but as if they would soon come to look like —rags & unsightly.



November 10, Sunday, 1850: The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

The weather continues clear and pleasant. The Miners are getting quite impatient on account of the lateness of the rainy Season. To day we are reminded of by gone days by Our Fire place which we have completed, and find it the Sorce of Much comfort even in California.



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A letter to friends in America from [Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze](#) indicated that 5 days earlier, as he had been putting down his palette to leave his art studio for dinner, a fire had broken out in the stable beneath his studio. This studio, which was shared by a number of artists, was an apartment in the inn “Im Kuxhaven” located between Düsseldorf’s 2 railroad stations, near what has become Graf-Adolf-Platz. This fire had caused severe smoke damage to the initial version of Leutze’s “Washington Crosses the Delaware,” while cutting the canvas from its frame and rolling it up had created creases and 5 tears. The artist himself regarded it as beyond salvaging. The insurance company paid the amount of its liability immediately and thereby became the owner of the damaged picture, their intention being to dispose of what remained of it at 10,000 chances at a Thaler per chance in a public lottery, proceeds to go to charity. What remained of the canvas found temporary refuge in the Elberfelder railroad station. The copyright, however, remained with Leutze, so he obtained the right to view the picture for 6 months to assist him in its reproduction. He had already ordered a new canvas when he wrote this letter. It would turn out, however, that the canvas was not beyond repair. Cutting it from the frame had reduced it in size and rolling it up had caused creases but, by December 22, 1850, it would be sufficiently rehabilitated to go on exhibition in the great hall of the Kaufhans Guerzenich, a 15th-century building in Cologne. There it would remain until tickets to the value of 3,500 Thaler had been sold.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 10TH]



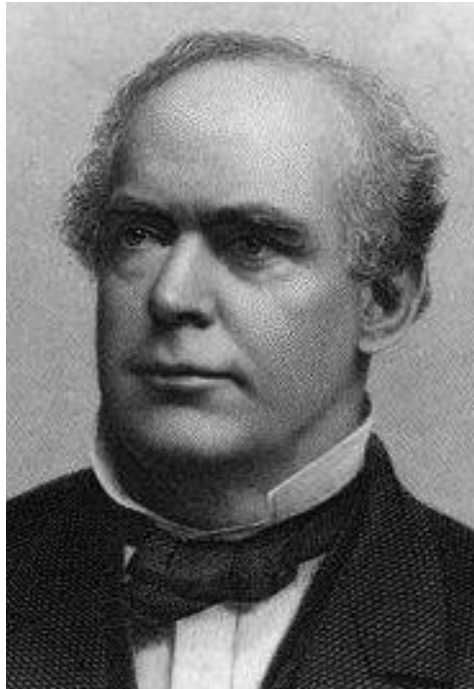
November 11, Monday, [1850](#): A fire destroyed 4 central blocks of Fredericton, New Brunswick — its Wesleyan church, between 200 and 300 of its houses, and many principal stores with their contents.

The [Southern Rights Convention](#) that had met in Nashville, Tennessee in June held a 2d smaller session in which they chose [Governor Charles James McDonald of Georgia](#) as chairman. This 2d session would be dominated by extremists that denounced the compromise and proclaimed the right of individual states to secede from the Union.

The Russian ambassador at Vienna announced that [Tsar Nicholas I](#) “would consider the continuance of the Prussian policy in the electorate as a *casus belli*.”

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[Salmon Portland Chase](#) wrote to [Charles Henry Langston](#) and [John Mercer Langston](#) (prominent citizens of mixed racial heritage) about his “Free Soiler” attitude toward American blacks. There was just no chance that free Negroes could expect equality in Ohio with free whites. If both races were equally free, they would naturally separate. A free black “would do well to emigrate to Jamaica, Hayti, [Liberia](#) and other countries, where the population is prepared to welcome them.” (And this guy was known derisively at the time as the “Attorney-General of Fugitive Slaves”! You can see from this, where I get one of my more outrageous accusations — that at a first-order approximation, what the righteous white American abolitionists in general, and the [Free Soil Party](#) in particular, and the Republican Party that sprang out of this Free-Soilism, were seeking to be rid of in those antebellum years was not race slavery as such, but people of color and even people who were partly of color.)



“In those parts of the Union in which the negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of the race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery ... and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known.”



— [Alexis de Tocqueville](#)

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For a [murder trial](#) in which opposing lawyers quoted Thoreau at the judge and jury, see the entry for July 15th, 1993 [→](#), a reprint of an article which appeared in the Sacramento, [California Bee](#):

...[Defense attorney] Clymo read to the jury excerpts from a January 4, 1860, journal entry [→](#) written by Thoreau titled, "Murder Mystery: Rabbit, Fox, Owl."... In the prosecution's closing argument last week, [Assistant District Attorney] O'Mara had invoked Thoreau's journal entry of November 11, 1850 [→](#): "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."...



"I think that the law is really a 'humbug,'
and a benefit principally to the lawyers."
— [Henry Thoreau.](#)



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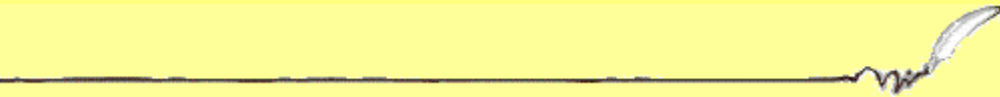
Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “That delicate waving-feathery dry grass which I saw yesterday is to be remembered with the autumn– The dry grasses are not dead for me. A beautiful form has as much life at one season as another,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art:



[Thoreau](#) also made a comment in his journal on this day, on which [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#) would wax eloquent:

Thoreau admitted his complicity – if not hypocrisy – in a journal entry [that] takes the form of a biblical allegory in which he is the “Prince of Darkness” measuring the “bounds” of the “worldly miser” to make “improvements” to Nature. In “Walking,” Thoreau’s much later rewrite of this passage, Satan the surveyor helps to “deform the landscape, and make it more and more tame and cheap.” It’s no wonder that Thoreau’s journal occasionally overflows with invective after spending too much time with his philistine worldly employers. Thoreau didn’t publish this allegory during his lifetime; instead, he worked with his sister Sophia to publish it posthumously in his most famous nature essay, which is mainly about the wild. This intentional delay makes it a deathbed act of contrition for his role as a land developer.

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 117



Nov. 11th Gathered today the Autumnal Dandelion? –and the common dandelion. Some farmer’s wives use the white ashes of corn-cobs instead of pearlash.



November 11: I am attracted by a fence made of white-pine roots. There is or rather was one (for it has been tipped into the gutter this year) on the road to Hubbard’s bridge which I can remember for more than twenty years. It is almost as indestructible as a wall and certainly requires fewer repairs. It is light white & dry withal, & its fantastic forms are agreeable to my eye. One would not have believed that any trees had such snarled & gnarled roots– In some instances you have a coarse net work of roots as they interlaced on the surface perhaps of a swamp –which set on its edge really looks like a fence with its paling crossing at various angles and root repeatedly growing into root, a rare phenomenon above ground –so as to leave open spaces square & diamond shaped & triangular –quite like a length of fence. It is remarkable how white & clean these (stumps) roots are, and that no lichens or very few grow on them. so free from decay are they The different branches

CYRUS HUBBARD

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of the roots continually grow into one another –so as to make grotesque figures –some times rude harps whose resonant strings of roots give a sort of musical sound when struck –such as the earth spirit might play on– Some times the roots are of a delicate wine color here & there. an evening tint. No line of fence could be too long for me to study each individual stump. Rocks would have been covered with lichens by this time.– Perhaps they are grown into one another that they may stand more firmly

Now is the time for wild apples I pluck them as a wild fruit native to this quarter of the earth –fruit of old trees that have been dying ever since I was a boy and are not yet dead. From the appearance of the tree you would expect nothing but lichens to drop from it –but underneath your faith is rewarded by finding the ground strewn with spirited fruit. Frequented only by the woodpecker – deserted now by the farmer –who has not faith enough to look under the boughs. Food for walkers Some times apples red inside perfused with a beautiful blush –faery food too beautiful to eat apple of the evening sky –of the Hesperides–

This afternoon I heard a single cricket singing chiruping in a bank –the only one I have heard for a long time, like a squirrel or a little bird –clear & shrill –as I fancied like an evening robin –singing in this evening of the year– A very fine & poetical strain for such a little singer. I had never before heard the cricket so like a little bird– This a remarkable note– The earth-song.

That delicate waving-feathery dry grass which I saw yesterday is to be remembered with the autumn– The dry grasses are not dead for me. A beautiful form has as much life at one season as another.

I notice that every where in the pastures minute young mulleins, with only 4 or 5 flat lying leaves & thread-like roots all together as big as a fourpence spot the ground –like winter rye & grass which roots itself in the fall against the spring– These little things have bespoken their places for the next season. They have a little pellet of cotton or down in their centers –ready for an early start in the spring.

The Autumnal dandelion? is still bright

I saw an old bone in the woods covered with lichens which looked like the bone of an old settler – which yet some little animal had recently gnawed & I plainly saw the marks of its teeth –so indefatigable is nature to strip the flesh from bones –and return it to dust again. No little rambling beast can go by some dry and ancient bone but he must turn aside and try his teeth upon it. An old bone is knocked about till it becomes dust– Nature has no mercy on it. It was quite too ancient to suggest disagreeable associations –it was like a piece of dry pine root.

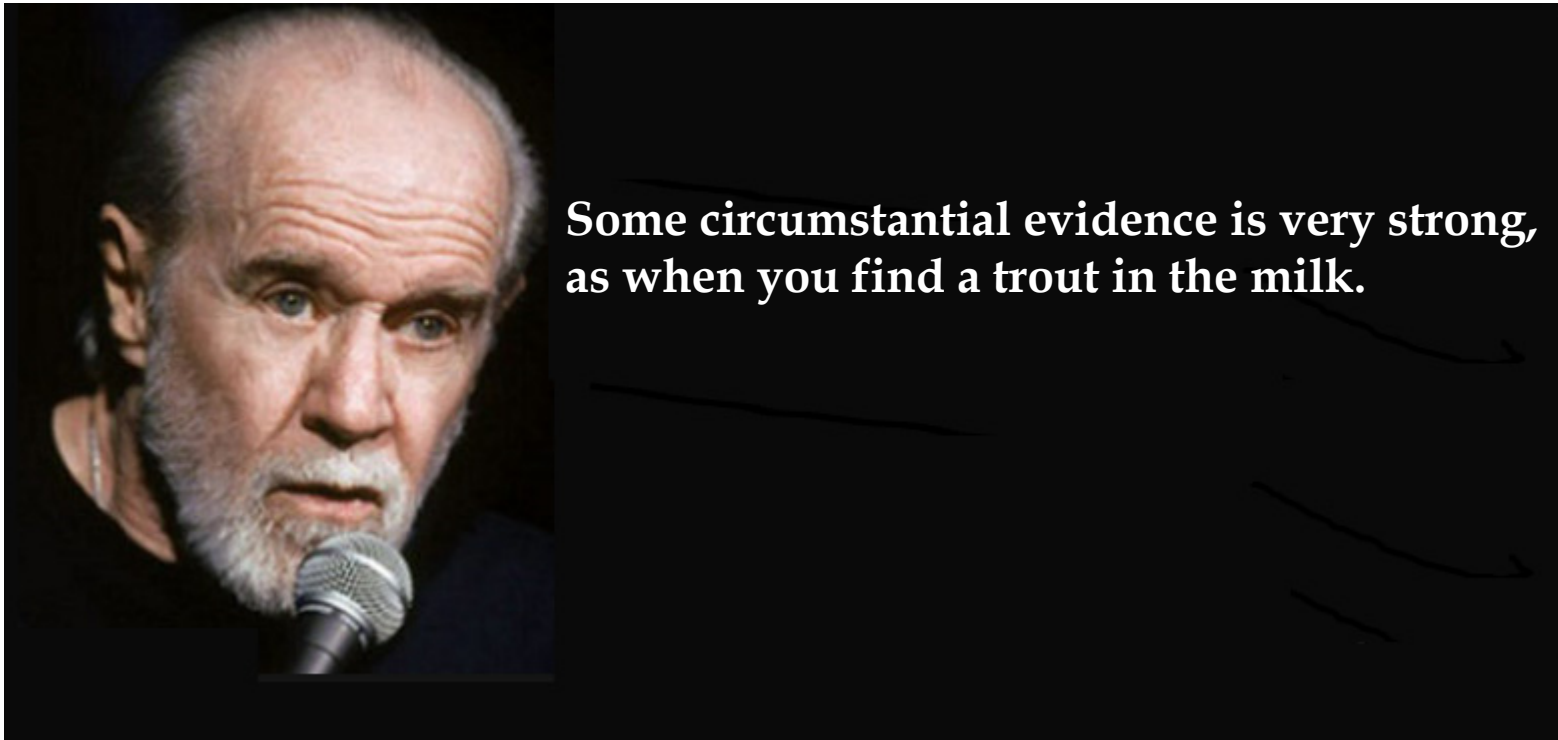
The fields are covered now with the empty cups of the *trichostema dichotoma* –all dry.

We had a remarkable sunset tonight. I was walking in the meadow the source of nut-meadow brook {*One leaf missing*} we walked in so pure & bright a light –so softly & serenely bright –I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood –without a ripple or a murmur to it The west side of every wood & rising ground gleamed like the boundary of elysium– An adventurous spirit turns the evening into morning.– A little black stream in the midst of the marsh –just beginning to meander –winding slowly round a decaying stump –an artery of the meadow


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Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.



A people who would begin by burning the fences and let the forest stand— I saw the fences half consumed —their ends lost in the middle of the prairie —and some worldly misers with a surveyor looking after their bounds. While heaven had taken place around them —and he did not see the angels around —but was looking for an old post-hole in the midst of paradise I looked again and saw him standing in the middle of a boggy stygian fen surrounded by devils —& he had found his bounds without a doubt —3 little stones where a stake had been driven.— and looking nearer I saw that the prince of darkness was his surveyor.

 November 12, Tuesday, 1850: At a Société Philharmonique performance at the Salle Ste.-Cécile, Hector Berlioz conducted L'Adieu des bergers. He claimed to have found the manuscript in a cupboard at the Ste.-Chapelle and that it had been composed by "Pierre Ducré, master of the music to Sainte-Chapelle, 1679." Actually it had been composed by Berlioz and would become part of his "La fuite en Egypte."




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 12TH AND 13TH]



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 November 13, Wednesday, 1850: Waldo Emerson delivered “Wealth” before the Bigelow Mechanics’ Institute in Clinton, Massachusetts.


Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson was born at 8 Howard Place in Edinburgh (“Lewis” after his maternal grandfather, Dr Lewis Balfour — our surmise is that his father would change the spelling of his son’s middle name to “Louis” on account of an unlikeable fellow in their vicinity named “Lewis” — at any rate he would be addressed within the family as “Lewis” or “Louis,” for obvious reasons, rather than “Robert”).

[SCOTLAND](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 12TH AND 13TH]

NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE NOVEMBER 13TH, 1850 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST). AS OF NOVEMBER 13, 1850, NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD OF “KIDNAPPED” OR “TREASURE ISLAND,” AND NOT ONLY THAT — NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD OF “ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.”

 November 14, Thursday, 1850: Henry Thoreau was written to by Franklin Forbes of the Bigelow Mechanics’ Institute in Clinton, Massachusetts, to ask him to deliver his “Cape Cod” lecture on any Wednesday evening in January.



To: HDT
From: Franklin Forbes
Date: 11/14/50

*Clinton Nov 14, 1850
Henry D. Thoreau Esq*

*Dear Sir
As one of the Com-
mittee on Lectures of the Bigelow Mechanic Institute of
this town, I wish to ascertain if you will deliver your lec-
ture on “Cap Cod” before the I[n]stitute on either Wed-
nesday Evening of the month of January—
[] An early answer will much oblige
Yrs respectfully*

Franklin Forbes.

P.S. If you prefer any other lect[ure] of yours to the above

China

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



1850-1851

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mentioned, please name a day on which you can deliver it.

On this day, also, [Thoreau](#) divided a woods belonging to [Cyrus Stow](#) near the Ministerial Swamp into 28 lots so it could be cut in 1850-1851.



View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

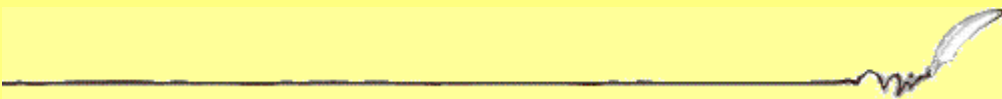
View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/120.htm

Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it made him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, pages 116-117



[Henry Thoreau](#) commented in his journal on the region's past engagement in the [bog-iron](#) extraction industry:

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CHARCOAL

November 14: Saw today while surveying in the 2nd Division woods a singular round mound in a valley made perhaps 60 or 70 years ago. Cyrus Stow thought it was a pigeon bed –but I soon discovered the coal & that it was an old coal-bed. I once mistook one in the Maine woods for an Indian Mound. The indestructible charcoal told the tale– I had noticed singular holes & trenches in the former wood, as if a fox had been dug out. The sun has probably been let in here many times & this has been a cultivated field– And now it is clothed in a savage dress again. The wild rank luxuriant place is where mosses & lichens abound.– We find no heroes cairns except those of heroic colliers who once sweated here begrimed & dingy –who lodged here tending their fires, who lay on a beetle here perchance to keep awake



November 15, Friday, 1850: The Kentucky legislature had invited renowned Whig and Know-Nothing politician [Henry Clay](#) to speak before a joint session. Denouncing the abolitionists of the North, he reassured his audience that [President Millard Fillmore](#), the New York Whig and executive of just 6 months following the sudden death of [President Zachary Taylor](#), would if necessary and appropriate turn to the military to execute the new Fugitive Slave Law. “I can conceive no possible contingency” for dissolving the Union. He denounced any who thought otherwise within his own party as mere agitators, asserting that he would “cease to be a Whig” rather than embrace abolition. He and the other men of his audience should consent to disunion “never — never — never.” He even complimented the Kentucky Democrats, a group containing many longtime foes, thanking them for their cooperation in passing the Compromise of 1850. In closing he predicted that the state of Kentucky would prove to be vital to holding this nation together.

Per the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

CORONER’S INQUEST. – Coroner Gallagher held an inquest yesterday on the body of a man, apparently a sailor, who was supposed to have been killed by the explosion of the *Sagamore*. The body was found near Law’s wharf, where the inquest was held.

[Henry Thoreau](#) responded to [Franklin Forbes](#) that December 11th would be convenient.



To: Franklin Forbes
From: HDT
Date: 15 November 1850

Concord Nov. 15th 1850
Dear Sir,
I shall be happy to lecture before your Institution this winter, but it will be most convenient for me to do so on the 11th of December. If, however, I am confined to the month of January I will choose the first day of it– Will you please inform me as soon as convenient whether I can come any earlier.
Yrs respectfully
Henry D. Thoreau.



Nov 15 I saw today a very perfect lichen on a rock in a meadow. It formed a perfect circle



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about 15 inches in diameter though the rock was uneven, and was handsomely shaded by a darker stripe of older leaves an inch or more wide just within its circumference like a rich lamp-mat. The recent growth on the outside half an inch in width was a sort of tea-green or bluish green color.

The ivy berries are now sere and yellowish or sand colored like the berries of the dog-wood.

The farmers are now carting out their manure –& removing the muck-heaps from the shore of ponds where it will be inaccessible in the winter. Or are doing their fall plowing –which destroys many insects and mellows the soil– I also see some pulling their turnips and even getting in corn which has been left out notwithstanding the crows. Those who have wood to sell –as the weather grows colder and people can better appreciate the value of fuel, lot off their woods and advertise a wood-auction

You can tell when a cat has seen a dog by the size of her tail.



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November 16, Saturday, 1850: Stiffelio, an opera by [Giuseppe Verdi](#) to words of Piave after Souvestre and Bourgeois, was performed for the initial time, at the Teatro Civico Grande, Trieste, the composer directing. The audience was warm. The critics remark that Verdi did the best he could in the face of emasculating censorship.

An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

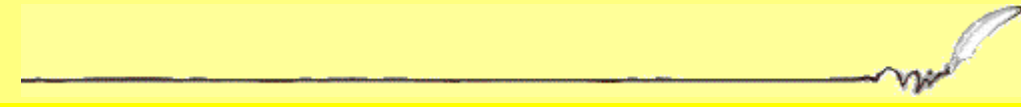
CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 16

*[I]n the lead-up to his role in the [flowage](#) controversy in 1859, Thoreau realized that his own particular genius was also a manifestation of wildness. For an analogy, he turned to the chicken-thieving hen-hawk. "That bird will not be poultry of yours," he told his townsmen in his mind. "Though willed, or **wild**, it is not willful in its wildness." True wildness is never intentional. It simply is. It is an inherent property of all nature, including human nature. "It has its own way and is beautiful" in and of itself. In the human context, wildness is the true source of "any surpassing work of art," the impulsiveness of genius itself. "No hawk that soars and steals our poultry is wilder than genius," he concludes. Indeed, it was Thoreau's wild genius that most endeared him to his contemporary Walt Whitman, who referred to "his lawlessness - his dissent - his going his own absolute road let hell blaze all it chooses." This was consistent with Thoreau's own views on literature: "In literature it is only the wild that attracts us. Dullness is only another name for tameness."*

"In Wildness is the preservation of the World." This is arguably Thoreau's most famous quote, at least for bumper stickers. In the context of his hen-hawk epiphany above, it could be rendered as "In genius is the preservation of the world." By "genius," he meant his own instinctive, intuitive, individualistic, impulsive being. By "world," he was referring to the one we create with our minds. This was transcendentalism in its purest sense. In the process, Thoreau could easily convert his flooded meadows into the wild waters of an inland sea.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 119



November 16th I found 3 good arrowheads to-day behind Dennises. The season for them began some time ago as soon as the farmers had sown their winter rye—but the spring after the melting of the snow is still better.

I am accustomed to regard the smallest brook with as much interest for the time being as if it were the Orinoco or Mississippi—what is the difference I would like to know but mere size— And when a tributary rill empties in it is like the confluence of famous rivers I have read of. When I cross one

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on a fence I love to pause in mid-passage and look down into the water –& study its bottom its little mystery– There is none so small but you may see a pickerel regarding you with a wary eye –or a pigmy trout glance from under the bank –or in the spring perchance a sucker will have found its way far up its stream. You are sometimes astonished to see a pickerel far up some now shrunken rill where it is a mere puddle by the road side. I have stooped to drink at a clear spring no bigger than a bushel basket in a meadow from which a rill was scarcely seen to dribble away and seen lurking at its bottom 2 little pickerel not so big as my finger, sole monarchs of this their ocean –and who probably would never visit a larger water

In literature it is only the wild that attracts us –dulness is only another name for tameness– It is the untamed uncivilized free & wild thinking in Hamlet –in the Iliad –and in all the scriptures and mythologies that delights us –not learned in the schools –not refined & polished by art– A truly good book is something as wildly natural and primitive –mysterious & marvellous ambrosial & fertile –as a fungus or a lichen– Suppose the muskrat or beaver were to turn his views to literature what fresh views of nature would he present The fault of our books & other deeds is that they are too humane, I want something speaking in some measure to the condition of muskrats & skunk cabbage as well as of men –not merely to a pining & complaining coterie of philanthropists.

I discover again about these times that cranberries are good to eat in small quantities as you are crossing the meadows.

I hear deep amid the birches some row among the birds or the squirrels where evidently some mystery is being developed to them– The jay [Blue Jay ■ *Cyanocitta cristata*] is on the alert –mimicking every woodland note –what *has* happened –? who's dead? The twitter retreats before you & you are never let into the secret –some tragedy surely is being enacted –but murder will out–

How many little drama's are enacted in the depths of the woods at which man is not present!

When I am considering which way I will walk my needle is slow to settle –my compass varies by a few degrees and does not always point due south west –and there is good authority for these variations in the heavens– It pursues the straighter course for it at last –like the ball which has come out of a rifle or the quoit that is twirled when cast. To day it is some particular wood or meadow or deserted pasture in that direction, that is my south-west

I love my friends very much but I find that it is of no use to go to see them– I hate them commonly when I am near them. They belie them selves & deny me continually.

Somebody shut the cat's tail in the door just now & she made such a catwaul as has driven two whole worlds out of my mind. thoughts I saw unspeakable things in the sky & looming in the horizon of my mind –and now they are all reduced to a cat's tail. Vast films of thought floated through my brain like clouds pregnant with rain enough to fertilize and restore a world –and now they are all dissipated.

There is a place whither I should walk today though oftenest I fail to find when by accident I ramble into it, great is my delight. I have stood by my door sometimes half an hour irresolute as to what course I should take–

Apparently all but the evergreens & oaks have lost their leaves now. It is singular that the shrub-oaks retain their leaves through the winter, why do they?

The walnut trees spot the sky with black nuts.– Only catkins are seen on the birches.

I saw the other day a dead limb which the wind or some other cause had broken nearly off, which had lost none of its leaves though all the rest of the tree which was flourish had shed them

There seems to be in the fall a sort of attempt at a spring –a rejuvenescence as if the winter were not expected by a part of Nature –violets –dandelions –and some other flowers blossom again –and mulleins & innumerable other plants begin again to spring & are only checked by the increasing cold. There is a slight uncertainty whether there will be any winter this year.

I was pleased today to hear a great noise & trampling in the woods produced by some cows who came running toward their homes which apparently had been scared by something unusual as their ancestors might have been by wolves. I have known sheep to be scared in the same and a whole flock to run bleating to me for protection.

What shall we do with a man who is afraid of the woods –their solitude & darkness– What salvation is there for him? God is silent & mysterious.

Some of our richest days are those in which no sun shines outwardly, but so much the more a sun

CHAUCER

CAT

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shines inwardly. I love nature, I love the landscape because it is so sincere. It never cheats me. It never jests— It is cheerfully—musically earnest. I rely on the earth.

Land where the wood has been cut off & is just beginning to come up again is called sprout land.

The sweet scented life everlasting has not lost its scent yet—but smells like the balm of the fields.

The partridge-berry leaves checker the ground on the side of moist hill-sides in the woods— Are *they* not properly called *checker* berries?

The era of wild apples will soon be over— I wander through old orchards of great extent now all gone to decay all of native fruit which for the most part went to the cider mill— But since the temperance reform—and the and the general introduction of grafted fruit—no wild apples such as I see every where in deserted pastures and where the woods have grown up among them—are set out. I fear that he who walks over these hills a century hence will not know the pleasure of knocking off wild apples—⁶⁸ Ah poor man! there are many pleasures which he will be debarred from. Notwithstanding the prevalence of the Baldwin & the porter, I doubt if as extensive orchards are set out to day in this town as there were a century ago when these vast straggling cider orchards were set out. Men stuck in a tree then by every wall side & let it take its chance— I see nobody planting trees today in such out of the way places along almost every road & lane & wall side, and at the bottom of dells in the wood. Now that they have grafted trees & pay a price for them they collect them into a plot by their houses & fence them in.

My Journal should be the record of my love. I would write in it only of the things I love. My affection for any aspect of the world. What I love to think of. I have no more distinctness or pointedness in my yearnings than an expanding bud—which does indeed point to flower & fruit to summer & autumn—but is aware of the warm sun & spring influence only. I feel ripe for something yet do nothing—cant discover what that thing is. I feel fertile merely. It is seed time with me— I have lain fallow long enough.

Notwithstanding a sense of unworthiness which possesses me not without reason—notwithstanding that I regard myself as a good deal of a scamp—yet for the most part the spirit of the universe is unaccountably kind to me—and I enjoy perhaps an unusual share of happiness. Yet I question

68. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:

The era of wild apples will soon be over.

I wander through old orchards of great extent,

Now all gone to decay,

All of native fruit

Which for the most part went to the cider-mill.

But since the temperance reform

And the general introduction of grafted fruit,

No wild apples,

Such as I see everywhere in deserted pastures,

And where the woods have grown up among them,

Are set out.

I fear that he who walks over these hills a century hence

Will not know the pleasure of knocking off wild apples.

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sometimes if there is not some settlement to come.

LOAMMI BALDWIN



WALDEN: From a hill-top you can see a fish leap in almost any part; for not a pickerel or shiner picks an insect from this smooth surface but it manifestly disturbs the equilibrium of the whole lake. It is wonderful with what elaborateness this simple fact is advertised, -this piscine murder will out,- and from my distant perch I distinguish the circling undulations when they are half a dozen rods in diameter.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



November 17, Sunday, 1850: String Quartet D.956 was performed publicly for the 1st time, at the Musikverein, Vienna, 2 days before the 22nd anniversary of its composer Franz Schubert's death.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

The weather continues dry, and pleasant, Causing a considerable of complaining among the Miners. Many have Spent the last two Months, throwing up the dirt from the Gulches, and they are now impatiently wateing for water to wash etc The lateness of the rainy Season has a tendency to depress trade as well as Mineing operations, Preaching to day by Brother Atwood. Tod & Co Express Arived Tuesday 12th No Letters.

Henry Thoreau made an entry in his journal that he would later copy into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

**Brad Dean's
Commentary**

[Paragraph 60] What is called politics is comparatively something so superficial and inhuman, that practically I have never fairly recognized that it concerns me at all. The newspapers, I perceive, devote some of their columns specially to politics or government without charge, and this, one would say, is all that saves it; but as I love literature, and to some extent the truth also, I never read those columns at any rate. I do not wish to blunt my sense of right so much. I have not got to answer for having read a single President's Message.¹ A strange age of the world this, when empires, kingdoms, and republics come a-begging to a private man's door, and utter their complaints at his elbow!² I cannot take up a newspaper but I find that some wretched government or other, hard pushed, and on its last legs, is interceding with me, the reader, to vote for it, — more importunate than an Italian beggar; and if I have a mind to look at its certificate, made, perchance, by some benevolent merchant's clerk, or the skipper that brought it over, for it cannot speak a word of English itself, I shall probably read of the eruption of some Vesuvius, or the overflowing of some Po, true or forged, which brought it into this condition.³ I do not hesitate, in such a case, to suggest work, or the almshouse; or why not keep its castle in silence, as I do commonly? The poor President, what with preserving his popularity and doing his duty, is completely bewildered. The newspapers are the ruling power. Any other government is reduced to a few marines at Fort Independence.⁴ If a man neglects to read the Daily Times, Government will go down on its knees to him, for this is the only treason in these days.

1. This sentence is interlined on the copy-text manuscript with the last two words written as 'President message'. Bradley P. Dean has emended this copy-text form to 'President's Message' in order to preserve Thoreau's obvious reference to what is now called the President's "State of the Union" Address.

2. Thoreau's source for this paragraph is his journal entry of 17 November 1850 (JOURNAL ■ 2:101-102). On Election Day, 5 November 1850, the New-York Daily Tribune enjoined its readers, "VOTE EARLY! Life and health are uncertain; DUTY can never be performed too soon" (p. 4, column 2). The bit of advice in this column that seems to have prompted Thoreau's scorn is this: "It is by men who visit the voters at their houses, or their work, and persuade them to come out and vote that elections are carried" (emphasis added).

3. Thoreau drew the images in this sentence from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *DIE ITALIANISCHE REISE*, in *WERKE: VOLLSTANDIGE AUSGABE LETZTER HAND* (Stuttgart and Tübingen: J.G. Cotta, 1828-33), volume 27.

4. Fort Independence was a Marine garrison in Boston Harbor.



Nov 17th It is a strange age of the world this when Empires – kingdoms & republics come a-begging to our doors & utter their complaints at our elbows. I cannot take up a newspaper but I find that some wretched government or other hard pushed and on its last legs is interceding with me the reader to vote for it – more importunate than an Italian beggar– Why does it not keep its castle in silence as I do? The poor president what with preserving his popularity & doing his duty does not know what to do? If you do

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not read the newspapers you may be impeached for treason. The newspapers are the ruling power What Congress does is an after-clap. Any other government is reduced to a few marines at Fort Independence. If a man neglects to read the Daily Times government will go down on its knees to him – this is the only treason in these days.– The newspapers devote some of their columns specially to Government & politics without charge and this is all that saves it –but I never read those columns.

I found this afternoon in a field of winter rye a snapping turtle's egg white & elliptical like a pebble, mistaking it for which I broke it. The little turtle was perfectly formed even to the dorsal ridge which was distinctly visible.

“Chesipoc Sinus” [Chesapeake Bay] is on [Wytfliet's](#) Map of 159– [1597]



Even the Dutch were forward to claim the great river of Canada –in a map of New Belgium in Ogilby's America 1670 the St Lawrence is also called “De Grootte Rivier Van Nieu Nederlandt.” On this same map – east of Lake Champlain called “Lacus Irocoisiensis or in Dutch Meer der Irocoisen,” is a chain of *Mts* answering to the Green Mts of Vermont and “Irocoisia” or the country of the Iroquois between the mts & the lake.



November 18, Monday, 1850: In Texas, an extra session of the legislature met to act upon a peace bill.

An extra session of the legislature of Mississippi, called by the governor to consider the recent measures of Congress, assembled at Jackson.

HISTORY OF RR

The Detroit depot of the Michigan railroad was destroyed by fire.

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), both the 1613 initial edition and the 1632 edition of [Samuel de Champlain's](#) *LES VOYAGES DU SIEUR DE CHAMPLAIN XAINCTOGEAIS, CAPITAINE ORDINAIRE POUR LE ROY, EN LA MARINE. DIVISEZ EN DEUX LIVRES. OU, JOURNAL TRES FIDELE DES OBSERVATIONS FAITES ES*

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DESCOUVERTURES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE... (A Paris: Chez Iean Berjon, ...).

SAMVEL CHAMPLAIN



He also checked out [Abraham Ortelius's](#) *THEATRVM ORBIS TERRARVM; OPUS NUNC TERTIO AB IPSO AUCTORE RECOGNITUM, MULTISQUE LOCIS CASTIGATUM, & QUAM PLURIMUS NOVIS TABULIS ATQUE COMMENTARIIS AUCTUM* (Colophon: Antverpiæ, Auctoris ære & cura impressum, absolutúmque apud Christophorum Plantinum, 1584).

He also checked out the initial 2 volumes of Marc Lescarbot's *HISTOIRE DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE, CONTENANT LES NAVIGATIONS, DECOUVERTES ET HABITATIONS FAITES PAR LES FRANCAIS ES INDES OCCIDENTALES* (Paris: Jean Milot, 1609; 2d edition, enlarged, 1611; with new additions, 1618).





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While at the library he consulted, but did not check out, [Cornelius Wytfliet](#)'s *DESCRIPTIONIS PTOLEMAICAE AUGMENTUM SIVE OCCIDENTIS NOTITIA* in a 1597 edition.



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"

– [Emily Dickinson](#)



Thoreau examined several "old books containing maps" of the New World – [Ortelius](#), [Cornelius Wytfliet](#), the Lescarbot and [Champlain](#) volumes, John Smith, William Wood, Jean de Laet, Ogilby, and Roggeveen– taking notes in his Canadian Notebook (NNPM, MA 595) and, upon his return from Cambridge, in his journal. A page in a body of draft material for the Canada narrative at the Huntington Library (HM 953) that begins with a sentence praising Champlain continues with a notation in pencil by Thoreau, "missing pages transferred to [CAPE COD](#)."

HISTOIRE VNIVERSELLE

I believe that this is older than Metallus *SEQUAMIS AMERICA* Cologne 1600. At any rate the maps I looked at were identical. A map named "Conibus Regio cum vicinis gentibuts" contains *Sagueunai R.* and *Hochelaga* – but is for the most part a fancy sketch. Another called "Nova Francia et Canada" has St. Law[rence] called "Hochlega flu." It is more particular and on a larger scale than Ortelius and would do to read Cartier by.

CARTOGRAPHY

In [San Francisco, California](#):

This day an ordinance regarding the plank road to the Mission Dolores, and which had previously been carried in the Board of Assistant Aldermen by a two-third vote, passed the Board of Aldermen by a constitutional majority, notwithstanding certain objections of the mayor and his consequent veto. The mission, which is situated two and a quarter miles from the plaza, was a place of common resort for the citizens, but the road to it being sandy, was difficult of travel, especially for vehicles. Owing to this cause, the cost of carriage was very great. A load of hay, for instance, moved from the mission to the city, cost as much as fifteen or twenty dollars. The same way likewise led to San Jose, the capital of the State. It was therefore of considerable public importance that this road should be speedily improved. In the summer of this year, Colonel Charles L. Wilson conceived the plan of laying a plank-road from Kearny street to the mission, and presented a proposition to that effect to the Common Council. He offered to build the road, which, at that time, was considered a tremendous enterprise, in consequence of the high price of lumber and labor, on condition that he was allowed to collect certain rates of toll from those using it, and that he should have the exclusive right of the way for the term of ten years, at the expiring of which time the entire improvements were to revert to the city. An ordinance to grant



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Col. Wilson the privileges he asked, readily passed one of the boards of aldermen, but it was a long while before it obtained the concurrence of the other; and not even then until it was so modified that seven years only were allowed the projector for the use of the road, and but five months granted him for completion of the work. The importance of the undertaking was admitted on all sides; and the chief opposition to it was based upon the assumption that the city should rather make it at its own expense and reap the large profits which it was supposed would be the result. This, however, at that period, was impossible, the city being upwards of a million and a half of dollars in debt, and without the slightest prospect of being able for years to defray its unavoidable current expenses. Having obtained the consent of the council, Col. Wilson next met with a formidable obstacle in rather an unexpected quarter. The mayor, after retaining the ordinance the full length of time allowed him, returned it unapproved. Notwithstanding, the council again adopted it with almost a unanimous vote. Still, the veto of the mayor affected the enterprise unfavorably to a considerable extent. Several parties, who had previously engaged to furnish funds for the work, now became alarmed as to the legality of the council's procedure, and withheld their promised aid. Col. Wilson was therefore left alone, to abandon altogether his weighty project, or to carry it on unassisted. He determined upon the latter course, and although without any definite idea of the source from whence the means were to be obtained, commenced the work. Having proceeded far enough to give a guarantee for the completion of the project, he visited the capital, and obtained from the legislature an act confirming the ordinance of the city council. This renewed confidence in the measure. A half interest in the undertaking was immediately sold, and funds were thus obtained for carrying it on. Upon the very last day allowed under the ordinance for completion of the work, loaded wagons passed on the road from the mission to the town. This plank-road has proved of the greatest service to [San Francisco](#), and the property through which it passes has increased immensely in value for building purposes. Formerly that property was at times nearly inaccessible, and on all occasions was very difficult and troublesome to reach; while it is now of comparatively easy access. Since the formation of this plank-way, another road of the same kind has likewise been formed to the mission, upon similar terms granted by the council to the projectors; and both are believed to have proved highly lucrative schemes to their spirited proprietors.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Per the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

CITY ITEMS.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. — Mr. Wingerod (husband of Mrs. Kirby, the talented actress,) met his death on Saturday evening under the following circumstances: Mr. Wingerod was riding through Stockton street, and when opposite the new Presbyterian church, he rode against a rope leading from a derrick to the sidewalk.



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The rope struck his head, knocking him from his horse, and in his fall he received injuries which he survived but a few hours. There is no excuse for the individual who rigged the derrick in such a manner as to peril life. He is clearly guilty of manslaughter, and the grand jury should look to him. Mr. Wingared was one of the managers of the Jenny Lind theatre. He received the assiduous attentions of Doctors L. B. Hubbard, S. Hubbard, Chapin and Ridges, at the Marine Hospital. A post mortem examination was made, and it was satisfactorily shown that his death was caused by "compression of the brain from extravasated blood, produced by concussion from injuries received on the right temple."

Coroner Gallagher held an inquest upon the body yesterday afternoon, when the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the above certificate, and also "that the person or persons engaged in erecting the new church on Stockton street are censured by the Jury for causing a rope to be stretched across the street, and thereby endangering the lives of persons passing through the street - and resulting, as it has done in this case, in the sudden and violent death of one of our most enterprising and estimable citizens. The Jury tendered to the widow of the deceased their mournful condolence."

BODY FOUND. - The body of a man who appeared to have been dead for some time, was yesterday found on the Pacific Beach, about eight miles from the city. A coat and vest were lying near the deceased, and in one of the pockets was a receipt from — Roberts to Samuel Roberts. The Coroner will take charge of the body to-day.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 18TH]



November 19, Tuesday, 1850: The Southern Rights Convention in Nashville, Tennessee had been dominated by extremists that denounced the Great Compromise and proclaimed the right of individual states to secede from the Union. After 6 days of discussions among 59 delegates, 14 of them from Tennessee, a resolution by a vote of 6 States —Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia over Tennessee in opposition— called for a congress of slaveholding States.

After a dedication address by Charles Fraser, Esq., Magnolia Cemetery near Charleston, South Carolina proceeded to accept burials:

Filial piety, parental affection, devoted patriotism, are the moral elements of the atmosphere that surrounds it.... For there were interchanged the last farewell words between a dutiful son and an affectionate mother. The regiment was quartered in this neighborhood, on the eve of its departure for Mexico. Under that tree, and on that secluded spot, ... the interview took place. How deeply it impressed him, may be learned from the fact, that he requested, should he fall in battle, that his remains might be brought home to his native soil, and deposited on a spot so endeared to his recollection.



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The [Daguerreotype](#) magic lantern slide, termed a “hyalotype,” had been devised by Ernst Wilhelm and Friedrich Langenheim in Philadelphia in 1848. Patent #7784 was issued to Frederick Langenheim for substituting slides produced in this manner for the painted slides that had previously been the only thing available for display by means of such [magic lantern](#) devices.

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, FREDERICK LANGENHEIM, of the city and county of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania, have invented a new and improved mode of hightening the effect of transparent pictures represented on glass or any other transparent or semi-transparent material, at the same time protecting them from injury; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full and exact description.

The nature of my invention consists in placing a semi-transparent material or substance for example, ground or frosted glass in front or behind the said transparent picture, the effect of which is to concentrate the light in the ground or frosted glass, at the same time preventing objects behind the picture from being visible through the lighter or more transparent parts of the picture, and which ground or frosted glass also protects the picture from external injury.

In order to use my improvement to the best advantage, a ground or frosted glass or other semi-transparent material is procured of the exact size of the glass or transparent material, on which the picture is taken or represented with the ground or frosted surface next to the picture, and both glasses are then secured together by means of glue-paper put round the edges. By placing the picture near a window, transparent material on which the picture is to be taken or after it is taken.

What I claim as my invention, and desire to secure by Letters Patent, is the combination of the ground or frosted glass or other semi-transparent substance interposed, in connection with the picture, between the source of light and the spectator, substantially as described in the foregoing specification.

Director Domenico Ronzani of Trieste’s Teatro Civico Grande was enjoined by the president of the theater to warn the singers, that they beware of departing in the slightest from the words of Giuseppe Verdi’s “Stiffelio” as they had been heavily censored and printed in the approved libretto — there would be the most dire consequences for any such departure.

[Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#) became Poet Laureate of Great Britain, succeeding defunct [William Wordsworth](#).

POETS LAUREATE

Per the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

CORONER’S INQUEST. — Coroner Gallagher held an inquest yesterday forenoon, on the body of a man found on the beach, about eight miles from the city. Near the body a grey jacket was found, in the pockets of which was a due bill in favor of Samuel Roberts, and signed by Lyman Bristol, Oswego, April 17, 1847; also a receipt for a dray and harness, signed Charles N. Webber. The deceased was apparently a young man. From the papers found in the jacket, his name is supposed to be Samuel Roberts. The body was buried where it was found.

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Nov. 19th The first really cold day. I find on breaking off a shrub-oak leaf a little life at the foot of the leaf-stalk so that a part of the green comes off— It has not died quite down to the point of separation as it will do, I suppose, before spring. Most of the oaks have lost their leaves except on the lower branches, as if they were less exposed and less mature there and felt the changes of the seasons less. The leaves have either fallen or withered long since Yet I found this afternoon cold as it is, and there has been snow in the neighborhood, some sprouts which had come up this year from the stump of a young black looking oak —covered still with handsome fresh red & green leaves very large and unwithered & unwilted. It was on the south side of Fair Haven in a warm angle where the wood was cut last winter and the exposed edge of the still standing wood running North & south met the cliff at right angles & served for a fence to keep off the wind. There were one or two stumps here whose sprouts had fresh leaves which transported me back to October. Yet the surrounding shrub oaks leaves were as dry & dead as usual. There were also some minute birches only a year old their leaves still freshly yellow —and some young wild apple trees apparently still growing their leaves as green and tender as in summer— The golden rods —one or more species of the white & some yellow ones were many of them still quite fresh.— though elsewhere they are all whitish & dry— I saw one whose top rose above the edge of a rock and so much of it was turned white & dry —but the lower part of its raceme was still yellow. Some of the white species seemed to have started again as if for another spring— They had sprung up freshly a foot or more & were budded to blossom fresh & green. And sometimes on the same stem were old & dry and white downy flowers —& fresh green blossoms buds not yet expanded. I saw there some *pale* blue asters still bright and the mullein leaves still large & green one green to its top— And I discovered that when I put my hand on the mullein leaves they felt decidedly warm but the radical leaves of the golden rods felt cold & clammy— There was also the columbine its leaves still alive and green and I was pleased to smell the Pennyroyal which I had bruised though this dried up long ago. Each season is thus drawn out & lingers in certain localities —as the birds and insects know very well If you penetrate to some warm recess under a cliff in the woods you will be astonished at the amount of summer life that still flourishes there No doubt more of the summer's life than we are aware of thus slips by & outmanoeuvres the winter —gliding from fence to fence. I have no doubt that a diligent search in proper places would discover many more of our summer plants & flowers thus lingering till the snow came, than we suspect.— It is as if the plant made no preparation for winter

Now that the grass is withered & the leaves are withered or fallen it begins to appear what is ever-green; The partridge & checker berry & winter green leaves even —are more conspicuous The old leaves have been off the pines now for a month.

I once found a kernel of corn in the middle of a deep wood by Walden tucked in behind a lichen on a pine about as high as my head either by a crow or a squirrel it was a mile at least from any cornfield.

Several species plainly linger till the snow comes—



November 20, Wednesday, 1850: Incidental music to Gottschall's play Ferdinand Schill by Albert Lortzing was performed for the initial time, in Berlin.

At a Union meeting in Manchester, New Hampshire, 2,000 persons assembled to hear calls to stand by the "constitution as it is, and by [the] country as it is, one, united, and entire." After some opposition from the floor, the assembly adopted a resolution recognizing that while citizens did have a right to lobby for modifications of laws, no one had any right to resist their enforcement once they were enacted. The Reverend Ross, a minister possibly representing a Free-Will Baptist or Arminian church in New Durham, New Hampshire, was denied a hearing on grounds that this meeting had been restricted to "citizens who were in favor of supporting the constitution and laws."

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In order to obtain urgently needed money, Belgian count Hippolyte Visart de Bocarmé invited his one-legged young brother-in-law Gustave Fournies to dinner at his château of Bury, Belgium and, with the help of his wife Lydie Victoire Joséphe Fournies, countess of Bocarmé, poisoned him (previously, using a false name, he had consulted a professor of chemistry and had conducted experiments on cats and ducks to verify that the sort of alkaloids present in *Nicotiana tabacum* would indeed induce death, and had prepared two wine bottles containing concentrated nicotine). The husband would be guillotined but the wife would be spared because evidently under duress from her husband.



[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to again by [Josiah Pierce, Jr.](#) of the Portland Lyceum, to confirm change of the date of his lecture from December 11th to January 15th per Thoreau's request.

To: HDT
From: Josiah Pierce
Date: 11/20/59



Portland. Nov. 20th 1850.

Dear Sir,

You may perhaps believe that I am writing to you from Ireland and not from Portland, making [a] blunder even in the date of the letter, when you read that this is for the purpose of apologizing for and correcting another error— I [intended] and ought to have designated the evening of January. 15th and not of January 8th or 10th, as that on which we hoped to hear a lecture from you[.]
 With the wish that this newly appointed time, the fifteenth

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*of January next, may be equally acceptable to you,
I am
with great respect [,]
Yours truly
J. Pierce [.] Jr*

Here occurs the only mention we have in Thoreau's JOURNAL of the fellow who would make so many comments about him and his dealings in Concord after his death, [Horace Rice Hosmer](#). Hosmer had picked "a different and better kind of cranberry." Thoreau explores this without mentioning any relationship with this former pupil of the Thoreau brothers at the Concord Lyceum and former meal-mate at the Thoreau boardinghouse, as one "of those instances in which the farmer detects a new species and makes use of the knowledge from year to year in his profession, while the botanist devoted to such investigation has failed to observe it." This well bears out what Hosmer himself said about their relationship, that "Henry never spoke to me out of school till I was nearly 20 [which would indeed have been in about this year of 1850, so it is very likely that this is the precise conversation to which Hosmer was referring], that I remember." Other instances of such a cultivation phenomenon within Thoreau's cultural context might include the Baldwin apple discovered and developed by John Ball of [Woburn, Massachusetts](#) and publicized by [Loammi Baldwin](#), and the Concord fox grape discovered and developed by [Ephraim Wales Bull](#). I do not know that the Hosmer cranberry ever became a select variety:



November 20, [1850](#): It is a common saying among country people that if you eat much fried hasty pudding it will make your hair curl –my experience which was considerable did not confirm this assertion.

[Horace Hosmer](#) was picking out today half a bushel or more of a different & better kind of cranberry as he thought, separating them from the rest– They are very dark red shaded with lighter –harder & more oblong somewhat like the fruit of the sweetbriar, or a canada red plum though I have no



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common cranberry to compare with them. He says that they grow apart from the others. I must see him about it. It may prove to be one more of those instances in which the farmer detects a new species –and makes use of the knowledge from year to year in his profession while the botanist expressly devoted to such investigations has failed to observe it.

The farmer in picking over many bushels of cranberries year after year finds at length or has forced upon his observation a new species of that berry, and avails himself thereafter of his discovery for many years before the naturalist is aware of the fact.

[Desor](#) who has been among the Indians at Lake Superior this summer told me the other day that they had a particular name for each species of tree, as of the maple –but they had but one word for flowers– They did not distinguish the species of the last.

It is often the unscientific man who discovers the new species– It would be strange if it were not so. But we are accustomed properly to call that only a scientific discovery which knows the relative value of the thing discovered –uncovers a fact to mankind.

[PIERRE JEAN ÉDOUARD DESOR](#)

 November 21, Thursday, [1850](#): [Robert Schumann](#)'s Requiem für Mignon for solo voices, chorus and orchestra to words of [Goethe](#) was performed for the initial time, in Düsseldorf.

[Charles Jared Ingersoll](#) helped sponsor a Great Union Meeting meeting to discuss the sectional crisis in the Large Saloon of the Chinese Museum in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The general tenor of this gathering was conservative and conciliatory, with the attenders resolving on “sustaining the supremacy of the laws” and respecting the rights of “our sister states.” Ingersoll, who it appears detested racial slavery almost –but not quite as much– as he adored law’n order, would in a later timeframe be posting the following strange comment to the New-York [Times](#) — a comment in which he stares up the skirts of abolitionist women as they are being hanged:

Lecturing Abolition at twenty-five cents a ticket, or preaching it on a salary of so much a year, may feed and perhaps celebrate the play actors of modern spectacles, caricatures of Roman *panem et circenses* for the entertainment of chambermaids, idlers and other rabble. But hundreds of miles from the scene of action it is but sterile poltooney, although misdemeanors indictable by common law. Every honest, efficacious Abolitionist must imitate that Beelzebub of their demoniac saints, [JOHN BROWN](#), by which alone can they either free slaves, whether willing or not, or sow in prison or on gibbets the seeds of an effectual martyrology. A few clergymen hanged in their canonicals, with strong-minded women in short petticoats, would be spectacles, not indeed to be desired, but which might at least touch for the sincerity of those who only howl at it when there is danger....

... and his rant continues. Wow!

Per the [Sacramento, California](#) [Transcript](#):

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of John Brown, who was found wounded in the head, and nearly dead, at the other end of the bridge that leads across Sutter's lake. Deceased had been in a state of intoxication, and by the verdict of the Jury, came to his death by "a wound behind the



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right ear, and severe bruises on the right side, on the back, and other parts of the body." There seems to be a mystery about the case, leading one to suspect that foul play has been used.

Thomas Henry Huxley wrote to his sister Elizabeth:

41 North Bank

My dearest Lizzie – We have been at home now nearly three weeks, and I have been a free man again twelve days. Her Majesty's ships have been paid off on the 9th of this month.

Properly speaking, indeed, we have been at home longer, for we touched at Plymouth and trod English ground and saw English green fields on the 23rd of October, but we were allowed to remain only twenty-four hours, and to my great disgust were ordered round to Chatham to be paid off. The ill-luck which had made our voyage homeward so long (we sailed from Sydney on the 2nd of May) pursued us in the Channel, and we did not reach Chatham until the 2nd of November; and what do you think was one of the first things I did when we reached Plymouth? Wrote to Eliza K. asking news of a certain naughty sister of mine, from whom I had never heard a word since we had been away—and if perchance there should be any letter, begging her to forward it immediately to Chatham. And so, when at length we got there, I found your kind long letter had been in England some six or seven months; but hearing of the likelihood of our return, they had very judiciously not sent it to me.

Your letter, my poor Lizzie, justifies many a heartache I have had when thinking over your lot, knowing, as I well do, what emigrant life is in climates less trying than that in which you live. I have seen a good deal of bush life in Australia, and it enables me fully to sympathise with and enter into every particular you tell me—from the baking and boiling and pigs squealing, down to that ferocious landshark Mrs. Gunther, of whose class Australia will furnish fine specimens. Had I been at home, too, I could have enlightened the good folks as to the means of carriage in the colonies, and could have told them that the two or twenty thousand miles over sea is the smallest part of the difficulty and expense of getting anything to people living inland; as it is, I think I have done some good in the matter; their meaning was good but their discretion small. But the obtuseness of English in general about anything out of the immediate circle of their own experience is something wonderful. I had heard here and there fractional accounts of your doings from Eliza K. and my mother—not of the most cheery description—and therefore I was right glad to get your letter, which, though it tells of sorrow and misfortune enough and to spare, yet shows me that the brave woman's heart you always had, my dearest Lizzie, is still yours, and that you have always had the warm love of those immediately around you, and now, as the doctor's letter tells us, you have one more source of joy and happiness, and this new joy must efface the bitterness—I do not say the memory, knowing how impossible that would be—of your great loss. [The death of her daughter Jessie]. God knows, my dear sister, I could feel for you. It was as if I could see again a shadow of the great sorrow that fell upon us all years ago.

Nothing can bind me more closely to your children than I am

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already, but if the christening be not all over you must let me be godfather; and though I fear I am too much of a heretic to promise to bring him up a good son of the church-yet should ever the position which you prophesy, and of which I have an "Ahnung" (though I don't tell that to anybody but Nettie), be mine, he shall (if you will trust him to me) be cared for as few sons are. As things stand, I am talking half nonsense, but I mean it-and you know of old, for good and for evil, my tenacity of purpose.

Now, as to my own affairs-I am not married. Prudently, at any rate, but whether wisely or foolishly I am not quite sure yet, Nettie and I resolved to have nothing to do with matrimony for the present. In truth, though our marriage was my great wish on many accounts, yet I feared to bring upon her the consequences that might have occurred had anything happened to me within the next few years. We had a sad parting enough, and as is usually the case with me, time, instead of alleviating, renders more disagreeable our separation. I have a woman's element in me. I hate the incessant struggle and toil to cut one another's throat among us men, and I long to be able to meet with some one in whom I can place implicit confidence, whose judgment I can respect, and yet who will not laugh at my most foolish weaknesses, and in whose love I can forget all care. All these conditions I have fulfilled in Nettie. With a strong natural intelligence, and knowledge enough to understand and sympathise with my aims, with firmness of a man, when necessary, she combines the gentleness of a very woman and the honest simplicity of a child, and then she loves me well, as well as I love her, and you know I love but few-in the real meaning of the word, perhaps, but two-she and you. And now she is away, and you are away. The worst of it is I have no ambition, except as means to an end, and that end is the possession of a sufficient income to marry upon. I assure you I would not give two straws for all the honours and titles in the world. A worker I must always be-it is my nature-but if I had £400 a year I would never let my name appear to anything I did or shall ever do. It would be glorious to be a voice working in secret and free from all those personal motives that have actuated the best. But, unfortunately, one is not a "vox et præterea nihil," but with a considerable corporality attached which requires feeding, and so while my inner man is continually indulging in these anchorite reflections, the outer is sedulously elbowing and pushing as if he dreamed of nothing but gold medals and professors' caps.

I am getting on very well-better I fear than I deserve. One of my papers was published in 1849 in the Philosophical Transactions, another in the Zoological Transactions, and some more may be published in the Linnæan if I like-but I think I shall not like. Then I have worked pretty hard, and brought home a considerable amount of drawings and notes about new or rare animals, all particularly nasty slimy things, and they will most likely be published as a separate work by the Royal Society.

Owens, Forbes, Bell, and Sharpey (the doctor will tell you of what weight these names are) are all members of the committee which disposes of the money, and are all strongly in favour of my "valuable researches" (cock-a-doodle-doo!!) being published

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by the Society. From various circumstances I have taken a better position than I could have expected among these grandees, and I find them all immensely civil and ready to help me on, tooth and nail, particularly Prof. Forbes, who is a right good fellow, and has taken a great deal of trouble on my behalf. Owen volunteered to write to the "First Lord" on my behalf, and did so. Sharpey, when I saw him, reminded me, as he always does, of my great contest with Stocks (do you remember throwing the shoe?), and promised me all the assistance in his power. Prof. Bell, who is secretary to the Royal, and has great influence, promised to help me in every way, and asked me to dine with him and meet a lot of nobs. I take all these things quite as a matter of course, but am all the while considerably astonished. The other day I dined at the Geological Club and met Lyell, Murchison, de la B[eche] Horner, and a lot more, and last evening I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people.

Owen was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick.

I tell you all these things to show you clearly how I stand. I am under no one's patronage, nor do I ever mean to be. I have never asked, and I never will ask, any man for his help from mere motives of friendship. If any man thinks that I am capable of forwarding the great cause in ever so small a way, let him just give me a helping hand and I will thank him, but if not, he is doing both himself and me harm in offering it, and if it should be necessary for me to find public expression to my thoughts on any matter, I have clearly made up my mind to do so, without allowing myself to be influenced by hope of gain or weight of authority.

There are many nice people in this world for whose praise or blame I care not a whistle. I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct: T.H.H., his mark, and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world-that is to say, supposing that I am not already unconsciously tainted myself, a result of which I have a morbid dread. I am perhaps overrating myself. You must put me in mind of my better self, as you did in your last letter, when you write.

But I must come to the close of my epistle, as I have one to enclose from my mother. My next shall be longer, and I hope I shall then be able to tell you what I am doing. At any rate I hope to be in England for twelve months.

I am very much ashamed of myself for not having written to you for so long - open confession is good for the soul, they say, and I will honestly confess that I was half puzzled, half piqued, and altogether sulky at your not having answered my last letter containing my love story, of which I wrote you an account before anybody. You must not suppose my affection was a bit the less because I was half angry. Nettie, who knows you well, could tell you otherwise. Indeed, now that I know all, I consider myself a great brute, and I will give you leave, if you will but write soon, to scold me as much as you like. All the family are well. My father is the only one who is much altered, and that in mind and strength, not in bodily health, which is very good. My mother has lost her front teeth, but is otherwise just the same amusing,

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nervous, distressingly active old lady she always was. Our cruisers visit New Orleans sometimes, and if ever I am on the West India station, who knows, I may take a run up to see you all. Kindest love to the children. Tell Florry that I could not get her the bird with the long tail, but that some day I will send her some pictures of copper-coloured gentlemen with great big wigs and no trousers, and tell her her old uncle loves her very much and never forgets her nor anybody else. God bless you, dearest Lizzie. Write soon.—Ever your brother, Tom.



Nov 21st For a month past the grass under the pines has been covered with a new carpet of pine leaves. It is remarkable that the old leaves turn & fall in so short a time.

Some of the densest & most impenetrable clumps of bushes I have seen as well on account of the closeness of their branches as of their thorns have been wild apples. Its branches as stiff as those of the black spruce on the tops of mountains.

I saw a herd of a dozen cows & young steers & oxen on Conantum this afternoon running about & frisking in unwieldy sport like huge rats— Any sportiveness in cattle is unexpected— They even played like kittens in their way —shook their heads raised their tails & rushed up & down the hill.

The witch-hazel blossom on Conantum has for the most part lost its ribbons now.

Some distant angle in the sun where a lofty and dense white pine wood with mingled grey & green meets a hill covered with shrub oaks affects me singularly —reinspiring me with all the dreams of my youth. It is a place far away —yet actual and where we have been— I saw the sun falling on a distant white pine wood whose grey & moss covered stems were visible amid the green —in an angle where this forest abutted on a hill covered with shrub oaks— It was like looking into dream land— It is one of the avenues to my future. Certain coincidences like this are accompanied by a certain flash as of hazy lightning —flooding all the world suddenly with a tremulous serene light which it is difficult to see long at a time.

I saw Fair Haven pond with its Island & meadow between the island & the shore —and a strip of perfectly still & smooth water in the lee of the island —& two hawks —fish-hawks perhaps —sailing over it I did not see how it could be improved— Yet I do not see what these things can be. I begin to see such an object when I cease to *understand* it —and see that I did not realize or appreciate it before —but I get no further than this. How adapted these forms and colors to my eye —a meadow & an island; what are these things? Yet the hawks & the ducks keep so aloof! and nature is so reserved! I am made to love the pond & the meadow as the wind is made to ripple the water.

As I looked on the walden woods eastward across the pond, I saw suddenly a white cloud rising above their tops now here now there marking the progress of the cars which were rolling toward Boston far below —behind many hills & woods.

October must be the month of ripe & tinted leaves— Throughout november they are almost entirely withered & somber —the few that remain. In this month the sun is valued —when it shines warmer or brighter we are sure to observe it— There are not so many colors to attract the eye. We begin to remember the summer. We walk fast to keep warm. For a month past I have sat by a fire.

Every sun-set inspires me with the desire to go to a *west* as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down.

I get nothing to eat in my walks now but wild-apples —sometimes some cranberries —& some walnuts The squirrels have got the hazlenuts & chestnuts.



November 22, Friday, 1850: When the barque *Powhatten* arrived near San Mateo in the Gulf of Tehuantepec, Eugene Ring and 9 other men went ashore to acquire provisions. However, when the wind picked up the barque *Powhatten* sailed away without them.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 22D]

 November 23, Saturday, 1850: The governor of Massachusetts commuted the sentence of execution by hanging of William Bullman, to life in prison.

An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 23




Nov 23 Today it has been finger cold.

Unexpectedly I found ice by the side of the brooks this afternoon nearly an inch thick. Prudent people get in their barrels of apples today. The difference of the temperature of various localities is greater than is supposed. If I was surprised to find ice on the sides of the brooks –I was much more surprised to find quite a pond in the woods containing an acre or more quite frozen over so that I walked across it.

It was in a cold corner where a pine wood excluded the sun. In the larger ponds & the river of course there is no ice yet. It is a shallow weedy pond. I lay down on the ice and looked through at the bottom– The plants appeared to grow more uprightly than on the dry land, being sustained & protected by the water. Cadis worms were everywhere crawling about in their handsome quiver like sheaths or cases

The wild apples though they are more mellow & edible have for some time lost their beauty, as well as the leaves, and now too they are beginning to freeze. The apple season is well nigh over. Such however as are frozen while sound are not unpleasant to eat when the spring sun thaws them.

I find it to be the height of wisdom not to endeavor to over-see myself –and live of life of prudence and common sense –but to see over & above myself –entertain sublime conjectures to make myself the thoroughfare of thrilling thoughts –live all that can be lived. The man who is dissatisfied with himself –what can he not do?

 November 24, Sunday, 1850: The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

The Rainey Season has finaley Set in with earnest. Times will Soon be lively. Last evening We Experienced quite a heavy Thunder Shower accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning & hail Stones the Size of Buck Shot beat down upon the tents with deafening violence Also on the 20th We Experienced a tremendous Storm of rain and wind. It blew with Such violence that quite a number of Our inhabitents where unhoused before Morning, and about 8 O Clock in the Evening a large Frame Building (in progress of Erection) fell with a tremendous crash Starting all the nabours from their tents. On the Same Evening two of the NY Bishops made their appearence in our town, as visitors, having no place of their own to Stop at for the night, Mr McKeny



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invited them to put up at his place, they done So. and when 10 O Clock came they turned in (Or went to Bed) The Clerk also retired. In the night One of the visiters (Supposeing all to be fast asleep) took it into his head to Rob the Store He accordingly arose from his Bed and went to the Desk took out all the Money it contained and then returned to his Bed. The Clerk, being awake (and the Moon Shining through the tent) Saw the whole Maneuver But having no Arms he did not Say a word, but as soon as the fellow returned to his Bed the Clerk Slipt Slyly out and informed Mr McKeny, who arose instantly and arrested them both on the Spot. the thief was putting on his Boots, preparing to Vamous, the Next Morning he was tried and found Gilty. He is held in the Sum of \$2000 to appear before the Supreme Court at its next Session. Yesterday I received a note from George (at Stockton) he is well & hearty. Preaching to day as usual, by Captain Atwood.



Nov. 24th Plucked a butter-cup on Bear Hill⁶⁹ today.

I have certain friends whom I visit occasionally –but I commonly part from them early with a certain bitter-sweet dissatisfaction. That which we love is so mixed & entangled with that we hate in one another that we are more grieved & disappointed, aye and estranged from one another by meeting than by absence. Some men may be my acquaintances merely but one whom I have been accustomed to regard to idealize to have dreams about as a friend & mix up intimately with myself can never degenerate into an acquaintance. I must know him on that higher ground or not know him at all.

We do not confess and explain because we would fain be so intimately related as to understand each other without speech.

Our friend must be broad. His must be an atmosphere coextensive with the universe, in which we can expand and breathe. For the most part we are smothered and stifled by one another.

I go and see my friend & try his atmosphere. If our atmospheres do not mingle –if we repel each other strongly, it is of no use to stay.



November 25, Monday, [1850](#): Convention of Friendship, Commerce and Extradition Between the United States and Switzerland.

[READ THE FULL TEXT](#)

Per the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

BODY FOUND. – The body of a man, very much mutilated, was found yesterday at Contra Costa – supposed to be one of the victims of the ill fated *Sagamore*.

FOUND DEAD. – The dead body of John Robertson was found yesterday morning on the lot corner of Pacific and Dupont streets, partly covered with a hen-coop. It was supposed that Robertson had crawled under the hen-coop for shelter, and in the absence of other testimony, the jury rendered a verdict that he came to his death from exposure. A memorandum found on the deceased contained the words "Southport, Conn."

CORONER'S INQUEST ON THE BODY OF DR. FISH. – Coroner Gallagher held

69. Bear Garden Hill, presumably. In recent years Bear Garden Hill has been proposed for a condo complex, to accompany the office development proposed for [Brister's Hill](#).



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an inquest yesterday afternoon on the body of Dr. John C. Fish, who died yesterday morning from the effects of a wound received during the afternoon previous in the saloon of the "El Dorado." From the testimony given before the jury we gather the following.

The deceased and a man named Cook were betting on the game of faro. Cook accused Fish of having taken his (Cook's) money, and in the course of an angry debate the Doctor applied to Mr. Cook a very insulting epithet. Mr. Cook struck Dr. Fish and knocked him down, and then struck him several times, but when the Dr. said he was willing to give up the money, he (Mr. Cook) expressed himself satisfied, and the two arose from the floor. It was then noticed that Dr. Fish held a pistol in his right hand, and a cap was heard to explode. A man named Crawford caught hold of the Doctor's arms, he (Dr. Fish) struggling all the time to get clear. Most of the people who had been in the room at the commencement of the affray, made their escape when it was ascertained that Dr. Fish was using a pistol.

Two or three persons in a distant part of the room testified that Crawford drew Dr. F.'s hands behind him and that while in that position the pistol in his hand was discharged, he (Dr. F.) receiving the contents. The doctor was taken into one of the rooms above, and Drs. Smith, Dimon and McMillan called in. It was found that the ball had entered just above and back of the right hip, and passed in a direction towards the front of the left side. There was some testimony that Cooke had left the room when the pistol was discharged. Dr. Fish was taken to his house, but lived only twelve hours after receiving the wound.

A post mortem examination was held, and the ball extracted. It appeared to have been discharged from a Colt's revolver - certainly from a rifle barrel. The pistol which he used in the "El Dorado," was an Allen's revolver, and was smooth bored. The ball which caused his death would not fit his pistol; it was considerably larger than Allen's pistol balls. There was no evidence of any other person having shot Dr. Fish, and the jury felt constrained to give the following verdict: "That the deceased came to his death from a pistol shot wound inflicted by some person to the jury unknown."

While Dr. Fish lived he constantly insisted that the person who had whipped him had also shot him. He was 35 years of age, and has a wife and one child in this city. Deceased is a son of Dr. Fish, of New Haven, Connecticut; but previous to coming to this county had been residing in Lowville, Lewis county, N.Y. The deceased has resided in this city since January last.

We regard this as a very singular case. By comparing the ball with the pistol of Dr. Fish, it appeared absolutely impossible that he could have shot himself; and yet, although a number of persons were in the room at the time, there is no evidence that any other man except the Doctor made use of fire-arms. Mr. Cook, the person who had the affray with Dr. Fish, sailed for Oregon on Saturday evening.



November 25: I feel a little alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily, without getting there in spirit. I would fain forget all my morning's occupation - my obligations to society. But sometimes it happens that I cannot easily shake off the village - the

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thought of some work –some surveying will run in my head and I am not where my body is– I am out of my senses. In my walks I would return to my senses like a bird or a beast. What business have I in the woods if I am thinking of something out of the woods.

This afternoon, late & cold as it is has been a sort of Indian summer. Indeed I think that we have summer days from time to time the winter through, and that it is often the snow on the ground makes the whole difference. This afternoon the air was indescribably clear –& exhilarating –& though the thermometer would have shown it to be cold I thought that there was a finer & purer warmth than in summer. A wholesome intellectual warmth in which the body was warmed by the mind's contentment– The warmth was hardly sensuous but rather the satisfaction of existence.

I found Fair Haven skimmed entirely over, though the stones which I threw down on it from the high bank on the east broke through– Yet the river was open. The landscape looked singularly clean & pure and dry –the air like a pure glass being laid over the picture –the trees so tidy stripped of their leaves the meadows & pastures clothed with clean dry grass looked as if they had been swept –ice on the water –& winter in the air –but yet not a particle of snow on the ground. The woods divested in great part of their leaves are being ventilated It is the season of perfect works –of hard tough –ripe twigs –not of tender buds & leaves– The leaves have made their wood –and a myriad new withes stand up all around pointing to the sky, able to survive the cold. It is only the perennial that you see –the iron age of the year.

These expansions of the river skim over before the river itself takes on its icy fetters. What is the analogy?

GEORGE MELVIN

I saw a muskrat come out of a hole in the ice– He is a man wilder than Ray or Melvin. While I am looking at him I am thinking what he is thinking of me. He is a different sort of man, that is all. He would dive when I went nearer then reappear again, and had kept open a place 5 or 6 feet square so that it had not frozen, by swimming about in it. Then he would sit on the edge of the ice & busy himself about something, I could not see whether it was a clam or not. What a cold blooded fellow –thoughts at a low temperature, sitting perfectly still so long on ice covered with water mumbling a cold wet clam in its shell– What safe low moderate thoughts it must have. It does not get onto stilts. The generations of muskrats do not fail. They are not preserved by the legislature of Massachusetts.

Boats are drawn up high which will not be launched again till spring.

There is a beautiful fine wild grass which grows in the path in sprout land now dry white & waving in light beds soft to the touch.

I experience such an interior comfort, far removed from the sense of cold, as if the thin atmosphere were rarified by heat –were the medium of invisible flames –as if the whole landscape were one great hearthside, that where the shrub oak leaves rustle on the hill side I seem to hear a crackling fire and see the pure flame and I wonder that the dry leaves do not blaze in to yellow flames.

I find but little change yet on the S side of the cliffs –only the leaves of the wild apple are a little frost bitten on their edges & curled dry there, but some wild cherry leaves & blueberries are still fresh & tender green and red as well as all the other leaves & plants which I noticed there the other day.

When I got up so high on the side of the cliff the sun was setting like an Indian summer sun– There was a purple tint in the horizon. It was warm on the face of the rocks. And I could have sat till the sun disappeared, to dream there. It was a mild sunset such as is to be attended to.

Just as the sun shines in to us warmly & serenely –our creator breathes on us & re-creates us.

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November 26, Tuesday, 1850: The Reverend Andrews Norton revealed, in a long article in the Boston Atlas, that he was capable of empathizing with people who were struggling to escape from bondage, even if those people were black. In regard to the provisions of the US Constitution, for the return of escaped slaves to their masters, he declared for a straightforward Antinomianism: “The compacts of men cannot annul the laws of God.”⁷⁰

This night would be long remembered by Emily Dickinson.

Per the Daily Alta California of San Francisco:

CORONER’S INQUEST. — Coroner Gallagher was called yesterday to view the body of a man who had died suddenly in Russell’s boarding house, Gold street. The name of the deceased was Francis B.D. Burgess. The deceased has a family in Green Point, N.Y. Investigation proved that the man had been unwell for some days past.



Nov. 26th An inch of snow on ground this morning —our first
 Went tonight to see the Indians who are still living in tents— Showed the horns of the moose, the black moose they call it, that goes in low lands horns 3 or 4 feet wide (The red moose they say is another kind runs on *Mts* & has horns 6 feet wide) can move their horns. The broad flat side portions of the horns are covered with hair and are so soft when the creature is alive that you can run a knife through them, They color the lower portions a darker color by rubbing them on alders &c to harden them. Make Kee-nong-gun or pappoose cradle of the broad part of the horn, putting a rim on it. Once scared will run all day. A dog will hang to their lips and be carried along and swung against a tree & drop off. Always find 2 or three together. Can’t run on glare ice but can run in snow four feet deep. The caribou can run on ice. Sometimes spear them with a sharp pole —sometimes with a knife at the end of a pole. Signs good or bad from the turn of the horns. Their caribou horns had been gnawed by mice in their wigwams. The moose horns & others are not gnawed by mice while the creature is alive. Moose cover themselves with water all but noses to escape flies. about as many now as 50 years ago.

DOG

Imitated the sounds of the moose caribou & deer with a birch bark horn which last they sometimes make very long. The moose can be heard 8 or ten miles sometimes a loud sort of bellowing sound clearer more sonorous than the looing of cattle— The caribou’s a sort of snort —the small deer, —like a lamb.

Made their clothes of the young moose skin. Cure the meat by smoking it —use no salt in curing it, but when they eat it.

Their spear very serviceable. The inner pointed part of a hemlock knot —the side spring pieces of hickory. Spear salmon pickerel —trout —chub &c also by birch-bark light at night using the other end of spear as pole.



Their sled *Jeborgon* or *Jebongon*? 1 foot wide 4 or 5 long of thin wood turned up in part draw by a strong rope of bass-wood bark—

Canoe of moose hide. One hide will hold 3 or 4 —can be taken apart and put together very quickly. Can take out cross bars and bring the sides together a very convenient boat to carry & cross streams with. They say they did not make birch canoes till they had edge tools. The birches the lightest—

They think our birches the same only second growth.

70. If you asked an Antinomian how many legs a dog would have if you called its tail a leg, they would respond “Four — because calling a tail a leg doesn’t make it a leg.”

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Their *kee-nong-gun* or cradle has a hoop to prevent the child being hurt when it falls— Cant eat dirt —can be hung up out of way of snakes.

Aboak-henjo [?] a birchbark vessel for water —can boil meat in it with hot stones— Takes a long time. Also a vessel of birch bark shaped like a pan both ornamented by scratching the bark, which is wrong side out —very neatly made. Valued our kettles much



Did not know use of eye in axe. Put a string through it & wore it round neck —cut toes.

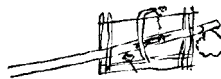
Did not like gun killed one moose; scared all the rest.

The *squaw-heegun* for cooking —a mere stick put through the game & stuck in the ground slanted over the fire —a spit— Can be eating one side while the other is doing.

The *ar-tu-e-se* a stick —string & bunch of leaves, which they toss & catch on the point of the stick — make great use of it. Count with it— Make the clouds go off the sun with it

Snow shoes of two kinds, one of same shape at both ends so that the mohawks could not tell which way they were going. (Put some rags in the heel-hole to make a toe-mark?)

Log trap to catch many kinds of animals.

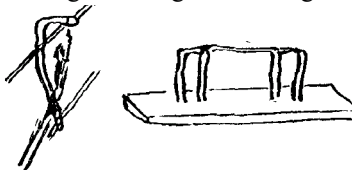


Side View

Some for bears let the log fall 6 or 7 feet First there is a Frame then the little stick which the animal



moves presses down as he goes through under the log. Then the crooked stick is hung over the top of the frame & holds up the log by a string the weight of the log on this keeps the little stick up.



A drizzling & misty day this has been melting the snow. The mist divided into a thousand ghostly forms was blowing across Walden. Mr Emerson's Cliff-hill seen from the RR through the mist looked like a dark heavy frowning N Hampshire Mt— I do not understand fully why hills look so much larger at such a time —unless being the most distant we see & in the horizon we suppose them farther off and so magnify them. I think there can be no looming about it.

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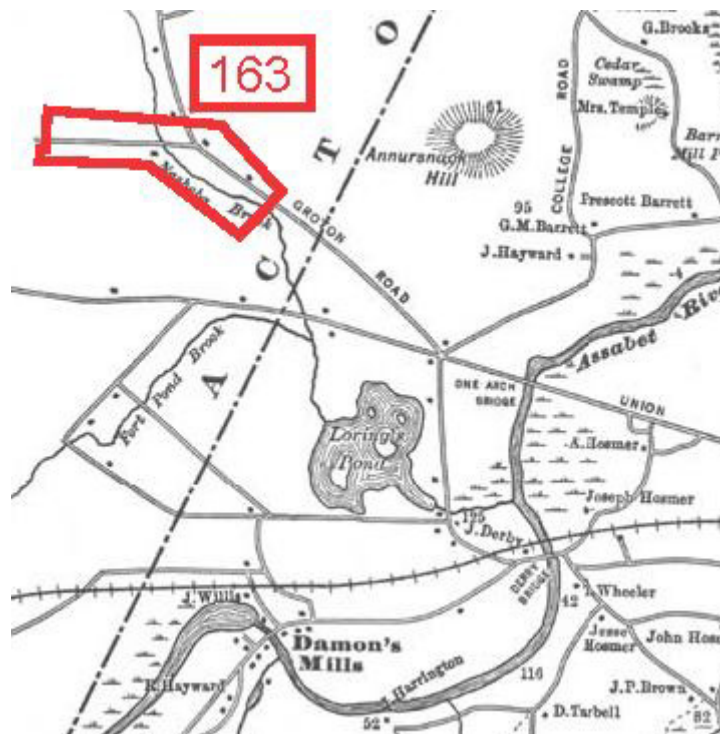


November 27, Wednesday, 1850: Stuck near San Mateo in the Gulf of Tehuantepec, various members of the abandoned foraging party, including Eugene Ring, became sick with cholera. Within days one of them would die.

A terrible hurricane struck Missouri. Great injury was done to shipping and to the town of Cape Girardeau, many of its principal buildings being destroyed.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, down on his luck for the moment, was working in a friend's candle factory on Staten Island. Moses Hicks Grinnell, president of the New-York Chamber of Commerce, wrote to his friend Secretary of State Daniel Webster, requesting that government employment be found for this Italian patriot.

Henry Thoreau surveyed a portion of a road between Acton Center and North Acton and made a plan of this for Cyrus Hubbard.



In San Francisco, California:

Hon. Harden Bigelow, Mayor of Sacramento City, died this morning at the Union Hotel. He had taken an active part in suppressing the squatter riots at Sacramento, when he received a gun-shot wound which required the amputation of an arm. The operation was performed by Dr. John Hastings, by whose advice Mr. Bigelow was removed to San Francisco, believing the climate of that city would conduce toward effecting a more rapid recovery from the effects of the injury. While here he was attacked with cholera, which caused his death. His body was conveyed to the steamboat *New World*, to be taken to Sacramento for burial, by an escort composed of the California Guard, the mayor, members of the Common Council, heads of departments of the city, and the Society of California Pioneers. Mayor Geary delivered a very appropriate address on the occasion, in which the many excellent traits in the character of the deceased were depicted in a most



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affecting manner.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Per the [Sacramento, California](#) Transcript:

CORONER'S INQUEST. — A death occurred a day or two since about ten miles south of our city, with which there is a somewhat singular circumstance connected. The deceased's name was John Tilden. Sometime previous to his death, he had been complaining of a pain in his side. He was, however, found on Saturday to all appearances dead, in his tent. The Coroner was called, but the body was warm, and the limbs in flexible. A physician advised that it should be kept wrapped in blankets and watched. The body remained warm from Saturday, at two o'clock, p.m., till Tuesday morning, when it became cold, and the inquest was held. Yesterday afternoon the Coroner held another inquest upon the body of an American, who died in the same tent where two Kanakas had died with the cholera within three weeks. The man had been in the country some eighteen months, but his name could not be ascertained.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 27TH]



November 28, Thursday, 1850: [Frederick Douglass](#) had ventured so far from the principle of nonviolence as to declare "There are some things for which men deserve to die.... Slaveholders, being such, have no right to live."



Thursday Nov 28th: Cold drizzling & misty rains which have melted the little snow— The farmers are beginning to pick up their dead wood. Within a day or two the walker finds gloves to be comfortable —& begins to think of an outside coat and of boots. Embarks in his boots for the winter voyage

The Indian talked about "our folks" & "your folks" "my grandfather" & "my grandfather's cousin" —[Samoset](#).

It is remarkable, but nevertheless true as far as my observation goes —that women to whom we commonly concede a somewhat finer & more sybilline nature, yield a more implicit obedience even to their animal instincts than men. The nature in them is stronger —the reason weaker There are for instance many young & middle aged men among my acquaintance who have scruples about using animal food, but comparatively few girls or women. The latter even the most refined are the most intolerant of such reforms. I think that the reformer of the severest as well as finest stamp class will find more sympathy in the intellectual & philosophic man than in the refined and delicate woman. It is perchance a part of woman's conformity & easy nature. Her savior must not be too strong stern & intellectual —but charitable above all things.

The thought of its greater independence & its closeness to nature diminishes the pain I feel when I see a more interesting child than usual destined to be brought up in a shanty. I see that the child is happy —& is not puny —& has all the wonders of nature for its toys— I have faith that its tenderness will in some way be cherished and protected as the buds of the spring in the remotest & wildest dell



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no less than in the garden plot.

I am the little Irish boy
That lives in the shanty
I am four years old today

And shall soon be one and twenty
I shall grow up
And be a great man
And shovel all day
As hard as I can.
Down in the deep cut
/ v
Where the men lived
Who made the Rail road.

HISTORY OF RR

for supper

I have some potatoes
And sometimes some bread
And then if its cold
I go right to bed.

I lie on some straw
Under my fathers coat
At recess I play
With little Billy Gray

And if I meet the cars
I get on the other track
And then I know whatever comes
I need'nt look back

Then away I run.
And when school is done
My mother does not cry
And my father does not scold
For I am a little Irish Boy
And I'm four years old.

Every day I go to school
Along the Railroad
It was so cold it made me cry
The day that it snowed.

And if my feet ache
I do not mind the cold
For I am a little Irish boy
& I'm four years old.



November 29, Friday, 1850: In the agreement of Olmütz (Olomuc), Prussia accepted the revival of the German Confederation under the domination of Austria, and abandoned its German Union project.



Nov 29th Still misty drizzling weather without snow or ice. The puff-balls with their open rays checker the path side in the woods, but they are not yet dry enough to make much dust. Damp weather in the fall seems to cause them to crack open i.e. their outer skin- They look white like the shells of five-fingers on the shore. The trees & shrubs look larger than usual when seen through the mist, perhaps because though near yet being in the visible horizon and their being nothing beyond to compare them with, we naturally magnify them supposing them further off.

It is very still yet in the woods. There are no leaves to rustle -no crickets to chirp -& but few birds to sing.


The pines standing in the ocean of mist, seen from the cliffs, are trees in every stage of transition from the actual to the imaginary. The near are more distinct, the distant more faint, till at last they



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are a mere shadowy cone in the distance What then are these solid pines become? You can comand only a circle of 30 or 40 rods in diameter. As you advance the trees gradually come out of the mist & take form before your eyes. You are reminded of your dreams Life looks like a dream– You are prepared to see visions. And now just before sundown the night-wind blows up more mist through the valley thickening the veil which already hung over the trees, and the shades of night gather early & rapidly around.
Birds lose their way.

 November 30, Saturday, [1850](#): In [San Francisco](#):

A thanksgiving-day for the admission of [California](#) into the Union.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Per the [Sacramento Transcript](#):

CORONER'S INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday afternoon on the body of a colored woman, named Julia Clark, from Norfolk, Va. The body was found in her bedroom, on I street, but no marks of violence found. The jury returned a verdict that she came to her death from causes unknown to them.

 November 30, Saturday, [1850](#): An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 30

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed for James Barrett Wood. In the Field Notes book of surveys, Thoreau wrote: "Surveyed a wood-lot for ... near the copper mines in the South part of [Carlisle](#), November 30, 1850, he having purchased the wood of Thomas Hale and (?) Bingham of Carlisle. The distance can be relied on. The last two bearings are useless being taken after dark. 10 Acres."




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 30TH]




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DECEMBER 1850

 December 1850: At the end of this year and into June of the following year, beginning with the [Ahwahneechee](#) tribe of the Sierra Nevada mountain valleys and the Chowchilla bands of Yokuts of the river channels in the plains of the San Joaquin valley raiding the Fresno River post of “Major” James D. Savage (who had been seizing Native American females to supply his bedchamber), the Miwok and Yokuts tribes would rise in opposition to the gold miners of northern [California](#). This would be termed the [Mariposa War](#).

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

 December 1850: This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 December 1850: [Henry Thoreau](#) became a corresponding member of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#).


In the records of the annual proceedings you will notice that we have marked each and every mention of Thoreau in yellow liner:

PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1850



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 December 1850: [Sojourner Truth](#) delivered an antislavery speech in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

[Waldo Emerson](#) added a lecture on “[FATE](#)” to his current series of lectures, lectures which in 1860 would be published as the book [CONDUCT OF LIFE](#).

Delicate omens traced in air
To the lone bard true witness bare;
Birds with auguries on their wings
Chanted undeceiving things
Him to beckon, him to warn;
Well might then the poet scorn
To learn of scribe or courier
Hints writ in vaster character;
And on his mind, at dawn of day,
Soft shadows of the evening lay.
For the prevision is allied
Unto the thing so signified;
Or say, the foresight that awaits
Is the same Genius that creates.

In this lecture Emerson contrasted the fate of the generally inferior types of human being with those of his own generally superior type:



an overmastering variety of human being which can be expected on a statistical basis occasionally and regularly to produce a superior leader of men such as Bonaparte, or a superior singer such as [Jenny Lind](#), or a superior navigator such as [Nathaniel Bowditch](#). –Whereas, by way of contrast, one may expect the German, the Irish, the Negro, the Jew, and the Indian (whose lives are no real benefit to anybody and whose deaths are

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no real loss) to be able to do little better than lie down and fertilize the grass:

The population of the world is a conditional population; not the best, but the best that could live now; and the scale of tribes, and the steadiness with which victory adheres to one tribe, and defeat to another, is as uniform as the superposition of strata. We know in history what weight belongs to race. We see the English, French, and Germans planting themselves on every shore and market of America and Australia, and monopolizing the commerce of these countries. We like the nervous and victorious habit of our own branch of the family. We follow the step of the Jew, of the Indian, of the Negro. We see how much will has been expended to extinguish the Jew, in vain. Look at the unpalatable conclusions of Knox, in his "Fragment of Races," — a rash and unsatisfactory writer, but charged with pungent and unforgettable truths. "Nature respects race, and not hybrids." "Every race has its own *habitat*." "Detach a colony from the race, and it deteriorates to the crab." See the shades of the picture. The German and Irish millions, like the Negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a spot of green grass on the prairie. One more fagot of these adamant bandages, is, the new science of Statistics. It is a rule, that the most casual and extraordinary events — if the basis of population is broad enough — become matter of fixed calculation. It would not be safe to say when a captain like Bonaparte, a singer like Jenny Lind, or a navigator like Bowditch, would be born in Boston: but, on a population of twenty or two hundred millions, something like accuracy may be had.

So let's all hum along with a verse of that old favorite, "Now Guano Won't You Please Lie Down."



December/January 1850/1851: [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote in his journal:

Tennyson's In Memoriam is the commonplaces of condolence among good unitarians in the first week of mourning. The consummate skill of the versification is the sole merit. The book has the advantage that was Dr Channing's fortune, that all the merit was appreciable. He is never a moment too high for his audience.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for December 1850 (æf. 33)



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December 1, Sunday, [1850](#): The president of Teatro La Fenice, Venice forwarded to [Giuseppe Verdi](#) and Francesco Maria Piave the Austrian governor's "profound regret that the poet Piave and the celebrated Maestro Verdi have not chosen some other field to display their talents than the revolting immorality and obscene triviality forming the story of the libretto *Le Maledizione* (*Rigoletto*), submitted to us for eventual performance at La Fenice."

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

Nothing of Much Interest the past week I has near forgotten however to Mention the Death of Charles Strong of Long Island. He departed this life on the 27th Age 27 Years Mr S was a fine young Man and had but just got into the Mines when he was taken with the Diarea but his desease turned to the Typhus Fever, Which carried him from this Stage of Action to try the realities of another world.

Dearest Friend thou hast left us
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But tis God who has bereft us
He can all our Sorrows heal.

Started for Stockton on friday Morning and arived at that place on Saturday Evening attended Service to day in Stockton,

What was going on for Thoreau on this day was quite a bit different from what was going on for [Frederick Douglass](#):



Dec 1st It is quite mild & pleasant today I saw a little green hemisphere of moss which looked as if it covered a stone. but thrusting my cane into it I found it was nothing but moss about 15 inches in diameter & 8 or 9 inches high. When I broke it up it appeared as if the anual growth was marked by successive layers half an inch deep each. The lower ones were quite rotten, but the present years quite green the intermediate white. I counted 15 or eighteen. It was quite solid, and I saw that it continued solid as it grew by branching occasionally, just enough to fill the newly gained space & the tender extremeties of each plant crowded close together made the firm & compact surface of the bed. There was a darker line separating the growths—where I thought the surface had been exposed to the winter. It was quite saturated with water though firm & solid.

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THE NATURE OF SLAVERY

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON SLAVERY, AT ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 1, 1850

More than twenty years of my life were consumed in a state of slavery. My childhood was environed by the baneful peculiarities of the slave system. I grew up to manhood in the presence of this hydra headed monster — not as a master — not as an idle spectator — not as the guest of the slaveholder — but as A SLAVE, eating the bread and drinking the cup of slavery with the most degraded of my brother-bondmen, and sharing with them all the painful conditions of their wretched lot. In consideration of these facts, I feel that I have a right to speak, and to speak **strongly**. Yet, my friends, I feel bound to speak truly.

Goading as have been the cruelties to which I have been subjected — bitter as have been the trials through which I have passed — exasperating as have been, and still are, the indignities offered to my manhood — I find in them no excuse for the slightest departure from truth in dealing with any branch of this subject.

First of all, I will state, as well as I can, the legal and social relation of master and slave. A master is one — to speak in the vocabulary of the southern states — who claims and exercises a right of property in the person of a fellow-man. This he does with the force of the law and the sanction of southern religion. The law gives the master absolute power over the slave. He may work him, flog him, hire him out, sell him, and, in certain contingencies, **kill** him, with perfect impunity. The slave is a human being, divested of all rights — reduced to the level of a brute — a mere “chattel” in the eye of the law — placed beyond the circle of human brotherhood — cut off from his kind — his name, which the “recording angel” may have enrolled in heaven, among the blest, is impiously inserted in a **master’s ledger**, with horses, sheep, and swine. In law, the slave has no wife, no children, no country, and no home. He can own nothing, possess nothing, acquire nothing, but what must belong to another. To eat the fruit of his own toil, to clothe his person with the work of his own hands, is considered stealing. He toils that another may reap the fruit; he is industrious that another may live in idleness; he eats unbolted meal that another may eat the bread of fine flour; he labors in chains at home, under a burning sun and biting lash, that another may ride in ease and splendor abroad; he lives in ignorance that another may be educated; he is abused that another may be exalted; he rests his toil-worn limbs on the cold, damp ground that another may repose on the softest pillow; he is clad in coarse and tattered raiment that another may be arrayed in purple and fine linen; he is sheltered only by the wretched hovel that a master may dwell in a magnificent mansion; and to this condition he is bound down as by an arm of iron.

From this monstrous relation there springs an unceasing stream of most revolting cruelties. The very accompaniments of the slave system stamp it as the offspring of hell itself. To ensure good behavior, the slaveholder relies on the whip; to induce proper humility, he relies on the whip; to rebuke what he is pleased to term insolence, he relies on the whip; to supply the place of wages as an incentive to toil, he relies on the whip; to bind down the spirit of the slave, to imbrute and destroy his manhood, he relies on the whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, the pillory, the bowie knife the pistol, and the blood-hound. These are the necessary and unvarying accompaniments of the system. Wherever slavery is found, these horrid instruments are also found. Whether on the coast of Africa, among the savage tribes, or in South Carolina, among the refined and civilized, slavery is the same, and its accompaniments one and the same. It makes no difference whether the slaveholder worships the God of the Christians, or is a follower of Mahomet, he is the minister of the same cruelty, and the author of the same misery. **Slavery** is always **slavery**; always the same foul, haggard, and damning scourge, whether found in the eastern or in the western hemisphere.

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There is a still deeper shade to be given to this picture. The physical cruelties are indeed sufficiently harassing and revolting; but they are as a few grains of sand on the sea shore, or a few drops of water in the great ocean, compared with the stupendous wrongs which it inflicts upon the mental, moral, and religious nature of its hapless victims. It is only when we contemplate the slave as a moral and intellectual being, that we can adequately comprehend the unparalleled enormity of slavery, and the intense criminality of the slaveholder. I have said that the slave was a man. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

The slave is a man, "the image of God," but "a little lower than the angels;" possessing a soul, eternal and indestructible; capable of endless happiness, or immeasurable woe; a creature of hopes and fears, of affections and passions, of joys and sorrows, and he is endowed with those mysterious powers by which man soars above the things of time and sense, and grasps, with undying tenacity, the elevating and sublimely glorious idea of a God. It is **such** a being that is smitten and blasted. The first work of slavery is to mar and deface those characteristics of its victims which distinguish **men** from **things**, and **persons** from **property**. Its first aim is to destroy all sense of high moral and religious responsibility. It reduces man to a mere machine. It cuts him off from his Maker, it hides from him the laws of God, and leaves him to grope his way from time to eternity in the dark, under the arbitrary and despotic control of a frail, depraved, and sinful fellow-man. As the serpent-charmer of India is compelled to extract the deadly teeth of his venomous prey before he is able to handle him with impunity, so the slaveholder must strike down the conscience of the slave before he can obtain the entire mastery over his victim.

It is, then, the first business of the enslaver of men to blunt, deaden, and destroy the central principle of human responsibility. Conscience is, to the individual soul, and to society, what the law of gravitation is to the universe. It holds society together; it is the basis of all trust and confidence; it is the pillar of all moral rectitude. Without it, suspicion would take the place of trust; vice would be more than a match for virtue; men would prey upon each other, like the wild beasts of the desert; and earth would become a **hell**.

Nor is slavery more adverse to the conscience than it is to the mind. This is shown by the fact, that in every state of the American Union, where slavery exists, except the state of Kentucky, there are laws absolutely prohibitory of education among the slaves. The crime of teaching a slave to read is punishable with severe fines and imprisonment, and, in some instances, with **death itself**.

Nor are the laws respecting this matter a dead letter. Cases may occur in which they are disregarded, and a few instances may be found where slaves may have learned to read; but such are isolated cases, and only prove the rule. The great mass of slaveholders look upon education among the slaves as utterly subversive of the slave system. I well remember when my mistress first announced to my master that she had discovered that I could read. His face colored at once with surprise and chagrin. He said that "I was ruined, and my value as a slave destroyed; that a slave should know nothing but to obey his master; that to give a negro an inch would lead him to take an ell; that having learned how to read, I would soon want to know how to write; and that by-and-by I would be running away." I think my audience will bear witness to the correctness of this philosophy, and to the literal fulfillment of this prophecy.

It is perfectly well understood at the south, that to educate a slave is to make him discontented [*sic*] with slavery, and to invest him with a power which shall open to him the treasures of freedom; and since the object of the slaveholder is to maintain complete authority over his slave, his constant vigilance is exercised to prevent everything which militates against, or endangers, the stability of his authority. Education being among the menacing influences, and, perhaps, the most dangerous, is, therefore, the most cautiously guarded against.

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It is true that we do not often hear of the enforcement of the law, punishing as a crime the teaching of slaves to read, but this is not because of a want of disposition to enforce it. The true reason or explanation of the matter is this: there is the greatest unanimity of opinion among the white population in the south in favor of the policy of keeping the slave in ignorance. There is, perhaps, another reason why the law against education is so seldom violated. The slave is too poor to be able to offer a temptation sufficiently strong to induce a white man to violate it; and it is not to be supposed that in a community where the moral and religious sentiment is in favor of slavery, many martyrs will be found sacrificing their liberty and lives by violating those prohibitory enactments.

As a general rule, then, darkness reigns over the abodes of the enslaved, and “how great is that darkness!”

We are sometimes told of the contentment of the slaves, and are entertained with vivid pictures of their happiness. We are told that they often dance and sing; that their masters frequently give them wherewith to make merry; in fine, that they have little of which to complain. I admit that the slave does sometimes sing, dance, and appear to be merry. But what does this prove? It only proves to my mind, that though slavery is armed with a thousand stings, it is not able entirely to kill the elastic spirit of the bondman. That spirit will rise and walk abroad, despite of whips and chains, and extract from the cup of nature occasional drops of joy and gladness. No thanks to the slaveholder, nor to slavery, that the vivacious captive may sometimes dance in his chains; his very mirth in such circumstances stands before God as an accusing angel against his enslaver.

It is often said, by the opponents of the anti-slavery cause, that the condition of the people of Ireland is more deplorable than that of the American slaves. Far be it from me to underrate the sufferings of the Irish people. They have been long oppressed; and the same heart that prompts me to plead the cause of the American bondman, makes it impossible for me not to sympathize with the oppressed of all lands. Yet I must say that there is no analogy between the two cases. The Irishman is poor, but he is not a slave. He may be in rags, but he is not a slave. He is still the master of his own body, and can say with the poet, “The hand of Douglass is his own.” “The world is all before him, where to choose;” and poor as may be my opinion of the British parliament, I cannot believe that it will ever sink to such a depth of infamy as to pass a law for the recapture of fugitive Irishmen! The shame and scandal of kidnapping will long remain wholly monopolized by the American congress. The Irishman has not only the liberty to emigrate from his country, but he has liberty at home. He can write, and speak, and cooperate for the attainment of his rights and the redress of his wrongs.

The multitude can assemble upon all the green hills and fertile plains of the Emerald Isle; they can pour out their grievances, and proclaim their wants without molestation; and the press, that “swift-winged messenger,” can bear the tidings of their doings to the extreme bounds of the civilized world. They have their “Conciliation Hall,” on the banks of the Liffey, their reform clubs, and their newspapers; they pass resolutions, send forth addresses, and enjoy the right of petition. But how is it with the American slave? Where may he assemble? Where is his Conciliation Hall? Where are his newspapers? Where is his right of petition? Where is his freedom of speech? his liberty of the press? and his right of locomotion? He is said to be happy; happy men can speak. But ask the slave what is his condition — what his state of mind — what he thinks of enslavement? and you had as well address your inquiries to the **silent dead**. There comes no **voice** from the enslaved. We are left to gather his feelings by imagining what ours would be, were our souls in his soul’s stead.

If there were no other fact descriptive of slavery, than that the slave is dumb, this alone would be sufficient to mark the slave system as a grand aggregation of human horrors.

Most who are present, will have observed that leading men in this country have been putting forth their skill to secure quiet to the nation. A system of measures to promote this object was adopted a few months ago in congress. The result of those measures is known. Instead of quiet, they have produced alarm; instead of peace, they have brought us war; and so it must ever be.




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While this nation is guilty of the enslavement of three millions of innocent men and women, it is as idle to think of having a sound and lasting peace, as it is to think there is no God to take cognizance of the affairs of men. There can be no peace to the wicked while slavery continues in the land. It will be condemned; and while it is condemned there will be agitation. Nature must cease to be nature; men must become monsters; humanity must be transformed; Christianity must be exterminated; all ideas of justice and the laws of eternal goodness must be utterly blotted out from the human soul — ere a system so foul and infernal can escape condemnation, or this guilty republic can have a sound, enduring peace.


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 December 2, Monday, 1850: [Eva Alden Thayer](#) was born in [Worcester, Massachusetts](#), a daughter of [Eli Thayer](#) and [Caroline Maria Capron Thayer](#).



Dec 2nd The wood pecker's  holes in the apple-trees are about $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch deep or just through the bark & $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch apart. They must be the decaying trees that are most frequented by them, & probably their work serves to relieve & ventilate the tree & as well as to destroy its enemies.
The barberis are shrivelled & dried, I find yet cranberries hard & not touched by the frost.

 December 3, Tuesday, 1850: The [Punctation of Olmütz](#) (also known as the “humiliation of Olmütz”) was announced at Berlin: conflict between Austria and Prussia was resolved by the pacification of Holstein by Austrian troops not taking place: Schleswig remaining in its former union with Holstein: Austrian and Prussian troops evacuating Hesse: and, Austria and Prussia acting on a perfect equality in relation to the question of the German constitution.

[Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#), the [Newburyport, Massachusetts Transcendentalist](#) reverend who had met [Henry Thoreau](#) in Concord, was during the 1850-1851 lecture season among the 5 curators for the Newburyport Lyceum, and in that capacity wrote to Thoreau:

I hear with pleasure that you are to lecture in Newburyport this week. Myself & wife are now living in town again, & we shall be very glad to see you at our house, if you like it better than a poor hotel And you shall go as early as you please on Saturday – which is the great point, I find, with guests, however unflattering to the hosts.

If I do not hear to the contrary I shall expect you, & will meet you at the cars.

In addition to hospitality, the Reverend would provide an introduction to a local naturalist, Dr. H.C. Perkins, who would display for the visiting lecturer, among other things, “the circulations in the Nitella ... under a microscope,” “a green clamshell,” “the head of a Chinook or Flathead,” and “the humerus of a Mylodon.” Thoreau also would record that this naturalist had been unable to “catch his frogs asleep.”



To: HDT
From: T.W. Higginson
Date: 12/3/50





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Newburyp[or]t[.] Dec. 3. 1850.

My Dear Sir

I hear with pleasure that you are to lecture in Newburyport this week. Myself & wife are now living in town again, & we shall be very glad to see if you at our house, if you like it better than a [poor] hotel. And you shall go as early as you please on Saturday – which is the great point, I find, with guests, however unflattering to the hosts.

If I do not hear to the contrary I shall expect you, & will meet you at the cars.

Very sincerely yours

T.W. Higginson.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 3D]



December 4, Wednesday, 1850: Harriette Lucy Robinson ([Harriette Robinson Shattuck](#)), the 1st of [William Stevens Robinson](#) and [Harriet Hanson Robinson](#)'s 4 children, was born.

A decade earlier, a new South Wing had been added to the Insane Hospital in Augusta, Maine, and it had come to be crowded with patients (a former patient, [Isaac H. Hunt](#), who had been discharged after being intercepted attempting to post a letter to the President of the United States, had become sane enough to provide for himself on the outside and communicative enough to have filed official complaints against this hospital — he was describing it as like a poorly run prison). A new heating system, installed the previous year, was known to be defective. At 3:00AM on this morning an attendant discovered fire in a flue pipe of the new furnace. The attendant and the assistant physician, Dr. Harlow, attempted to extinguish the fire with buckets of water but patients in the Old Wing were being threatened with suffocation by dense smoke passing through the air flumes. The patient rooms were unlocked and the patients wakened. Some were stupefied and bewildered while others were wild with excitement. They were urged, driven, and dragged into the new South Wing. The patients sometimes tried to run back into their rooms 2 or 3 times, and in the confusion 27 of them, and an attendant, perished. Patients could be seen in their windows, from the outside, visibly trapped. Some were rescued by ladder from their windows. Bells rang and the 1st fire engine, known as “Uncle Sam,” arrived from where it was stored in the town’s Arsenal (the town’s “Deluge Engine” was not in working order). The “Uncle Sam” was able to project a stream of water 100 feet high, onto the roof. Water was pumped from the cistern in front of the new wing until that was empty. There was a 10,000-gallons reservoir in the basement of the burning wing but this had become inaccessible due to the fire. When the firemen attempted to obtain water from another well, their hose broke. By the time 2 additional engines, the “Tiger” and the “Lion,” arrived from nearby Hallowell, flames were bursting out of the building’s windows. They set up the “Tiger” to draw water from the Kennebec River and pump it 700 feet through a hose to the “Lion,” which they set up to pump the water through another 600 feet of hose to the “Uncle Sam.” –But this was too little and too late.

Per the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#):

INQUESTS. – Coroner Gallagher summoned a jury yesterday morning, to investigate the circumstances connected with the killing of a boy, seven years old, on the Mission road last Sunday. The name of the boy is T. J. Lewis, and the jury say that he came to his death from a pistol shot wound – the pistol being in the



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hands of a boy named Boyle. The jury recommended that Boyle be detained in custody pending further investigations.

Justice Shepherd held an inquest on the body of a colored man named "Bull, who fell dead in the upper story of Cronin & Marklay's building, Montgomery street, yesterday morning. Verdict, death from an apoplectic fit.



On the same day the [Sacramento Transcript](#) described how after 3 white Americans had shot a defiant black American 7 times, they "all then went up to the negro, and found him dead":

A Horse Thief Shot. ... [a long story] ... The deposition of Mr. Henry continues, "at this time Mr. Chas. E. Morse caught hold of him and said 'you are my prisoner - we have got you just where we want you.' The negro replied, 'I give up, G-d d-n you, don't hurt me.' We tied his hands behind him with a sash. He soon broke loose and ran, and C.E. Morse, W.P. Henry, C.J. Marvin and L.M. Taylor took after him, when the negro said 'G-d d-n you, go to h-ll, you have not got me yet.' Taylor then fired his pistol at him. I fired the second, and Morse, I think, brought him down with a double-barreled gun. I then took charge of the horses, which were at the shantee. We all then went up to the negro, and found him dead."

At four o'clock yesterday morning, the Coroner held an inquest on the body; and on examination, it was found that seven balls had taken effect. The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.



December 4 Fair Haven Pond is now open—and there is no snow. It is a beautiful almost Indian summer afternoon, though the air is more pure and glassy. The shrub oak fire burns briskly as seen from the Cliffs. The evergreens are greener than ever. I notice the row of dwarf willows advanced into the water in Fair Haven, 3 or 4 rods from the dry land, just at the lowest water mark. You can get no disease but cold in such an atmosphere...

The following should come under Dec 4th Though the sun is now an hour high there is a peculiar bright light on the pines & on their stems. The lichens on their bark reflect it— In the horizon I see a succession of the brows of hills, bare or covered with wood—look over the eye brows of the recumbent earth— These are separated by long valleys filled with vapory haze....

Though the sun is now an hour high, there is a peculiar bright light on the pines and on their stems. The lichens on their bark reflect it. In the horizon I see a succession of the brows of hills, bare or covered with wood,— look over the eyebrows of the recumbent earth. These are separated by long valleys filled with vapory haze.

If there is a little more warmth than usual at this season then the beautiful air which belongs to winter, is perceived & appreciated.

This evening for the first time the new moon is reflected from the frozen snow crust.

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 December 5, Thursday, 1850: Jefferson Davis returned to his seat in the federal Senate.


In Berlin, incidental music to the farce “Ein nachmittag in Moabit” by Albert Lortzing was performed for the initial time.

The Reverend Theodore Parker, a man quite dedicated to getting his own way if possible without the need to resort to the inefficiency of violence, opined “I deplore violence. Let us do without it while we can....” (It would seem that few of us who read of such an utterance are prepared to contemplate that such an opinion has been voiced by others as well, such as for instance by Richard Nixon and by Adolf Hitler, and that as an agenda this has everything to do with the efficiency of violence and nothing whatever to do with pacifism.)

Paris vaut bien une messe!



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 5TH]

 December 6, Friday, 1850: The foraging party that had been abandoned by the barque *Powhatten*, including Eugene Ring, arrived at Minatitlan on the eastern coast of Mexico.

Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz announced his invention of the ophthalmoscope to the Berlin Physical Society.

L'enfant prodigue, an opéra by Daniel-François-Esprit Auber to words of Scribe, was performed for the initial time, at the Paris Opéra.

In Concord the day was cold and snowy. For the Concord Lyceum, Waldo Emerson delivered “PROPERTY.”



W. Emerson



Meanwhile Henry Thoreau was in Newburyport, Massachusetts lecturing on Cape Cod at their Market Hall, a building on the waterfront with a landing place at the back of the building for boats and barges. His was the



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6th lecture in that season's course of 20, and he received the usual \$20 awarded to out-of-town lecturers such as Emerson. Some 424 season tickets had been sold at \$1 each, and for Thoreau's lecture an additional 30 evening tickets were sold for \$.¹² apiece (by contrast, just nine such additional tickets would be sold when Emerson lectured there on February 21st). The average sale of such additional tickets that season would be 22 if we disregard one extreme case, a lecture by the hugely popular Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#). It is likely then that Thoreau drew a good crowd. Other lecturers who spoke before the Newburyport Lyceum that season, in addition to the Reverends Beecher and [Emerson](#) were [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes](#) and the local [Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#).

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
June 1, 1850 (?)	Worcester	"Cape Cod" (?)
December 6, Friday, 1850, at 7:30PM	Newburyport MA; Market Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 1, Wednesday, 1851	Clinton MA; Clinton Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"



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There had been notices placed in both Newburyport gazettes, the Morning Advertiser and the Daily Herald, for the day of the lecture and for the preceding day. Here is the Daily Herald:

NEWBURYPORT LYCEUM.

The 6th Lecture will be delivered at MARKET HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 6, at 7¹/₂ o'clock, by H. D. THOREAU, Esq.

Subject – "Cape Cod."

SEASON TICKETS are for sale by the Secretary at one dollar each.

A.A. CALL, Sec'y.



December 6: Being at Newburyport this evening Dr (H.C.?) Perkins showed me the circulations in the Nitella, which is slightly different from the Chara, under a microscope– I saw plainly the circulation looking like bubbles going round in each joint up one side & down the other of a sort of white line, and some times a dark colored moat appeared to be carried along with them. He said that the circulation could be well seen in the Common Celandine and moreover that when a shade was cast on it by a knife blade the circulation was reversed.– Ether would stop it –or the death of the plant.

He showed me a green clam shell –anodon fluviatilis, which he said was a *female* with young –found in a pond near by.

Also the head of a Chinook or Flathead.


Also the humerus of a Mylodon _____ of Owen from Oregon– Some more remains have been found in Missouri, and a whole skeleton in Buenos Ayres. A digging animal.

He could not catch his frogs asleep.



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 December 7, Saturday, 1850: Ida Elizabeth Surette was born in Concord to Louis A. Surette and Frances Jane Shattuck Surette. She would survive only until August 6, 1852.

An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 7


The Newburyport, Massachusetts Daily Herald reported that Henry Thoreau's lecture had not been the only noteworthy event of the previous evening. Thoreau had been scheduled to begin speaking at 7:30PM, but: "The alarm of fire, last evening, at half past 7 o'clock, was caused by the burning of the Boynton house, on the Turnpike, near the fourth mile stone."⁷¹

Brad Dean's analysis is that rather than filling out each of the 3 lectures he had originally written after this visit to Cape Cod in October 1849, Thoreau seems to have contented himself with perfecting the condensed version of the lecture that he had delivered in South Danvers (now Peabody) the preceding February 18th. He had revisited the Cape in June 1850, and although we know he incorporated a few additional notes resulting from that visit into his evolving essays, we do not now know if he used some or all of those notes in this version of his lecture, which was no doubt very similar, if not identical, to the version he would deliver in just 20 at Clinton and in just 35 days at Portland, and which would be summarized in great detail by the Portland Transcript. The evidence is that this presentation –encompassing most of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th chapters of CAPE COD, plus some of the 2nd chapter– required considerably longer than the usual hour to deliver.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 7TH]

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**

 December 8, Sunday, 1850: String Quartet D.887 by Franz Schubert was performed completely for the 1st time, at the Musikverein, Vienna.

The ship Salem had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Aboard were 20-year-old Isaac Sherwood Halsey, his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

George arived with the Schooner at Stockton on Tuesday Evening
with Potatoes & Cabbage Started for the Hill on Thursday Morning
with a load and arived on Friday night.

Express in but no letters. George came up with me but returned
yesterday. Wrote a letter to Father to day.

71. We don't know whether this alarm, in that era of volunteer firemen, had delayed the start of the lyceum program.



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A letter from [John Grant \(1822-1878\)](#), in the gold fields of [California](#), to his sister [Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

Caroline Grant
Newark, N.J. Dec. 8, 1850
Dear Sister Caroline
You may be in doubt why I have so long delayed writing you. I will tell you. You did not say to whose care I ought to direct. I wrote to Joel to inform me, but I hear nothing - I presume however you will get my letter at length with only the ordinary address, so I will not wait longer. And now first I must express my regret that you did not allow me to see you when you passed through Newark. Could you not stop? Had I received your letter in season I could not have found it expedient to dismiss my school for such an interview as the mere stopping of the train would allow - which would only have been sufficient to remind us of what we would but could not say. However I did not get your letter from Hadley untill nearly three hours after you were to pass. So it does not avail to say what might have been, but rather what ought to be under like circumstances again. Let me then say that I shall expect a different arrangement when you return. You must then stay several hours at least - see how your brother is located, and let him show you such hospitality as circumstances permit. Should your return be at such time as to allow it I will be your escort hence to New York. But more particularly of that in future. And now as to that visit which you expect from me in Flemington [New Jersey]. Be assured you could not anticipate it with more pleasure than I, if I supposed it would be practicable. But I see not how it can be. I am not to have any vacation until spring except the week between Christmas and New Year's - in which I must go home - and shall not have a day too much. Were the conveyance so arranged that I could spend Thanksgiving with you I would plan to do so, but it is not. So you must not expect me for many weeks if at all. I know not how you came to suppose I entertained such a purpose. I indeed wrote to Mother that if you went to Flemington I should of course see your meaning that I took it as a matter of course that you would not pass us by without allowing such privilege. The California letters which you forwarded to me were duly received, read, and sent on their way. I am glad the brothers are together and hope they will be greatly blessed with health, success and prosperity of every kind. I fear however at the same time that they will not get rich very fast. We cannot do better than be hopeful however, and trust the result to an all wise Providence. I hope we shall have further intelligence by the mail soon to come in.
I am glad you are so favorably situated for the present in the family of your dear sister.
May her faithful affection comfort and console your heart in its anxiety - and you enjoy the peaceful happiness of which you have formed an anticipation. I repeat that should it at any time while you are with your sister [it should] appear consistent with my engagements to visit you, I shall not neglect to do so. Please give her my best regards - I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Hill but hope I may at some future time.

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I am as prosperous as I can expect in my enterprize here. My school numbers 12 and all appears well and promising. Cannot but hope strongly for the future.

I live on bachelorizing, and see no reason to expect to do otherwise soon. But great and important changes cannot be made at once even if they are practicable. We must wait the developments of time.

Now, dear sister, don't send me any more half sheet apologies for letters but just betake yourself to letters, "as is" letters - Write soon - I shall be absent from Newark during the holy[]days.

Your affectionate brother

Jno. Grant

P.S. Neither you nor any one else has said a word to me of the children. Are they or either of them with you? If so tell them of Uncle John - and kiss them for me. In haste.

Yours -

What was going on for Thoreau on this day was quite a bit different from what was going on for [Frederick Douglass](#):



Dec 8th It snowed in the night of the 6th and the ground is now covered. our first snow 2 inches deep A week ago I saw cows being driven home from pasture- Now they are kept at home. Here's an end to their grazing. The farmer improves this first slight snow to accomplish some pressing jobs -to move some particular rocks on a drag, or the like- I perceive how quickly he has seized the opportunity. I see no tracks now of cows or men or boys beyond the edge of the wood - suddenly they are shut up -the remote pastues & hills beyond the woods are now closed to cows & cowherds aye & to cowards I am struck by this sudden solitude & remoteness which these places have acquired. The dear privacy & retirement & solitude which winter makes possibles -carpeting the earth with snow, furnishing more than woolen feet to all walkers, cronching the snow only. From Fair Haven I see the hills & fields aye & the icy woods in the Corner shine gleam with the dear old wintery sheen. Those are not surely the cottages I have seen all summer. They are some cottages which I have in my mind.

Now the Fair Haven Pond is open & ground is covered with snow & ice; a week or two ago -the pond was frozen & the ground was still bare.

Still those particular red oak-leaves which I had noticed are quite unwilted -under the cliffs, and the apple-leaves, though stand in snow & ice & incrusted with the latter -still ripe red -& *tender* fresh green leaves.

It is interesting to observe the manner in which the plants bear their snowy burden. The dry calix leaves like an oblong cup of the *Trichostema dichotoma* have caught the rain or melting snow & now this little butter-boat is filled with a frozen pure drop which stands up high above the sides of the cup- So many pearly drops covering the whole plant.- In the wood paths. The pennyroyal then also retains its fragrance under the ice & snow.

I find that the Indigo weed -whose *shade* still stands & holds its black seed vessels -is not too humble to escape enemies- Almost every seed vessel which contains half a dozen seeds or more contains also a little black six legged bug about as big as a bug which gnaws the seeds -& sometimes I find a grub -though it is now cold weather & the plant is covered with ice. Not only our pea-and grain have their weevils but the fruit of the Indigo weed!



"And I should like to be able to love my country and still love justice."

- [Albert Camus](#)





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INHUMANITY OF SLAVERY

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON SLAVERY, AT ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 8, 1850

The relation of master and slave has been called patriarchal, and only second in benignity and tenderness to that of the parent and child. This representation is doubtless believed by many northern people; and this may account, in part, for the lack of interest which we find among persons whom we are bound to believe to be honest and humane. What, then, are the facts? Here I will not quote my own experience in slavery; for this you might call one-sided testimony. I will not cite the declarations of abolitionists; for these you might pronounce exaggerations. I will not rely upon advertisements cut from newspapers; for these you might call isolated cases. But I will refer you to the laws adopted by the legislatures of the slave states. I give you such evidence, because it cannot be invalidated nor denied. I hold in my hand sundry extracts from the slave codes of our country, from which I will quote.

* * *

Now, if the foregoing be an indication of kindness, **what is cruelty?** If this be parental affection, **what is bitter malignity?** A more atrocious and blood-thirsty string of laws could not well be conceived of. And yet I am bound to say that they fall short of indicating the horrible cruelties constantly practiced in the slave states.

I admit that there are individual slaveholders less cruel and barbarous than is allowed by law; but these form the exception. The majority of slaveholders find it necessary, to insure obedience, at times, to avail themselves of the utmost extent of the law, and many go beyond it. If kindness were the rule, we should not see advertisements filling the columns of almost every southern newspaper, offering large rewards for fugitive slaves, and describing them as being branded with irons, loaded with chains, and scarred by the whip. One of the most telling testimonies against the pretended kindness of slaveholders, is the fact that uncounted numbers of fugitives are now inhabiting the Dismal Swamp, preferring the untamed wilderness to their cultivated homes — choosing rather to encounter hunger and thirst, and to roam with the wild beasts of the forest, running the hazard of being hunted and shot down, than to submit to the authority of **kind** masters.

I tell you, my friends, humanity is never driven to such an unnatural course of life, without great wrong. The slave finds more of the milk of human kindness in the bosom of the savage Indian, than in the heart of his **Christian** master. He leaves the man of the **bible**, and takes refuge with the man of the **tomahawk**. He rushes from the praying slaveholder into the paws of the bear. He quits the homes of men for the haunts of wolves. He prefers to encounter a life of trial, however bitter, or death, however terrible, to dragging out his existence under the dominion of these **kind** masters.

The apologists for slavery often speak of the abuses of slavery; and they tell us that they are as much opposed to those abuses as we are; and that they would go as far to correct those abuses and to ameliorate the condition of the slave as anybody. The answer to that view is, that slavery is itself an abuse; that it lives by abuse; and dies by the absence of abuse. Grant that slavery is right; grant that the relations of master and slave may innocently exist; and there is not a single outrage which was ever committed against the slave but what finds an apology in the very necessity of the case. As we said by a slaveholder (the Rev. A. G. Few) to the Methodist conference, “If the relation be right, the means to maintain it are also right;” for without those means slavery could not exist. Remove the dreadful scourge — the plaited thong — the galling fetter — the accursed chain — and let the slaveholder rely solely upon moral and religious power, by which to secure obedience to his orders, and how long do you suppose a slave would remain on his plantation? The case only needs to be stated; it carries its own refutation with it.

Absolute and arbitrary power can never be maintained by one man over the body and soul of another man, without brutal chastisement and enormous cruelty.

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To talk of **kindness** entering into a relation in which one party is robbed of wife, of children, of his hard earnings, of home, of friends, of society, of knowledge, and of all that makes this life desirable, is most absurd, wicked, and preposterous.

I have shown that slavery is wicked —wicked, in that it violates the great law of liberty, written on every human heart —wicked, in that it violates the first command of the decalogue —wicked, in that it fosters the most disgusting licentiousness —wicked, in that it mars and defaces the image of God by cruel and barbarous inflictions —wicked, in that it contravenes the laws of eternal justice, and tramples in the dust all the humane and heavenly precepts of the New Testament.

The evils resulting from this huge system of iniquity are not confined to the states south of Mason and Dixon's line. Its noxious influence can easily be traced throughout our northern borders. It comes even as far north as the state of New York. Traces of it may be seen even in Rochester; and travelers have told me it casts its gloomy shadows across the lake, approaching the very shores of [Queen Victoria](#)'s dominions.

The presence of slavery may be explained by —as it is the explanation of— the mobocratic violence which lately disgraced New York, and which still more recently disgraced the city of Boston. These violent demonstrations, these outrageous invasions of human rights, faintly indicate the presence and power of slavery here. It is a significant fact, that while meetings for almost any purpose under heaven may be held unmolested in the city of Boston, that in the same city, a meeting cannot be peaceably held for the purpose of preaching the doctrine of the American [Declaration of Independence](#), “that all men are created equal.” The pestiferous breath of slavery taints the whole moral atmosphere of the north, and enervates the moral energies of the whole people.

The moment a foreigner ventures upon our soil, and utters a natural repugnance to oppression, that moment he is made to feel that there is little sympathy in this land for him. If he were greeted with smiles before, he meets with frowns now; and it shall go well with him if he be not subjected to that peculiarly fining method of showing fealty to slavery, the assaults of a mob.

Now, will any man tell me that such a state of things is natural, and that such conduct on the part of the people of the north, springs from a consciousness of rectitude? No! every fibre of the human heart unites in detestation of tyranny, and it is only when the human mind has become familiarized with slavery, is accustomed to its injustice, and corrupted by its selfishness, that it fails to record its abhorrence of slavery, and does not exult in the triumphs of liberty.

The northern people have been long connected with slavery; they have been linked to a decaying corpse, which has destroyed the moral health. The union of the government; the union of the north and south, in the political parties; the union in the religious organizations of the land, have all served to deaden the moral sense of the northern people, and to impregnate them with sentiments and ideas forever in conflict with what as a nation we call **genius of American institutions**. Rightly viewed, this is an alarming fact, and ought to rally all that is pure, just, and holy in one determined effort to crush the monster of corruption, and to scatter “its guilty profits” to the winds. In a high moral sense, as well as in a national sense, the whole American people are responsible for slavery, and must share, in its guilt and shame, with the most obdurate men-stealers of the south.

While slavery exists, and the union of these states endures, every American citizen must bear the chagrin of hearing his country branded before the world as a nation of liars and hypocrites; and behold his cherished flag pointed at with the utmost scorn and derision. Even now an American **abroad** is pointed out in the crowd, as coming from a land where men gain their fortunes by “the blood of souls,” from a land of slave markets, of blood-hounds, and slave-hunters; and, in some circles, such a man is shunned altogether, as a moral pest. Is it not time, then, for every American to awake, and inquire into his duty with respect to this subject?

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Wendell Phillips –the eloquent New England orator– on his return from Europe, in 1842, said, “As I stood upon the shores of Genoa, and saw floating on the placid waters of the Mediterranean, the beautiful American war ship Ohio, with her masts tapering proportionately aloft, and an eastern sun reflecting her noble form upon the sparkling waters, attracting the gaze of the multitude, my first impulse was of pride, to think myself an American; but when I thought that the first time that gallant ship would gird on her gorgeous apparel, and wake from beneath her sides her dormant thunders, it would be in defense of the African slave trade, I blushed in utter **shame** for my country.”

Let me say again, **slavery is alike the sin and the shame of the American people**; it is a blot upon the American name, and the only national reproach which need make an American hang his head in shame, in the presence of monarchical governments.

With this gigantic evil in the land, we are constantly told to look **at home**; if we say ought against crowned heads, we are pointed to our enslaved millions; if we talk of sending missionaries and bibles abroad, we are pointed to three millions now lying in worse than heathen darkness; if we express a word of sympathy for Kossuth and his Hungarian fugitive brethren, we are pointed to that horrible and hell-black enactment, “the fugitive slave bill.”

Slavery blunts the edge of all our rebukes of tyranny abroad — the criticisms that we make upon other nations, only call forth ridicule, contempt, and scorn. In a word, we are made a reproach and a by-word to a mocking earth, and we must continue to be so made, so long as slavery continues to pollute our soil.

We have heard much of late of the virtue of patriotism, the love of country, &c., and this sentiment, so natural and so strong, has been impiously appealed to, by all the powers of human selfishness, to cherish the viper which is stinging our national life away. In its name, we have been called upon to deepen our infamy before the world, to rivet the fetter more firmly on the limbs of the enslaved, and to become utterly insensible to the voice of human woe that is wafted to us on every southern gale. We have been called upon, in its name, to desecrate our whole land by the footprints of slave-hunters, and even to engage ourselves in the horrible business of kidnapping.

I, too, would invoke the spirit of patriotism; not in a narrow and restricted sense, but, I trust, with a broad and manly signification; not to cover up our national sins, but to inspire us with sincere repentance; not to hide our shame from the the [*sic*] world’s gaze, but utterly to abolish the cause of that shame; not to explain away our gross inconsistencies as a nation, but to remove the hateful, jarring, and incongruous elements from the land; not to sustain an egregious wrong, but to unite all our energies in the grand effort to remedy that wrong.

I would invoke the spirit of patriotism, in the name of the law of the living God, natural and revealed, and in the full belief that “righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people.” “He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes, he shall dwell on high, his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure.”

We have not only heard much lately of patriotism, and of its aid being invoked on the side of slavery and injustice, but the very prosperity of this people has been called in to deafen them to the voice of duty, and to lead them onward in the pathway of sin. Thus has the blessing of God been converted into a curse. In the spirit of genuine patriotism, I warn the American people, by all that is just and honorable, to BEWARE!



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I warn them that, strong, proud, and prosperous though we be, there is a power above us that can “bring down high looks; at the breath of whose mouth our wealth may take wings; and before whom every knee shall bow;” and who can tell how soon the avenging angel may pass over our land, and the sable bondmen now in chains, may become the instruments of our nation’s chastisement! Without appealing to any higher feeling, I would warn the American people, and the American government, to be wise in their day and generation. I exhort them to remember the history of other nations; and I remind them that America cannot always sit “as a queen,” in peace and repose; that prouder and stronger governments than this have been shattered by the bolts of a just God; that the time may come when those they now despise and hate, may be needed; when those whom they now compel by oppression to be enemies, may be wanted as friends. What has been, may be again. There is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go. The crushed worm may yet turn under the heel of the oppressor. I warn them, then, with all solemnity, and in the name of retributive justice, **to look to their ways**; for in an evil hour, those sable arms that have, for the last two centuries, been engaged in cultivating and adorning the fair fields of our country, may yet become the instruments of terror, desolation, and death, throughout our borders.

It was the sage of the Old Dominion that said –while speaking of the possibility of a conflict between the slaves and the slaveholders– “God has no attribute that could take sides with the oppressor in such a contest. I tremble for my country when I reflect that God **is just**, and that his justice cannot sleep forever.” Such is the warning voice of Thomas Jefferson; and every day’s experience since its utterance until now, confirms its wisdom, and commends its truth.



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 December 9, Monday, 1850: A letter from [Daniel Grant \(1818-1892\)](#), at Marysville in the gold fields of [California](#), to his spouse [Mrs. Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

Mrs. Caroline Grant
Norfolk
Connecticut
Marysville, Dec. 9, 1850.

My Dear Wife,

It is a long time since I wrote home, longer I think than it will be again. You may expect a letter every mail after this, or twice a month. I am now in Marysville & have been for some time. As long as I remain here, or where I can get to the P.O. [Post Office] I shall send by every mail, & I would be glad to receive by every mail.

Have had no news from you since M. [Marcus Grant] arrived because I suppose, I have not sent for any or have sent but once & then the express did not return. I shall send to Sacramento city by the next mail, to have letters forwarded to Marysville, if the P.M. [Post Master] will regard my request I have no doubt I shall hear from you, but it is very uncertain whether he will, Post Master are either exce[e]ding careless here, or else exceeding indifferent.

I have been searching for a piece of land for M. [Marcus Grant] & myself & for cows that we could buy but both are very difficult to find or at least it is difficult to find land at the present time that suits in quality & location, six months ago I could have found it.

There is a place about two miles from here where I think to go & build a small cabin & if I can get a few cows, & keep there I will, & when M. [Marcus Grant] comes we will decide whether it is best for us to stay there, or not.

M. [Marcus Grant] is still on the Yuba river & I suppose doing pretty well, I have not heard definite[ly] from him since I left him, some six weeks since, suppose he has had no opportunity to send.

Marysville is a flourishing place, & I think will continue to grow for a time yet, the city as it is called is regularly laid out the streets crossing at right angles. It is a very pretty location, & I think healthy there were two or three cases of chol[e]r[a] when it was so bad at S[acramento] City, but I can see no reason why it is not healthy.

The buildings are mostly made of cloth & almost every house is a store, tavern or some other kind of shop. A great deal of gambling is done every day, every tavern is furnished with cards & tables for the accommodation of visiters, & loafers many is the game played for a drink & even for money, the montabank[montebank] is the principal bank here, there being many of them, but Faro is common & Rolet[Roulette?], Ronda & all other kinds of games are always to be found.

The stores are none of them furnished with stoves, but the weather is considered warm enough to throw the doors wide open



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& admit all the air.

There are but few women here of the right sort, but plenty of bad ones. It seems that bad women & gamblers are good associates. Yesterday I attended church, meeting was held in the court house. The minister is a young man, & pret[t]y smart enough for this country I suppose, he told us that he wanted us to contribute enough to enable him to live, said "the laborer is worthy of his hire," & "all he asked was enough to live," & I am sure it [will] not cost him but little more to [live?] here with the high prices, than it does most of our ministers at home. You must not think that it is for want of talent that he will live cheap, it is the absence of false pride, & a sense of our wickedness in this country, & a desire to do us good, he is some like that man we liked so well in Wis[consin], I have forgotten his name.

Do you think I thought of home while I was at church, ah! you know I am thinking of home nearly every moment, but the impressions were more vivid when there.

I thought to write a full letter this time & give you a good deal of information about myself & other things here but, I think I must cut it short & see if I cant do it next time.

The last letter I sent home [&] contains ½ an oz. gold dust M. [Marcus Grant] wrote in the letter, he stated that I was going to packing, so I did, & succeeded in getting the load to the place, but on my return I lost both of my mules for which I paid \$165.00 I then gave up doing any more packing. Send your letters to Marysville pay no postage unless Joel continues to be postmaster I am pretty well. Your aff[ectionate] husband
Daniel

[There is something of a revival here I hope you & Mary [Mary Burr Hill] will remember & pray for us all that we too may be blessed I went to meeting last Friday there was a very full prayer meeting Halsey Stevens & Ralph Cressey and others have hopes think Erastus & nor Ralph haven't been awakened R. could not very well attend meetings, I believe it began among the Methodist[s.]

Mrs. Rebecca Sexton Canfield has a son 6 days old we had never though of the thing till Mrs. Welch told of it yesterday Elmore Canfield's wife has one 3 weeks old we heard for the first time today[.] There was a man killed yesterday in Capt. Duvals shop by the bursting of a grind stone[.]

P. Burr [Pamela Burr]

Jan 25]



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 9TH TO 12TH]



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December 10, Tuesday, 1850: Moses Hicks Grinnell's letter requesting that government employment be found for the Italian patriot [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) was received at Secretary of State [Daniel Webster](#)'s office (nothing would come of this request).

Hungarian general [Józef Zachariasz Bem](#), who had converted to Islam and adopted the name [Murad Paşa/Pasha](#), died of [malaria](#) at Aleppo at the age of 56.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

There have been during the last few days a monetary crisis and great run upon the banks; when one of them, Mr. Henry M. Naglee's, suspended payment to-day. During the troublous and exciting winter of 1849-50, speculation had gone beyond all bounds both in every kind of merchandise and in real estate. When the reaction came, prices fell nearly as much below the prime cost of goods as previously they had been above it, and in many cases great quantities of valuable merchandise could be had at nominal rates. Real estate, when forced on the market, often did not fetch a tenth of its recent value. Added to this sudden collapse of prices, three great fires had helped to ruin many, and had affected indeed every inhabitant of the city in some measure prejudicially. Thus a general financial embarrassment ensued, and numerous bankruptcies of people previously reputed wealthy followed. Some of the most extensive firms of the city were compelled to assign their property for the benefit of their creditors. On a sudden a panic seized those who held deposits in the different banks, and an immediate "run" was made on these establishments. Messrs. Burgoyne & Co., James King of William, and Wells & Co., nobly met the unexpected demand, and kept their doors open during unusual and extra hours to accommodate the half frantic depositors.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 9TH TO 12TH]



December 11, Wednesday, 1850: [Sir John Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.](#), Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, lectured on "Reasons for Co-Operation" at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations in Fitzroy Square in London." This would be printed during the following year by the firm of John W. Parker in London as "[REASONS FOR CO-OPERATION: A LECTURE, delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations, 76, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on Wednesday, December 11th, 1850. To which is added, GOD AND MAMMON: A Sermon to Young Men, Preached in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras, On Sunday Evening, January 19th, 1851, by F.D. Maurice, M.A. Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.](#)"



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 9TH TO 12TH]



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December 12, Thursday, 1850: Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

This morning when we went on deck we were about three miles from Oahu sailing alongside, the Island looked very rough and craggy; but after rounding a point we came in sight of Honolulu and the shipping; the town is built upon an extensive flat of great fertility, groves of cocoa nut trees to be seen occasionally on the bottom; several canoes passed with natives in fishing; their canoes were fixed with outriggers on one side and seemed to be very light and easily managed. The Capt. had hoisted the signal for a pilot and we soon seen the pilot boat coming out to us, it was a Whale boat pulled with four oars, the pilot was sitting in the Stern sheets; he was a short Heavy built man about as broad as long, heavy featured; he was the personification of John Bull. His first questions when he struck the side were if Are you all well? Where are you from? Do you want to go into Port? By the time these were answered he was on deck and sung out in a Stentorian voice for the yards to be squared, they having been thrown back for him to come on board; the Capt. and all hands could not help smiling at the promptness with which he took command. He came on board at ½ past 10 and by noon we were anchored. The harbor is very difficult of access it being <a> very narrow passage between the reefs over which the sea breaks with a tremendous roar; we saw several parts of wrecks. We had a man in the chains throwing the lead [to measure the depth of the water] all the time coming in. The water was beautifully clear <and calm> enabling us to see the bottom distinctly. As soon as the anchor was dropped the vessel was crowded with natives some trying to sell fruit others anxious to take us ashore. Bananas, Oranges, Cocoa Nuts, melons, &c &c were here in profusion.

We went on shore and got our permits for which we paid \$1.00. Bro. Clark hired a house at \$10 pr. month.

The [Reverend Henry Augustus Boardman, D.D.](#) delivered a Thursday Sermon in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania entitled “The American Union: A Discourse,” on this day of Annual [Thanksgiving](#). In this sermon he traced the hand of GOD (he capitalized important words for emphasis) in the creation of the federal union of the United States of America, in such manner as to indicate that SLAVERY, as a divisive force which might annul this work of the hand of GOD, was therefore an evil which must be destroyed. It was the will of GOD that the United States of America be one nation and therefore it was the will of GOD that the southern states not be allowed to secede, and that American SLAVERY be destroyed:

No man who believes that there is a Providence can take even a brief retrospect of our history, like that which has now engaged our attention, without discovering innumerable evidences of his benignant agency. He who does not see a Divine hand directing and controlling the whole course of our affairs, from the landing of the colonists at Jamestown and Plymouth until the present would hardly have seen the pillar of cloud and of fire had he been with the Hebrews in the wilderness.

The Union is not the work of man. It is the work of GOD. Among the achievements of his wisdom and beneficence in conducting the secular concern of the world, it must be ranked as one of his



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greatest and best works. And he who would destroy it is chargeable with the impiety of attempting to subvert a structure which is eminently adapted to illustrate the perfections of the Deity, and to bless the whole family of man.

This sermon would be re-delivered on the following Thursday and then printed by Lippincott, Grambo and Company, and would go through numerous editions as THE AMERICAN UNION: A DISCOURSE DELIVERED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850, THE DAY OF THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING IN PENNSYLVANIA, AND REPEATED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, IN THE TENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING

The whaler *Pocahontas* out of Holmes Hole, Captain Joseph Dias, Jr., ran into a spot of trouble off the coast of Brazil or Argentina, 1st one of its whaleboats struck at a sperm whale and it stove that boat. Then the mother ship itself attempted to ram that whale, “pricked him,” and was struck by the whale at 3 or 4 knots. This caused the whaler to spring a leak — but the leak was repaired.

After nearly a month at sea a group of 10 [Mormon](#) missionaries who had been idled by the winter weather in the California gold fields arrived in Honolulu, Oahu, making themselves the 1st members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to visit the [Sandwich Isles](#). They and their leader Hiram Clark were without any previous training or instruction and Donald R. Shaffer has attempted to describe “the confusion and failure of the initial proselyting activity of these missionaries.”



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 9TH TO 12TH]



December 13, Friday, [1850](#): [Richard F. Fuller](#) lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Egyptian Civilization.”

The new low-pressure steamer *Anglo-Norman*, Captain Reinhardt, steamed out of New Orleans, Louisiana at noon on a pleasure trip some 30 or 40 miles up the river. While the guests were having their dinner at a little after 3PM, at 9-Mile-Point, after it had turned around and was heading home, its immense boiler exploded and blew away the whole of the boiler deck. All upper works forward of the main gangway were completely demolished, the cabin floor raised up, and the upper part of the starboard wheelhouse was blown off. The ladies on board escaped without injury, as also Captain Reinhardt, but from 75 to 100 male passengers were dead in fragments in the river, wounded, or missing.

[President Millard Fillmore](#) issued a proclamation, declaring that the act of Congress of September 9th, 1850, relative to the boundaries of [Texas](#) and the payment to her by the United States of \$10,000,000, was in full force and operation, all conditions therein having been performed by Texas.

After the disastrous fire at the Insane Hospital in Augusta, Maine on December 4th, a former patient, [Isaac H. Hunt](#) (who had become sane enough to provide for himself on the outside and communicative enough to have filed official complaints against this hospital — he was describing it as like a poorly run prison) on this day visited the site, and collected some of the ashes of the 28 people who had been trapped in this fire:

On the 13th of Dec., the tenth day from the conflagration, I had returned from Boston, and taking a friend and a horse and sleigh, I went over to view the scene of desolation. Such a sight, such

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ruins, none can conceive without the actual observation. I went down and walked through the basement, over the then burning timbers, and fallen brick, mortar, iron and stone, and the bones of the victims, and selected a few relics of the burnt bones of the dead and fragments of the building, as mementos of my own sufferings. Yes, I passed through these ruins just as I had a few months previous dreamed of passing through them, for I trust I shall be pardoned if I tell you that it is quite a common thing with me, since my entrance into that abode of despair, to dream of, and see in my visions of the night, occurrences for days or months before they take place; and can you imagine what my meditations must have been at that moment, to be actually fulfilling that vision, by passing over the fire, and under those scorched and crumbling walls, which hung fifty feet over my head, and at the same time some dozen or more men at work, shoveling over the fallen mass, to find the remains of the dead, which, in the most of them, you might lay all that was left of them upon your hand. Yes, what think you must have been my thoughts in passing through those desolate ruins, with the fire and smoke under my feet, and the cold chilling blasts of a wintry wind whistling and howling through the standing walls, playing the last sad requiem to the manes of the dead, whose bones lay burning and consuming under the devouring element. Well, to me, were it not for the human sacrifice, it was a sublime sight, for then and there I looked upon it as the visitation from a just and righteous God, who doeth all things well. Yes, I looked upon the scene as though the fire had been sent from heaven to open the blind eyes of the people; to show them the wilful atrocities of their rulers, whom they had chose to reign over them, and whose deeds were deeds of wickedness and blood, and whose ends and aims were wealth and power, and their own agrandizement.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

We moved on shore this morning. After breakfast we put on our best and started up toward the mountains to have prayer on our way up the Nuuanu [Nu`uanu] Valley we turned off to some falls [Kapena Falls] to the right to wash our bodies; it was a fine place to swim in and very deep; several Native boys from 10 to 15 amused themselves by jumping from the sides of the falls down between 30 and 40 feet; they would strike the water feet foremost in a crouching position and remain under a considerable time; they were the most expert swimmers I ever saw. We crossed the stream here and ascended the mountain to the right of the Valley when we got near to where we wanted to stop we picked up a stone apiece and carried up with us; we ascended a knob that rose up precipitously on all sides and formed a table of about thirty or thirty-five feet wide; we then made an altar of our stones <and sung a hymn> and then all spoke round what our desires were; & selected Bro. [Hiram] Clark to be mouth. We had the spirit with us I could feel it very sensibly. Our desires principally <were> that the Lord would make a speedy work here on these Islands and that an effectual door might be opened for the



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preaching of the gospel and that all opposers might be confounded and that our lives might be spared to get home again. After prayer <Bro. [John] Dixon> spoke in tongues and Bro. [James] Hawkins had the gift of interpretation but he did not speak for awhile and lost <part of> it again. It was that the Lord would bless us with greater blessings than we had asked our could ask. It was getting rather late and <we> thought it best to strike homeward. We allowed it to be about 1000 ft above the level of the sea. The point running down from it on the right to a short distance below some falls in a small Valley.



Dec 13th The river froze over last night. Skimmed over



December 14, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 14

Dr. Josiah Clark Nott spoke before the Southern Rights Association on the timely topic “The Natural History of Mankind, Viewed in Connection with Negro Slavery” (this address would be published in the following year).⁷²

George Buckley-Matthew, English consul at Charleston, South Carolina, sent a note to Governor John Hugh Means inviting his attention “to the existing law of the State, under which a class of her Britannic Majesty’s subjects [by which he meant, black sailors] entering, on the guarantee of a national treaty, the ports of South Carolina, in trading vessels, or in distress,” were being taken from the protection of the British flag and imprisoned in the common jails, until the moment of their ship’s departure. The Consul expressed hope “that the legislature of South Carolina will see fit to abrogate or amend such portion of the law as applies to the subjects of foreign allied powers, and will thus strengthen the existing bonds of commerce, of friendship, and of mutual good faith, with a kindred nation.”

Giuseppe Verdi wrote protesting the changes demanded in Rigoletto by the Austrian governor of Venice.

In San Francisco, California:

On the evening of this day a fire broke out in an iron building on Sacramento street, below Montgomery street. Several large stores and much valuable goods were destroyed. The total damage was estimated at about a million of dollars. Elsewhere such a fire might well be called a great one; but it was not so reckoned in the “Annals of San Francisco.”

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72. The attitude of the Southern Rights Association seems to have been that black slaves had no Southern rights. The attitude of Dr. Nott seems to have been that one sufficient reason for the appropriateness of such a political fact had been revealed by the science of biology — according to the advice of the most prominent of the learned white practitioners in that field.

RACISM



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Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

We were introduced to a Mr. & Mrs. [Henry and Mary] Harris by Bro. Clark; they came out in the Ship Brooklyn to California and they had moved to this place. Mrs. Harris belonged to the C. [Church] he did not; they kept a Store in town and Bro. Clark had found them and introduced himself to them. Bro. Clark went and seen the British Consul [William Miller] he had sent a request by Capt. [James I.] Riches that he would like to see some of us. He interrogated Bro. Clark about Salt Lake & our difficulties, & c. & c. and said that we would be protected here. This evening we got into conversation about staying here and going to the other Islands, Bro. [Thomas] Morris thought we had better stay here a week or two and try and get acquainted with the situation of things and the language this was overruled by the rest; their plea was that [we] were using up our means here and it would take just as long on the rest of the Islands to get acquainted with things as it would on this. Bro. Clark said we might go into pairing off this evening and selecting our Islands, this was unanimously agreed to; various plans were proposed as to the mode of selecting partners and islands; (Bro Clark in the mean time had chosen Bro. [Thomas] Whittle to stay with him on this island if we thought best, this was joyfully assented to) it was finally left to Bros. C & W. to select four and let them cast lots for the first second & third choice of the remaining four; we retired [withdrew] while they made choice; the four chosen were Bro. Hy. [Henry] Bigler, Bro. Hawkins, Bro. Dixon and myself I never in my life felt my weakness so sensibly as I [did] at this time my inability to do anything unless aided by the Spirit of the Lord. We cast lots for the first choice and it fell to me; the second to Bro. Bigler; Bro. D. third; and Bro. H. fourth. I was non-plussed for a minute or two not knowing <who to> take; the spirit dictated to me very plainly to <choose> Bro. [James] Keeler, he said he was willing Bro. B. chose Bro. Morris; Bro. D. Bro. [William] Farrer; Bro. H. Bro. [Hiram] Blackwell. We then cast lots for the Islands; Maui fell to Bro. Keeler and me; Molokai [Moloka'i] to <Bro> Bigler & M.; Kauai [Kaua'i] to Bro. Dixon & F.; Hawaii [Hawai'i] to Bro. Hawkins & B., I had a desire to go to Maui and I got my desire when it fell to my lot. After this business was got thro' with we all felt better satisfied as we could each attend to getting off.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 14TH OR 15TH]



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December 15, Sunday, 1850: The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

Made another trip to Stockton the past week got caught in a Storm, Making the roads So bad that it was with much difficulty that I got through with My team. business very dull at Stockton. Had a tremendous gale there this week Making Ship reek of a number of tents. No preaching to day Mr Atwood being absent to Stockton

Per the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#):

FOUND DROWNED. — The body of a man was washed ashore near New York of the Pacific, in the Suisun Bay, and found on the 7th inst., by Capt. Thomas Lewis, of the schooner *Mary Jane*. The deceased was about 5 feet 9 inches in height, was bald on the top of his head, with dark brown hair and whiskers of the same color; he was dressed in blue dungaree pantaloons, heavy blue cloth vest, and blue flannel shirt. The body had apparently been in the water nine or ten days. In the pockets of the deceased was found \$105 in money, a small gold ring, and the following paper: "Washington street, Nov. 120, 1850. — Mr. Rd. Roberts at Mr. Courtier's, to R. Nelson, M.D., medical attendance, \$18. Received payment, R. Nelson."

An inquest was held by Henry F. Toye, Justice of the Peace (there being no coroner), and no marks of violence being found, a verdict was rendered that the deceased came to his death by accidental drowning. The body has been interred at New York of the Pacific, and should the above facts lead to the identification of the deceased, friends and others interested can apply for information to H.F. Toye, Esq., New York of the Pacific.

LIST OF DEATHS. — (Reported for the Alta California, by N. Gray, City Sexton, Sacramento street, near Dupont.)
Dec. 14. — John Mudas, Chile, 35, visitation of God.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Bro. Clark wrote to Mr. [Rev. Samuel C.] Damon the minister at the Bethel Chapel requesting the privilege of preaching in his Chapel between his services as he did not use it in the afternoon he wrote back saying that he was only an Agent & could not do it unless by permission of the Directors. We attended the Native Chapel at 9 o'clock we could not understand anything that was said; they had a Native choir which sung very well. There were present between five and seven hundred. After this we went to hear Mr. Damon preach, his text the last part of the 13 v. of the 9 chap. of Matt. His sermon was <written> and was as dry a

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concern as need be. His whole services lasted about an hour. In afternoon wrote a letter to Bro's. [Addison] Pratt & [James S.] Brown Tahiti. In evening went to hear Mr. Damon <preach> again <from the> last part of the 30th verse of the 2 chap. of 1st Samuel. It sounded staler than the morning discourse I wished in my heart that one of the brethren had the privilege that he had they would have handled it differently.



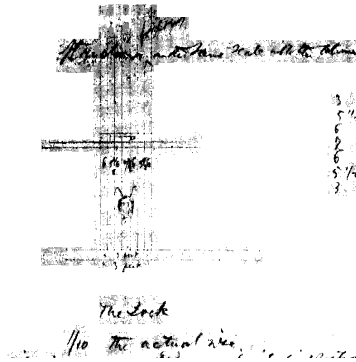
[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 14TH OR 15TH]



December 16, Monday, 1850: Per the journal of the evangelist George Quayle Cannon, who had been working as a Mormon missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the Sandwich Isles:

16 December 1850, Monday: Ascertained this morning that there was a vessel going to sail for Lahaina the principal town upon Maui the island that we were for. Bro. Clark counselled Bro. Morris to go to work; Bro. B. [Bigler] concluded to go with us. Bro. C. was willing.

Henry Thoreau surveyed for David Loring. He drew up plans for a cow barn to be built in Northboro, Massachusetts, including stanchions for the cows.



View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/80a.htm



Dec 16th Walden is open still– The river is probably open again.

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There are wild men living along the shores of the Frozen Ocean. Who shall say that there is not as great an interval between the civilized man & the savage as great as between the savage & the brute? The undiscovered polar regions are the home of men. I am struck with the difference between my feet and my hands— My feet are much nearer to foreign or inanimate matter or nature than my hands, they are more brute, they are more like the earth they tread on—they are more clod-like & lumpish &—I scarcely animate them

Last Sunday, or the 14th, I walked on Loring's pond to 3 or 4 islands there which I have never visited, not having a boat in the summer. On one containing an acre or two I found a low branching shrub frozen into the edge of the ice, with a fine spicy scent some-what like sweet-fern & a handsome imbricate bud— When I rubbed the dry looking fruit in my hands it felt greasy & stained them a permanent yellow which I could not wash out, it lasted several days —& my fingers smelled medicinal. I conclude that it is sweet-gale —& we named the island Myrica island—

On these unfrequented islands, too I noticed the red osier or willow —that common hard berried plant with small red buds—apparently two kinds of swamp pink buds some yellow some reddish —A brittle rough yellowish bush with handsome pinkish shoots —in one place in the meadow the greatest quantity of wild rose-hips of various forms that I ever saw —now slightly withered —they were as thick as winter berries

I noticed a bush covered with cocoons which were artfully concealed by two leaves wrapped round them —one still hanging by its stem, so that they looked like a few withered leaves left dangling. The worm having first encased itself in another leaf for greater protection folded more loosely around itself one of the leaves of the plant taking care however to encase the leaf stalk & the twig with a thick & strong web of silk, so far from depending on the strength of the stalk which is now quite brittle —the strongest fingers can not break it & the cocoon can only be got off by slipping it up & off the twig. There they hang themselves secure for the winter —proof against cold & the birds —ready to become butterflies when new leaves push forth.

The snow everywhere was covered with snow-fleas like pepper— When you hold a mass in your hand, they skip & are gone before you know it. They are so small that they go through & through the new snow. Sometimes when collected they look like some powder which the hunter has spilled in the path.

I noticed when the snow first came that the days were very sensibly lengthened by the light being reflected from the snow. Any work which required light could be pursued about half an hour longer. So that we may well pray that the ground may not be laid bare by a thaw in these short winter days.



December 16, Monday, 1850: [Governor John Hugh Means](#) of South Carolina replied to English consul [George Buckley-Matthew](#) that the law to which he had alluded, confining black English sailors to prison for the duration of their stay in the port of Charleston, had been enacted “from considerations of safety to the institutions of the State, and not with a view of imposing any unnecessary restraint upon the seamen claiming the protection of the flag of any friendly power.”

A large Union meeting in Bath, Maine concluded that “resistance to a legal enforcement” of the Fugitive Slave Law “would call for the indignant frown of every true friend of this country....”

A Union convention in Georgia adjourned after a short session, having adopted the report and resolutions of its Select Committee of 33 by a vote of 237 over 19, acquiescing in the compromise measures of the last Congress and declaring that the perpetuity of the Union depended upon faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The US House of Representatives sought to modify the August 9, 1842 Treaty of Washington with Great Britain.

“Mr. Burt, by unanimous consent, introduced a joint resolution




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(No. 28) 'to terminate the eighth article of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain concluded at Washington the ninth day of August, 1842.'" Read twice, and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. HOUSE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 2d session, page 64.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

 December 17, Tuesday, 1850: [George Buckley-Matthew](#), English consul at [Charleston](#), addressed a follow-on note to [Governor John Hugh Means](#) of South Carolina, calling his attention to the attitude of United States [Attorney-General William Wirt](#) that the law the governor had referred to was a law that had been voided by the US Supreme Court in its decision *Worcester v. Georgia*.

The trial of General Narciso López, engaged in the [Cuban](#) expedition, commenced in the Circuit Court for [New Orleans](#), Louisiana.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

The thought of scattering made me feel lonely; we felt sorrowful at the thought of seperating but we consoled ourselves with the idea that we were taking the plan whereby we might reap more abundant joy. We set sail, the brethren coming with us to the Landing, about 5 o'clock P.M. We had scarcely got over [outside] the Reef before I was seasick very much and had to go below to my berth and lie down.
Bro. C. & W. had got the Room over the Market House to preach in next Sunday & until they <the Gov.> should want to use it.

Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): "Message of the President ... communicating ... a report of the Secretary of State, with documents relating to the African slave trade." – SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6.

[W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): Not only did the government thus negatively favor the slave-trade, but also many conscious, positive acts must be attributed to a spirit hostile to the proper enforcement of the slave-trade laws. In cases of doubt, when the law needed executive interpretation, the decision was usually in favor of the looser construction of the law; the trade from New Orleans to Mobile was, for instance, declared not to be coastwise trade, and consequently, to the joy of the Cuban smugglers, was left utterly free and unrestricted.⁷³ After the conquest of [Mexico](#), even vessels bound to California, by the way of Cape Horn, were allowed to clear coastwise, thus giving our flag to "the slave-pirates of the whole world."⁷⁴ Attorney-General Nelson declared that the selling to a slave-trader of an American vessel, to be delivered on the coast of Africa, was not aiding or abetting the slave-trade.⁷⁵ So easy was it for slavers to sail that corruption among officials was hinted at. "There is certainly a want of proper vigilance at Havana," wrote

73. OPINIONS OF ATTORNEYS-GENERAL, III. 512.

74. TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, May 7, 1850, page 149.

75. OPINIONS OF ATTORNEYS-GENERAL, IV. 245.



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Commander Perry in 1844, "and perhaps at the ports of the United States;" and again, in the same year, "I cannot but think that the custom-house authorities in the United States are not sufficiently rigid in looking after vessels of suspicious character."⁷⁶

In the courts it was still next to impossible to secure the punishment of the most notorious slave-trader. In 1847 a consul writes: "The slave power in this city [i.e., Rio Janeiro] is extremely great, and a consul doing his duty needs to be supported kindly and effectually at home. In the case of the 'Fame,' where the vessel was diverted from the business intended by her owners and employed in the slave trade—both of which offences are punishable with death, if I rightly read the laws—I sent home the two mates charged with these offences, for trial, the first mate to Norfolk, the second mate to Philadelphia. What was done with the first mate I know not. In the case of the man sent to Philadelphia, Mr. Commissioner Kane states that a clear prima facie case is made out, and then holds him to bail in the sum of *one thousand dollars*, which would be paid by any slave trader in Rio, on the *presentation of a draft*. In all this there is little encouragement for exertion."⁷⁷ Again, the "Perry" in 1850 captured a slaver which was about to ship 1,800 slaves. The captain admitted his guilt, and was condemned in the United States District Court at New York. Nevertheless, he was admitted to bail of \$5,000; this being afterward reduced to \$3,000, he forfeited it and escaped. The mate was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.⁷⁸ Also several slavers sent home to the United States by the British, with clear evidence of guilt, escaped condemnation through technicalities.⁷⁹



Dec 17th Flint's Pond apparently froze completely over last night. It is about two inches thick. Walden is only slightly skimmed over a rod from the shore I noticed where it had been frozen for some time near the shore of Flints pond & the ice was thicker & whiter, there were handsome spider-shaped dark places, where the under ice had melted, and the water had worn it runing through. A handsome figure on the icy carpet.

I noticed when the snow first came that the days were very sensibly lengthened by the light being reflected from the snow. Any work which required light could be pursued about half an hour longer. So that we may well pray that the ground may not be laid bare by a thaw in these short winter days.



December 18, Wednesday, 1850: Professor Rudolf Julius Emanuel Clausius delivered his inaugural lecture at the Royal Artillery and Engineering School in Berlin, Germany.

Isaac Muzzy had been baptized on December 16th, 1744 and was killed April 19th, 1775 at age 31 at the battle of Lexington. There is a boulder from his father Amos Muzzey's farm in Lexington, on the Battle Green, on which is carved:

Line of the Minute Men April 19, 1775.

76. SENATE DOC., 28th Congress, 2d session, IX. No. 150, pages 108, 132.

77. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 30th Congress, 2d session, VII. No. 61, page 18.

78. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, pages 286-90.

79. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1839-40, pages 913-4.



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**Don't fire unless fired upon.
But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.
Captain Parker**

His grandson the Reverend Artemas Bowers Muzzey (1803-April 21, 1892 at age 88-89) lectured on "Switzerland" this evening before the Concord Lyceum.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Sick all day could not eat anything wind had died away. Bro.
Keeler sick <likewise.>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 18TH]



December 19, Thursday, [1850](#): Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Arose this morning weak and debilitated from sea sickness not having eat anything since before starting and I had prespired very much which weakened me. Took our things ashore and left them in a Store until we found a house. We walked round considerable to find one but were unsuccessful in finding one to suit us. I got so weary and unwell that the brethren said I had better stop and rest me and they would look round. I did so, and while sitting waiting for them I felt more feelings of despondency than I had done since I left home. I felt that it was a great trial and cross to go to a foreign nation and preach the gospel. There were but few whites here not as many as we had been led to expect I suppose my feelings resulted from the weak state of my body. It was a lonely desolate feeling;—but I mastered it in a little while. Bros. Bigler and Keeler came back and we took our things up to a house, that we could get for \$4 per week it was a high rent; but it suited [us] the best of any we could get. We felt better when we got into our house. We were busily engaged writing up our journals this afternoon and evening



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[Governor John Hugh Means](#) of South Carolina acknowledged the 2d note he had received from [George Buckley-Matthew](#), English consul at Charleston, and took the occasion “to renew his assurance of his own friendly feelings, and those of the State over which he has the honor to preside, towards her British Majesty’s government, and also his individual respect for her British Majesty’s consul.”

Otto Theodor, Baron von Manteuffel replaced Friedrich Wilhelm, Count of Brandenburg as prime minister of Prussia.

In Paris, at the Comédie-Française, incidental music to Augier’s comédie en vers *Le Joueur de flûte* by Jacques Offenbach was performed for the initial time.

The [Reverend Henry Augustus Boardman, D.D.](#) repeated the Thanksgiving Sermon he had delivered during the previous week, this time in the sanctuary of Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. This was the sermon in which he had traced the hand of GOD (he capitalized important words for emphasis) in the creation of the federal union of the United States of America, in such manner as to indicate that SLAVERY, as a divisive force which might annul this work of the hand of GOD, was therefore an evil which it was imperative that we destroy. It was the will of GOD that the United States of America be one nation and therefore it was the will of GOD that the southern states not be allowed to secede, and that the American south’s peculiar institution of SLAVERY be destroyed by the American north.

THE AMERICAN UNION

Now to change the subject –ahem– I am going to begin to describe [Henry Thoreau](#) as a nonspeciesist and to insist that this characteristic of his is one that that not only is seldom commented on, but little understood. Everybody now does grasp that Henry was nonracist, that he desired that there not be special treatment for special human races, but nobody seems as yet to have grasped that this desire that we all live at parity with one another was but one small segment of a more general desire, that there not be special standing for special species such as this human one, but that instead all of God’s creatures should be allowed to share equally at the table of the Lord’s bounty. I will begin this thread by instancing the surprise he expresses in his journal at this point, that nonhumans such as the ruffed grouse seemed not to have discovered the delight in the little frozen wild-apples of the New England winter that he himself found in them:



Dec 19th Yesterday I tracked a partridge [[Ruffed Grouse](#) [Bonasa umbellus](#) ([Partridge](#))] in the new fallen snow till I came to where she took to flight & I could track her no further. I see where the snow-birds have picked the seeds of the Roman wormwood & other weeds and have covered the snow with the shells & husks.– The smilax berries are as plump as ever. The catkins of the alders are as tender & fresh looking as ripe mulberries. The dried choke-cherries so abundant in the swamp are now quite sweet. The witch-hazel is covered with fruit & droops over gracefully like a willow –the yellow foundation of its flowers still remaining– I find the sweet gale myrica by the river also. The wild-apples are frozen as hard as stones and rattle in my pockets but I find that they soon thaw when I get to my chamber & yeield a sweet cider– I am astonished that the animals make no more use of them.



“The formation of different languages and of distinct species, and the proofs that both have been developed through a gradual process, are curiously the same.”

– [Charles Darwin](#), THE DESCENT OF MAN,



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AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX, 1871

We will track this nonspeciesist attitude in the following months in [Thoreau's](#) journal:



December 22, 1850 ...Here is a stump on which a squirrel has sat & stripped the pine cones of a neighboring tree— Their cores & scales lie all around He knew that they contained an almond before the naturalist did— He has long been a close observer of nature....



May 6, 1851: ...How important is a constant intercourse with nature and the contemplation of natural phenomenon to the preservation of Moral & intellectual health. The discipline of the schools or of business —can never impart such serenity to the mind. The philosopher contemplates human affairs as calmly & from as great a remoteness as he does natural phenomena— The ethical philosopher needs the discipline of the natural philosopher. He approaches the study of mankind with great advantages who is accustomed to the study of nature.—...



June 14, 1851: ...Where there was only one firefly in a dozen rods —I hastily ran to one — which had crawled up to the top of a grass head & exhibited its light —& Instantly another sailed in to it showing its light also —but my presence made them extinguish their lights —the latter retreated & the former —crawled slowly down the stem. It appeared to me That the first was a female who thus revealed her place to the male who was also making known his neighborhood as he hovered about —both showing their lights that they might come together It was like a mistress who had climbed to the turrets of her castle & exhibited there a blazing taper for a signal —while her lover had displayed his light on the plain. If perchance she might have any lovers abroad....



July 19, 1851: ...I see that hens too follow the cows feeding near the house like the cowtroopial [**Brown-headed Cowbird** █ *Molothrus ater*] —& for the same object. They cannot so well scare up insects for themselves. This is the dog the cowbird uses to start its insect game....



July 25, 1851: ...I saw some horses standing on the very top of the ramparts the highest part of Hull, where there was hardly room to turn round —for the sake of the breeze. It was excessively warm, and their instincts —or their experience perchance guided them as surely to the summit as it did me....



December 20, Friday, 1850: The surviving members of the foraging party, including [Eugene Ring](#), arrived at the port of Vera Cruz, [Mexico](#). From there they would be able to catch a steamer to the port of New Orleans.

On this day, or perhaps on the 22d, a post office was opened in the [Sandwich Isles](#).

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

20 December 1850, Friday: We thought it best to go & see the American Consul [Charles Bunker] and get an introduction to the Governor [James Kanehoa]. The Consul was not in his office but was expected in; we sat down (his vice was in) & introduced ourselves as Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-



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Saints or Mormons as they were commonly called he had never heard the former, but was familiar with the latter name. He asked the origin of the name I told him of the discovery of the plates by Bro. Joseph [Smith] thro' divine instrumentality &c. &c. He listened attentively and asked several questions whether we took the Bible as our text book? and believed in the atonement of the Savior? We answered in the affirmative. He then [said] there could not be a very wide difference between us [and] the rest of the religious world; but he thought that there might be considerable deception about revelation; he thought there was no need of it; the Bible was sufficient and the Lord had done his part and it only remained for us to do ours. Our conversation lasted about an hour; he thought that belief on the Lord Jesus was sufficient to save a man; and that the strongest evidence a Christian could have would be an assurance of hope that it could not amount to knowledge and that he might be mistaken. This we begged the privilege of dissenting from. We were interrupted by the entrance of the Consul apparently a very gentlemanly <man> said he was much pleased at our calling upon him; he had been much interested about Deseret &c. We told him that our business and that we wished to get an introduction to the Governor so that we might have the sanction of the authorities. This he consented very readily to; on our way we spoke about getting a public building. He said he did not know of any but the King's Palace used now as a Court Room. We found the Gov. at home & got our introduction to him; he is an old man half white his father was an Englishman, he seemed [a] pleasant Old man. He said we had his sanction to preach as much as we wanted. The Consul then told him that we were wanting to get a public building to hold forth in and spoke about the Palace; he said he would think about it and we might call to-morrow and he could tell us. In evening several of the natives came in and the[y] told us names of many things and sung for us; we are in considerable better spirits about learning it [Hawaiian language].




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 20TH OR 21ST]



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 December 21, Saturday, 1850: An issue of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#):

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 21

[Abraham Lincoln](#)'s and [Mary Todd Lincoln](#)'s 3d son [William "Willie" Wallace Lincoln](#) was born.

The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#)'s editorial, "Pro-War Anti-Slavery," concluded that having a [civil war](#) to end slavery would make the situation far worse rather than any better, for both American whites and American blacks:



The work of anti-slavery would be done if the nation repented and declared "the colored people placed on a level with the white population." But nonresistance would still have to calm the continuing hostility between whites and blacks. Furthermore, if nonresistance could reach the slaveholder before antislavery, the blacks would be spared any hostile aftermath. In this eventuality, Ballou expected that freedmen would be loyal to the interests of their former masters and would seek their guidance. "Such slavery would be quite unexceptionable to Anti-Slavery itself." But the reforms were distinct, and it already seemed probable that "Non-Resistance exerts at least a deadening influence on Anti-Slavery zeal, and so is incongruent with it." In making this distinction, he admitted what Garrison, Wright, and the others were never willing to admit: "Anti-Slavery is essentially nothing more than consistent democracy, and ... democracy contends for political justice and natural rights *merely* - not for the duty of patiently enduring wrongs, submitting to outrage, and forgiving injuries." He likewise admitted that it was very hard to agitate for the end of slavery without sometimes feeling an impulse to fight. Here was the most extraordinary concession of all: "Anti-Slavery has a strong natural affinity for political and legal action." What, then, was the "proper sphere" for nonresistants in the antislavery struggle?

They can *think, feel, speak, write, publish*, and in a thousand ways enlighten, purify, and renovate public sentiment. And this, after all, is the great thing to be done. When this has been accomplished, political, legislative and legal action will follow, as the vane conforms to the changing wind.... In this respect [non-resistance] sustains the same position to the Anti-Slavery Society, as to all other noble voluntary associations, which are right in their *end*, but liable to err in their *means*.

It is uncertain what provoked this editorial.

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At the end of the same year, Ballou wrote another, "Pro-War Anti-Slavery," in which he listed affronts to nonresistance. It was bad enough that [Frederick Douglass](#) and [Theodore Parker](#), who had been understood to favor the doctrine, were calling for the death of kidnappers. It was much more distressing that "devoted and indomitable reformers," like Stephen S. Foster and Henry C. Wright, "though affirming that they themselves are Non-Resistants, declare it to be the duty of such as hold it right to fight to the death for the poor slave." It resembled the old argument over defensive war. Could they not see that to justify any fighting was to open the door to all fighting? Furthermore, was it not obvious that, if slavery were ended by violence, "both black and white would be subjected to a long series of calamities, moral and physical, which could never be done away, but by the moral means we can now employ with fifty times more advantage?"

These were the stakes. In view of the subsequent history of racial violence and frustrated efforts at reform in the South, they are not trivial. Ballou's contributions to the debate of the 1850s were the ideas that by demanding any kind of force abolitionists would forfeit their ability to criticize the violence which would actually occur and that slavery, if ended by force, would leave a legacy of hatred and poverty which even Christian love would have difficulty in overcoming.

Ballou reiterated similar warnings throughout the decade. Nonresistance might be compelled to separate from antislavery. It was understandable, if not excusable, that foes of slavery should get mad enough to fight. But if abolitionists successfully exhorted slave uprisings, they would simply aggravate the racist fear of "black monsters" in the North. In any case, the effective abolition of slavery required a change in the culture and religion of Southerners, white and black.

This testimony came to a head in 1859. A long, troubled editorial on "Practical Christian Anti-Slavery" suggested the secession from the Garrisonian society was probably appropriate for three principal reasons. First, of course, was the predominance of the war spirit among abolitionists. Second was "a growing disposition among our Anti-Slavery Associates to magnify their movement for the abolition of chattel slavery as including the main substance of Christianity, or of a natural religion much purer than Christianity." Third was an increase in the "egotism, extremeism [sic], exaggerationism, antagonism and contemptuous personality," of which there always had been too much; it followed from the "absurd doctrine[,] the better a man is the worse he is, or at least the most dangerous, so long as he is not a full saint." In order to come out from antislavery, it was necessary to minimize its importance and reject its utility as a test of sinlessness.



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In answer to an Austrian complaint, US Secretary of State Daniel Webster informed Chevalier Hulsemann, Austrian charge d'affaires in Washington, that the United States of America was proud to have supported the Hungarian Republic.

The [Sacramento Transcript](#) had received information of a horrible murder on Los Gatos Creek in San Jose, [California](#):

The Horrible Murder at San Jose.

No. 2 of the California State Journal is before us. We gave in our last the news that a most revolting murder had been committed; the following contains additional intelligence extracted from the Journal:

HORRIBLE MURDER AND ARSON. — On Sunday evening last, our citizens were alarmed by the information that Messrs. Bester & Smith's house, about two or three miles from this city, on Los Gatos Creek, was burnt, and some two or three persons had perished in the flames. Early the next morning a number of our citizens, ourselves among the number, started for the scene of disaster. On arriving there, we found the building entirely consumed, and in one corner, and near where the door of the building was, lay the blackened and charred remains of three persons, who had been in full health less than twenty-four hours previously. The Coroner was sent for, but had not arrived at the time we left. In the meantime we made an examination of the premises, and the position of the bodies, and we were satisfied that murder and not accident, as was generally supposed by those present, had done the work of death. In one corner of the room lay a body, supposed to be that of Mr. Digby B. Smith, with the legs and arms nearly burnt off, the entire abdomen destroyed, and the top part of the skull appeared to have been crushed, and was lost. In a parallel line with this body lay another, supposed to be Mr. Wood, the cook, with the legs and arms similarly burnt, and the entire skull wanting. Between these two bodies lay the blade of a sheath dirk about six inches in length. Nearer to the door, just below the body last referred to, lay another, since recognized to be Mr. E.G. Barber's. The skull was also broken as by the blow of an axe. At the feet of this body lay an open jack-knife, the blade of which had the appearance of being corroded with blood.

The following are the facts, as nearly as we have been able to gather the particulars. About 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, the family of Mr. Hamilton, who resides near Mr. Bester's house, heard the explosion of gunpowder, and in a few moments afterwards their attention was attracted by the light of a burning house. They immediately hurried to the scene, but the outside of the building was entirely consumed, and the victims, beyond the breach of help.

A Coroner's inquest has been held upon the bodies, and an examination of them proved conclusively that murder had been committed. No clue to the murderers has been discovered.

The design was evidently the murder of Mr. Bester; but he had left the house late in the afternoon of the murder. We had the pleasure of a visit from him yesterday. He has taken measures to have the bodies decently interred, ...



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Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Called upon the Governor this morning according to yesterdays request. He said that he could not let us have the building unless we got the consent of the minister at Honolulu he said we ought to have seen them while we were there; he would [write] to his brother [John Young] the Minister of the Interior about it by the packet this afternoon; he also advised [us] to write to Bro. C. and have him call upon Mr. Wylie [Robert C. Wyllie] the Min. of Foreign Affairs. He asked some questions about where we were from &c.[,] Which we answered and told about us being driven out &c. &c. And also the cause &c for preaching the doctrine taught in the New Testament. He seemed to be careless about religion said that everyone thought they had the truth; that the missionaries had been among these natives so long and could not break them off their practices, that they said they had forsook their idolatry; but you talk with them and you would find that they had not. They prayed one another to death yet. Upon leaving I presented him with one of O [Orson] Pratts' pamphlets on the discovery of the plates, He said he could not read English but he would have his Sheriff read it for him. This afternoon wrote to Bro. Clark at Oahu [O'ahu]; after which we called at the Bethel Chapel to see Mr. [Rev. Townsend E.] Taylor the Chaplain about getting his place to preach in after his morning service. He had gone home and he lived out in the country.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 20TH OR 21ST]



December 22, Sunday, [1850](#): It had turned out that [Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze](#)'s canvas of the initial version of his “Washington Crosses the Delaware,” damaged by smoke and being cut from its frame and rolled up, was not beyond repair. Cutting it from the frame had reduced it in size and rolling it up had caused creases but by this point it was sufficiently rehabilitated to go on exhibition in the great hall of the Kaufhans Guerzenich, a 15th-century building in Cologne, Germany. There it would remain until tickets to the value of 3,500 Thaler had been sold.

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

We have remarkable fine weather for this Season of the Year Very little rane indeed, causing dull times through out all the winter digings. I was ner to Murphys on thursday they have formed a company of fifty Men to work the flat clean through by



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beginning at the lower end etc The Expresses have again arived but no letters for us I certainly think that we are entirely forgotten by our friends at Home. Preaching today by Capt Atwood.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

This morning we called at Mr. Taylor’s Study and found him there. After a little conversation upon Cal. [California] and his asking a few questions about us, We broached the subject, he hesitated a little, but consented. he said he was an Agent for the [American Seamen’s Friend] Society and would not be justified in making a permanent arrangement of that kind. I wrote out a notice for him to give out, for a meeting in the afternoon.

We went to the Native Chapel services had commenced when we got there. A Native was holding forth; we could not make out anything he said. The building was not as good a one as they had at Honolulu. There was a pretty good attendance. After this we went to the Bethel. There were about thirty males and one female present. Mr. T. read the 8 chap of Rom. and then commented upon it as he went along verse by verse. He then took the 6 & 7 verses for his text. I like his appearance much better than any minister I have seen on the Islands. After he gave out the notice, we could hear many speaking among themselves [that] they did not know us. He caused the bell to be tolled for us at the time. Bro. Bigler spoke upon the first principles of the Gospel and showed forth the New Testament plan of salvation. After Bro. B. got thro’ I arose and corroborated what he had said and added my testimony to his. I spoke upon the Holy Ghost what it would do for a man if he had it; that it would lead into all truth and not a part. That if a man had it upon the S. Islands it would reveal the same things to him that it would to a man upon the Continent of America and that if the world had this spirit they would not be split up the way they were &c. &c. After I had got thro’ there was a gentleman arose and wished to know what additional light we had to show he said the different churches had the spirit of the Lord that were around us and he wanted our evidence. Bro. B. arose and <said> the addition that we had was that man had the authority as they had anciently and that there were Apostles and Prophets and the gifts in the Church as they were in the days of <the> Savior; and that if he wanted evidence of its truth or falsity to take the <plan> the savior recommended ask the Father in the name of Jesus & he would give the necessary evidence. He had no more to say; it was nothing but the spirit of opposition that made him get up, for we had [been] showing [him] all the time what he desired to know. Bro. K. <bore his testimony> dismissed the meeting.



Dec 22nd The apples are now thawed, this is their first thawing. Those which a month ago were sour crabbed and uneatable are now filled with a rich sweet cider which I am better acquainted with than with wine. And others which have more substance are a sweet and luscious food in my



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opinion of more worth than the pine apples which are imported from the torrid zones Those which a month ago I tasted & repented of it, which the farmer willingly left on the tree, I am now glad to find have the property of hanging on like the leaves of the shrub oak. It is a way to keep cider sweet without boiling. Let the frost come to freeze them first solid as stones and then the sun or a warm winter day –for it takes but little heat –to thaw them, and they will seem to have borrowed a flavor from heaven through the medium of the air in which they hang. I find when I get home that they have thawed in my pocket –& the ice is turned to cider. But I suspect that after the 2nd freezing & thawing they will not be so good– I bend to drink the cup & save my lappets– What are the half ripe fruits of the torrid south to this fruit matured by the cold of the frigid north. There are those crabbed apples with which I cheated my companion, and kept a smooth face to tempt him to eat – now we both greedily fill our pockets with them, and grow more social with their wine. Was there one that hung so high & sheltered by the tangled branches that our sticks could not dislodge it? It is a fruit never brought to market that I am aware of– Quite distinct from the apple of the markets–as from dried apple –& cider. It is not every winter that produces it in perfection.

In winter I can explore the swamps & ponds

It is a dark aired winter day– Yet I see the summer plants still peering above the snow. There are but few tracks in all this snow. It is the Yellow Knife-River or the Saskatchewan– The large leafy lichens on the white pines, especially on the outside of the wood look almost a golden yellow in the light reflected from the snow– –while deeper in the wood they are ash colored.

–In the swamps the dry yellowish colored fruit of the poison dog wood hangs like jewellery on long drooping stems. It is pleasant to meet it it has so much character relatively to man.

–Here is a stump on which a squirrel has sat & stripped the pine cones of a neighboring tree– Their cores & scales lie all around He knew that they contained an almond before the naturalist did– He has long been a close observer of nature

I see more tracks in the swamps than elsewhere.



December 23, Monday, 1850: A convention of the [German](#) states convened in Dresden and, abandoning all reform, reinstated the pre-1848 order of things.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

This morning we had the pleasure of seeing Bro. Hawkins and Bro. Blackwell come along; their vessel had stopped in passing and would not leave till evening. They had not much <difficulty to find us> for we were beginning to be known. They had been seasick but were in good spirits. It reminded me of Solomon’s proverb as Iron sharpeneth iron &c. They left in afternoon again.



Dec 23d Here is an old fashioned snow storm– There is not much passing on rail roads. The engineer says it is 3 feet deep above. Walden is frozen one third of it though I thought it was all frozen as I stood on the shore on one side only.

There is no track on the Walden road a traveller might cross it in the woods & not be sure it was a road. as I pass the farmers houses I observe the cop of the sled propped up with a stick to prevent its freezing into the snow.

The needles of the pines are drooping like cockerel’s feathers after a rain –& frozen together by the sleety snow–

The pitch pines now bear their snowy fruit.

I can discern a faint foot or sled path sooner when the ground is covered with snow than when it is



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bare— The depression caused by the feet or the wheels is more obvious perhaps the light & shade betray it—but I think it is mainly because the grass & weeds rise above it on each side & leave it blank and a blank space of snow contrasts more strongly with the woods or grass than bare or beaten ground.

Even the surface of the snow is wont to be in waves like billows of the ocean



December 24, Tuesday, 1850: We don't know for sure on what night this week the Concord Lyceum held its meeting, but it may well have been on this night. Whatever night it was, the lecturer was [William Willder Wheildon](#) and he lectured on "Origin of the Human Race."

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Busily engaged all day studying the language. I could not help smiling to see us last evening when a young man and his wife [Keala and Pau] dropped in our preceptors [teachers] to see us squat and lie <stretched out full length> on the mats round <the light.>

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a "New York and California Mutual Benefit Association" that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold, and they had adventured into the interior of California and had returned to the cities of the coast.

Tuesday Eve the 24th To Morrow is Christmas A Party of 4 Mr Sharp Mr Prisson Mr Connor & Myself Set out this Evening for the purpose of Hunting Deer in the Evening We Set Out about 4 PM and at Sundown we reached a Small hut Situated on the North branch of the Calvares distant from this place about 8 Miles the Hut was built of Logs by Some Miners who wintered there Last Winter. it was Open in front and no Fireplace. having no blankets with us we knew we Should Suffer with the Cold if we did not keep a good fire all night we therefore Set about building a temporary Chimney which we completed in about 10 minutes. With a roaring fire burning, therin by the Side of this rude fire place we Sat talking & joaking, till about 10 O Clock, when feeling Somwhat fatigued we laid down upon the Cold ground to try and rest in the Arms of Natures Sweet restorer (Balmy Sleep). We remained in this position but about 10 Minutes, for we found it very uncomfortable one. We therefore aroused and Spent the remainder of the night talking & thinking of Home Sweet Home.

As Soon as the day began to dawn
We were to the Mountains away,
In the Chase for the deer and the Fawn,
To selebrate the Christmas day.

We were Soon on track of a herd about 10 in number but not withstanding we Chased them for two or three Hours we had the

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Mortification to return with out any We found it imposable to get near Enough to them on account of So Many Hunters out after them. We therefor returned to our Homes at about 12 O Clock Somewhat fatigued. The weather continues remarkable fine and dry very discouraging to the miners. Preaching to day by Capt Atwood quite a number Out to day.



December 24: In walking across the great meadows today on the snow crust I noticed that the fine dry snow which was blown over the surface of the frozen field when I westward over it or toward the sun looked precisely like steam curling up from its surface as sometimes from a wet roof when the sun comes out after a rain.

The snow catches only in the hollows and against the reeds & grass –& never rests there, but when it has formed a broad & shallow drift or a long and narrow one like a winrow on the ice it blows away again from one extremity, & leaves often a thin tongue-like projection at one end –some inches above the firm crust.

I observe that there are many dead pine needles sprinkled over the snow –which had not fallen before. Saw a shrike [**Northern Shrike** **Lanius excubitor**] pecking to pieces a small bird, apparently a snow bird– [**Dark-eyed Junco** **Junco hyemalis** (**Slate-colored Sparrow** or **Snow-bird**)] At length he took him up in his bill, almost half as big as himself and flew slow off with his prey –dangling from his beak. I find that I had not associated such actions with my idea of birds. It was not bird-like.

It is never so cold but it melts somewhere. Our mason well remarked that he had sometimes known it to be melting & freezing at the same time on a particular side of a house –while it was melting on the roof the icicles forming under the eaves. It is always melting & freezing at the same time when icicles are formed.

Our thoughts are with those among the dead into whose sphere we are rising, or who are now rising into our own– Others we inevitably forget though they be brothers & sisters. Thus the departed may be nearer to us than when they were present. At death our friends & relations either draw nearer to us & are found out or depart further from us & are forgotten. Friends are as often brought nearer together as separated by death.



December 25, Wednesday, 1850: Per the journal of the evangelist **George Quayle Cannon**, who had been working as a **Mormon** missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the **Sandwich Isles**:

At Home all day occupied reading and studying the language. My thoughts naturally reverted to home and its attractions; to-day would be a fete day there and I thought that some of the family would <be> expressing themselves, wondering where George is to-day. I do not remember spending a Christmas Day so quietly.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 25TH]

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When the Reverend Henry Schwan, recently arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, set up a [Christmas](#) tree in his new church, he found he had made a genuine mistake. What he generated, unexpectedly, was a surge of outrage among his parishioners. –Was this new reverend of theirs competent to make none of the necessary distinctions between the Pagan and the Sacred?

In Missouri, Christmas was traditionally allowed as a slave holiday, and so on this day of celebration, [Jack Burton](#) got “married” in a [slave](#) ceremony with Maria Tomlin, a daughter of Lewis Tomlin, the free black barber of Fayette, Missouri. A black minister was in attendance. Maria belonged to a man named McDonald but was a slave on the farm of Samuel Brown about two miles off, and she already had two children by a previous marriage to a deceased slave, Green Shepherd.

[JOHN ANDERSON](#)



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(Notice that although white men of this period generally feared social contamination by inferior blacks, even an intimate touching, as by a barber, could be permissible, as depicted here in a Virginia barbershop — so long as the relationship was one clearly marked as an intransitive one, between a superior or customer and an inferior or servant.)



December 26, Thursday, 1850: The steamship *Prometheus* began operating on the New-York/Nicaragua route as part of a plan by Cornelius Vanderbilt to profit from the flow of fortune-seekers being lured to the gold fields of California.

Per the journal of the evangelist George Quayle Cannon, who had been working as a Mormon missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the Sandwich Isles:

Occupied with studies. Called at the Custom House to see if there were any letters for us, but did not get any, the mail had arrived but no letter for us. The news was the French had blockaded the port of Honolulu on account of a demand they had made upon the Government for money paid by one of their citizens as duty upon spirits they had imported; they wanted this duty returned to them and because the Gov. was not willing to give

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it up they had blockaded the Port.



Thursday Dec 26th. The pinewoods seen from the hill-tops now that the ground is covered with snow, are not green but a dark brown—greenish brown perhaps— You see dark patches of wood. There are still half a dozen fresh ripe red & glossy oak leaves left on the bush under the cliffs. Walden not yet more than half-frozen over



December 27, Friday, 1850: A Fire Department was established in the Sandwich Isles.

Per the journal of the evangelist George Quayle Cannon, who had been working as a Mormon missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the Sandwich Isles:

Engaged in Studying all day. The Natives were very kind in rendering all the assistance they could to us. I feel a great anxiety to be able to talk with them and impart unto them the glorious truths of which we are the bearers, they seem to be bound down by the [Congregationalist] missionaries in Temporal as well as Spiritual Affairs. The Lord has blessed us with favor in their sight.

Henry Thoreau was written to by Dr. Samuel Cabot III in Boston:



To: HDT
From: Samuel Cabot
Date: 12/27/50
{No MS — printed copy FL, 1894}

[December 27, 1850]

“with all the honores, privilegia, etc. ad gradum tuum pertinentia, without the formality of paying any entrance fee,



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or annual subscription. Your duties in return are to advance the interests of the Society by communications or otherwise, as shall seem good.

[Thoreau](#) checked out again, from [Harvard Library](#), [Samuel de Champlain](#)'s *VOYAGES DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE OCCIDENTALE, DICTE CANADA; FAITS POUR LE S^R DE CHAMPLAIN XAINCTOGEAIS, CAPITAINE POUR LE ROY ET LA MARINE DU PONANT, & TOUTES LES DESCOUERTES QU'IL A FAITES EN CE PAIS DEPUIS L'AN 1603; JUSQUES EN L'AN 1629...* (Paris: C. Collet, 1632).

SAMVEL CHAMPLAIN



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"

– [Emily Dickinson](#)



Dr. Bradley P. Dean has recently recovered, from between the pages of a book in that library, the original holograph of a previously uncollected Thoreau letter addressed to the Librarian of Harvard University, [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#), [Harvard Library](#).⁸⁰

Concord Dec 27th
1850

Dear Sir,

I return herewith Quartier's and Champlain's Voyages. Will you please send me, by the bearer, the other (Collet's?) edition of Champlain's Voyages? I shall want it but a short time.

You will find the sentence to which I referred, when I saw you, near the bottom of the 86th page of the Quebec volume.

Possibly you have not observed the note V. at the bottom of the 107th page of the same volume; which may serve to explain the name R du gas in Champlain's map.

Yrs

H.D. Thoreau.

80. The person we now call "Jacques Cartier" was being referred to at that time as "Quartier."

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From [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), we know that [Walden Pond](#) froze about the 27th:

FLINT'S POND



WALDEN: In 1845 Walden froze entirely over for the first time on the night of the 22nd of December, Flint's and other shallower ponds and the river having been frozen ten days or more; in '46, the 16th; in '49, about the 31st; and in '50, about the 27th of December; in '52, the 5th of January; in '53, the 31st of December. The snow had already covered the ground since the 25th of November, and surrounded me suddenly with the scenery of winter. I withdrew yet farther into my shell, and endeavored to keep a bright fire both within my house and within my breast. My employment out of doors now was to collect the dead wood in the forest, bringing it in my hands or on my shoulders, or sometimes trailing a dead pine tree under each arm to my shed. An old forest fence which had seen its best days was a great haul for me. I sacrificed it to Vulcan, for it was past serving the god Terminus.

Winter 1845-1846	December	22
Winter 1846-1847	December	16
Winter 1847-1848		
Winter 1848-1849		
Winter 1849-1850	December	31
Winter 1850-1851	December	27
Winter 1851-1852		
Winter 1852-1853	January	5
Winter 1853-1854	December	31
Winter 1854-1855		
Winter 1855-1856		

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 27TH THROUGH 29TH]



December 28, Saturday, 1850: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 28

A fire destroys over 2,000 structures in the city of Rangoon.

La dame de pique, an opéra comique by Fromental Halévy to words of Scribe, was performed for the initial time, at the Théâtre Favart, Paris (it was a success).

Per the journal of the evangelist George Quayle Cannon, who had been working as a Mormon missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the Sandwich Isles:

I called upon the Governor this evening to ascertain if he had received any intelligence from Honolulu. He was quite unwell,

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he had not received any in relation to the Palace he said they were in considerable confusion there on account of the Blockade.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 27TH THROUGH 29TH]



December 29, Sunday, 1850: English forces had an engagement with the Caffres in South Africa in which they were defeated with considerable loss, and retired into their fort.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Attended services in Mr. Taylor’s Bethel. His sermon was a strong appeal to [the] consciences of his hearers, as it was the last Sunday in the year, and on the uncertainty of life, on Eternity &c. &c. He gave out Notice of Tuesday being appointed thanksgiving day by King [Kamehameha III] and Privy Council and that there would be services in his Chapel on that day.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 27TH THROUGH 29TH]



December 30, Monday, 1850: [Giuseppe Verdi](#), Francesco Maria Piave and Guglielmo Brenna, the secretary of Teatro La Fenice, met at Busseto and signed a document agreeing to certain changes in the libretto of Le Maledizione (Rigoletto) which would allow its production. Verdi and Piave mostly got their way.

Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Wrote a letter by Keala and Pau his wife our teachers [who were going to Honolulu] to Bros. Clark & Whittle and sent for two vocabularys of the Native for Bro. K. & myself.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) obtained, by way of Stacy's Circulating Library in Concord, [Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)'s⁸¹ new trade-press account of FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH NOTICES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE OF THE LION, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, GIRAFFE, RHINOCEROS, &C. (New York: Harper & brothers).



FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, I

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, II

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “The relation of thought to action filled my mind on waking, and I found myself carried toward a bizarre formula, which seems to have something of the night still clinging about it: Action is but coarsened thought; thought become concrete, obscure, and unconscious. It seemed to me that our most trifling actions, of eating, walking, and sleeping, were the condensation of a multitude of truths and thoughts, and that the wealth of ideas involved was in direct proportion to the commonness of the action (as our dreams are the more active, the deeper our sleep). We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries are contained in what we see and do every day. In all spontaneity the work of creation is reproduced in analogy. When the spontaneity is unconscious, you have simple action; when it is conscious, intelligent and moral action. At bottom this is nothing more than the proposition of Hegel: [”What is rational is real; and what is real is rational;”] but it had never seemed to me more evident, more palpable. Everything which is, is thought, but not conscious and individual thought. The human intelligence is but the consciousness of being. It is what I have formulated before: Everything is a symbol of a symbol, and a symbol of what? of mind.

... I have just been looking through the complete works of Montesquieu, and cannot yet make plain to myself the impression left on me by this singular style, with its mixture of gravity and affectation, of carelessness and precision, of strength and delicacy; so full of sly intention for all its coldness, expressing at once inquisitiveness and indifference, abrupt, piecemeal, like notes thrown together haphazard, and yet deliberate. I seem to see an intelligence naturally grave and austere donning a dress of wit for convention's sake. The author desires to entertain as much as to teach, the thinker is also a bel-esprit, the jurisconsult has a touch of the coxcomb, and a perfumed breath from the temple of Venus has penetrated the tribunal of Minos. Here we have austerity, as the century understood it, in philosophy or religion. In Montesquieu, the art, if there is any, lies not in the words but in the matter. The words run freely and lightly, but the thought is self-conscious.

Each bud flowers but once and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty; so, in the garden of the soul

81. It is amusing to note in glancing into this genre, that the great white hunter begins by making certain that his reader is aware that he, Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming himself, is distantly related to British royalty.

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each feeling has, as it were, its flowering instant, its one and only moment of expansive grace and radiant kingship. Each star passes but once in the night through the meridian over our heads and shines there but an instant; so, in the heaven of the mind each thought touches its zenith but once, and in that moment all its brilliancy and all its greatness culminate. Artist, poet, or thinker, if you want to fix and immortalize your ideas or your feelings, seize them at this precise and fleeting moment, for it is their highest point. Before it, you have but vague outlines or dim presentiments of them. After it you will have only weakened reminiscence or powerless regret; that moment is the moment of your ideal.

Spite is anger which is afraid to show itself, it is an impotent fury conscious of its impotence.

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.

To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.

In the conduct of life, habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, becomes flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits."



Dec 30th In R. Gordon Cumming's Hunter's Life in South Africa –I find, an account of the honey-bird which will lead a person to a wild-bee's nest and having got its share of the spoil will sometimes lead to a 2nd & 3d –vol 1st p 49

He saw dry sheep's dung burning and after 18 months it was burning still –one heap was said to have burned 7 years remarkable for burning slowly. p 62

He came across a Boer who manufactured ashes by burning a particular bush –& sold it to the richer Boers. p 71

He says that the oryx or gemsbok a kind of antelope never tastes water– Lives on the deserts. p. 94

The Bushmen conceal water in ostrich eggs at regular intervals across the desert, and so perform long journeys over them safely. p 101.

The hatching of ostrich eggs not left to heat of sun p 105

The natives empty them by a small aperture at one end –fill with water & cork up the hole with grass p 106

The hottentots devoured the marrow of a koodoo raw as a matter of course.

The Bechuanas use "the assagai a sort of light spear or javelin" with a shaft 6 feet long, which they will send through a man's body at 100 yards p 201

The Bakatlas smelt & work in iron quite well; make spears battle-axes –knives –needles &c 207 p

The skin of the eland, just killed like that of most other antelopes, emits the most delicious perfume of trees & grass. p 218

When waiting by night for elephants to approach a fountain he "heard a low rumbling noise, caused (as the Bechuanas affirmed) by the bowels of the elephants which were approaching the fountain." p 261

–"a child can put a hundred of them [elephants] to flight by passing at a quarter of a mile to windward" p 263

It is incredible how many "goodly" trees an elephant will destroy –sometimes wantonly– 265

An elephant's friend will protect its wounded companion at the risk of its own life 268

The rhinoceros birds stick their bills in the ear of the rhinoceros & wake him up when the hunter is approaching. They live on ticks and other parasitic insects on his body He perfectly understands their warning.


He has chased a rhinoceros many miles on horseback & fired many shots before he fell, and all the while the birds remained by him perched on his back & sides, and as each bullet struck him they ascended almost 6 feet into the air, uttering a cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. Sometimes they were swept off his back by branches of tree.

When the rhinoceros was shot at midnight they have remained by his body thinking him asleep, and on the hunter's approaching in the morning have tried to wake him up, p 293

The Bechuanas make a pipe in a few moments by kneading moistened earth with their knuckles on a twig, until a hole is established –then one end of the aperture is enlarged with their fingers for a bowl. p 306




At some point in approximately this timeframe, [Thoreau](#) wrote some sort of letter, presumably to [H.G.O. Blake](#).

 December/January [1850/1851](#): [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote in his journal:

Tennyson's In Memoriam is the commonplaces of condolence among good unitarians in the first week of mourning. The consummate skill of the versification is the sole merit. The book has the advantage that was Dr Channing's fortune, that all the merit was appreciable. He is never a moment too high for his audience.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

 December 31, Tuesday, [1850](#): Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#):

Attend meeting at the Bethel there were but very few in attendance.

Hirten-Spiele op.89, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[Henry Thoreau](#) continued measuring the foundation and cellar wall stonework for the new Concord Court House.



Soon after [Herman Melville](#) had moved to Arrowhead — although perhaps not on this particular day — the [Reverend Orville Dewey](#) addressed at great length a Union rally in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, attempting to defend the Fugitive Slave Law that had just been enacted as part of the Compromise of 1850 by asserting that the American national union was so vital that, if necessary in order to save it, he would be able to justify even the enslavement of his own **brother**. Evidently he was misheard — or someone was eager to mishear — for there would begin a persistent rumor that to do away with slavery this [Unitarian](#) minister would sacrifice his own **mother**. When this address would be printed (and apparently it would be printed, although I have not been able myself to find a still-existing copy), the printed version would state that he “would consent that my brother, my own son, should go into slavery — ten times rather would I go myself, than that this Union should perish for me or mine.” Melville, in his *PIERRE*, would create the figure of a minister named Falsgrave characterized as having an “irresistible” desire to placate an audience. When attempting to persuade a “person, whom he both socially and morally esteems,” who had honest but wrong convictions, the Reverend Falsgrave simply could not bring himself to confess an “absolute dissent from the honest convictions.”



Dec 31st I observe that in the cut by Walden Pond the sand and stones fall from the




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overhanging bank and rest on the snow below— And thus perchance the stratum deposited by the side of the road in the winter can permanently be distinguished from the summer one by some faint seam to be referred to the peculiar conditions under which it was deposited.

The Pond has been frozen over since I was there last.

Certain meadows, as Heywoods, contain warmer water than others and are slow to freeze. I do not remember to have crossed this with impunity in all places. The brook that issues from it is still open completely though the thermometer was down to 8 below zero this morning.

The blue-jays [**Blue Jay**  *Cyanocitta cristata*] evidently notify each other of the presence of an intruder, and will sometimes make a great chattering about it, & so communicate the alarm to other birds —& to beasts.

1851

January							February							March								
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa		
			1	2	3	4							1							1		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28		23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
														30	31							
April							May							June								
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa		
			1	2	3	4	5					1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		
27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30							
July							August							September								
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa		
			1	2	3	4	5						1	2			1	2	3	4	5	6
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
27	28	29	30	31			24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30						
							31															
October							November							December								



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Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	
			1	2	3	4							1			1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	31				
							30														

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for May 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for June 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 \(æf. 33-34\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for August 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September/October 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for November 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for December 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) had in his personal library the 1846, 1849, 1850, and 1851 issues of AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE (Boston: Grey & Bowen).

ALMANAC FOR 1846

ALMANAC FOR 1849

ALMANAC FOR 1850

ALMANAC FOR 1851

1851: At about this point [Henry Thoreau](#) copied from [Prince Alexander Philipp Maximilian zu Wied-Neuwied](#)'s MAXIMILIAN PRINCE OF WIED'S TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1832-1834 (London: Achermann & Company, 1843-1844) into his Indian Notebook #4.

THE U.S. INTERIOR JOURNEY

1851: THE APHORISMS OF THE MÍMÁNSÁ PHILOSOPHY BY [JAIMINI](#). WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMENTARIES. IN SANSKRIT AND ENGLISH (Printed for the use of the Benares College, by order of Govt., N.W.P. ([Allahabad](#)): Printed at the Presbyterian Mission Press. Rev. Jos. Warren, Supt.).⁸²

APHORISMS OF MÍMÁNSÁ

This volume would be in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).

82. Translated by [James Robert Ballantyne](#).



1850-1851

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1851: The 2d part of [John Wells Foster](#)'s survey findings authorized for publication by the federal Congress, REPORT ON THE GEOLOGY AND TOPOGRAPHY OF A PORTION OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR LAND DISTRICT IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN: PART TWO, THE IRON REGION.

LAKE SUPERIOR REPORT, II

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cincinnati, Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) would rise from his seat to pronounce this to be "one of the grandest generalizations ever made in American geology."

THE SCIENCE OF 1851

A copy of this report by Foster would be discovered in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).

[Arnold Henri Guyot](#)'s THE EARTH AND MAN: LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, IN ITS RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND. TRANS. [C.C. FELTON](#), 3RD ED., REV. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln).⁸³

THE EARTH AND MAN, 1849

THE EARTH AND MAN, 1853

This would be in the library of [Waldo Emerson](#) and would be referred to by [Thoreau](#) in [CAPE COD](#).

CAPE COD: I have been surprised to discover from a steamer the shallowness of Massachusetts Bay itself. Off Billingsgate Point I could have touched the bottom with a pole, and I plainly saw it variously shaded with sea-weed, at five or six miles from the shore. This is "The Shoal-ground of the Cape," it is true, but elsewhere the Bay is not much deeper than a country pond. We are told that the deepest water in the English Channel between Shakespeare's Cliff and Cape Grinez, in France, is one hundred and eighty feet; and Guyot says that "the Baltic Sea has a depth of only one hundred and twenty feet between the coasts of Germany and those of Sweden," and "the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste has a depth of only one hundred and thirty feet." A pond in my native town, only half a mile long, is more than one hundred feet deep.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD



ARNOLD HENRI GUYOT

In addition [Thoreau](#) quoted from this volume at several points in his "Canadian Notebook."

83. Unfortunately, it will be the 1st Edition, published in 1849, and the 7th Edition, published in 1853, rather than this 3d Edition, published in 1851, which I must display for your electronic access here — Google Books hasn't yet made this 3d Edition, as accessed by Thoreau and Emerson, available.

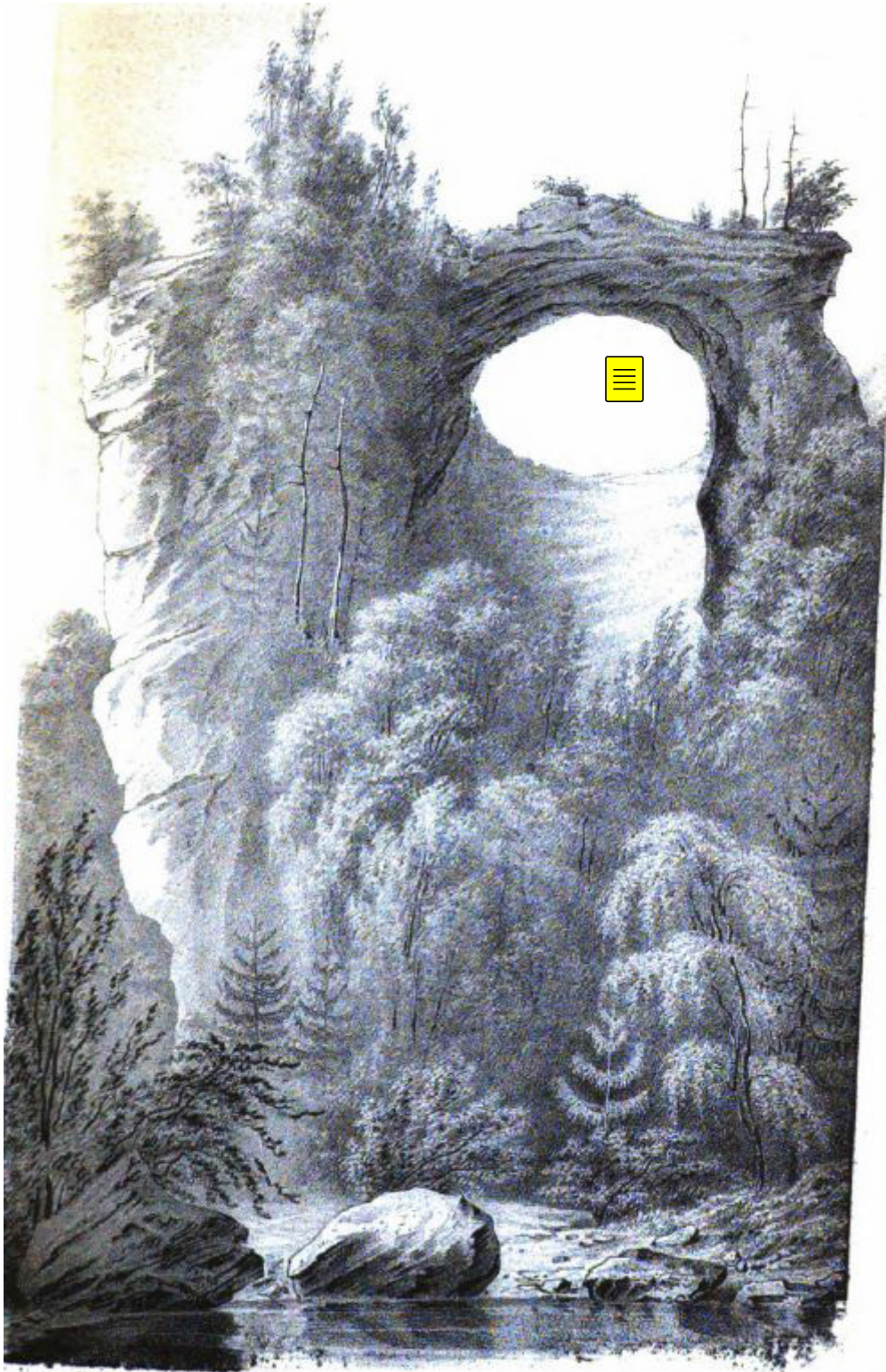
HDT

WHAT?

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Admission 1.00 Broadway, N.Y.

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1851: [Isaac C. D'Israeli](#)'s and [Rufus Wilmot Griswold](#)'s CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, AND THE LITERARY CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED. BY L.C. D'ISRAELI, ESQ. D.C.L. F.S.A. WITH CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME (New-York: Leavitt & Company). This volume would be discovered in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).



CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE



1851: Lest anyone be tempted to suppose that [Henry Thoreau](#) did not have sources for an understanding of the history of the term "[Waldenses](#)" which he deploys in his book [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), bear in mind that in this year in Philadelphia, Lindsay and Blakiston published a book by Mrs. Tamar Davis titled A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE SABBATARIAN CHURCHES: EMBRACING ACCOUNTS OF THE ARMENIAN, EAST INDIAN, AND ABYSSINIAN EPISCOPACIES IN ASIA AND AFRICA, THE WALDENSES, SEMI-JUDAISERS, AND SABBATARIAN ANABAPTISTS OF EUROPE, WITH THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN THE UNITED STATES (and in a few more years the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia would publish a book by Alexander W. Mitchell titled THE WALDENSES: SKETCHES OF THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS OF THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT / WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD, DRAWN BY DOEPLER AND BEAULIEU; AND ENGRAVED BY LOUDERBACK, ORR, AND ROBERTS).

SABBATARIAN CHURCHES

THE WALDENSES

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 [1851: Dr. Walter Channing's NEW AND OLD.](#)



Since a copy of this would be discovered in [Henry Thoreau's](#) personal library, and since it is difficult to imagine Henry himself ever investing hard-earned coin in such a piece of drek, we need to suppose that this volume likely had been presented to him by the author's son, the "Concord PO8" [William Ellery Channing 2d.](#) As an example indicating why I am terming this volume drek, I have included below one poem from the volume selected entirely at random. (I would challenge you to produce from the volume an effort less unworthy than this one — they all have the imprint of the same cookie-cutter. The reason why the son in Concord would prove himself to be such a lousy poet is that "the chip doesn't fall far from the stump.")

NEW AND OLD

[To Jenny Lind.](#)

I never saw thee, never heard thee speak,
As I have not the best of earlier days;
Nor may I till the latest morning break,
If it be mine to meet its dawning rays.

Yet still I know thee, as I do the best,
Whose holy step has sanctified the earth :
Thank Heaven, by thee and them the world is blest,
And joy and love through both have daily birth.

Thy power is all thy own, — the wealth of heart ;
Thy own creation, boundless as its source:
Thou owest little to the rule of art,
Thy music native as the birds' discourse.

Diffusive is thy gift, thy soul's own birth;
It reaches me through unknown thousands blest;
'Tis music circling wide the listening earth,
Wooing the broken heart to happy rest.

I listen to these voices of the soul,
The echoed melodies from thee which sprung;
I think to others thou wouldst give the whole,
As nature freely gives, — thy wealth of song.

I reverence those who in thy wondrous voice
Have found for worship and for love a theme;
With such with cheerful heart I here rejoice,
And join with them in honor of thy name.

And yet doth come another strain to me,
Which from thyself in living measure springs :
It is thy soul's and life's deep harmony,

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Which o'er thy word its mighty magic flings.


How reverend and how holy human art,
When sanctified by that which is of heaven,
Of the divine which dwells within the heart !
The product sure of inspiration given.

Here art thou from thy home, how far away!
Yet not forgetting it, and loving mine ;
As if it were a common debt to pay, —
Two distant nations in one blessing join.

'Twas fabled, in the reverend days of old,
That music could the stones to measure move:
A nobler story by our history's told,
Now music moves whole continents to love.

The thought has come from thy blest mission here,
If men would of their all a part forego,
Like thee with loving heart dry up the tear,
What large deduction then from human woe !

I love to linger with the thoughts which rise
Out of thy grateful visit to our home ;
I bid thee welcome to its varied skies,
And blessing ask on all thy years to come.

 **1851:** Publication of [Ephraim George Squier](#)'s THE SERPENT SYMBOL, AND THE WORSHIP OF THE RECIPROCAL PRINCIPLES OF NATURE IN AMERICA (New-York: G.P. Putnam). [Henry Thoreau](#) borrowed this from [Bronson Alcott](#) as soon as it was published and made extracts in his Indian Notebook #4.⁸⁴


EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER



84. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.

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 **1851:** [Thomas Carlyle](#), in his LIFE OF JOHN STERLING, referred not only to “ecclesiastical chimeras” but also to vacant philosophical “air-castles.” (How common, in that period, was this expression, which would make an appearance in [Henry Thoreau](#)’s [WALDEN](#)?)



[WALDEN](#): I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

[Carlyle](#) chose, as his next project, a biography of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

 **1851:** Isaac Smith Homans’s, [Alexander Bryan Johnson](#)’s, James William Gilbert’s, John Barnard Byles’s, and John Ramsay McCulloch’s THE BANKER’S COMMON-PLACE BOOK (Phillips, Sampson & Company).

(In this publication, the contribution of “[A.B. Johnson, Esq.](#), President of the Ontario Branch Bank, Utica,” to wit “A Treatise on Banking, the Duties of a Banker, and his Personal Requisites therefor,” was foregrounded, and provided the basis for the various other contributions by the various other contributors.)

[Henry Rowe Schoolcraft](#) dedicated his THIRTY YEARS WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES, 1812-1842 to his friend [Alexander Bryan Johnson](#). In this year, also, Schoolcraft and the US Army artist Captain [Seth Eastman](#) began issuing, in 6 volumes, their HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION RESPECTING ... THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES. (The series would be completed in 1857.)

THE INDIAN TRIBES, I, 1851

([Henry Thoreau](#) would be checking out this volume from the library of the Boston Society of Natural History on July 26, 1852.)


In about this year [Thoreau](#) would be copying into his Indian Notebook #4 from [Schoolcraft](#)’s *ONEÓTA*, OR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RED RACE OF AMERICA FROM ORIGINAL NOTES AND MANUSCRIPTS.

THE RED RACE




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 [1851](#): Publication, at Albany, [New York](#), by the firm of Weed, Parsons & Co. and by Charles Van Benthuisen, during the previous year and this year, of a 4-volume set entitled THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. ARRANGED UNDER DIRECTION OF THE HON. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, SECRETARY OF STATE ... BY E.B. O'CALLAGHAN ... FOUR VOLUMES; PLATES (SOME FOLDED). A set of this would wind up on the shelves of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s library, and then, with the signature of Henry D. Thoreau on each front free endpaper, in the Concord Town Library, and then, as of 1873, at the [Concord Free Public Library](#).

CONCORD FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

 [1851](#): ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OR, YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1851, EXHIBITING THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS, USEFUL ARTS, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.... (Boston: Gould and Lincoln).

YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS 1851

[Henry Thoreau](#) would copy from this into his Canadian Notebook begun shortly after his return from his trip to Canada, and into his Indian Notebook #8.

 [1851](#): [Professor Sir William Jackson Hooker](#)'s *VICTORIA REGIA*.

[Gregor Mendel](#) began a 2-year program of study at the University of Vienna. He would take a variety of courses and study with, or attend the lectures of, among others, Professor of Plant Physiology Franz Unger whose *BOTANISCHE BRIEFE* would in 1852 argue for the evolution of (i.e. non-fixity) of species, Andreas von Ettinghausen, whose course on experimental method and physical apparatus likely drew on his 1826 writings on combinatorial analysis and 1842 writings on the organization of experiments, and Christian Johann Doppler, a well-regarded lecturer on experimental physics.

[Wilhelm Friedrich Benedikt Hofmeister](#) described [alternation of generations](#) in higher plants (*VERGLEICHENDE UNTERSUCHUNGEN DER KEIMUNG, ENTFALTUNG UND FRUCHTBILDUNG HÖHERER KRYPTOGAMEN (MOOSE, FARN, EQUISETACEEN, RHIZOCARPEEN UND LYCOPODIACEEN) UND DER SAMENBILDUNG DER CONIFEREN*).

A 100-acre wheat field remained the largest any one man could farm.

Over the following 4 years [Charles Darwin](#) would be issuing 4 volumes of monographs on cirripedes (marine invertebrates including barnacles). His thorough research would be recognized with the issuance of a Royal Medal.

[Henry Thoreau](#) read in Zoölogy and in [Botany](#):

- [William Bartram](#) and [John Bartram](#)

JOHN BARTRAM'S BOOK

WM. BARTRAM'S BOOK

- [Peter Kalm](#), a disciple of [Carolus Linnaeus](#)



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- the [Baron Cuvier](#), teacher of [Louis Agassiz](#)



- Loudon, apostle of the Linnaean “artificial” system of [botanical](#) classification
- Dietrich Johann Heinrich Stöver, the biographer of [Carolus Linnaeus](#)
- Pultenay, a Linnaean
- [Carolus Linnaeus](#) (in February 1852)
- [Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyramus de Candolle](#), apostle of the Linnaean “artificial” system of [botanical](#) classification (later)
- [Louis Agassiz](#) and [Augustus A. Gould](#)’s revised edition of their 1848 PRINCIPLES OF ZOÖLOGY: TOUCHING THE STRUCTURE, DEVELOPMENT, DISTRIBUTION AND NATURAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE RACES OF ANIMALS, LIVING AND EXTINCT; WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS. FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. PT. I. COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY



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CAPE COD: The Greeks would not have called the ocean ἀτρυγέτος, or unfruitful, though it does not produce wheat, if they had viewed it by the light of modern science, for naturalists now assert that "the sea, and not the land, is the principal seat of life,"—though not of vegetable life. Darwin affirms that "our most thickly inhabited forests appear almost as deserts when we come to compare them with the corresponding regions of the ocean." Agassiz and Gould tell us that "the sea teems with animals of all classes, far beyond the extreme limit of flowering plants"; but they add, that "experiments of dredging in very deep water have also taught us that the abyss of the ocean is nearly a desert";—"so that modern investigations," to quote the words of Desor, "merely go to confirm the great idea which was vaguely anticipated by the ancient poets and philosophers, that the Ocean is the origin of all things." Yet marine animals and plants hold a lower rank in the scale of being than land animals and plants. "There is no instance known," says Desor, "of an animal becoming aquatic in its perfect state, after having lived in its lower stage on dry land," but as in the case of the tadpole, "the progress invariably points towards the dry land." In short, the dry land itself came through and out of the water on its way to the heavens, for, "in going back through the geological ages, we come to an epoch when, according to all appearances, the dry land did not exist, and when the surface of our globe was entirely covered with water." We looked on the sea, then, once more, not as ἀτρυγέτος, or unfruitful, but as it has been more truly called, the "laboratory of continents."

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

PIERRE JEAN EDOUARD DESOR

AGASSIZ & GOULD

CHARLES DARWIN



1851: [Henry Mayhew](#)'s [LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR](#) ([Henry Thoreau](#) would study this in 1853, as below).



May 28 [1853]. [Mayhew](#), in his "[London Labour and London Poor](#)," treating of the costermongers, or those who get their living in the streets of London, speaks of "the muscular irritability begotten by continued wandering," making one "unable to rest for any time in one place." Mentions the instance of a girl who had been accustomed to sell sprats in the streets, who having been taken into a gentleman's house out of charity, "the pressure of shoes was intolerable to her." "But no sooner did she hear from her friends, that sprats were again in the market, than as if there were some magical influence in the fish, she at once requested to be freed from the confinement, and permitted to return to her old calling." I am perhaps equally accustomed to a roaming field-life, experience a good deal of that muscular irritability, and have a good many friends who let me know when sprats are in the market.

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1851: E.B. O'Callaghan's THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK was published in Albany, including some material in Volume IV, on pages 31-32, dating to the year 1650, which [Henry Thoreau](#) would be able to use in description of the 1st white homes of Concord. From the Economy chapter of [WALDEN](#):



[WALDEN](#): Old Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," speaking of the first settlers of this town, with whom he was contemporary, tells us that "they burrow themselves in the earth for their first shelter under some hillside, and, casting the soil aloft upon timber, they make a smoky fire against the earth, at the highest side." They did not "provide them houses," says he, "till the earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth bread to feed them," and the first year's crop was so light that "they were forced to cut their bread very thin for a long season." The secretary of the Province of New Netherland, writing in Dutch, in 1650, for the information of those who wished to take up land there, states more particularly, that "those in New Netherland, and especially in New England, who have no means to build farm houses at first according to their wishes, dig a square pit in the ground, cellar fashion, six or seven feet deep, as long and as broad as they think proper, case the earth inside with wood all round the wall, and line the wood with the bark of trees or something else to prevent the caving in of the earth; floor this cellar with plank, and wainscot it overhead for a ceiling, raise a roof of spars clear up, and cover the spars with bark or green sods, so that they can live dry and warm in these houses with their entire families for two, three, and four years, it being understood that partitions are run through those cellars which are adapted to the size of the family. The wealthy and principal men in New England, in the beginning of the colonies, commenced their first dwelling houses in this fashion for two reasons; firstly, in order not to waste time in building, and not to want food the next season; secondly, in order not to discourage poor laboring people whom they brought over in numbers from Fatherland. In the course of three or four years, when the country became adapted to agriculture, they built themselves handsome houses, spending on them several thousands."

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

EDWARD JOHNSON

EMERSON'S SHANTY

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

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1850-1851

➡ 1851: [Thomas De Quincey](#) “Lord Carlisle on Pope,” his last essay for [Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine](#).

His CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, AND *SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS*: BEING A SEQUEL TO THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER and LITERARY REMINISCENCES were reissued in Boston by the firm of Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. (There would be a copy of this American edition in [Bronson Alcott](#)’s home library, and a copy in the Concord Town Library, but in all likelihood [Henry Thoreau](#) had already years earlier made himself familiar with this material, out of an English edition.)


CONFESSIONS, SUSPIRA...
LITERARY REMINISCENCES I
LITERARY REMINISCENCES II

At the Concord Town Library, [Thoreau](#) would copy from “Coleridge’s Conversations” and “Education of Genius” into his 2d Commonplace Book.

➡ 1851: The [Irving Trust](#) bank was founded in [New-York City](#) and named in honor of crowd-pleasing author [Washington Irving](#), whose portrait would appear on its notes:



Publication of ALHAMBRA, ASTORIA; OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, and ILLUSTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING’S DOLPH HEYLIGER. At age 68 [Irving](#), old, well-published, and full of honors, found himself making a wish, that⁸⁵

nature would restore to the poor negroes their tails. 

RACISM


Publication of Theodore Irving’s THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO (New York: G.P. Putnam). In about 1854, [Henry Thoreau](#) would make notes in his Indian Notebook #8 from this translation of El Inca Garcilaso de la Vega’s 1605 *LA FLORIDA DEL INCA*.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA

85. It’s just so nice when people who have themselves been fortunate are still able to remember the needs of others!

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 **1851:** Nathan Henry Barrett, son of a [Concord](#) farmer, Francis Charles Browne, son of a [Concord](#) merchant, and William Watson Goodwin, son of a [Concord](#) minister, graduated from [Harvard College](#). Goodwin would become a professor of Greek.⁸⁶

NEW “HARVARD MEN”

The town of [Concord](#) constructed its present town offices on the square alongside the courthouse (the new building was done in brick in the Italianate style). In 1849, a fire had destroyed the Middlesex County Courthouse on the lot just to the northwest of the present Town House site (22 Monument Square). When that County Courthouse had been rebuilt, the town of Concord found to its surprise that although since 1721 they had been being allowed to hold their annual Town Meeting in the County building’s large courtroom, that tradition was not considered by the County to extend to its new structure. Funds for a larger [Concord Town House](#), one that could house the annual Town Meeting, were therefore allocated in 1850, and the town purchased from John Shepard Keyes for \$1,200 the property on which his law office stood. The older, smaller Concord Town House had been disposed of by auction as superfluous, the high bidder being Keyes (he relocated the structure to what is now 15 Monument Street). John M. Cheney chaired a building committee that retained Boston architect Richard Bond. The plans called for a downstairs devoted to a schoolroom for the high school and another for the intermediate school and for an upstairs floor for town offices, a safe for town records, and a room for Concord’s 1st public library (known as the Town Library). This structure would cost \$30,000. The town school preparing local students for college was therefore relocated in this year from the [Town School](#) building across the square.

COURTHOUSE




TOWN HOUSE


86. LL.D. 1891; Ph. D. Göttingen 1855; Ph.D. (Hon.) Göttingen 1905; LL.D. Amherst 1881, Cambr. 1883, Columbia 1887, Edinb. 1890, Univ. Chicago 1901, Yale 1901; D.C.L. Oxford 1890; Eliot Prof. Greek Literature 1860-1901; Eliot Prof., Emeritus 1901-1912; Overseer 1903-1909; Director Am.S. Class. Studies at Athens 1882-1883; Pres. Am. Acad.; Memb. Am. Philos. Soc., Mass. Hist. Soc.; Hon. Memb. Acad. Sci. (Athens); Kt. Ord. Redeemer (Greece).



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The Town Library upstairs at the [Concord Town House](#) would prove so popular that in 1860 its space would be expanded into part of the intermediate school room downstairs, with the high school room divided for the use of both classes. The high school would be moved to its own building in the early 1860s, whereupon the downstairs would be used for the armory and a dance hall that could be hired by private parties. In 1879/1880 the Town House would be expanded by adding to its rear. This new space would provide rooms subsidiary to the large open hall upstairs, such “water and other closets” so that for the 1st time the visitors and employees and officials would not need to go to a privy outside, plus a room described as being for the use of “females on social occasions.” In 1888 the armory would be moved into its own building on Walden Street, and the Town House would come to house the Police Department, the water, sewer, and electric light offices, and offices for the Town Clerk and Assessors.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would report, in “Reading”:

[following screen]

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WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music -philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

PETER ABÉLARD



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1851: Henry Thoreau observed while on *Manamoyik* ([Cape Cod](#)) that the fish for which it had been named was stacked dry on the docks as if it were cordwood:

Salt fish were stacked on the wharves, looking like corded wood, maple and yellow birch with the bark left on. I mistook them for this at first, and such in one sense they were, —fuel to maintain our vital fires —an eastern wood which grew on the Grand Banks.

One wonders what Thoreau would have jotted down had he heard someone singing a 19th-Century sailer shanty about the “Cape Cod Girls”:

O Cape Cod girls don't have no combs!
Haul away, haul away!
They comb their hair with a codfish bone,
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Now Cape Cod kids don't have no sleds
Haul away, haul away!
They slide down hill on a codfish head!
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Cape Cod cats don't have no tails,
Haul away, haul away!
They lost them all in a northeast gale,
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Cape Cod girls don't wear no frills,
Haul away, haul away!
They're plain and skinny as a codfish gill,
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

The abolition of slavery in 1834 in the British West Indies such as on the island of [Jamaica](#), in 1848 in the French Antilles, and in 1849 in the Dutch Antilles, had not resolved the Caribbean market's need for cheap low-quality salt [cod](#) for the feeding of black people as they labored in the sun on the [sugar cane](#), which is why in 1851, while [Thoreau](#) was visiting [Provincetown](#) at the tip of [Cape Cod](#), he still saw disgusting practices in

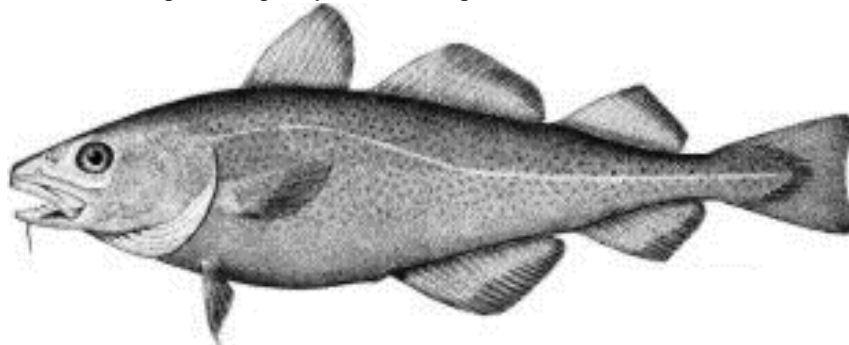
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the codfish salting yard:

EARLY the next morning I walked into a fish-house near our hotel, where three or four men were engaged in trundling out the pickled fish on barrows, and spreading them to dry. They told me that a vessel had lately come in from the Banks with forty-four thousand codfish. [Timothy Dwight](#) says that, just before he arrived at Provincetown, "a schooner came in from the Great Bank with fifty-six thousand fish, about one thousand five hundred quintals, taken in a single voyage; the main deck being, on her return, eight inches under water in calm weather." The cod in this fish-house, just out of the pickle, lay packed several feet deep, and three or four men stood on them in cowhide boots, pitching them on to the barrows with an instrument which had a single iron point. One young man, who chewed tobacco, spat on the fish repeatedly. Well, sir, thought I, when that older man sees you he will speak to you. But presently I saw the older man do the same thing. It reminded me of the figs of Smyrna.

There is a good reason why these laborers were treating these split fish carcasses with such contempt. The primary use of such salt fish was still in the feeding of the black workers on the sugar plantations of the Caribbean despite the fact that these black workers were no longer being referred to as slaves. Therefore the tobacco juice which these workers were spitting onto the drying fish, and the fact that these workers were damaging their own product by gaffing it around with those single-point processing poles, truly did not matter at all. One may well wonder whether Thoreau ought have been aware of the reason why such a low-grade industrial indifference to product quality was able to persist.



Since, in 1755, Dr. [Samuel Johnson](#) had defined a [cod](#) as "any case or husk in which seeds are lodged" on the basis of the Middle English etymology in which a cod is a sack or pouch, [Thoreau](#) hypothesized that the codfish might have received its name on account of the female containing such a large quantity of eggs:

CAPE COD: I suppose that the word Cape is from the French *cap*; which is from the Latin *caput*, a head; which is, perhaps, from the verb *capere*, to take, -that being the part by which we take hold of a thing:-Take Time by the forelock. It is also the safest part to take a serpent by. And as for Cod, that was derived directly from that "great store of codfish" which Captain Bartholomew Gosnold caught there in 1602; which fish appears to have been so called from the Saxon word *codde*, "a case in which seeds are lodged," either from the form of the fish, or the quantity of spawn it contains; whence also, perhaps, *codling* ("*pomum coctile*") and coddle, -to cook green like peas. (V. Dic.)

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An old rhyme goes:

The codfish lays a thousand eggs
 The homely hen lays one.
 The codfish never cackles
 To tell you what she's done.
 And so we scorn the codfish
 While the humble hen we prize
 Which only goes to show you
 That it pays to advertise.

Well, this old rhyme may not date to Thoreau's era, but we note that the inventor of the microscope, Leeuwenhoek, had counted the eggs in a single female [cod](#) of a middling size and had numbered them at 9,384,000. [Alexandre Dumas](#) would write in 1873 in *LE GRANDE DICTIONNAIRE DE CUISINE* that "it has been calculated that if no accident prevented the hatching of the eggs and each egg reached maturity, it would take only three years to fill the sea so that you could walk across the Atlantic dryshod on the backs of cod."

While [Thoreau](#) was on [Cape Cod](#), he heard rumors of cows eating [cod](#) heads:

CAPE COD: It is rumored that in the fall the cows here are sometimes fed cod's-head! The godlike part of the cod, which, like the human head, is curiously and wonderfully made, forsooth has but little less brain in it, -coming to such an end! To be craunched by cows! I felt my own skull crack with sympathy. What if the heads of men were to be cut off to feed the cows of a superior order of beings who inhabit the islands in the ether? Away goes your fine brain, the house of thought and instinct, to swell the cud of a ruminant animal! -However, an inhabitant assured me that they did not make a practice of feeding cows on cod-heads; the cows merely would eat them sometimes.



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Actually, cows weren't being fed the cod heads, which were a local delicacy pretty much reserved for the humans unless they were spoiled remnants, although [Herman Melville](#), in [MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#), did describe seeing a cow that had been parsing a pile of such remnants and offal and was wandering around in fishhead slippers:

: Fishiest of all fishy places was the Try Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish-bones coming through your clothes. The area before the house was paved with clam-shells. Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace of codfish vertebra; and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark-skin. There was a fishy flavor to the milk, too, which I could not at all account for, till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen's boats, I saw Hosea's brindled cow feeding on fish remnants, and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod's decapitated head, looking very slip-shod, I assure ye.

One split the [cod](#) heads and floured them before frying, and then crunched them bones and all. The heads for this recipe had the eyes and lips removed, and the fish's air sacs were often included.

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1851: In this year [Emily Dickinson](#) turned 21. She wrote her brother [Austin Dickinson](#), who was teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End:

*I like to get such **facts** to set down in my **journal**, also anything else that's **startling** which you may chance to know – I don't think deaths or murders can ever come amiss in a young woman's journal.*

In this year [Henry Thoreau](#) turned 26. He surveyed the lots adjacent to the site on which Concord was building a new courthouse, which was the location at which his father had worked in the "Yellow Store." He also laid out the new courthouse's cellar and, according to Adams and Ross, became a Romantic.



In 1993, Thoreau's journal for this year would be separately published by Penguin:



There was a break in the singing family, between [Jesse Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [Asa Hutchinson](#). Various members of the family would form singing groups of their own. [John W. Hutchinson](#) would be the last of the brothers to form a regular singing company of his own and much of his energy would be put into singing on behalf of temperance.

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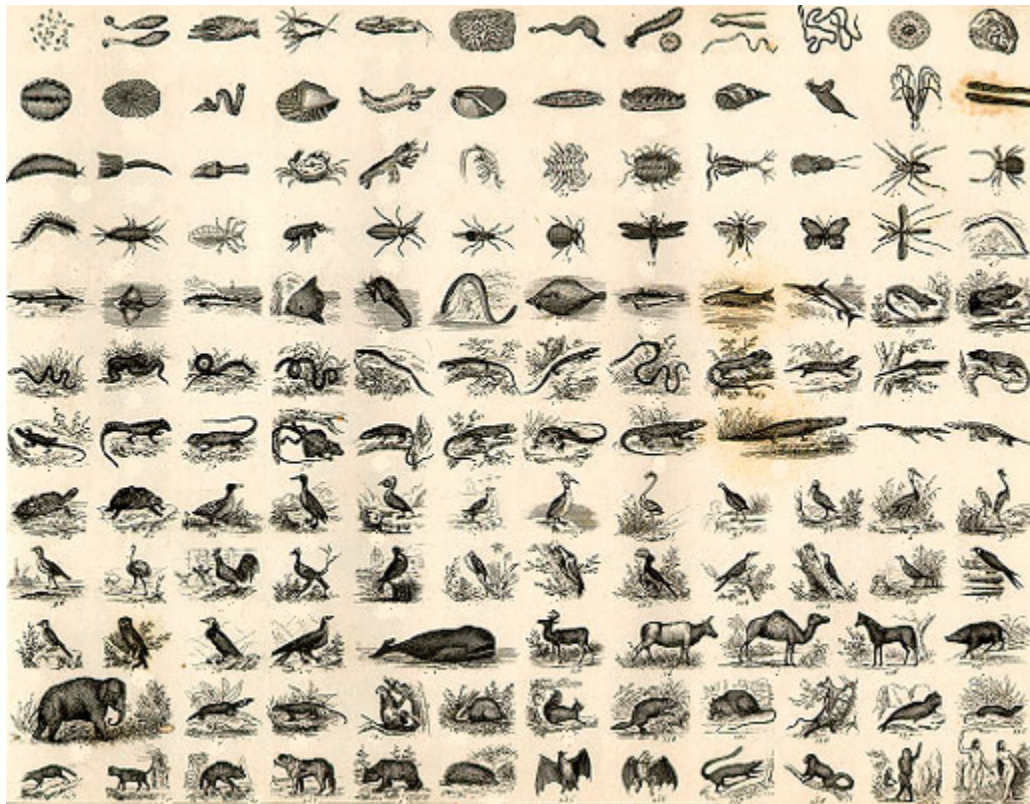
➡ 1851: [Lewis Henry Morgan](#)'s LEAGUE OF THE HO-DE-NO-SAU-NEE, OR [IROQUOIS](#). [Henry Thoreau](#) would take extensive notes while reading this book.

[Captain Charles Wilkes](#)'s NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION DURING THE YEARS 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842 of his polar expedition, which had been prepared in 1845 in Philadelphia in 6 quarto volumes and 5 octavo volumes, was at this point reprinted in an abridged edition by a publisher in New-York.



At some point during this year the at-loose-ends Unitarian Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) delivered a Sunday evening lecture entitled "Merchants."


J.G. Heck's ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA:




➡ 1851: [Griffith Thomas](#)'s Union Club was built at 20th Street and Fifth Avenue in [New-York](#).


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 **1851:** Freemasons contributed to the establishment of a Theosophical Society, one that would popularize [Buddhism](#) in Europe.

 **1851:** Production of the 3d Model Dragoon Revolver began at [Samuel Colt](#)'s Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company. The company would manufacture 10,000 from this year through 1860. Some of these 3d Model Dragoons had frame cuts for detachable shoulder stocks, horizontal-loading lever latches, and folding leaf sights. All these 3d Model Dragoons had a round trigger guard. Government records indicate that one order was for 8,390 such devices.

 **1851:** [Dr. Harriet Kezia Hunt](#) of Boston began to pay her taxes under protest.

 **1851:** [George Templeton Strong](#), a vestryman at the prominent Episcopal Trinity Church on Wall Street, witnessed some orphaned, abandoned, abused, runaway girls in the street and noted in his diary that he had found them even more unlovely than a gang of blackguard boys: "thief written in their cunning eyes and whore on their depraved faces." –Poor guy, he must have really been tempted to victimize these kiddies himself, and it must have taken every ounce of moral courage in his body to force himself to turn away from them in their misery! –He was really a man of high principle, for instance he would find himself so opposed to dying in war that he would be willing to pay a "big 'Dutch' boy of about twenty" the magnificent sum of \$1,100 to volunteer to go to serve among the Union soldiers in the Civil War on his draft number!

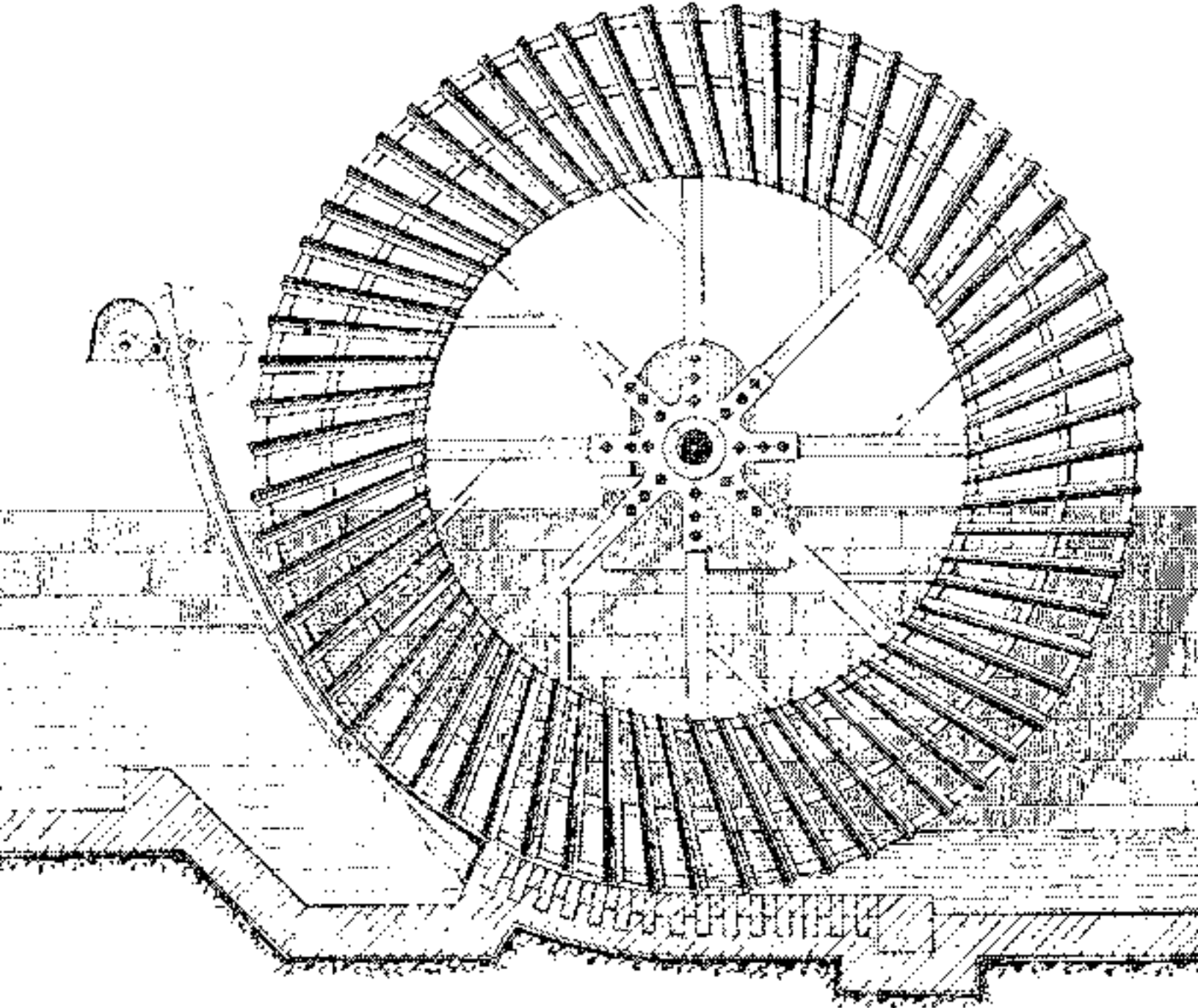
 **1851:** At the age of 31, [Florence Nightingale](#) went to work as a nurse in training at the Kaiserworth Hospital in Germany.

In Germany, Maria Weigel was nearly stoned to death by the outraged youth of Colmar for her indecent behavior in attempting to ice-skate. Rules were being created in these United States of America to govern male interaction with females on the ice. In Headland, Alabama a law was enacted to prohibit male ice skaters from "turning and looking at a woman that way" (one wonders how thin was the ice they might have had in Alabama). The penalty for the 2d offense of this nature was to be the wearing of horse blinders for 24 hours. In Newburgh, New York, no married woman was to skate on the Sabbath unless "properly looked after" by her mate — which meant he needed to be following her within 20 paces with his loaded musket on his left shoulder. In La Follette, Tennessee there was a law specifying that no man could "place his arm around a woman" at a dance or [skating](#) rink "without good and lawful reason" (there were lots of good reasons but precious few of them were lawful).

**THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT.
ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING,
WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.**

1850-1851**1850-1851**

1851: The 1st implementation of the new [vertical waterwheel](#) by [Alphonse Eléonor Sagebin](#), one which had the blades inclined counter-intuitively backward, was done at a flour mill in Rouquerolles, France, and it raised the power efficiency radically, to 85%. (Later wheels using this new principle would attain up to 93% efficiency. — Maybe airplanes will fly backward faster than forward but we just haven't tried this yet?):



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➡ 1851: [Henry Wood](#), brother of future [New-York](#) mayor Fernando Wood, created “Wood’s Minstrels” at 444 Broadway (the group would play the city for the following 15 years, after 444 Broadway burning down relocating to 472 Broadway, and then relocating again to the new Marble Palace at 561-563 Broadway, until ceasing as an institution in about 1866). The performers in this group “represented the characteristics peculiar to the Plantation Darkies of the South.



THE MINSTREL SHOW

➡ 1851: The Brooklyn, [New-York Navy Yard Dry Dock Number One](#), the US Navy’s 1st, was completed.

➡ 1851: In [New York](#)’s St. Lawrence County, along a 17-mile stretch of the Racket River, over the following decade 10 sawmills would be erected.

➡ 1851: Numerous footsteps of extinct reptilian animals had been observed in Permian sandstone at the Corncockle Muir Quarry of Annandale, which was quite near to Jardine Hall. During this year, publication of [Sir William Jardine](#)’s ICHTHYOLOGY OF ANNANDALE.

SCOTLAND

➡ 1851: By the time of the Great Exhibition, Aldreds, Bernards, and Farlows had 3-strip fishing rods for sale, but it is not clear whether any of these rods had split bamboo butt sections. Other suppliers, including Blacker, were quick to market 3-strip rods, but such a rod had not yet caught on with anglers.

BAMBOO FISHING RODS

➡ 1851: The [Reverend William Silsbee](#) began to teach at a private school in Cincinnati, Ohio.

➡ 1851: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) was apprenticed to a wagon-maker in Mount Morris, Illinois. Completing his apprenticeship, he took journeymen jobs in Chicago, at Peoria, and at Tremont, Illinois.

➡ 1851: George Stewart, Sr. and Elizabeth Dubuc Stewart, with 3-year-old [George Stewart, Jr.](#), relocated from [New-York](#) to London in Upper [Canada](#) where the husband was to manage a fur and leather business for the wife’s father Pascal Dubuc.

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 **1851:** [Coffee](#) grown on the Bamboo Hedge Estate at Sandy Bay on [St. Helena](#) won a premier award at the Great Exhibition in the [Crystal Palace](#).

ST. HELENA THE HISTORIC

Joseph Lockwood's [GUIDE TO ST. HELENA](#), DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL, WITH A VISIT TO LONGWOOD, AND NAPOLEON'S TOMB (St. Helena: Printed and published by Geo. Gibb).

GUIDE TO ST. HELENA

(You will note that this author makes no mention of any [giant tortoises](#) being used as lawn ornaments.)



Aug 28, 1856: ...One Turtle knows several Napoleans—...

[Transcript]

 **1851:** After working as a printer in Kalamazoo and Detroit, where he had authored antislavery articles under the pseudonym "Berwick," 19-year-old [James Redpath](#) got hired as a reporter for the New-York [Tribune](#).

The Fox family relocated from [Rochester, New York](#) to [New-York City](#), to stage further seances. Meanwhile, a pamphlet entitled DISCOVERY AND EXPLANATION OF THE SOURCE OF THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS THE ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS was produced in Buffalo. This announced that the "knockings" in question were being faked by voluntary partial dislocation of joints of the "spiritualist." Spiritualism and its professed ability to communicate with the dead was becoming a religious fervor as explosive as many of the other fervors that had been coming out of the "burned-over" upstate revivalist district. Although [Horace Greeley](#) was annoyed by the dancing furniture, floating heads, and other trickery many spiritualists were using, he remained ready to credit that the Fox sisters in particular would not make themselves part of any such fraud, and could truly be a source of some great new human discovery. He offered to educate the sisters at his expense, to put their fine minds in touch with the broader ideas of the world. Mrs. [Ann Leah Fox Fish](#) agreed to allow Kate to attend school, but Maggie was producing too much income. By this point Mrs. Fish had established herself as a spiritual medium as well, and her plan was that she herself would pan for gold in the big-city market, while sending her daughter Maggie off to exercise the people in Philadelphia and Washington DC.


SPIRITUALISM

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

 **1851:** [Edward J. Fitzgerald](#)'s EUPHRANOR.

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 **1851:** The Erie Railroad, by this point under the control of Daniel Drew, became the 1st rail line connecting the Great Lakes with [New-York](#) and began to compete with the [Erie Canal](#) as a transportation route.

HISTORY OF RR


In [New York](#), the Rochester, Auburn, and Syracuse Railroad received a charter for a line along the [Erie Canal](#).

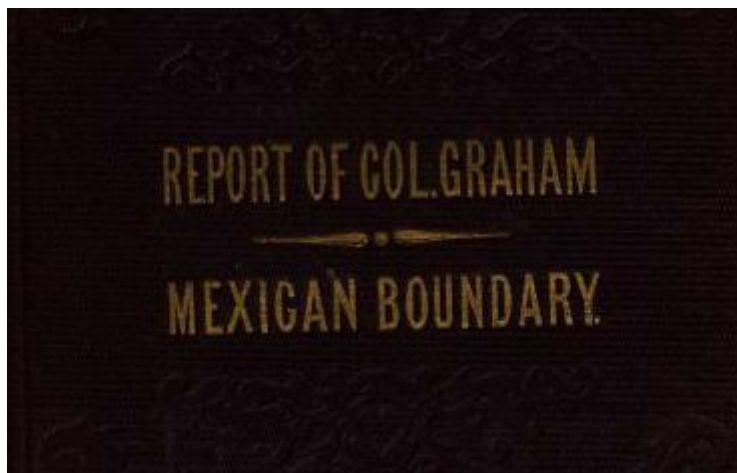
Stock was offered to the public for a Genesee Valley Railway (but sales were slow).

The West Troy Weighlock of the [Erie Canal](#) was completed.


The [New York State](#) policy of requiring railroads to pay the equivalent of [Erie Canal](#) tolls was abandoned.

In upstate [New York](#), the steamboat *Madison* was put into service as an aid to the steamboat *Oneida* on Oneida Lake. These vessels would tug barges and canal boats from the mouth of Fish Creek, east of Oneida Lake, down the Oneida River and the Oswego River to Three Rivers Point, a 35 mile trip, at a charge of \$10 for the haul. The barges would be towed in relays. This would cut 2 whole days off the trip from New-York City to Oswego by way of Syracuse and the Erie Canal. The steamboat *Oswego* (longest survivor of the fleet) on her 1st trip down the river would encounter an unexpected obstacle below the Oak Orchard Lock — the Schroepfel Bridge had no draw-gate. Captain Calvin Yeoman took his *Madison* back upriver but left 2 hands behind to cut through the offending bridge. However, farmers showed up with pitchforks and horsewhips and drove off his ax men. When the steamer returned 3 days later with a new tow of barges, his crew chopped through the bridge and proceeded around Horseshoe Island to Three Rivers Point. On their return trip the following day, however, they discovered that the farmers had repaired the span. Captain Yeoman rigged a battering ram to the bow of his *Madison* and pounded away until the center section of the span gave way. A draw-bridge would be the eventual. (The short life of this Oneida Lake and River Steamboat Company would come to an end with the widening and deepening of the [Erie Canal](#).)

 **1851:** Brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel [James Duncan Graham](#) of the US Army's Corps of Topographical Engineers was making himself useful as Principal Astronomer and "Head of the Scientific Corps," on the part of the United States, for the joint demarcation of the Boundary between the United States and [Mexico](#), under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in the final resolution of boundary issues resulting from the War with Mexico.



[Thomas Mayne Reid, Jr.](#)'s THE SCALP HUNTERS; OR, ROMANTIC ADVENTURES IN NORTHERN [MEXICO](#). The author, implementing a folk maxim "when they're big enough they're old enough," began to groom his London publisher's teenybopper daughter Elizabeth Hyde:

 Captain Mayne Reid had now met his fate; not in the dark-eyed

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Mexican señorita, but a fair little English girl, a child scarce thirteen years of age. Her name was Elizabeth Hyde, the only daughter of George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon.

In his novel of "The Child Wife," he describes his first meeting this young girl: "In less than ten minutes after, he was in love with a child! There are those who will deem this an improbability. Nevertheless it was true; for we are recording an actual experience." Later on he says to his friend Roseveltdt: "That child has impressed me with a feeling I never had before. Her strange look has done it. I feel as if she had sounded the bottom of my soul! It may be fate, destiny, but as I live, Roseveltdt, I have a presentiment she will yet be my wife!"

The courtship was in itself a romance. Elizabeth Hyde was living in London with Mrs Hyde, the widow of her Uncle Clarendon, who brought her up after her mother's death. At Mrs Hyde's house Captain Reid was one evening a guest. Afterwards he told his wife, "I fell in love with you that evening at first sight." The next morning her aunt said, "Captain Mayne Reid has quite fallen in love with you." Elizabeth answered, "You can tell him I have not fallen in love with him." A short time afterwards to the question of some one who had not seen the "lion," "What is Captain Reid like?" she replied, "Oh, he is a middle-aged gentleman." This was repeated to Captain Reid, and he afterwards allowed that his vanity was much wounded at the time. A few weeks passed and the "middle-aged gentleman" was quite forgotten. Other matters occupied Elizabeth Hyde's thoughts. One day she was alone in the drawing-room making a doll's outfit. Captain Reid entered the room, but she did not recognise him. He looked surprised, and said, "Do you not remember me?" As he had a very foreign appearance, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, you are Monsieur—" Then he mentioned his name. He asked how old she was, and, on hearing, said, "You are getting old enough to have a lover, and you must have me."

The "middle-aged gentleman" did not, however, come up to her standard. Her uncle was her ideal.

After this Captain Reid made long and frequent visits to the aunt's house, but saw the niece very little. With her, indeed, he found so little favour that she intentionally avoided his society. Mrs Hyde began to believe herself the attraction, as Mayne Reid spent hours in her society. All is fair in love and war.

BETWEEN ANY TWO MOMENTS ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOMENTS, AND BETWEEN THESE OTHER MOMENTS LIKEWISE AN INFINITE NUMBER, THERE BEING NO ATOMIC MOMENT JUST AS THERE IS NO ATOMIC POINT ALONG A LINE. MOMENTS ARE THEREFORE FIGMENTS. THE PRESENT MOMENT IS A MOMENT AND AS SUCH IS A FIGMENT, A FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION TO WHICH NOTHING REAL CORRESPONDS. SINCE PAST MOMENTS HAVE PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND FUTURE MOMENTS




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HAVE YET TO ARRIVE, WE NOTE THAT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS ALL THAT EVER EXISTS — AND YET THE PRESENT MOMENT BEING A MOMENT IS A FIGMENT TO WHICH NOTHING IN REALITY CORRESPONDS.

 1851: The [Reverend Dr. Johann Ludwig Krapf](#) returned to his travels/travails in Africa.

[Liberia College](#) was authorized by the national government in Monrovia, [Liberia](#) (it would not open its doors until 1862).

 1851: [George Payne Rainsford James](#) took a house at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he would later purchase land and made some effort at farming.

 1851: Upon the establishment of a Government School of Mines, [Robert Hunt](#) became the Professor of Mechanical Science. Publication of his HUNT'S HAND-BOOK TO THE OFFICIAL CATALOGUES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: AN EXPLANATORY GUIDE TO THE NATURAL PRODUCTIONS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS (London: Spicer Brothers, and W. Clowes & Sons, Contractors to the Royal Commission, 29, New Bridge Street Blackfriars, and at Hyde Park) and his ELEMENTARY PHYSICS, AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY [*WITH 217 WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.*] (London: Reeve and Benham, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden).

WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF

Thomas Mayne Reid

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project


"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

The People of [Walking](#): Professor Robert Hunt




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 [1851: Walter Savage Landor](#) expressed the need for Church reform in a pamphlet *POPERY, BRITISH AND FOREIGN* (London: Chapman and Hall), and with *LETTERS TO CARDINAL WISEMAN*. He published various other articles in *The Examiner*, *Fraser's Magazine*, etc. When he learned that Sophia Jane Swift had died, he wrote in tribute to her memory:

Sophia! whom I seldom call'd by name,
And trembled when I wrote it; O my friend
Severed so long from me! one morn I dreamt
That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths
Slippery with sunshine: after many years
Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,
And much (alas how much!) by both endured
We joined our hands together and told our tale.
And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,
And the cold marble cramps it; I dream one,
Dost thou dream too? and are our dreams the same?

 [1851: Caroline Lee Hentz](#)'s *RENA, OR, THE SNOW BIRD*.

 [1851: Heinrich Heine](#)'s *ROMANZERO* and *DER DOCTOR FAUST*.



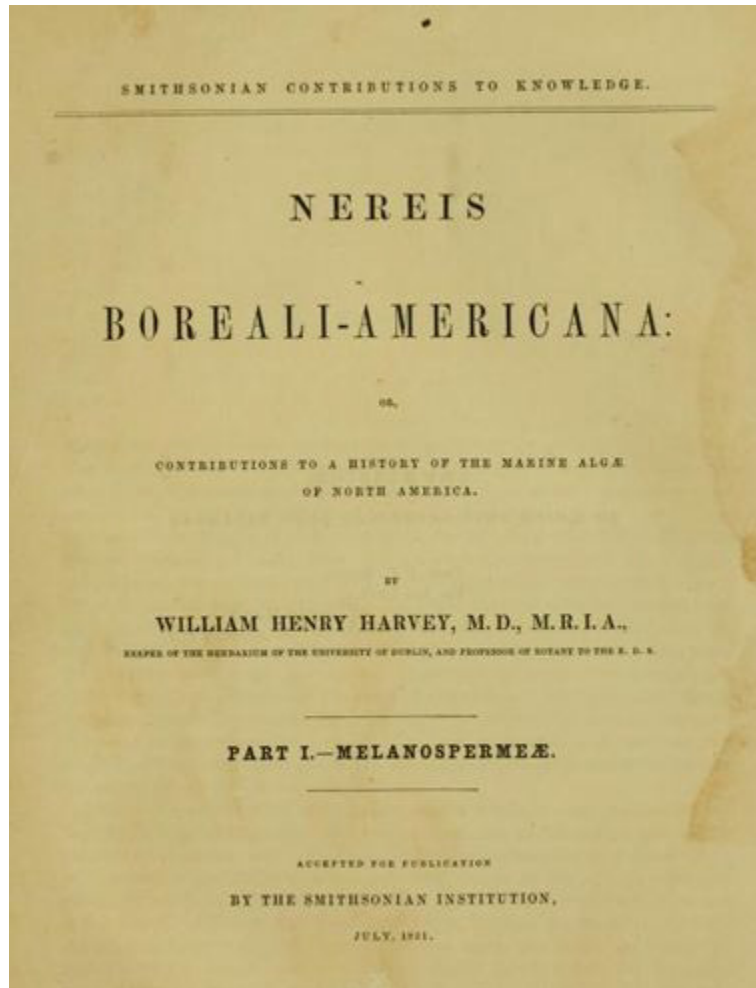
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1851: Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) went to [Charleston](#) to teach at the Medical College of South Carolina and scarf up on some of that good living enabled by race slavery and establish a seaside laboratory on Sullivan's Island to study the flora and fauna of the Atlantic Ocean.

[William Henry Harvey](#)'s *NEREIS BOREALI-AMERICANA: OR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF THE MARINE ALGAE OF NORTH AMERICA. PART I.—MELANOSPERMEÆ* (Smithsonian Institution).



MELANOSPERMEÆ

PAINTING



1851: [Frederic Edwin Church](#)'s "New England Scenery" and his "Beacon Off Mt. Desert."

Mt. Desert Island

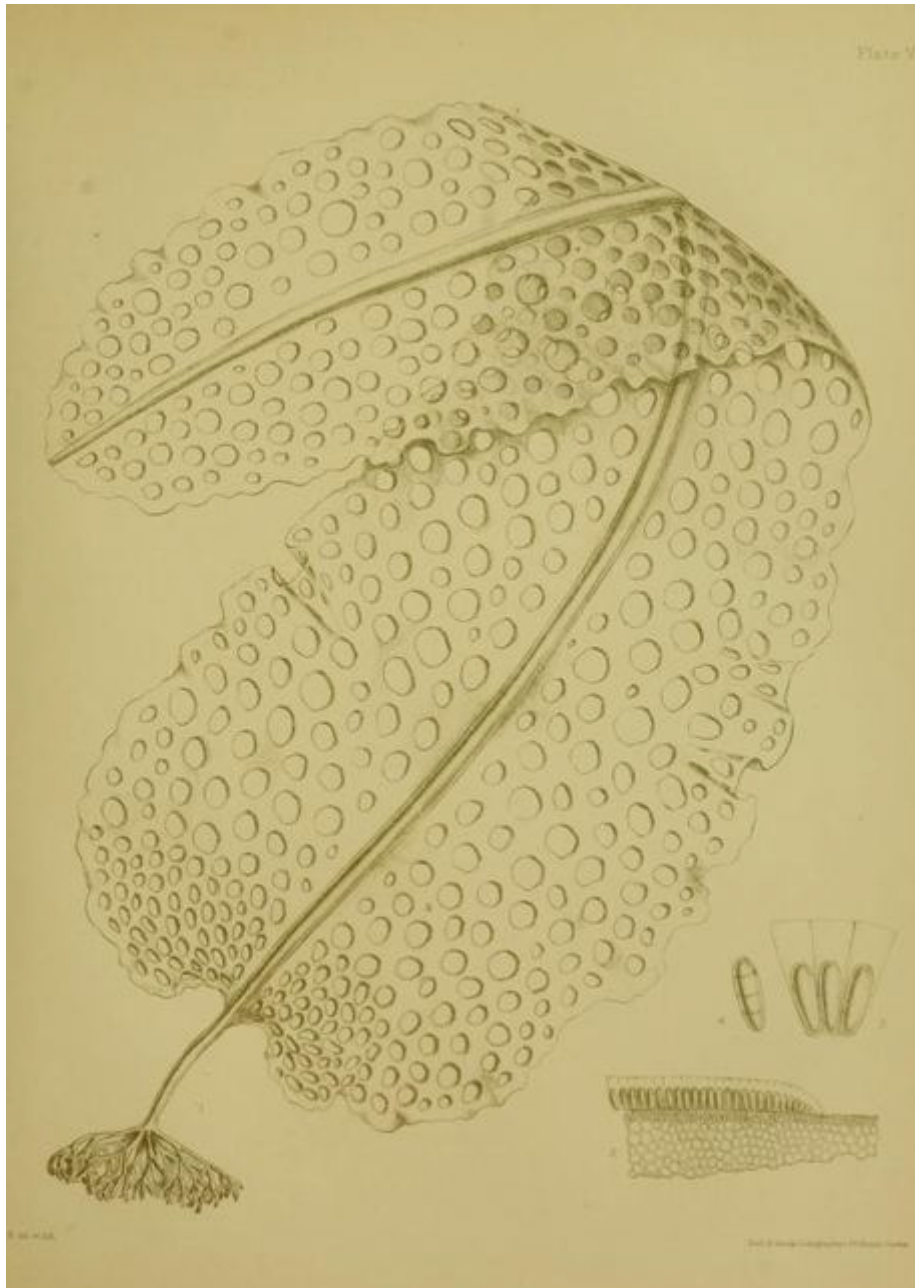
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[1851: Salma Hale](#)'s 1825/1826 article and pamphlet ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF [KEENE](#), FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, IN 1734, TO THE YEAR 1790 (69 pages) was refreshed as ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF [KEENE](#), FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, IN 1734, TO THE YEAR 1790; WITH CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS, AND A CONTINUATION, FROM 1790 TO 1815 (Keene, [New Hampshire](#): Printed by J.W. Prentiss and Company; 120 pages).



THE TOWN OF KEENE NH

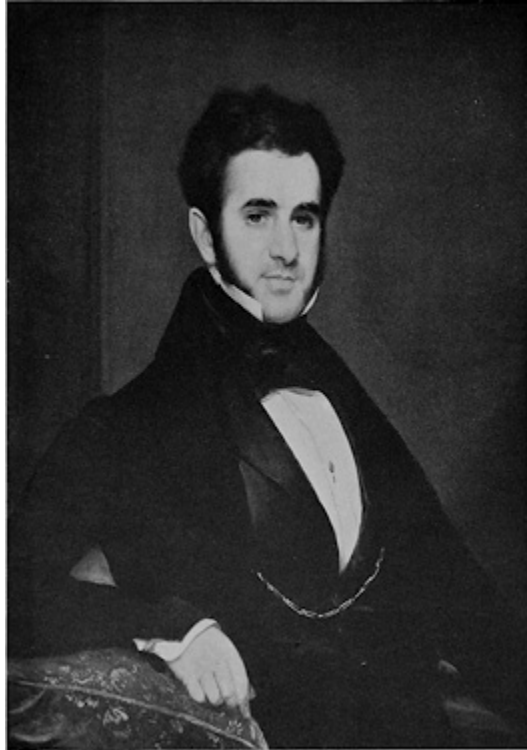
[John Frederick Kensett](#)'s "Mount Washington from the Valley of Conway" was made into a widely available engraving by James Smillie. He and [Benjamin Champney](#) in North Conway, [New Hampshire](#) produced engravings that helped popularize the White Mountain region.

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1851: From this year into 1855, publication of the various volumes of Dr. Amos Binney (1803-1847)'s THE TERRESTRIAL AIR-BREATHING MOLLUSKS OF THE UNITED STATES AND ADJACENT TERRITORIES OF NORTH AMERICA, as edited and completed subsequent to his demise by friend and colleague [Augustus A. Gould](#).



Dr. Gould also presented:

- “On the Relation of Shells from the East and West Coast of America,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 27,-28, 1851.
- “On the Formation of Rounded Masses of Fish Scales in the Shale at Hillsborough, N.B.,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, p. 66.
- “Descriptions of California Shells collected by Maj. William Rich and Lieut. Thomas P. Green,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 87-93 (*OTIA CONCHOLOGICA*, pp. 210-215, 1862).
- “On the Natural Productions of the Surface as illustrating the Character of Particular Geological Formations,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 100-101.

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➡ 1851: [Fredrika Bremer](#)'s *HEMMEN I DEN NYA VÄRLDEN* (which would soon be translated as *THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD: IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA*, VOL. I-III by [Mary Howitt](#)), in which she described her 1849/1850 visits with [Waldo Emerson](#), [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), and [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#). She had encountered corn on the cob in the USA, finding it entirely unladylike. (Perhaps it was for her sensitivities overly suggestive of fellatio? –or piggishness? –or savagery?) Ladies, in that era, were expected to cut the kernels off the cob with their knife and then lift them off their plate with a fork (if provided only with a 2-tined fork, it was of course perfectly acceptable for a lady to forward kernels of corn, and peas, into her mouth by lining them up upon the flat of her knife).



➡ 1851: [Joseph Liouville](#) provided decimal examples of the transcendental numbers he had discovered in 1844 (transcendentals are numbers that are not the solution to any algebraic equation, such as for instance π , the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter). Since the value of such a transcendental number can only be approximated in such a decimal example, this word “transcendental” would provide an excellent name with which to denominate a philosophical movement, “transcendentalism,” which would insist that the value of an individual human being can at best be roughly estimated — but cannot ever definitively be established. “For the essence of transcending is this very attitude, the attitude of ever seeking to penetrate beyond whatever had previously been established to be the verity.”

TRANSCENDENTALISM

(However, [Waldo Emerson](#) has asserted that Transcendentalism derived its name from the philosophy of [Herr Professor Immanuel Kant](#) — something we do not know the Sage of Concord ever studied or grasped.)



The bumper sticker of [Transcendentalism](#), had the 'cenders thought of it (bumpers not yet being invented), ought to have been “The horizon will move whenever we do.”






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CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

 1851: Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming's trophies were placed on exhibit at the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and he delivered a lecture (the collection would afterward go on tour as "The South Africa Museum").


At the Great Exhibition, Arthur Leared presented a model of a double stethoscope, fashioned of gutta-percha.


In Galveston, Texas, Gail Borden invented evaporated milk — at the Great Exhibition in England he had won a medal for meat biscuit, and it was on his return home to Galveston, Texas, because the cows aboard his ship had become too sick to provide milk for infants, that he got the idea that milk might be condensed through evaporation.

Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz developed an ophthalmoscope.

 1851: Pope Pius IX had determined in 1850 to restore a regular Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, Anglicanism to the contrary notwithstanding. Prime Minister Gladstone termed the Pope's announcement "vaunting and boastful" and offered that it would "destroy the bonds of accord and good will which ought to unite all." Archdeacon Manning abandoned the Church of England for a berth in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Ashley wrote in his diary "Lord, purge the Church of those men who while their hearts are in the Vatican, still eat the bread of the Establishment and undermine her." Charlotte Brontë said of the arrival of Cardinal Wiseman that it did not merely make the sun stand still, but made it go back 6 centuries. The Parliament created an Ecclesiastical Titles Act 1851 that on penalty of imprisonment and fines forbade any Catholic bishop to use any episcopal title "of any city, town or place, or of any territory or district (under any designation or description whatsoever), in the United Kingdom" — although this would not ever be enforced.

 1851: The Reverend George Gilfillan's "Preface to Book of British Poesy."

 1851: Louis A. Surette became Senior Warden at the Corinthian Lodge of the Masons of Concord, Massachusetts.

 1851: Abel Jones sold his interest in the sawmill at "Mill Corner" in South Acton to Winthrop E. Faulkner, who evidently then enlarged or rebuilt the facility. In the late 19th Century it would be operated by Aaron Marshall Jones, "one of the best mechanics in this town and was an excellent sawyer," and in the early 19th Century by Charles M. Kimball. The 2d-story space would be rented out to various other manufacturers, one of them Aaron Hayward. In 1860 Brooks & Knight and S. M. Stedson (products not specified) would occupy the space, and in 1865 Warren Miles. In 1932 the building would be taken apart and rebuilt as the house that stands at 274 School Street.

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➡ 1851: Philip Henry Gosse's A NATURALIST'S SOJOURN IN JAMAICA.



CHILABOTHRUS INORNATUS ♂ N.S.

DACTYLOA EDWARDSII, ♂ N.S.

NAT. SOJOURN — JAMAICA

his NATURAL HISTORY. FISHES,

NAT. HISTORY — FISHES

his THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION,



HISTORY OF THE JEWS

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and his A TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS.

TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY

➡ 1851: [Henry William Herbert](#)'s historical monograph THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD; AS COMPARED WITH THE GREAT MODERN STRATEGISTS.

➡ 1851: [Theodore Sedgwick Fay](#)'s poetical romance ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES: A TALE (New York).

➡ 1851: [Caleb G. Forshey](#) became entangled in our nation's most shortsighted attempt to subdue nature through engineering, the levee system that was to constrain the Mississippi River in such manner as to force it to scour out for itself a deeper channel. The attitude was, if you put the great river in a strait jacket it will in its effort to escape dig itself into a hole (this attitude would have considerable political support, since it maximized the rich lands along the river that would be available for productive slave plantations). He had no grasp of the fact that constraining such a flow in such a manner would simply raise and accelerate the flood-crest of each inundation as it progressed downstream, radically multiplying the harm (there's plenty of blame to be shared around among a large group of very smart people; the shortsightedness of this agenda would not be clear to all until the events of the day of April 15, 1927, the most destructive river flood in the history of the United States).



READ ALL ABOUT IT

We should also bear in mind that this plan amounted to a plan to use the white man's mastery over black slave labor to constrain the power of river water. There weren't any white men doing any heavy lifting here, in the construction of these humongous river levies. In effect, the white man's plot was to employ human slavery to effectuate river slavery. –Within their frame of reference, how could they perceive that there might be anything wrongheaded about such an agenda? No, to a control freak everything is about control, so all this must have seemed perfectly logical to the people involved at the time — even today, after all this water under the bridge, there are those who still just don't get it.⁸⁷

87. Was it King Kanute who whipped the waves to force them to obey him?

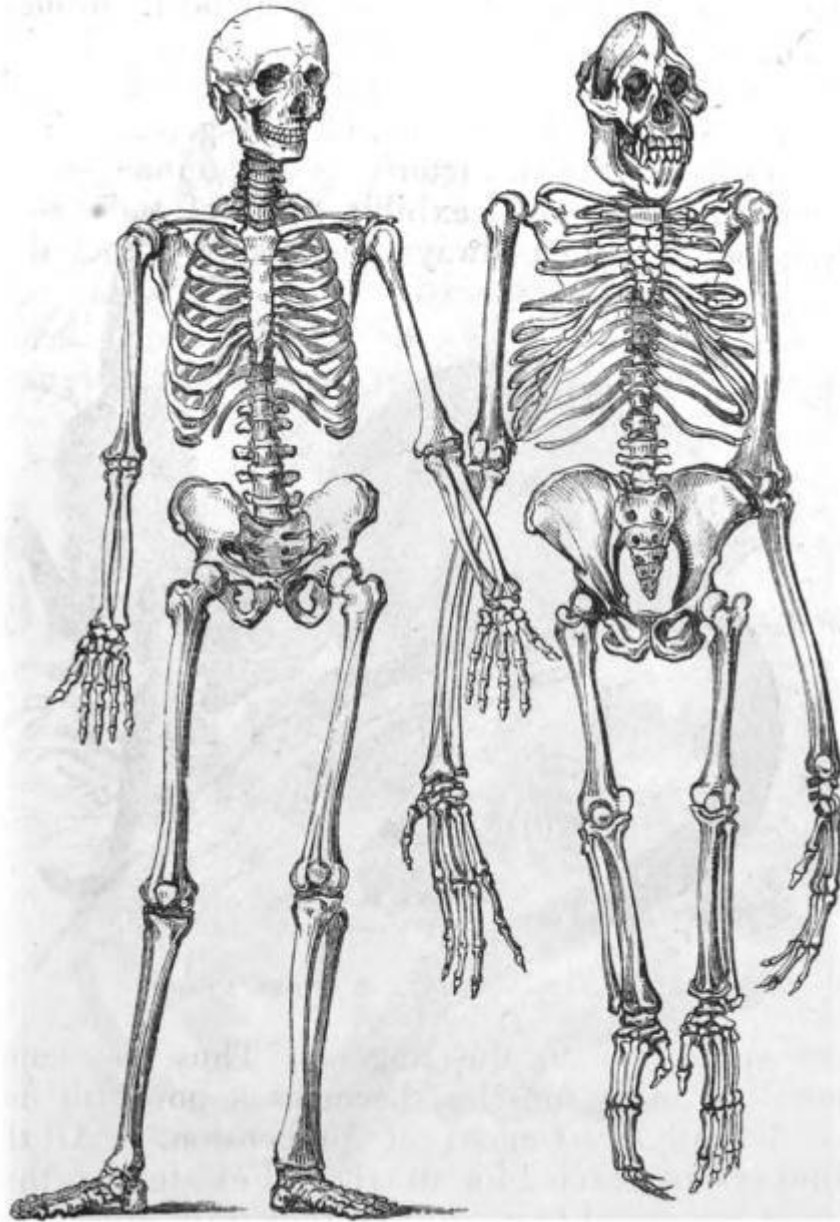
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SKELETON OF MAN AND ORANG.


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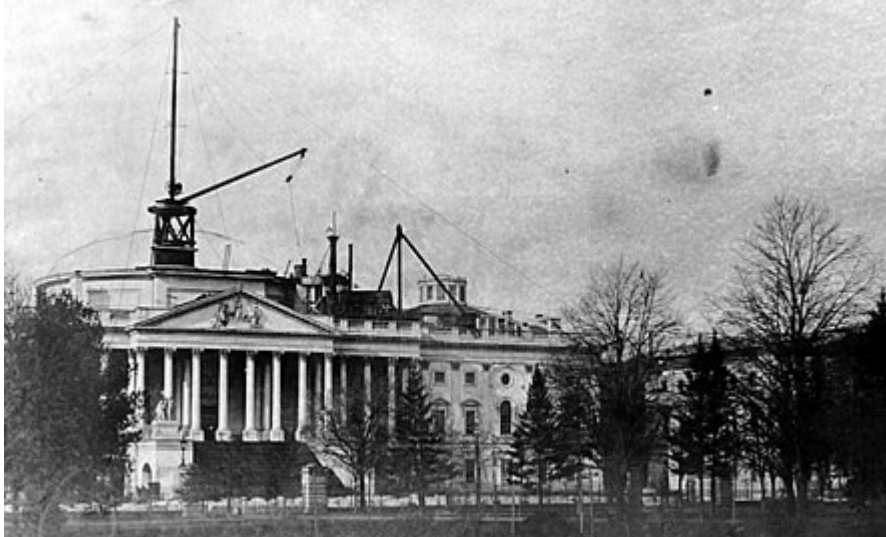
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In this year Henry Thoreau read about the evaluation of the Mississippi River by [Forshey](#) in abstract in THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OR, YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. EXHIBITING THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS, ASTRONOMY, MINERALOGY, USEFUL ARTS, METEOROLOGY, GEOLOGY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, ZOÖLOGY, GEOGRAPHY, CHEMISTRY, BOTANY, ANTIQUITIES, TOGETHER WITH A LIST OF RECENT SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS; A CLASSIFIED LIST OF PATENTS; OBITUARIES OF EMINENT SCIENTIFIC MEN; AN INDEX OF IMPORTANT PAPERS IN SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS, REPORTS, ETC. EDITED BY DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., OF THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, AND GEORGE BLISS, JR. (Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington Street). 1851.

1851 ANNUAL OF DISCOVERY

(Thoreau's notes on this reading are to be found in his Canadian Notebook for 1850-1856.)

 **1851:** The Aquia Creek sandstone used in the construction of the US Capitol building had deteriorated noticeably and new facing had become appropriate. The marble blocks selected were from a quarry near Lee, Massachusetts. As a member of a commission to examine and report upon the compression strength of these stones, [Thomas Ewbank](#) suggested that pads of woolen cloth, if placed beneath them rather than the customary sheets of lead, would effectively double their load-bearing capacity.




 **1851:** [Scottish](#) Highland troops serving in South Africa become the 1st European soldiers to wear khaki uniforms.

To describe the treasures of the preliterate past, [Scottish](#) historian [Sir Daniel Wilson](#) coined, in [THE ARCHAEOLOGY AND PREHISTORIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND](#), the useful conceit “prehistory.”

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 [1851: The Times](#) of [London](#)'s annual summary:

THE TIMES

READ ABOUT THE YEAR


In [London](#), Marble Arch relocated to Hyde Park.


In [London](#), James Wyld's Great Globe opened in Leicester Square.

In [London](#), Museum of Practical Geology opened in Jermyn Street.

In [London](#), Victoria Street opened.

In [London](#), the Free Cancer Hospital (later "Royal Marsden Hospital") opened in Cannon Row, Westminster.

 [1851: Alexander "Ksistuki Pokah" \(Beaver Child\) Culbertson](#) was appointed as interpreter and special agent of the US federal government in making treaties with Indian tribes. From this point forward he would be referred to as "[Major Culbertson](#)."

 [1851: George Copway](#) began a weekly gazette in New-York, [Copway's American Indian](#), that would survive but 3 months. Also during this year, his [RUNNING SKETCHES OF MEN AND PLACES, IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, BELGIUM, AND SCOTLAND](#).



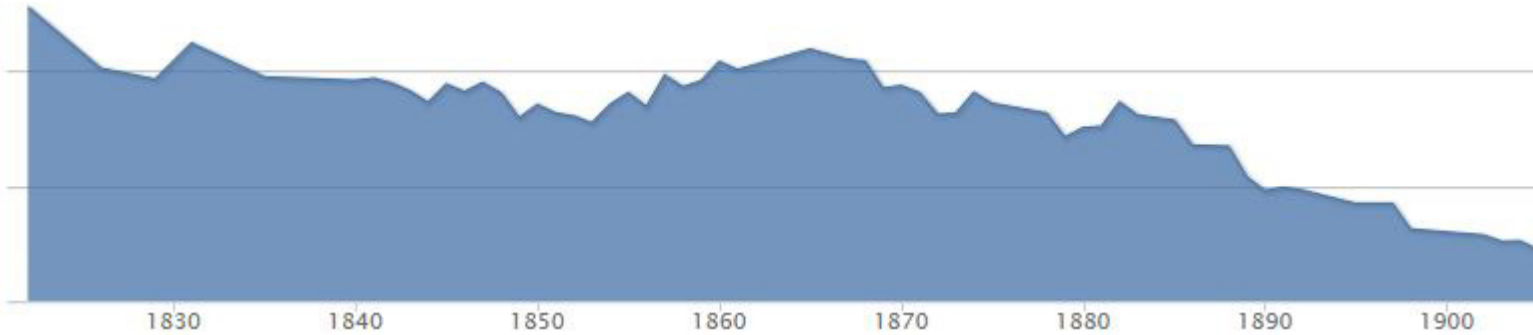
CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

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➡ **1851:** The popularity of the aged [Vicar John William Cunningham](#) of St Mary's at Harrow on the Hill, London, England, author of numerous hymns such as "As the sweet flower that scents the morn," "Dear is the hallowed morn to me," "From Calvary a cry was heard," and "How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss," was demonstrated by three successive Sunday worship services, at which there appeared congregations of 1,500, 750, and 750 worshipers.

The popularity of this Reverend's hymns would persist for many decades:




➡ **1851:** [Samuel Bailey](#)'s THE THEORY OF REASONING.

➡ **1851:** [Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyramus de Candolle](#) was elected to the French Academy of Sciences.


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 **1851:** [Elihu Burritt](#)'s ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ([Worcester](#), Massachusetts: Published by the League of Universal Brotherhood). He attended a peace congress held on July 22-24 in Exeter Hall, [London](#).⁸⁸

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#) was also visiting [London](#).




 **1851:** Initially, [Henry Thomas Buckle](#) had supposed that his work in history would be cast as a history of the Middle Ages. By this point, however, it was clear that what he was embarked upon was more general than that, a history of human civilization.



88. [Elihu Burritt](#)'s A CONGRESS OF NATIONS. ADDRESSES AT THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESSES AT BRUSSELS (1848), PARIS (1849), AND FRANKFORT (1850) (Boston: Directors of the Old South Work, 1904).

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 [1851: Francis Trevelyan Buckland](#) became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. His mistress Hannah Papps presented him with a son. Although the child would die, despite a radical difference in class the couple would marry in 1863.

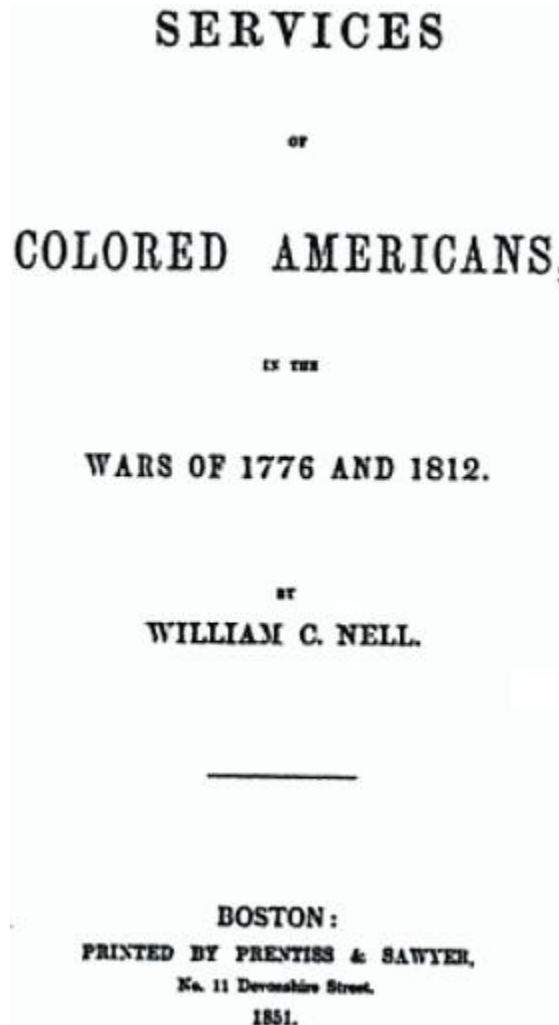






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 [1851: William Cooper Nell](#)'s SERVICES OF COLORED AMERICANS, IN WARS OF 1776 & 1812 (24pp., Boston: Prentiss & Sawyer, No. 11 Devonshire Street).




 [1851: Augustus Sabin Chase](#) became an assistant cashier at the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut.

 [1851:](#) The Reverend [John Lauris Blake](#)'s GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN, GEOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE WORLD, HIGH SCHOOL READER, HISTORICAL READER, HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, JUVENILE COMPANION AND FIRESIDE READER, LECTURES ON RHETORIC, and LESSONS IN MODERN FARMING.



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 **1851:** SKETCHES OF **BOSTON** PAST AND PRESENT, AND OF SOME FEW PLACES IN ITS VICINITY. / “HONOR TO THE PAST, GRATITUDE FOR THE PRESENT, AND FIDELITY TO THE FUTURE.” / *WITH ONE [SIC] HUNDRED [SIC] & TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.* (**Boston:** Phillips, Sampson, and Company. Crosby and Nichols. 1851.)

SKETCHES OF BOSTON


Progress was a topic of abiding interest. A. Forbes and J.W. Greene republished the 1846 pamphlet summarizing the munificence and beneficence of the men in the commonwealth who were worth at least \$50,000 (each) as a book titled THE RICH MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Amount of property owned	\$244,780,000
Number who began poor, or nearly so	705
Number of rich Merchants (and Various Traders)	463
Number ascertained to be more or less Benevolent	375
Number who rec'd all, or the greater part, by inheritance or marriage	282
Number worth quarter of a million dollars	147
Number of rich Farmers	90
Number of rich Lawyers (including Judges)	75
Number of rich Old Bachelors	68
Number of rich Manufacturers (Cotton, Woolen, &c.)	53
Number of rich Shoemakers (and Dealers)	50
Number of rich Brokers (including some speculators)	46
Number worth half a million dollars	45
Number of rich Physicians	31
Number worth over one million dollars	18
Number of rich Carpenters (and Ship-Builders)	15
Number of rich Distillers	14
Number of rich Butchers (and Provision-Dealers)	13
Number of rich Clergymen	12
Number of rich Publishers	11
Number of rich Tailors (and Clothes-Dealers)	10
Number worth three fourths of a million dollars	10

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Number of rich Masons	9
Number worth just one million dollars	8
Number of rich Editors	4

 1851: At the age of about 15, [Welborn Beeson](#) began a diary.



Under Oregon's new Land Donation Act women became for the 1st time eligible as recipients.

 1851: [Jane Webb Loudon](#)'s THE LADIES COUNTRY COMPANION.

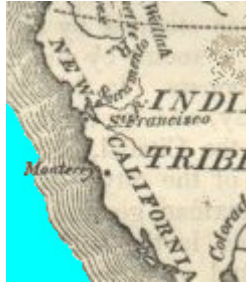
 1851: Major English common areas were destroyed by enclosure, that is, through their transformation into productive acreage held in private hands by the landed aristocracy:

Improvements and Removements:

1777	Enfield Chase
1815	Exmoor Forest
1817	Windsor Forest
1851	Hainault Forest

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 **1851:** The San Jose, [California Mercury](#) was founded.




An importation of [California](#) grapes to Europe introduced white mildew (*oidium*), which eventually was treated with flowers of sulphur. The subsequent introduction of California rootstocks as a possible cure brought phylloxera, a much more problematic root aphid which can devastate entire acreages.

BOTANIZING


Hugh Low discovered the giant pitcher plant, *Nepenthes rajah*, on Mount Kinabalu in Borneo. (F.W. Burbidge would later introduce this astounding plant to reluctant cultivation.)

PLANTS

 **1851:** [Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski](#) was at Omsk in western Siberia serving the 2d year of a 4-year sentence to penal labor.




Completion of the St. Peterburg/Moscow Railway.

 **1851:** [Mary Howitt](#)'s THE HEIR OF WAST-WAYLAN.

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 [1851: Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney's LETTERS TO MY PUPILS and her OLIVE LEAVES.](#)



WOMEN HANGED IN ENGLAND DURING 1851

Date	Name	Age	Place of execution	Crime
25/03	Sarah Chesham	42	Chelmsford	Murder
10/05	Catherine Connelly	70 ^a	Cork	Murder
19/08	Mary Cage	40	Ipswich	Murder of husband

a. This set an age record, of sorts.

 [1851](#): It seems to be during this timeframe that the Reverend [Adin Ballou](#) authored the following material in opposition to capital punishment, referring regretfully to the recent [hangings](#) of [Washington Goode](#), Daniel H. Pierson,⁸⁹ and [John White Webster](#):

Capital Punishment: Reasons For Immediate Abolition

What is Capital Punishment?

It is the infliction of Death on a human being who has been convicted of murder or some other crime, and who is a helpless prisoner in the hands of the public authorities. It is commonly executed by hanging, beheading, shooting, &c.; in our country almost always by hanging.

Who Inflict the Death Penalty?

All the people in the State or Nation who do not unequivocally protest against it. This is emphatically true in our Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Reader, whether voter or non-

89. In 1848 they had hanged Pierson, a white imbecile of Boston, after he killed his wife and children.



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voter, male or female, adult or youth, thou art either for Capital Punishment or against it. Thou art not a neutral in the case. When one of thy fellow creatures is put to death on the gallows by public authority, with thy approbation or with thy consent, consider the deed as thine own. Nay, if thou lettest it be done without thy solemn protest against it, the deed is virtually thine own. Wince not at this. Know thy responsibility before God in this matter. Unless thou hast cleared the skirts of thy garments by some public, unequivocal and uncompromising testimony against Capital Punishment, thou art the man or the woman who inflicts it. Thou and thy fellows took the life of [Washington Goode](#), Daniel H. Pierson, and [John W. Webster](#). Say not "the Sheriff did it - the Governor ordered it - the Court decreed it - the law requires it." All true: but in whose name and by whose authority does the Sheriff, the Governor, the Court, the law hang a man? Who made the law, the Court, the Governor and the Sheriff? Answer: the people - the sovereign people. They do all these things. Who are the people? Answer: the voters, together with all who help to form that public opinion which governs voters, legislators and rulers. Whatever public opinion unequivocally demands should be done, is done. Voters, legislators and rulers see that it is done. They see that hanging is done. Why? Because public opinion demands it. And who form public opinion? All men, women and children who think and speak. Public opinion is nothing but the confluence of private opinions; like a mighty river made up of many small streams, rivulets or springs. Reader, remember that thou art one of these streams, rivulets or springs. Thy opinion is for or against Capital Punishment. So if not against it, thou art for it. If for it, thy private opinion is a part of that great river of public opinion which says to voters, legislators and rulers, "Keep on hanging murderers." Therefore thou art one of the executioners of Capital Punishment, acting through thy agents. The deed is really thine. If it be glorious, then glory on. But if it be abhorrent and abominable, hold back thy hand from thy guilty brother's life. Protest against the custom, the law, the public opinion. Let thy testimony be unequivocal, uncompromising and incessant against it, till the death penalty be utterly abolished.

Capital Punishment is Anti-Christian

Noah, Moses, and the ancients generally sanctioned it; but Christ prohibits it. The Old Testament, he knew, contained many sayings which authorized the taking of blood for blood, "life for life, eye for eye," &c. But he took care that the New Testament should record all imperative testimony against thus resisting evil with evil. Referring directly to that whole class of Old Testament sayings which sanction the taking of "life for life," our Lord says: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil" - that is, by inflicting evil on the evil-doer, as you have heretofore done under the authority of these Noachic and Mosaic sayings. Away with all hatred and vindictiveness. Oppose evil only with good - only by doing what is best both for the injurious and the injured parties. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you," &c. that ye may be the children of your father in heaven, who always acts

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on this divine principle toward the unthankful and evil. On the same ground he enjoined the duty of always cherishing the spirit of forgiveness. "When ye pray, say ... Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Is it forgiving an offender to take blood for blood, life for life, eye for eye? Is this forgiving as we would have God forgive us? Wilt thou hang thy son's murderer by the neck till he be "dead, dead, dead," and then pray God to forgive thine offences as thou hast his! And after this wilt thou still presume to call Jesus Christ thy Lord, and thyself a Christian! Of all such Christ demandeth, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" As Jesus taught, so taught his apostles. Hear Paul: "Recompense to no man evil for evil"; "avenge not yourselves"; "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "See that none render evil for evil unto any man." So Peter, John and all the apostles. Hanging the evil doer is recompensing "evil for evil." It is man avenging himself by "rendering evil for evil." It is a vain attempt to overcome evil with evil. Therefore it is utterly anti-Christian. Christ never gave countenance to Capital Punishment, or to the taking of human life for any cause. He exemplified what he taught. He was once called on to adjudge a woman to death for adultery, according to the law of Moses. Did he sanction Capital Punishment? No; but he required those who would have stoned the criminal to death, to be sure first that they themselves were without sin. They felt the rebuke and fled. The woman still remained to receive death, if at all, from his sinless hands. But forbearing to harm her, guilty though she was, he said, "Go and sin no more." Jesus was no patron either of crime or of Capital Punishment. When James and John would have called fire down from heaven upon the unaccommodating Samaritans, "even as Elias did," he turned and rebuked them, saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." So then Christians, following out their Lord's mission in his divine spirit, are not to destroy men's lives, but to save them - even though Noah, Moses and Elias be officiously quoted to the contrary. When will this genuine Christianity come to be understood and exemplified throughout nominal Christendom? In that day will Capital Punishment, as well as War, be denounced and renounced as utterly anti-Christian. Reader, do not attempt to parry the force of the foregoing demonstration by any special pleading. Do not say, as some have, "Christ had no reference to public judicial proceedings; capital punishment, &c., when he gave forth those strong prohibitory precepts against resisting evil with evil; he only referred to petty revenge between individuals in common life," &c. This is groundless assumption, and contrary to the obvious meaning of Christ's language. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye," &c. Where? By whom? See Gen. 9:6, Ex. 21:22-25, Lev. 24:17-20, Deut. 19:16-21. Examine those passages, and thou wilt see that "life for life, eye for eye," &c. were to be taken by public judicial authority. Can we, then, suppose Christ did not forbid legal and judicial resistance of evil with evil, but merely ordinary individual retaliations? No; he forbade all those sayings had authorized;

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that is, both individual and governmental takings of "life for life, eye for eye," &c. This is too plain to be caviled upon. Neither let the reader say, as some have, Christ did not refer to those sayings of Noah, Moses, &c. but only to certain glosses on them made by some of the Jewish Rabbis. Show us any rabbinical glosses stronger than the original Scripture sayings in the Pentateuch. There are none. It is sheer assumption to plead all such abatement of Christ's obvious meaning. Nor let anyone rise up and say, as some have said, "You make Christ to condemn Moses, and the New Testament to destroy the Old. Thus you pervert the Word of God." Strange notion! Is not Christ superior to Moses, and the New Testament to the Old? Who doubts this? The Jew may, but not the Christian. He who places Jesus Christ below Moses, or no higher than Moses, or the New Testament below the Old, or no higher than the Old, is anti-Christian, whatever else he may be. This is a settled point. But it does not follow that Christ condemns Moses, or that the New Testament destroys the Old. The less and the greater may mutually corroborate each other. Moses wrote of the Christ, and commanded that when he came, the people should hear him "in all things." Therefore said Jesus to the Jews, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me." Moses was a faithful servant, but Christ is the Son of God. He who respects Moses as a servant, will surely respect Christ as the Son of God. And he who, under pretence of reverencing Moses, takes "life for life," regardless of Christ's solemn injunction to "resist not evil with evil," insults both of them. He tramples under foot his acknowledged Lord, and impudently says to Moses, "I will not obey thy command, to hear Christ in all things. I will hear him in nothing that differs from thy old law of "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth." That law suits my own instincts exactly, and I will not allow it to be superseded, even by Jesus Christ!" Would Moses feel honored by such an adherent? No; he would rebuke the self-willed zealot, and say, "No man honors me who does not honor the Son of God more." If the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament, who all predicted a more glorious dispensation of divine truth and righteousness to come, could be summoned to give judgment, they would unanimously concur with Paul in his testimony: "If that which was done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." Instead of subordinating the New Testament to the Old, or lowering down its sublime law, of resisting evil only with good, to the ancient maxims, they would exalt Jesus Christ and his precepts above all, as the true light and life of men. Alas! that anyone should so poorly appreciate either the Old or the New Testament, as to imagine that he can truly honor the former without implicitly obeying the latter as God's revised statutes. The former had a glory which was designed to be superseded by the superior glory of the latter, even as the moon and the stars of night fade away in the radiance of the sun. Does the sun destroy the moon and stars, because he outshines them? No more does the New Testament destroy the Old by superseding its imperfect institutions with diviner ones. The position is impregnable. Capital Punishment, however sanctioned by Noah, Moses and the ancients, is anti-Christian. It ought therefore to be immediately abolished in all professedly Christian States. He who upholds it fights against Jesus Christ.



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Capital Punishment is Unnecessary

There is no excuse for hanging a murderer, on the ground that he is outraging the public peace, and endangering the lives of his fellow-creatures. He is a helpless prisoner; completely in the power of the government, and there he can be kept in safe custody - in a custody which will prevent his injuring others, or being injured by others. What more does the public good require? What more does his own good require? What more does any reasonable, humane, upright man desire? Who is it that clamors for his life - that cries out to have this powerless, pinioned man thrust into eternity from a gallows? O spirit of vindictive cruelty, we know thee all through the dark ages! Thou art thyself a murderer from the beginning. Be thou exorcised from all well-meaning souls. Thou hast often transformed thyself into an angel of light, and seated thyself in the high places of Christianity; but thou shalt be cast down into the pit, whence thou camest. Thou deprecatest and revengest murder, but art forever predisposing mankind to commit it. We know thee; "Get thee behind us, Satan." Capital Punishment is not necessary in order to prevent the criminal's escaping his due recompense. God has not left rewards and punishments to the uncertainty and imperfection of human government. He himself will render to every man according to his deeds. No sinner can escape the divine judgment. No murderer can by any possibility evade a just retribution. He may all mere human punishments, but none of the divine. Who but an atheist doubts this great truth? Then let no man say, "The murderer must be hung, or he will go unpunished." Not so. His going unpunished is an impossibility. Keep him, then, unharmed, where he can harm no one, and let him be made better if possible. Leave him to be punished by the only authority that is competent to do it without error. Why not? Avenger of blood, thou art dismissed. Thy mission is fulfilled. To whom will the putting to death of the criminal do any good? It will preserve no one's life, that could not just as surely be preserved by the judicious confinement of the convict. It will not help God's administration of justice. It will not restore the murdered person to life. It will give no comfort to the murdered one's surviving friends, unless they are depraved enough to find comfort in retaliation. It will do the murderer himself no good. If he be unprepared to die, it will precipitate him into the spirit world against all the dictates of religion; and if he have become a penitent - a regenerate man, forgiven of God - man ought to be both ashamed and afraid to be less merciful. It will do the righteous, the well-disposed and tender-hearted, no good. They are grieved and disgusted by such State tragedies. It will do the wicked, the depraved, the hard-hearted, no good. They love such spectacles, crowd eagerly around them, display all the hateful traits of devils incarnate, and go away ripe for violence and bloodshed. Hence our State authorities will not allow them free access to the place of execution, giving tickets of admission only to a few select witnesses, or respectable amateurs of this kind of tragedy. This is proof positive, if proof were wanting, that the hanging of murderers works no good to the wicked. If it did, the more they should see of it the better. Away with a punishment which is as



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unnecessary as it is anti-Christian.

This Punishment is Irreparable

Man can take away life; but he cannot restore it. Many have been put to death for crimes which seemed to have been conclusively proved against them, who were afterwards ascertained beyond doubt, to be innocent. Then their judges and executioners would have given worlds for the power to reverse the fatal sentence - to repair the dreadful error. But there was no remedy - no reparation. What presumption is it in ignorant, fallible mortals, themselves daily beggars for Divine mercy, to crush the life out of their guilty fellows; to thrust them from the land of the living into the unknown world of spirits! It is the prerogative of the Most High to kill; for He knoweth when and how to take life, and is able, moreover, to restore it at pleasure. Not so man. In his pride and rashness he kills, and there his power ends. He may stare at the ruin he has wrought; he may deplore it; but he cannot repair it. Alas! for the accusers, the jurors, the judges, the executioners, and their abettors, who presume to quench the flame of human life. The guilt of their victims is no justification of their presumption. Vengeance belongeth unto God alone, who ever judgeth righteously, and can do no wrong. Let man content himself with imposing uninjurious restraint on the outrageous and dangerous. Then if he err in judgment, or in methods of treatment, he can correct his errors, repair his incidental wrongs, and prove himself to be, what he ever ought to be the overcomer of evil with good. Read the following extracts, and see how liable human tribunals are to put to death the innocent.

A few years ago, a poor German came to New York and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day, the German came into the kitchen, with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual, but he sat with his back towards them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it into her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street, and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore



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that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that, from that day to this, he has refused to have, any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and on her deathbed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance. Society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

- Mrs. Child

A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but, unfortunately, her affections were fixed on another, less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly on her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested; but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution, he endeavored to cut his throat; but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows, before the gaze of a Christian community. The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment; her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was



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left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.


- Mrs. Child

Hold! all ye vindictives that would take "life for life." It is impious, cold-hearted presumption in man to do this awful deed! It is anti-Christian, unnecessary, irreparable, abhorrent! We challenge a refutation of these reasons for abolishing the death penalty. They are unanswerable. Let the abomination cease.

THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO "INSTANT" HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

 **1851:** The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#) and Lucy Ballou's daughter Abbie Ballou got married with a Practical Christian minister (later a Unitarian), William S. Heywood (who would in a much later timeframe be escorting his father-in-law's autobiography through the presses).

 **1851:** There had been objections to the intrusion on personal privacy occasioned by the activities of the agents of [Lewis Tappan](#)'s Mercantile Agency and other such credit-verification firms (agents such as for instance the attorney [Abraham Lincoln](#) in [Illinois](#), who during the 1840s and 1850s was earning spot money by forwarding local gossip as to creditworthiness to the headquarters in [New-York](#)). [Hunt's Merchants's Magazine](#) charged in this year that, not to put too fine a point on it, any businessman who objected to such an invasion of privacy must be disingenuously attempting to get away with something unethical and unbusinesslike: "The man who objects to such investigation gives, in doing so, *prima facie* evidence that the result would be unfavorable to himself."

 **1851:** The [Chicago](#) vicinity's 1st university, Northwestern, was founded.

TAPPAN FAMILY

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➡ **1851:** On the island of [Jamaica](#) in this year, there began an epidemic of the [cholera](#).



There was [cholera](#) in Coles County, [Illinois](#), on the Great Plains, and in Missouri.

➡ **1851:** [Christopher A. Greene](#) founded the Mt. Ida School, a military academy, in [Dorchester](#), Massachusetts.

➡ **1851:** During this year [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) was traveling farther up the Rio Negro/Uaupés River in South America than had been reached by any previous white man, and was plotting a dependable map of the river's course.

➡ **1851:** James Murdock's THE NEW TESTAMENT; OR, THE BOOK OF THE HOLY GOSPEL OF OUR LORD AND OUR GOD, JESUS THE MESSIAH. A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE SYRIAC PESHITO VERSION... (New York: Stanford and Swords).

HISTORY OF
THE BIBLE


➡ **1851:** The Reverend [Frederic Henry Hedge](#) transcribed [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#)'s "Song of the Three Archangels, Raphael" from *FAUST*, as "The Sun Is Still Forever Sounding."

The [Reverend William Rounseville Alger](#)'s HISTORY OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST was printed in Cambridge by the firm of J. Munroe.

HISTORY OF THE CROSS

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 **1851:** In [Rochester, New York](#), a 6,230 pound bell was cast, to be hung in the 2d County Courthouse.

[Jenny Lind](#) visited the city of [Rochester, New York](#). She stayed at the Eagle Hotel, the premier hotel in town furnished with the best trappings brought up by canal from New-York City. When a crowd gathered in the street during her 2-day engagement, she came out onto the hotel balcony. When she sang at the Corinthian Hall, people paid for standing room in the arcade outside. There is now a “very superior” wax figure of her in the Rochester Museum. While at this hotel she also provided a private performance for 4 visiting Indian Chiefs.

[Waldo Emerson](#), visiting that city during this year, and was given a tour of the University of [Rochester](#).

[Rochester, New York](#)'s 20 mills were producing 5,885 barrels of flour a day, 561,818 barrels annually. The Whitney Mills alone was producing 300 barrels a day.

 **1851:** John Warner Barber's and Elizabeth Gertrude Warner's HISTORICAL, POETICAL AND PICTORIAL AMERICAN SCENES; PRINCIPALLY MORAL AND RELIGIOUS; BEING A SELECTION OF INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY; TO WHICH IS ADDED A HISTORICAL SKETCH, OF EACH OF THE UNITED STATES was published in New Haven, Connecticut by J.H. Bradley.⁹⁰

 **1851: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE;** WITH OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS PARTS OF NATURE; AND THE NATURALIST'S CALENDAR. BY THE LATE REV. [GILBERT WHITE](#) ... WITH ADDITIONS AND SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY SIR WILLIAM JARDIN ... ED.,... London, H.G. Bohn.⁹¹

The initial volume of what would become a 5-volume set published at London by Van Voorst, ILLUSTRATIONS OF NEW SPECIES OF EXOTIC BUTTERFLIES, SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF W. WILSON SAUNDERS AND [WILLIAM C. HEWITSON](#) (3 more volumes would appear between 1862 and 1871, and a final volume in 1878).


90. This is the source of the image of [Anthony Benezet](#) instructing children of color:



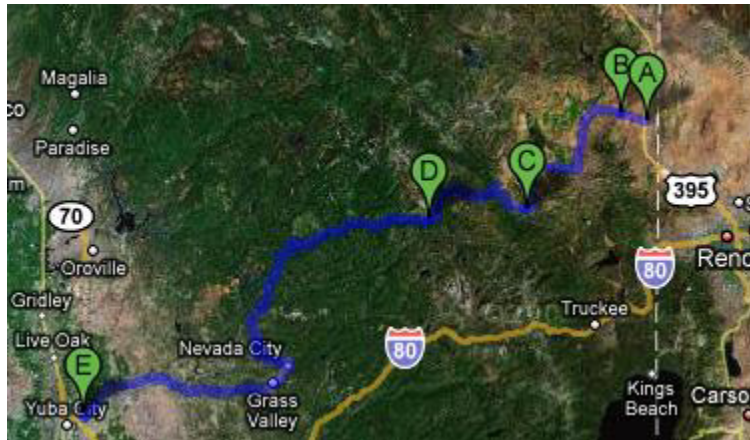
91. The Reverend White's NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE is only the 4th most reprinted book in the English language.

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 **1851:** Eugene Ring got back from the gold fields of California to New-York, to settle in a suburb called Morrisania which would subsequently be incorporated into the city, and find work as a bookkeeper. He would work at this for several years before, in the 1860s, himself entering the banking business.

By agreement with the white businessmen of various towns in California, James Pierson Beckwourth created a wagon route through the Sierra Nevada pass he had discovered, through Plumas, Butte and Yuba counties, to be known as the Beckwourth Trail. This began near Pyramid Lake and the Truckee Meadows to the east and followed a ridge between two forks of Feather River down to Marysville. His route was not only about 150 miles shorter than the route across the Donner summit, but also had fewer steep grades and dangerous elevations.⁹² On the Google map below, “B” is the Beckwourth Pass and “E” is Marysville:



However, there had been a couple of large fires at Marysville, impacting the merchants, and since they did not regard Beckwourth as a white man anyway, they felt no obligation to honor their promises to him — so he would be unable to secure payment for his accomplishment. Beckwourth would begin ranching in the Sierra, and his ranch, trading post, and hotel in Sierra Valley would become the basis for the nothing town of

92. State Route 70 now crosses the Sierras along the Feather River route east of Portola, California at an elevation of 5,221 feet, making it one of the lowest crossings of the Sierra Nevadas. This was the route that the Western Pacific Railroad track would follow (a track now owned by Union Pacific).


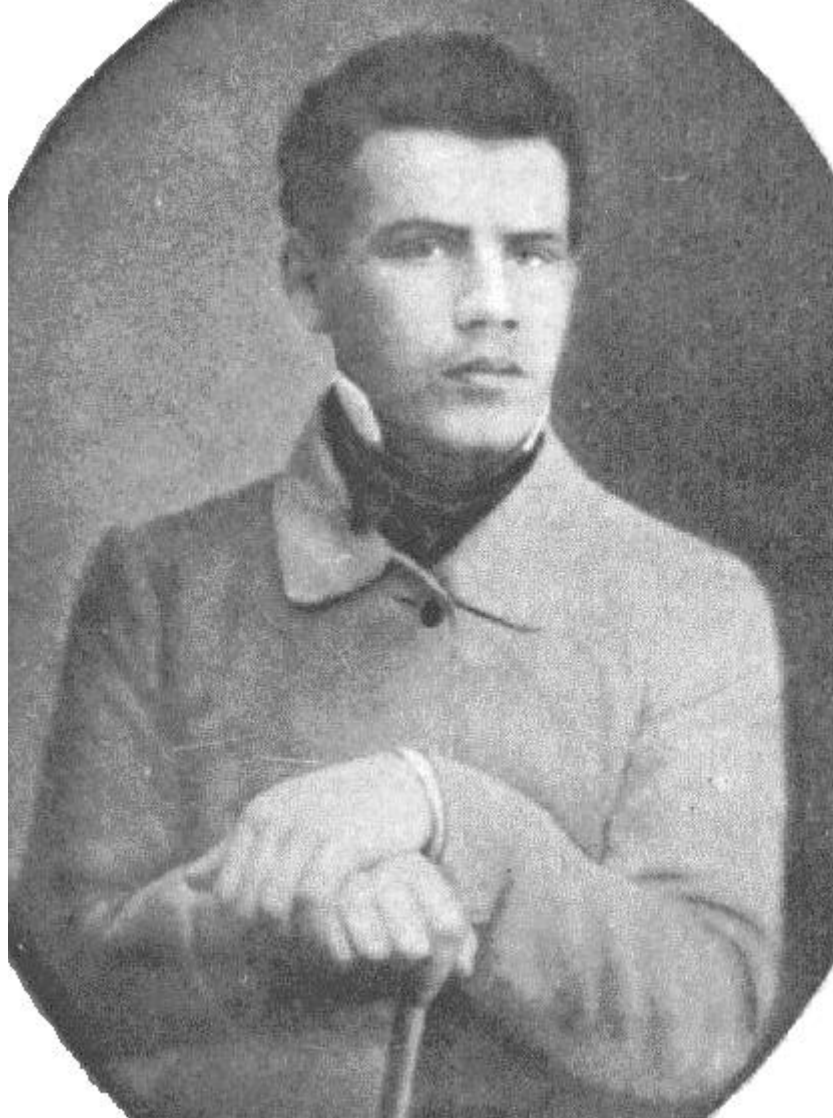
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Beckwourth, [California](#).



Governor Peter Burnett said he was expecting “a war of extermination,” that would continue “between the races until the Indian race becomes extinct,” and Senator John Weller would confirm that “the interest of the white man demands their extinction.” According to Benjamin Madley, the UCLA author of AN AMERICAN GENOCIDE: THE UNITED STATES AND THE [CALIFORNIA](#) INDIAN CATASTROPHE, 1846-1873, [California](#) spent a large sum (the equivalent of \$45,000,000 today) on 24 state militia expeditions that murdered not fewer than 1,340 natives, while the US Army was killing or sponsoring the killing of not fewer than an additional 1,680, and vigilantes were murdering not fewer than an additional 6,460 (the federal Congress would reimburse [California](#) for most of the expenses of this genocide).

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Following the death of [Jesus Christ](#) there was a period of readjustment that lasted for approximately one million years.

-[Kurt Vonnegut](#), THE SIRENS OF TITAN

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1851: One of the names being used for the dreaded [yellow fever](#) was the Emerson term “[black vomit](#),” so-called because of this period’s Negrophobia racism, suggested to that sort of mind because it was causing its victims to vomit black blood:



MOBY-DICK: Give me something for a cane – there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven it cannot be! – missing? – quick! call them all.”

The old man’s hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

“The Parsee!” cried Stubb – “he must have been caught in – ”

“The black vomit wrench thee! – run all of ye above, aloof, cabin, fore-castle – find him – not gone – not gone!”

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

“Aye, Sir,” said Stubb – “caught among the tangles of your line – I thought I saw him dragging under.”



1851: The 379-mile [Wabash and Erie Canal](#) connecting Defiance, Ohio to Evansville, Indiana became the longest main line canal in the USA. John L. Soule wrote, in the Terre Haute [Express](#), “Go west, young man, go west” ([Horace Greeley](#) would be going purple in the face denying that it had been him who had created such a remark).⁹³

During this year Greeley was not even in the USA. He was serving in [London](#) on the jury for the [Crystal Palace](#) exhibition, helping the Brits determine which entries would be allowed to have display space. He authored an introduction for a biography of [Lajos Kossuth](#).

93. [Greeley](#) would, however, involve himself deeply in the “Rain Follows the Plow” wish-fulfilment fantasy that would lead to intensive plowing of the high plains of the Great American Desert and, eventually, to the ecological disaster of the 1930s we know as the “Dust Bowl.” This would lead to the most desperate population migration that we have as yet seen on this continent. Had [Henry Thoreau](#) had a longer life, would he have wound up struggling with Greeley over this madness, and attempting to persuade American wish-fulfilment fantasists into a hydrological sanity?



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THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(A LECTURE BY HORACE GREELEY)

EACH age, each race, inscribes itself; with more or less distinctness, on History's dial. Nineveh, almost faded from our traditions of the world's infancy, revisits us in her freshly exhumed sculptures and in the vivid narrations of Layard. The Egypt of Sesostris and the Pharaohs survives no less in her pyramids and obelisks than in the ever-enduring records of Moses and Manetho. Jerusalem, in her lonely humiliation, best typifies the Hebrew state and race. Ancient Rome lives for us in the Capitol and the Coliseum, as does her medieval and sacerdotal offspring and namesake in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Royal and feudal France, the France of Richelieu and Louis le Grand, still lingers in the boundless magnificence and prodigality, the showy sieges and battle-pieces of Versailles. The England of the last three centuries confronts us in the Bank – not a very stately nor graceful edifice, it must be allowed; but very substantial and well furnished – the fit heart's core of a trading, money-getting people. So we Americans of the Nineteenth Century will be found in due time to have inscribed ourselves most legibly, though all unconsciously, on the earth's unfading records – how, or in what, time alone can tell. Perhaps a railroad over the Rocky Mountains, a telegraph across the Atlantic, a towering observatory has a new tropical plant confided to his charge, which, by a perfect knowledge of his art and an unbounded command of means, he induces to vegetate and flourish in that high latitude – of course, in an artificially fervid soil and under shielding glass. Here it grows and aspires with unimagined rapidity to an unprecedented height, threatening to shiver its frail covering in its upward career. Necessity, mother of invention, pricks on the unideal gardener to enlarge, and still enlarge, his glass shelter, which this aspiring rival of Jack's Bean-Stalk threatens to put his head and arms through in quest of altitude and sunshine: so he elevates and expands his crystal encasement, until, little by little, step by step, a stately glass house has been erected; and this becomes the model of the hitherto unsuggested Crystal Palace. The gardener had no premonition of this, no idea of anything beyond sheltering his delicate though gigantic plant, and saving its artificial Timbuctoo from destruction: 'He builded wiser than he knew.' But when plans and designs for the immense edifice required to hold the contributions of all nations to the grand Exposition were advertised for, he was prepared to compete for the proffered reward; and his plan, dictated to him by Nature herself, was found the best of all, adopted, and, with some necessary modifications of detail, carried into effect. The result was the Crystal Palace, the most capacious, convenient, economical, healthful, and admirable structure ever devised for any kindred purpose. Earth was ransacked for alluring marvels; Science racked its brains for brilliant combinations; Art exhausted its

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subtle alchemy in quest of dazzling effects; Labor poured out its sweat like rain to fill the grand receptacle with whatever is beautiful and winning: yet the Crystal Palace remained to the end the crowning triumph of all. Within the last century, London has expanded rapidly and immensely, but especially toward the West, or up the Thames. Temple Bar, the western boundary of the city proper, (or ancient London,) is now considerably East, I think, of the center of the Great Metropolis; while the present residences of nearly all the nobility and gentry are built on grounds which were open country since the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. In the center of this magnificent West end, between St. James's Palace and Kensington Gardens, though much nearer the latter, stretches HYDE PARK, one of the most spacious and pleasant expanses of sward and shade and water that eye ever feasted on. Boston Common would be somewhat like it, if it were ten times as large and twenty times as well watered as at present. Hyde Park is the favorite resort of the Aristocracy for equestrian and carriage exercise, and thoroughly justifies their choice. On the southern verge of this noble expanse, some three miles west of the Bank, Exchange, and London Bridge, the Crystal Palace was erected. It was not an imposing edifice. No stately gateway, no frowning turrets, no graceful spire, no lofty tower, marked the capacious structure from whose roof the flags of all nations rose and floated in perfect amity. Its slender ribs of iron, covered and hidden for some thirty feet from the earth by boards, like any house of wood, were thenceforth visible through the glass which formed the upper siding and roof, like a spider's web on the grass of a dewy morning. Slender iron columns or pillars, rising at intervals unperceived from beneath the floor, helped to sustain the weight of the slight yet ponderous roof, through which, though covered with canvas to modify the heat of the few sunny days vouchsafed to an English summer, an abundance of light, not only under the murkiest London skies, but even during the prevalence of the great July eclipse, was at all times received. So immense was the volume of atmosphere enclosed, or so perfect the arrangements for ventilation, that no sense of exhaustion or of breathing vitiated air was at any time experienced; for the building was something more than a third of a mile in length from east to west, some three hundred feet wide, and rather more than a hundred feet from floor to roof, with eight or ten large doors for entrance and exit hardly ever closed during the day. On a volume of atmosphere thus extended and constantly changing, the breathings of sixty thousand persons for hours could make no impression. In this vast bazaar, which a few months saw advance from its first conception to its perfect realization, and which yet was barely completed at the day appointed for opening the exhibition, the choice or characteristic products of all nations had already for some weeks been accumulating. Under the mere corner (though of itself covering more than an acre) devoted to machinery, mainly British, water-pipes and adaptations of steam-power had already been conducted, the steam itself being generated outside. An army of carpenters and other artisans had been some weeks at work on the fixtures and decorations of the several apartments, so that, when the eagerly expected opening day at length arrived, although the whole

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visible area had an unmistakable aspect of haste and rawness, – an odor born of green boards and fresh paint, – and although an infinity of carpenters' work still remained undone, especially in the galleries or upper story, yet the Exhibition was plainly there, and only needed time to perfect its huge proportions, and stand forth the acknowledged wonder of the world. The first of May, 1851, was a happy day for London. Her skies had relaxed something of their habitual sullenness to usher in the pageant whereby the Sovereign of the Realm, surrounded by her chief councilors and grandees, was to inaugurate the first grand Exhibition of All Nations' Industry. The rain, which, had dripped or pattered almost or quite daily for weeks, held up the evening before, and promised not to return for this whole May-day – a promise which was only broken by a slight shower at noon, too late to mar the interest or pleasure of the festival. At an early morning hour, a strong current of human life set westward from the city proper toward Hyde Park, and long before the doors of the House of Glass were opened, they, were surrounded by eager groups, though no admission was purchasable save at the cost of a season ticket – over fifteen dollars. Even thus, some thirty thousand enjoyed and swelled the indoor pageant; while perhaps ten times as many gazed from the parks and streets at the meager procession out-doors which escorted the Queen from her palace of St. James to the airier, richer palace of the working millions, the hall of vastest prophecy. There arrived a robed and jeweled procession of Princes and Embassadors – of noble Ladies and noble Workers – the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Paxton – the Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Stole, Gentleman Usher of Sword and State, Gold Stick in Waiting, Silver Stick in Waiting, and other such antediluvian absurdities – attended Her Majesty, along with the Foreign-Commissioners, Architects of the edifice, her older children, and some other living verities, on her slow and measured progress from side to side and end to end of the mighty convocation. This strange mingling of the real with the shadowy, the apposite with the obsolete, gave additional piquancy and zest to the spectacle. Had the courtly symbols of an outworn, out-grown feudal age appeared by themselves, we might have taken them for some fanciful creation of a mind diseased by reading [Froissart](#) and Walter Scott, and watched to see them exhale like ghosts at cock-crowing; but here they are so mixed up and blended with undeniable entities; with the solid and practical Prince Albert; with our own portly and palpable Embassador; with that world-known Celestial who accompanies and illustrates the Chinese Junk, himself first of matter-of-fact conservatives – a walking, human Junk – that we cannot refuse to credit its total verity, in spite of the glaring anachronisms. Then there was a prosy though proper Address read by Prince Albert as head of the Royal Commission to his Royal consort as head of the kingdom, telling her how the Exhibition was first started, and how it had moved onward till now – rather superfluous, it must be confessed, since they had doubtless talked the matter all over between them a dozen times when much more at their ease, and in a far more satisfactory manner; but Queens must endure and take part in some dreary absurdities as well as other people. This speech was through in time, and was very briefly and fittingly responded to. I trust the prayer

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which the Archbishop of Canterbury sent up in behalf of us all was as graciously received. There was some music, rather out of place and lost in the vastness of space to all but the few immediately under the transept, and some other performances; but all in perfect order, in due and punctual season, and without a betrayal of awkwardness or conscious incongruity. Between two and three o'clock, the pageant was at an end, — the Royal cortege departed, and the Exhibition formally opened. Let me now try to give some general notion of its character, by glancing at the more obvious details, so far as I, at this distance of time and space, may be able to recall them. There are doors on all sides, one or more devoted exclusively to the reception of articles for exhibition; one for Jurors in attendance on the Fair; others for the Police, the Royal visitors, &c.; while the main entrances for paying visitors are upon the south side, into the transept. But we will enter one of the three or four doors at the east end, and find ourselves at once in the excessive space devoted to contributions from the United States, and which thence seems sparsely filled. Before us are large collections of Lake Superior Native Copper, as it was torn from the rock, in pieces from the size of a bean up to one slab of more than a ton, though still but a wart beside some masses which have been wrenched from the earth's bosom, cut into manageable pieces of two to three tons, and thus dispatched to the smelting furnace and a market. New Jersey Zinc, from the ore to the powder, the paint, the solid metal, is creditably represented; and there are specimens of Adirondack Iron and Steel from Northern New-York which attract and reward attention. Passing these and various cabinets or solitary specimens of the Minerals of Maryland and other States, we are confronted by abundant bales of Cotton, barrels of Wheat and of Flour, cakes of Rice, &c.; while various clusters of ears of our yellow and white Indian Corn remind the English of one valued staple which our climate abundantly vouchsafes and theirs habitually denies. The 'Bay State' Shawls of Lawrence, the Axes of Maine, the Flint Glass of Brooklyn, the Daguerreotypes of New-York and Philadelphia, (whose excellence was acknowledged from the first by nearly every critic) next salute us; and near them are the specimens of various Yankee Locks, and in their midst the invincible Hobbs, a small, young, shrewd, quiet-seeming Yankee, but evidently distinguished for penetration, who would have made fewer enemies in England had he proved less potent a master of his calling. And now we are at the Grand Aisle, across which is the U.S. Commissioner's office, with that much ridiculed 'pasteboard eagle' displayed along its front, and certainly looking as if its appetite would overtax any ordinary powers of digestion. In front of the office are Yankee Stoves, Safes, Light Wagons, and Carriages, Plows and other agricultural implements, including the since famous 'Virginia Reaper,' which was for months a butt of British journalistic waggery, having been described by one Reporter as 'a cross between an Astley's chariot, a flying machine, and a treadmill.' They spoke of it far more respectfully after it had been set to work, with memorable results; and it must in fairness be confessed that beauty is not its best point, and that, while nothing is more effective in a grain-field, many things would be more comely in a drawing-room. But let us return to the main

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aisle, and, starting at its eastern end, proceed westward. A model Railroad Bridge of wood and iron fills a very large space at the outset, and is not deemed by British critics a brilliant specimen of Yankee invention. (One of them, however, at length candidly confessed that its capacity of endurance and of resistance must be very great, or the weight of ridicule heaped upon it must inevitably have broken it down long before.) Upon it is a handsome show of India Rubber fabrics by Goodyear; while beyond it, toward the west, in a chosen locality in the center of the aisle, stands 'the Greek Slave' of Powers, one of the sweetest and most popular achievements of the modern chisel, here constantly surrounded by a swarm of admirers; yet I think it not the best of Powers's works - I am half inclined to say, not among his best. He has several stronger heads, possessing far more character, in his studio at Florence; and yet I am glad this statue was in the Exhibition, for it enabled the critics of the London press to say some really smart things about Greek and American slaves, and the Slave as a representative and masterpiece of American artistic achievement, which that heavy metropolis could not well have spared. Let us not grudge them a grin, even at our expense; for mirth promotes digestion, and the hit in this instance is certainly a fair one. 'The Dying Indian,' just beside the Slave: by a younger and less famous American artist, is a work of power and merit, though the delineation of agony and approaching death can hardly be rendered pleasing. Is it not remarkable that a chained and chattelized woman, and a wounded, dying Indian, should be the subjects chosen by American sculptors for their two works whereby we shall be most widely known in connection with this Exhibition? - But we cross the imaginary line which here separates the United States from the nations of Continental Europe, and look westward. How magnificent the prospect! Far above is the sober sky of canvas-covered glass, through which the abundant light falls gently and mellowly. Spacious and richly decorated galleries, some sixty feet apart, overhang all the ground floor but the grand aisle, and are themselves the depositories of many of the richest and most tempting fabrics and lighter wares exhibited. The aisle itself, farther than the eye can reach, is studded with works of art; statues in marble, in bronze, in plaster, in zinc; here a gigantic Amazon on horseback, there a raging lion, a classic group, or a pair of magnificent bronze vases enriched with exquisite representations of scenes from the master-singers of antiquity. Busts, Casts, Medallions, and smaller Bronzes abound; with elegant Clocks, Chandeliers, Cabinets, &c.; for each nation whose department we pass has arranged its most enticing products in front, so that they shall be seen from the grand aisle, putting its homelier though in some cases intrinsically more valuable productions in the back-ground. Russia's superb tables and slabs of richest Malachite stand just far enough out of the aisle within her allotted space to draw thither the wandering gazer to view her imperial structures of gilded Porcelain, colored Glass and other barbaric marvels. Austria has brought hither and put in order a Suite of rooms sumptuously furnished and ornamented according to her highest ideal of taste and luxury. France displays in the foreground her admirable Bronzes, Porcelain, Musical Instruments, &c.; and so Northern Germany,

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Switzerland, Belgium, and other European states, each 'put its best foot foremost,' in a sense hardly metaphorical. Behind these dainty and rare fabrics are ranged others less difficult of achievement — costly Silks and Laces; then Woolens and Muslins; and behind these you often stumble on coils of Rope or Wire; bars of Steel or pigs of Iron; Saws, Files, and Hammers; Stoves, Grates and Furnaces; Bedsteads, Chairs and Lanterns — these, as you pass laterally from the dazzling glories of the center aisle, between the well-filled sub-compartments devoted to fabrics of taste and adornment, will greet you before you reach the outer walls. For the Crystal Palace has its homelier aspects, like any other, and it but follows the general usage in keeping them as much in the back-ground as possible. But we pass on down the Grand Aisle, to the Transept or cross, where both the height and width of the building are considerably increased, in order, it would seem, to save two stately and beautiful trees, (elms,) which here stand in apposition some two hundred feet apart. The Transept embraces and covers both, leaving each ample room to grow and flourish; while, half-way between them, in the exact center of the Palace, a spacious and copious Fountain, wholly of glass, throws its sparkling torrent high into the air, whence it descends from crystal cup to cup, each considerably wider than that next above it, until it reaches the lowest and largest, near the ground, thence gliding away unseen. There are few finer effects in the Exhibition than this of the Crystal Fountain, which utterly shames the Koh-i-Noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' said to be the largest diamond in the world, and computed worth several millions of dollars, which, obviously over-guarded against robbery, rests in its gilded cage beside the Fountain. No child, looking from one to the other, ever suspected, until told it, that the Diamond was deemed worth more than the Fountain. Here are displayed full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and her husband, — the latter once handsome, now gross-featured and rather heavy, but still a man of fair appearance, good sense and varied information. The Queen, never beautiful, has sacrificed her youthful freshness to the cares of maternity and the exactions of late hours and luxurious living, so that at thirty-two she looks plain and old, — not in this portrait, but in her living self. But uncommon energy, activity, shrewdness, with an earnest desire to please her people and promote their welfare, still remain to her, and have rendered her the most popular British Sovereign of the Guelphic family. The Transept is the heart of the Exhibition, to which all currents converge, from which all expeditions, whether of criticism or discovery, take their departure. Here abound Marble Statues, gigantic Brazen Gates and other works of Art; while around it are located the fabrics of Turkey and of China, of Australia and of British America, which are as interesting and instructive in their rudeness and clumsiness as others in their grace and perfection. You could hardly realize without seeing them what wretched contrivances for Candlesticks, Culinary Utensils, Locks and Keys, &c. &c., are still slowly, toilsomely fabricated in Turkey, in Barbary, and in other half-civilized countries. A decent knowledge of the Useful Arts is yet confined to a few nations, and is imperfectly diffused even in these. And here, too, is sad [Italy](#), not allowed to compete

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in her own name, but sending feeble and timid contributions as 'Sardinia,' 'Tuscany,' 'Rome,' &c., nothing being allowed to come from Naples. The Roman States, in the heart of ancient Civilization, with Three Millions of People yet, fill half a page of the Catalogue, or about one-seventeenth of the space required by the more distant United States; while the beautiful Statuary of the School of Milan, including the Veiled Vestal, one of the most original and admirable works in the Exhibition, is set down to the credit of Austria! There is a debtor as well as creditor side to that Austro-Italian account, and settlement cannot be refused for ever. Great Britain and her Colonies engross the entire Western half of the Exhibition, and fill it creditably. In the Fine Arts, properly so called, she has probably less than a fourth of what is contributed; but in Iron and its multiform products she has far more than all the World beside. In Steam Engines and Force-Pumps, Looms and Anvils, Ores and Castings, Buttons, Steel Pens, &c., all the rest combined could not compare with her. I doubt if the world ever before saw so complete and instructive a collection of Ores and Minerals as are here brought together, or that Geology was ever studied under auspices more favorable than this collection would afford. Nearly every metal known to man may here be seen, first as ore, and then in every stage up to that of perfect adaptation to our various human needs. So in the department of Machinery. I think no collection so varied and complete of Looms, Presses, Mills, Pumps, Engines, &c., &c., was ever before grouped under one roof. The immense Manufacturing capacity and aptitude of Great Britain are here abundantly represented. From the unequalled Shawls of Cashmere to the fabrics woven of reeds or bark by Australian savages; from the Coal of Pictou to the Spices of Ceylon; almost every thing which mankind have agreed to value and consecrate as property, is collected in the western half of the Crystal Palace, under the folds of the meteor flag, and displayed as specimens of the products of Queen Victoria's spacious Realm. Here Manchester unrolls her serviceable fabrics and Birmingham displays her cheap and varied wares; here Sheffield, Glasgow, Belfast, and other centers of a vast manufacturing activity, solicit your attention to whatever is most showy or most substantial among their multiform productions. Gilded Fire-places of silver-shining steel, or snowy, speckless marble; vessels of Iron, of Clay, or of Tin; Robes and Couches, Cannon and Bibles, Grindstones and Pianos, by turns arrest the gaze in a bewildering medley, which yet is not quite confusion; for most of the articles are roughly classified, and the vast area is divided into an infinity of apartments, or 'courts,' closed at the sides, which are covered with cards of their proper wares, as is often the end farthest from the center aisle, and sometimes a good part of the front also. Behind each court is an open passage-way, walled in by displays usually of homely wares and fabrics, mainly of iron, or brass, and behind these again are other courts, more open and irregular than the former, devoted to Castings, Metals, Ores, and the ruder forms of mineral wealth, occasionally giving place to the Refreshment Saloons wherewith the Palace is abundantly provided - to Committee Rooms, Jury Rooms, and other incidents of the Exhibition. And, thus environed, we move on, westward,

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until the grand Machinery Room absorbs henceforth the entire space to the north of us, the hum of its innumerable Wheels, Rotary Pumps, Looms, Spinning-Jennies, Flax-Dressers, Printing-Presses, &c., &c., at all times audible from the distant center of the Palace, in spite of well directed efforts to drown it. At last we reach the western doorway, half obstructed by gigantic Bells and other bulky Manufactures, beyond which is the naked Park, or would be but for the still huger blocks of Coal, Stone, &c., for which no place could be made within the building – and our journey is at an end. But no – we have not yet mounted to the upper story, whither four broad and spacious stairways in different parts of the building invite us. Here is a new immensity of Silks and Scarfs, of Millinery and costly Furniture, including illustrations of the Spaniard's ideal of sumptuous magnificence: here Belgium has tried her hand at bronzes with indifferent, and at Castings with considerable success: Here the finest achievements in Paper-Hanging and Window-Shading adorn the walls for hundreds of feet, some of the spacious curtains scarcely inferior in effect to any but the very best paintings; while the thousand costly trifles born of Parisian art and elegance vie with London's less graceful but more massive creations in filling the vast amphitheatre with wealth beyond the wildest dreams of a Sindbad or Aladeen. Such pyramids of Jewelry and Plate were never before collected under one roof. Clusters of Pearls and Diamonds, each a generous fortune, are here lost in the ocean of magnificence; a single firm has One Million Dollars' worth within a moderate compass; while the displays of rivals in pandering to luxury and ostentation stretch on either hand as far as the vision can reach. The industry and practical genius of Britain are evinced in the Machinery and serviceable Fabrics below, but her unequalled riches and aristocratic pomp are more vividly depicted here. But the eyes ache, the brain reels, with this never-ending succession of the sumptuous and the gorgeous; one glimpse of sterile heath, bare sand, or beetling crag, would be a sensible relief. Wearily we turn away from this maze of sensual delights, of costly luxuries, and listlessly wander to that part of the gallery nearest the Transept, with its towering Elms, its Crystal Fountain, its gigantic Brazen Gates, its Statues, its Royal Portraits, and caged Diamond; but these we do not care to look upon again. MAN is nobler than the works of his hands; let us pause and observe. Hark! the clock strikes ten; the gates are opened; the crowds which had collected before them begin to move. No tickets are used; no change given; it is a 'shilling day,' and whoever approaches any of the gates which open to the general public must have his shilling in hand, so as to pay without stopping the procession as he passes in. In twenty minutes our scattered, straggling band of Jurors, Exhibitors, Policemen and servitors will have been swelled by at least ten thousand gazers; within the hour fifteen thousand more have added themselves to the number; by one o'clock the visitors have increased to fifty thousand: every corner and nook swarm with them; even the alleys and other standing room in the gallery are in good part blocked with them; but the wave-like, endless procession which before and below us sweeps up and down the Central Aisle is the grand spectacle of all. From our elevated



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and central position almost the entire length of this magnificent promenade is visible, from the pasteboard eagle of America on the east to the massive bells and other heavy British products which mark the western door, though the view is somewhat broken by a few towering trophies of artistic skill, to which places have been assigned at intervals in the middle of the aisle, leaving a broad passage-way on either side. Far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads is presented, denser toward the center just before us, but with scarcely an interruption any where. The individuals who make up this marching array are moving in opposite directions,⁹⁴ or turning off to the right or to the left, and so lost to our view in 'Austria,' 'Russia,' 'Switzerland,' or 'France;' but the river flows on unchecked, undiminished, though the particular drops we gazed on a minute ago have passed from our view for ever. Still, mainly from the south, a steady stream of new comers, fifty to a hundred per minute, is pouring in to join the eager throng, but scarcely suffice to swell it. The machinery-room, the galleries, the side-passages, the refreshment saloons, absorb as fast as the in-flowing current can supply; until, about three o'clock, the tide turns, and the departures thence exceed the arrivals. At length the hour of six strikes, and the edifice is quietly, noiselessly vacated and closed. But this vast tide of life, which ebbs and flows beneath our gaze as we stand in the gallery, near as we may to the Crystal Fount, is not a mere aggregation of human beings. London, herself a mimic world, has sent hither not merely her thousands but her tens. Among that moving mass you may recognize her ablest and her wisest denizens – her De la Beche, her Murchison, her Brewster, and others honorably distinguished in the arduous paths of Science. Here, too, are her Cobden, her Sturge, her Russell, and others eminent in council and in legislative halls. Of the Peers who make her their winter residence, the names of Canning, Granville, Wharncliffe, Argyle, De Mauley and others are honorably connected with the Exhibition, to which they give their time as Jurors; and they are among its almost daily visitors, mainly distinguished by their quiet bearing and simple, unpretending manners. And here, too, may be often seen the age-enfeebled frame of her veteran Wellington, the victor in so many hard-fought fields and the final vanquisher of the greatest of modern warriors. Though his eye is dim and his step no longer firm, the conqueror of Hindostan, the Liberator of the Peninsula, the victor of Waterloo, still emphatically the 'Duke,' is among the most absorbed and constant visitors of the great Exhibition, carefully scanning the more interesting objects in detail, and gazing by the hour on achievements so different from those of Assaye, Salamanca and the Chateau of Hougomont. Do those dull ears, though deafened by twenty years' familiarity with the roar of artillery, catch some prophetic premonition of the New Age dawning upon mankind, wherein Carnage and Devastation shall no more secure the world's proudest honors, while Invention and Production sink into unmarked graves? Sees that dim eye, rekindled for a moment by the neighborhood of death, the approach of that glorious era wherein

94. This reproduction is from the original (borrowed from Harvard's Widener Library): The Crystal Palace and Its Lessons: A Lecture by Horace Greeley (1852).

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Man the creator and beautifier shall be honored and fêted and Man the destroyer discrowned? His furrowed brow, his sunken eye, return no answer to our eager question, as he slowly, thoughtfully, plods on. But not London, not England, alone: the Civilized World here strongly represented. America and Russia, France, and Austria, Belgium and Spain, have here their Commissioners, their Notables, their savans, earnestly studying the Palace and its contents, eager to carry away something which shall be valued and useful at home. A Yankee Manufacturer passes rapidly through the Machinery-room until his eye rests on a novel combination for weaving certain fabrics, when, after watching it intently for a few minutes, he claps his hands and exclaims in unconscious, irrepressible enthusiasm, "That will pay my expenses for the trip!" On every side sharp eyes are watching, busy brains are treasuring, practical fingers are testing and comparing. Here are shrewd men from the ends of the earth: can it be that they will go home no wiser than they came? Many are here officially, and under pay from their respective governments: some of them sent out of compliment to Her Majesty, who specially invited the cooperation of their masters; but there are skillfull artificers, and mechanics also, from Paris, from Brussels, and from far Turin, sent here by subscription expressly that they may study, profit by and diffuse the Arts here exhibited in perfection. About the pleasantest fellow I met in London was a Turkish official, military by profession, born a Frenchman, but naturalized at Stamboul, who spoke good English and seemed to understand the world very fairly, though (I judge) rather less a Saint than a Philosopher. The noblest and truest man I encountered in Europe was a Belgian Manufacturer and Juror; and though there were doubtless many unworthy persons attracted to London by the novel spectacle, I doubt whether any General Council of the Christian Church has ever convened an assemblage on the whole superior, morally and intellectually, to that summoned to London by the great Exhibition. So much of the Crystal Palace and its Contents. And now of its Lessons. I rank first among these that of the practicability and ultimate certainty of Universal Peace. There have been several amateur Peace Congresses, after a fashion: but I esteem this the first satisfactory working model of a Peace Congress. The men of the Sword and their champions tell us that Nations will not submit their conflicting claims and jarring interests to the chances of Arbitration; but here they did it, and with the most satisfactory results. Individual heart-burnings there must ever be; cases of injustice, neglect of merit, and partiality, there probably were; but as a whole the award of Prizes at the Fair was discriminating and satisfactory. If the representatives of rival nations there assembled had set to fighting for the honor and credit of their several countries; hired all the bravoës and marketable ruffians they could find to help them; run in debt for more than they were worth; and finally burned up the Glass Palace with all its contents in the heat of the fray – who imagines that the result would have been more conclusive and satisfactory than it now is? Yet. the contrast between the settlement of National differences by War and by Arbitration is favorable to the latter mode as in the parallel case of rival pretensions to superiority in Art and Industry. But while I hold

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that Arbitration is the true mode of settling National differences, and War at all times a blunder and a crime on the part of those who wage it, refusing to arbitrate, I do not therefore hold that those who seek only justice should disarm and proclaim their unqualified adhesion to the doctrines of Non-Resistance, and thus invite the despot, the military adventurer, the pirate; to overrun and ravage at their will. I do not believe that peace and justice are in this way attainable, out by quite a different, an almost opposite course. Let the lovers of Freedom and Right repudiate all standing armies, all military conquests, under any conceivable circumstances – all aggressive interference in the domestic concerns of other nations; but let each People be essentially prepared to resist tyranny at home and repel invasion from abroad, each with its own chosen weapons when others shall have proved ineffective. Let the just and pacific take up a position which says to the restless and rapacious, "Be quiet, and do not put us to the disagreeable necessity of quieting you, which you see we are perfectly able to do," – then and thus we may hope for peace; but not while the 'old man' absolutely relies on driving off the 'rude boys' who are 'stealing his apples,' with 'words and grass' only. Akin to this is my view of the question of regulated or unrestricted Trade between Nations, which worthily holds so prominent a place in the popular discussions of our time. That men should buy and sell precisely as their several interests (real or fancied) shall dictate, without interference therewith or tax thereon by Governments, – this is a very natural and popular demand, which clearly harmonizes with a prevailing tendency of our time, whereof the deification of the individual will and pleasure is the end. But, standing amidst this labyrinth of British machinery, this wilderness of European fabrics, I cannot but ask, – How, with totally unregulated trade, is the all but resistless tendency of Manufactures and Commerce to Centralization to be resisted? How, for instance, shall we rationally hope for the rapid, extensive naturalization of new Arts, the establishment of new and difficult branches of Manufacture, requiring large capital, practiced skill and ample markets to ensure their success, in any quarter of the globe but Europe, while that continent remains the focus of the world's commercial activity and thrift? Suppose, for example, an American should be able to produce the richest and most tasteful fabrics of the French or Flemish looms as cheaply as, or even more cheaply than, his European rivals, – what are his chances for success in the manufacture? Are there ships departing from our seaports daily to every inhabited portion of the earth, laden with assorted cargoes of ordered and anxiously expected American fabrics? Have we great mercantile houses engaged in buying up such American fabrics for exportation? Nay, do our own Countrywomen stand ready to buy his Bareges or Laces at the prices which they are daily and freely paying for just such goods from Europe? Suppose he could fabricate a hundred thousand pieces per annum at the lowest possible price for which they can be made in Europe, could he sell them as fast as produced? No, he could not; he does not. The producers in immediate proximity to, in intimate relations with, the 'merchant princes' of Europe, who are the life-long factors of the traders of India,

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of Australia, of Asia Minor, Africa and Russia, have an immense advantage over any rivals located on the Western Continent, or at any similar distance from the commercial centers of Western Europe. The rule that "To him who hath shall be given, while from him who hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," is perpetually and powerfully operative to concentrate the Manufactures and Trade of the world upon London, Paris, and their out-of-town workshops, which, for all commercial purposes, are a part of themselves. This Centralization, unchecked, tends to depopulate and barbarize the rest of the earth to build up a bloated and factitious prosperity in Western Europe – a prosperity whereof the Laboring Millions are instruments, not sharers – a prosperity whereof a few immense fortunes, amassed at the cost of the world's impoverishment, are the sole enduring trophies. The system which in the name of Free Trade is calculated to secure a monopoly of Production and Commerce in all but the ruder Arts and Manufactures to Great Britain, France and Germany, tends to tax the food-grower and the artisan half the value of their respective products for the cost of transporting them to and exchanging them with each other, and so keep them in perpetual vassalage and debt to the 'merchant princes,' instead of rendering them neighbors and direct exchangers, and thus saving the heavy cost of reaching each other across an ocean and a continent. These convictions are not new to me, but they were strengthened by weeks of earnest observation in the Crystal Palace. More and more was I there convinced that Price is not an infallible measure of Cost, and that a foreign fabric is not proved cheaper than a home-made one because it is purchased in preference, nor even because it is sold at a lower price. If the whole Earth is ever to be truly Civilized, it must be by the diffusion of the Useful Arts and their Machinery rather than of their finished products. If Universal Labor is ever to be constantly employed and fairly rewarded, it must be through a more direct and intimate relation of laborer with laborer; not through the system of complexity, aggregation and needless expense wherein the grain-grower of Illinois hires, through half a dozen intermediates, his Iron made in Wales; and sends his grain thither to pay for the work, instead of having it done at the ore-bed in his township; with the coal which underlies the whole County. I know how strong is the current against this view of Labor's true interest; but the world will refuse to be ruled by names and plausibilities for ever. But the Crystal Palace has other lessons for us than those of Political Economy – it has Social suggestions as well. Here are Hollow Brick, destined, I think, to supersede nearly all others, saving half the expense of solid brick for material and transportation, being far more quickly and cheaply burned; far more easily handled and laid; rendering houses entirely free from dampness, less susceptible to Summer's heat and Winter's cold, while proffering new facilities for warming, ventilation, &c. The invention and diffusion of this Brick alone seem to me worth to mankind the cost of the Exhibition. Here, too, is Claussen, with his Flax discoveries and processes, whereby the entire fiber of the plant is separated from the woody matter of the stalk and rendered as soft, fine, white and tractable as the choicest Sea-Island Cotton, which it greatly resembles; while,



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by a little change in the mode of preparing it, it is made closely to imitate Linen, Cotton or Woolen, and to blend freely in the same web with either. The worth of this discovery to mankind can hardly be overestimated. Here, too, is his Circular Loom, steadily weaving bags without a seam, and capable of infinite varieties of practical application. Here is McCormick, with his masterly Reaper, cutting as clean as Death's sythe, and almost as rapidly; so that the field of waving grain, which the eye could scarcely measure in the morning, has been transformed by it into a field of naked stubble before evening. Here is Ericsson, with his new Caloric Engine, threatening to reduce steam to its primary insignificance - as, indeed, hundreds have threatened before, but as yet none have quite accomplished. Let us hope that some of the present noble strivers will be more successful; for, indeed, steam, though it has done the world good service, is a most expensive ally; the great bulk and weight of fuel and water it requires to have carried along with it have rendered it thus far entirely useless for locomotive purposes except on a liquid or metallic track; while the frequent stoppages it exacts, the nicety of management it demands, and the serious disasters its use involves, unite to proclaim that a blessed day in which mankind shall be able to dispense with it. Whether Ericsson, Page, or some other 'visionary,' shall achieve for us that victory, I dare not predict; but that its achievement is close at hand, I affirm with undoubting confidence. A kindred improvement is about to be inaugurated in the more extended and diversified employment of GAS. A hundred models of Gas Stoves, Gas Burners, Gas Cooking Ranges; &c., were exhibited at the Fair, each warranted, (as usual,) to save half the fuel and render treble the service of any other; yet I was not able to designate anyone of them as particularly meritorious, nor did the Jury on this department award a premium to any. All seems yet crude and infantile in this field of invention. Yet the study of the various models and contrivances for Gas-burning there presented, fixed me in the novel faith that Gas is ultimately to be not only the main agent of illumination but the chief fuel also of all cities and villages; that the time is at hand when the head of a family, the solitary lodger, requiring either heat or light, will simply touch a bell in his own room and be supplied with the indicated quantity of Gas, whether for culinary purposes, for warmth, for light, or all together; and that thus the cost, the trouble, the dust, of making fires in all parts of a building, carrying fuel thither and removing ashes there-from, will be obviated; and a single fire, constantly maintained, subserve admirably the purpose of them all, saving the labor and cost of five hundred wasteful kindlings and clearings, beside affording heat at the moment it is wanted, and stopping its consumption the instant the want is satisfied. This is but one among a thousand noiseless agencies constantly preaching the advantages and economies of COMBINATION, and indicating the certainty that through Coöperation lies the way whereby Labor is to emerge from bondage, anxiety and need into liberty and assured competence. This truth, long apparent to the eye of Reason, threatens to be made palpable even to stolidity and stagnation by the sharp spur of Necessity. Rude, rugged Labor must organize itself for its

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appointed task of production, or it will soon have nothing to do. It must concentrate its energies for the creation of commodious and economical homes, or it will have no home but the Union Work-house. It must save and combine its earnings, for the purchase and command of Machinery; or Machinery, owned by and working for Capital alone, will reduce it to insignificance, want and despair. On every side the onward march of Invention is constant; rapid, inexorable. The human Reaper of thirty years ago, finds to-day a machine cutting grain twenty times as fast as ever he could; he gets three days' work as its waiter where he formerly had three weeks' steady harvesting: the work is as well done as of old, and far cheaper; but his share of the product is sadly diminished. The Planing Machine does the work of two hundred men admirably, and pays moderate wages to three or four; the Sewing Machine, of moderate cost, performs easily and cheaply the labors of forty seamstresses; but all the seamstresses in the world probably do not own the first machine. And so muscular force, or mere Labor, becomes daily more and more a drug in the market, shivers at the approach of winter, cringes lower and lower at the glance of a machine-lord or landlord, and vainly paces street after street, with weary limbs and sinking heart, in quest of 'something to do.' The only effectual remedy for this deplorable state and still more deplorable tendency is found, not in Destruction but in Construction, - not in Anarchy and war on the rights of Property, but in Order and the creation of more property by and for the Poor - not in envy and hatred of the Rich, but in general study and imitation of the forecast and frugality by which they were made rich, which are as potent this hour as they ever were, and which, wise Coöperation will render effective for the Poor of to-day. In this country, where so much land is still unappropriated and the legal right of Association is absolute and universal the Laboring Classes are masters of their own destiny, and that of their brethren throughout the world. A thousand young men, inured to labor and as yet unburthened with families, can save at least one hundred dollars each in the space of two years if they will; and by wisely and legally combining this in a capital of \$100,000, investing it judiciously in Land, Machinery and Buildings, under the direction of their ablest and most responsible members, they may be morally certain henceforth of constant employment for each, under circumstances which will ensure them the utmost efficiency and the full reward of their labor. To Woman, whose work is still more depressed and still more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing emancipation and just recompense are substantially the same. The workers, in every department of industry, may secure and own the Machinery best calculated to give efficiency, to their labor, if they will but unitedly, persistently try. Through the scientific Association of Labor and Capital, three-fourths of them may within five years accomplish this, while by heedlessness and isolated competition they are sure to miss it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Labor working against Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the hand-loom weavers all over the globe sufficiently attests; Labor working for Machinery, in which it has no interest, can obtain in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing



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subsistence; while to Labor working with Machinery, which it owns and directs, there are ample recompense, steady employment, and the prospect of gradual improvement. Such is one of the great truths confirmed by the lessons of the Crystal Palace. Another truth forcibly taught there is that of the steadiness of the march of Invention and the infinite capacity of the laws and forces of Nature to minister more and more readily and amply to the sustenance and comfort of Man. We are obviously as yet on the bare threshold of chemical discovery and mechanical contrivance for the benefit of Man. The inventor of the steam engine still lived within the memory of many of us; yet even he never dreamed of the stupendous improvements already made on his invention, and the infinite adaptations to human wants of which it is fully proved susceptible. A first class North River or Sound Steam-boat, much more an Atlantic Steam-ship, would have astounded even him. But, though the capacities of Steam are not half exhausted, we grow dissatisfied with its performance and impatient of its conditions; we demand its power without its weight, its bulk, its cost, its explosive tendencies, or rather those of the elements from which it is evolved – and Electricity, Air, Gunpowder, and other potencies, are analyzed and interrogated in quest of the most advantageous substitute – a search which will ultimately achieve success. The only question is one of time. So in every department of mechanics and manufactures: The victory of to-day opens the path to grander and more beneficent victories to-morrow. There never was a single mind capable of conceiving and working out the idea of the Power Printing Press of to-day, nor that of the best Carpet-Looms and Paper-Mills in use; each has been produced by gradual, step-by-step improvement; the goal of one inventor serving as the starting-point of his successor; and often an invention which failed to subserve its intended purpose has been found eminently useful in a very different sphere and connection; or, after having been cast aside as worthless, has supplied the necessary hint to another inventor, who has been guided by it to a new achievement of signal beneficence. No real penetration into the arcana of Nature's forces was ever fruitless or unsuggestive. The unpractical side of a newly discovered scientific truth indicates the position and nature of the practical side as well. To my mind nothing is clearer than this – the immense strides and vast scope of invention and discovery during the last age, render morally certain the achievement of far more and greater triumphs during the like period just before us. The Railway and its train are by no means the utmost possibilities of over-land locomotion; the Telegraph is not the last word of electricity; the Steamship is not the acme of Ocean navigation. These ennobling triumphs herald others which shall swiftly succeed them; and so in all the departments of applied science. And among the agencies which aided and accelerated the march of Invention, which impelled the car of Industrial Progress, I doubt not that our children, looking back on that progress from heights whereof we can but vaguely dream, will honorably distinguish the World's Exhibition of 1851. Nor can we hesitate to class among the lasting benefits of this Exhibition the wider and deeper appreciation of Labor as a chief source of human enjoyment and a ground of respect and honor for



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its votaries. I know how little sincerity or depth there is in the usual Fourth-of-July declamation in behalf of the dignity of Labor, the nobleness of Labor, and the like, by men who never did a bona fide day's work with their hands unless absolutely driven to it, and who would be ashamed of being caught wheeling a barrow or wielding a spade, unless obviously for exercise or pastime; yet, since 'Hypocrisy is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue,' even this empty glorification of Labor has some value as a demonstration, if not of what the fortunate think, at least of what they think they ought to think. But the tribute paid to Labor in the Great Exhibition was far deeper and higher than this. Here were tens of thousands gathered daily to study and admire the chosen products of the loom, the forge, the shop, the studio, nine-tenths of them from no other impulse than that afforded by the pleasure and instruction found therein. Can all this sink into the ground, and be forgotten? Shall not we, for instance, who presume ourselves better appreciators of labor than the gilded aristocracies and squalid peasantries of Europe, think more of Industrial capacity since we feel that our country was saved from disgrace at this grand tournament of Industry by the genius of Hobbs, of Steers, of Dick, of McCormick? And shall not the Dukes, the Lords, the Generals, the Honorables, who met from day to day to inspect, scrutinize, compare and judge the rival products of England, France, Germany and America, in order to award the palm of excellence to the worthiest in each department — who severally felt a thrill of pleasure when a countryman bore off the palm and a pang of disappointment and chagrin when none such was found entitled to commendation, — shall they not henceforth hold in juster esteem the sphere of Creative Art wherein such trophies were lost or won? I cannot doubt the beneficent influence of this Exhibition, both in inspiring workers with a clearer consciousness of the quiet dignity of their own sphere, and in diffusing, deepening, a corresponding appreciation in the minds of others. If so, who shall say that the Great Exhibition was held in vain? Yet one more lesson: The 'World's Fair' shall teach us the cheering truth that there is rightfully no such thing as 'Over-Production,' or a glut in the Labor market. There may be mis-directed, wasted, useless or worse than useless Industry, like that devoted to the fabrication of implements of Gaming or Intoxicating Beverages; but of the Labor and Skill devoted to the production of whatever is needful, is tributary to Man's physical sustenance, intellectual and moral culture, or material comfort, there are not and cannot be too much. If all were to insist on being employed and subsisted in the fabrication of Hats or of Chintzes, of Pianos or Wall-paper, there would of course be a glut in that particular department, but a corresponding deficiency in others. Not until every family shall be provided with, a commodious and comfortable habitation, and that habitation amply supplied with Food, and Fuel not only, but with Clothing, Furniture, Books, Maps, Charts, Globes, Musical Instruments and every other auxiliary to Moral and Intellectual growth as well as to Physical comfort, can we rationally talk of excessive Production. There is no such thing as general Over-Production, and can be none. Immense as the collection of useful products which the Crystal Palace enfolds, it is yet but a drop

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in the bucket when compared with the far vaster aggregate required to satisfy the legitimate wants even of Europe alone, though that is by far the best supplied of the four quarters of the globe. If each dwelling in wealthy and profusely manufacturing England alone were to be fitly and adequately furnished from the existing stores, the undertaking would very soon dismantle not merely the Crystal Palace but nearly all the shops and warehouses in the Kingdom. There is at no time a lack of employment because no more needed work remains undone, but only because the machinery of Production has not yet been so adjusted and perfected as to bring the Work and the Workers into their rightful and fruitful relation. Up and down the streets of every great city wander thousands after thousands, seeking work from day to day, and seeking it in vain, when they themselves would reciprocally afford a demand for each other's labor, a market for each other's products, if they could be placed where they truly belong. Several know how to spin Cotton, Flax or Wool; others to weave them all into fabrics; and still others to fashion them into the garments whereof the unemployed nearly all stand in need; while other thousands of this hungry multitude know how to grow the grain, and dig or cut the fuel, and make the bread, which are essential to them all. Then why roam this haggard legion from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, idle, anxious, famished, tattered, miserable and despairing? Do you answer that they lack Industrial training, and thence productive efficiency? Then, I tell you, the greater shame to us, practical workers or in some sense capitalists, who, realizing their defect and how it crushes them to the earth - realizing, at least, that they must live somehow, and that, so long as they may remain idle their sustenance must come out of our earnings or our hoards - still look vacantly, stupidly on, and see them flounder ever in this tantalizing and ultimately devouring, whirlpool, without stretching forth a hand to rescue and save them. As individuals, the few can do little or nothing; but as the State the whole might do much - every thing - for these poor, perishing strugglers. As I look out upon their ill-directed, incoherent, ineffective efforts to find work and bread, they picture themselves on my mind's eye as disjointed fragments and wrecks of Humanity - mere heads, or trunks, or limbs - (oftener 'hands') - torn apart by some inscrutable Providence, and anxiously, dumbly awaiting the creative word, the electric flash, which can alone recombine and restore them to their proper integrity and practical efficiency. That word no individual has power to speak; but Society, the State, the COMMONWEALTH, may readily pronounce it. Let the State but decree - 'There shall be work for everyone who will do it; but no subsistence in pauper idleness for any save the incapable of working' - and all will be transformed. Take the orphan from the cellar, the beggar from the street, the petty filcher from the crowded wharves, and place them all where they must earn their bread, and in earning it acquire the capacity to labor efficiently for themselves - this is a primary dictate of Public Economy no less than of enlightened Philanthropy. Palaces vaster and more commodious than Paxton ever dreamed of might be built and furnished by the labor which now wears itself out in vain attempts to find



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employment – by the application of faculties now undeveloped or perverted to evil ends. Only let Society recognise and accept its duty to find work for all who can find none for themselves, and the realm of Misery and Despair will be three-fourths conquered at a blow by Industry, Thrift and Content.

– But it is time the World's Fair were closed, or at least this meager account of it. The year 1852 has sterner work in hand, in presence of which this wondrous bazaar would seem out of place and incongruous. Haul down, then, those myriad banners, now streaming so peacefully from its roof in the common breeze and flapping each other so lovingly: they shall full soon be confronted in the red field where the destinies of Mankind must be decided, the liberties of Nations lost and won. Roll out these lumbering cannon, sleeping here side by side so quietly, uncharged, unmounted, the play-things of idle boys and the gazing-stock of country clowns, who wonder what they mean; their iron throats shall tell a fearful tale amid the steadfast ranks and charging columns of the Battle Summer before us. Gray veterans from many lands, leaning on your rusty swords, and stirring each other's recollections of Badajoz, Austerlitz, Leipsic and Quatre-Bras – shake hands once more and part, for the skies are red with the gathering wrath of nations, and airborne whispers that KOSSUTH is once more free, are troubling the sleep of tyrants. Ho! Royal butcher of Naples! you would not let your subjects visit or enjoy the exhibition of 1801; rest assured that they will bear apart, and you with them, in the grander, vaster exhibition of 1852. False juggler of the Elysée Bourbon! beware the ides of May, and learn, while not too late, that Republican France has other uses for her armed sons than that of holding sacerdotal despots on their detested thrones. Kingly perjurer of Prussia! you have sworn and broken the last oath to observe and maintain a liberal constitution to which your abused and betrayed people will ever hearken from your lips. Prepare for a reckoning in which perfidy shall no more avail you Grim Autocrat of the icy North; the coming summer has work in store for your relentless legions, not alone this time on the Danube, but on the Rhine, the Oder, the Vistula, as well. – Tear down, then, this fragile structure of glass and lath! too slight to breast the rugged shocks of the whirlwind year before us. Ere we meet again as workers to test the fineness of our rival fabrics, the strength of our metals, the draft of our plows, we must vindicate by the mailed hail our right as men to speak, and think, and be. Before us lowers the last decisive struggle of the Millions of Europe for Justice, Opportunity and Freedom; let not its iron hail appall, its crimson torrents revolt us; for the Bow of Promise gleams through its lurid cloud, and the dove of Peace shall soon be seen hovering over the assuaging waters, fit harbinger of a new and more auspicious era for Freedom and enduring Concord – for Industry and Man!

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 **1851:** Still another [Second Coming](#) of Jesus Christ according to the Second Adventists (Kyle, Richard. THE LAST DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. Grand Rapids MI: Baker Books, 1998, page 91).




MILLENNIALISM

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 **1851:** The Republic: A Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Politics & Art, Volumes 1-2 offered that a young lady named Debby Jarvis had, some 3 generations of human life earlier but perhaps still within living memory, originated what has since become the famous “The British are coming! The British are coming!” assertion. It would appear, then, that a 1874 retelling by Nathaniel Shatswell Dodge, STORIES OF A GRANDFATHER ABOUT AMERICAN HISTORY which would have it that the famed Paul Revere went from house to house saying “The regulars are coming,” and “Noise! you will have noise enough before long; the British are coming,” and that Dr. Samuel Prescott of Concord called out “The British are coming! The British are coming!” was following the usual trajectory for “improving” such stories by merely substituting familiar names, and male names, for some unfamiliar and unimportant female one. Examples abound, demonstrating the usualness of such a story-telling trajectory — famous names are said to constitute a “sticky surface,” upon which in the course of time story-fluff more or less automatically coagulates — and can you not recollect any incident in which, in your business conference experience, a piece of sage advice propounded by a female employee was then attributed to or claimed by some male employee?


 **1851:** The Westminster Review published John Stuart Mill’s article, “On the Enfranchisement of Women” (Mill would later acknowledge that the piece had been the work of his companion, Harriet Hardy Taylor).

Myrtila Minder opened the 1st school to train black women as teachers, in Washington DC.


Dr. Joseph Leidy succeeded in transferring a human cancer into a frog. He studied fungal infections in cicadas and crickets. Observing termites coursing along their passages between stones, he noted “I have often wondered as to be what might be the exact nature of their food.”

Although, for the 1st year of its existence, the faculty of the new Female Medical College of Pennsylvania at 227 Arch Street in Philadelphia had been all male, at this point Hannah Longshore, who had been tutored in medicine before her enrollment, was selected as a demonstrator in anatomy and listed as a faculty member.

FEMINISM

 **1851:** It would appear that during this period Father Thomas (who had been at Brook Farm under the name Isaac Hecker) became confessor for Mrs. Sophia Dana Ripley.



 **1851:** Harriet Martineau’s LETTERS ON THE LAWS OF MAN’S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT, a complete repudiation of religious belief, ended her relationship with her brother James Martineau, a Unitarian leader. In Harper’s, her “Sketches from Life.”

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1851: In Boston, the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar again had out for sale a printing entitled THE LIBERTY BELL, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom,” despite having neglected to put out an issue of this during the previous year:




- Hempstead, Martha. “Liberty Bells”
- Furness, William H. “Let your Light Shine”
- Barland, Katherine. “Love and Liberty”
- Dall, Caroline W. Healy. “Pictures of Southern Life, for the Drawing Rooms of American Women”
- Longfellow, Samuel. “The Word”
- [Harriet Martineau](#). “Anomalies of the Age”
- Morley, John. “The Two Eagles”
- Bowditch, William Ingersoll “Infidelity and Treason”
- May, Samuel J. “The Root of Slavery”
- [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#). “Translations from the Persian of Hafiz [The Phoenix; Faith; The Poet; To Himself]”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “The Spirit of the Abolitionists”
- Nute, Ephraim Jr. “The Leaven of Liberty”
- Phillips, Wendell. “Mrs. Eliza Garnaut”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Last Poet”
- Stone, Thomas T. “The Second Reformation”
- Belloc, Madame. “Le Fils d’un Planteur”
- ——. “The Planter’s Son”
- Parker, Theodore. “A Sonnet for the Times”
- Whipple, Charles K. “Our Southern Brethren”
- [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#). “Translation from the Persian of Nisami”
- Jackson, Edmund. “Servile Insurrections”
- Richardson, James Jr. “The Changes”
- Quincy, Edmund. “Ratliffe Gordon: A Sketch from Memory”
- Souvestre, Emile. “Legitimite de L’esclavage”
- ---. “Is Slavery Legitimate?”
- Buckingham, Edgar. “Settled!”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Sultan’s fair Daughter and the Masters of the Flowers”
- Johnson, Samuel. “The Prestige of Slavery”
- Weston, Caroline. “Stanzas: To ———, With a Bracelet Composed of Crystals and Stones from the Bernese Alps”
- Souvestre, Madame. “Influence de L’esclavage sur les Maitres”
- ---. “Influence of Slavery on Masters”
- [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#). “To a Young Convert”
- Browne, John W. “The Higher Law”

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- May, Samuel Jr. “The Gospel of Freedom: When Shall It Be Preached?”
- Armstrong, George. “A Glance over the Field”
- [David Lee Child](#). “National Hymn”
- [William Lloyd Garrison](#). “The Great Apostate”
- Lowell, James Russell. “Yussouf”




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 **1851:** Rowland Hussey Macy (1822-1919) got started in retail with a dry goods store in downtown [Haverhill](#). Macy's store was on Merrimack Street and his policy was "His goods are bought for cash, and will be sold for the same, at a small advance." Macy's 1st parade would not march down a thoroughfare in New-York, but would be held on the main drag in Haverhill on July 4, 1854. It would be too hot that day and only about a hundred people would view his celebration. In 1858 Macy would sell his store and, with the financial backing of Caleb Dustin Hunking of Haverhill, relocate the retail business to easier pickings in [New-York](#).

Commodore John C. Stevens, founder of the New York Yacht Club, won the race in the schooner *America* which brought the Americas Cup to [New-York](#).

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 **1851:** Upon pronouncing that she was ready to resume her travels, [Ida Pfeiffer](#) began to receive numerous invitations from Europeans in various locations, plus offers of transportation by publicity-seeking railroad and steamship firms. She would sail from London to Cape Town, and around the Cape of Good Hope to Singapore to Borneo, where she spent six months in the rain forest visiting among Dyak known to still practice ritual headhunting: “I shuddered, but I could not help asking myself whether, after all, we Europeans are not really just as bad or worse than these despised savages? Is not every page of our history filled with horrid deeds of treachery and murder?” She would comment that “I should like to have passed a longer time among the free Dyaks, as I found them, without exception, honest, good-natured, and modest in their behavior. I should be inclined to place them, in these respects, above any of the races I have ever known.” She then went on to Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies, where she visited Batak cannibals who had never before allowed a European into their territory. She then sailed via [San Francisco](#) to tour the Andes Mountains of South America.



When [Margaret Helen Begbie Croly](#) expired, and this is something I am entirely unable to explain, she was in Bangalore, [India](#).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The arrivals by sea at [San Francisco](#) were not so numerous in 1851 as during the preceding year. The tide of immigration was slackening, only to roll in its much greater numbers the following season. During 1851, upwards of 27,000 persons arrived by sea. Of these rather more than one-half came by steamers from the ports on or near the Isthmus. The ordinary population of the city was increasing, though more slowly than before. At the close of this year the total number probably exceeded thirty thousand. Females were very few in proportion to the whole number of inhabitants, although they were beginning to increase more rapidly. A very large proportion of the female population continued to be of loose character. The Chinese now began to arrive in considerable bands, and occasionally a few of their females. Great numbers of French and Germans, of both sexes, as

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well as other foreigners, made their appearance. The immigrants generally were of the mining and agricultural classes, although a fair number of them ultimately settled in [San Francisco](#). An extensive immigration continued among the various districts and towns of the country, and the population of all was constantly changing. Fewer fortunate miners now paid visits to the city for the sake of mere recreation, since the rising towns of the interior, particularly Sacramento and Stockton, the capitals of the northern and southern mines respectively, offered all the attractions of dissipation closer at hand. Yet in one way or another, at least one half of the entire population of the State passed through, or visited [San Francisco](#). The ocean steamers carried away more people from the port than they brought. There was the usual large land immigration into the State, and, on the whole, the general population of the country was considerably increased. In [San Francisco](#) material improvements were taking place. At Clark's Point, on the northern extremity of the city, huge precipitous rocks were quarried and removed, and the solid hill deeply excavated, whereby much new and valuable space was gained for building operations. New streets were graded, planked and built upon, and new and finer houses every where erected. In the southern districts, the "steam-paddy" had been set to work, and was rapidly cutting away the numerous sand hills that lay between the plaza and "Happy Valley." The rubbish was conveyed by temporary rails along the streets, and emptied into the bay at those parts where already roads were laid out and houses built on piles. Sansome and Battery, with the intersecting streets to a considerable distance, were gradually filled up, and firm foundations given for the substantial brick and stone houses that were beginning to be erected there. The town continued to move eastward, and new streets were formed upon piles farther out into the bay, across which the piers and wharves were shooting like the first slender lines of ice before the sheet of water hardens into a solid mass. Closer and thicker the lines ran, as house after house was reared on innumerable piles, while the steam-paddy and railway wagons, and horse-carts without number, were incessantly bearing hills of sand piecemeal to fill up the hollows, and drive the sea far away from the original beach. Where once ships of a thousand tons floated there now rose great tenements of brick and mortar securely founded in the solid earth. Portions of the loose sand were insensibly washed off by the tides from the first places where it was deposited, and the bay was slowly becoming shallower to a considerable distance from shore. As the wharves were pushed farther out, the shipping found less convenient anchorage, and were exposed to occasional strong tides and gales. The character of the port was perhaps changing somewhat for the worse, although the necessities of the town so far urgently required an extension across the bay. The fires of 1850 and 1851, while they destroyed much valuable property, led in the end to a very superior kind of building, and may thus be said to have done some permanent good. They have stamped a wonderfully grand character upon the architecture of the place. What at first were called and believed to be fire-proof houses were becoming numerous, when successive conflagrations came and removed them all. Other houses were built of a still more substantial kind,

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and these were destroyed by fire in turn. At last, some buildings were erected that surely were proof against the most intense heat and flame; and upon their models all the later structures of pretension have been formed. While in certain respects these buildings assume the proportions and grandeur of palaces, in others they appear heavy and gloomy like the veriest prisons. The walls are enormously thick, and the windows deeply sunk in them, showing often at first sight only narrow, dark cavities. When the ponderous wrought iron shutters and doors are closed on the outside the resemblance to a jail is complete. It is believed that no fire from without can seriously affect such buildings, although they may be subject to internal conflagration. While improved houses were rising in the centre and business portion of the town, superior buildings of frame were replacing in the outskirts and suburbs the old habitations, or such as were destroyed by fire. The new plank road to the mission had opened up a large and valuable tract of building ground, and neat and substantial wooden houses were being erected along the whole way. In the vicinity of the town, wherever a tiny fertilizing stream of water ran among the sand hills, at the mission and the presidio, numerous flower and kitchen gardens and small farms were laid out, which yielded large supplies of the more necessary or prized vegetables. In 1849, the announcement of a real cabbage at dinner would have set half the population frantic with strangely stirred appetites; now, the many cultivated spots named, daily furnished numerous loaded carts of all kinds of fresh vegetables to the city markets. Potatoes were no longer a rarity; turnips could be had for money-and at a moderate price, too. The markets made pleasant morning sights. Besides a profusion of vegetables and fruits, they were largely supplied with noble fish and game of all descriptions from the ocean, the bay and the interior. Salmon of huge dimensions, and vast quantities of like delicious fish, whole cart loads of geese, ducks, quails, and other wild fowl, innumerable quarters of bear, elk, antelope, deer, and smaller game, loaded the stalls of the dealers. Mutton was perhaps not so plentiful, but excellent beef was in abundance. Times had changed with [San Francisco](#). The hardships and semi-starvation of 1849 were forgotten in these ample supplies of exquisite food. The epicure might traverse the globe, and have no finer living than what this city yielded; the glutton would here find both eye and palate satiated. But two years had sufficed to this astonishing change. The fires that cleared the ground and rendered necessary new building operations, and the improved style of house structures, gave constant employment to every body who could and would work. Wages therefore continued high, and the poorest of the laboring classes were enjoying the incomes of merchants and professional men of other countries. The general improvements in the aspect of the town and social character of the people, noticed in the review of 1850, were still going on. New "Expresses" were hurrying to all points, stage coaches, mails and noble steamers communicated with the most distant quarters. Additional manufactories and stores, additional newspapers, theatres, public institutions, benevolent, useful and agreeable associations, were being constantly established. Schools and churches were springing up

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on all sides. A certain class largely patronized the last, though it must be admitted that very many, particularly foreigners, never entered them. The old life and bustle continued, though matters were now systematized, and offered less show and confusion. In 1849, [San Francisco](#) was like a great ant-hill, when its busy creatures happen to be disturbed, and when all were visible, hurrying to and fro, out and in, backwards and forwards, apparently in the most admirable confusion and and forwards, apparently in the most admirable confusion and cross purposes, as if every one were engaged in some life and death struggle. In 1851, the city was like the same ant-hill when the cause of fright had been removed and order restored. The old tenants were still as busy as ever, but there was method now in their actions. Some were closely engaged in the interior -the cells or houses of the place-and made no show. Outside lines of other eager workers ran here and there, without jostling or confusion, all filled with the thought of what they had to do, and doing it well and quickly. There was no sauntering, no idleness, no dreaming. All was practical and real; all energy, perseverance and success. In business and in pleasure, the San Franciscans were fast folk; none were faster in the world. Their rents, interest on money, doings and profits, were all calculated monthly. A month with them was considered equal to a year with other people. In the former short time, men did such deeds, and saw, felt, thought, suffered and enjoyed, as much as would have lasted over a twelvemonth in other lands. But then these were really men-giants rather, the very choice of the cleverest, most adventurous and hard-working people of America and Europe. [California](#) was a hot-bed that brought humanity to a rapid, monstrous maturity, like the mammoth vegetables for which it is so celebrated. The city was settling fast into the condition in which it now is. The characteristics of a Spanish or Mexican town had nearly all disappeared. The barbarous magnificence of an old Californian rider was now seldom seen. The jingling, gaudy trappings of the horse, the clumsy stirrups and leathern aprons, the constant lasso and the reckless rider, had given place to the plain, useful harness of the American and his more moderate, though still dashing riding. Superb carriages now thronged the streets, and handsome omnibuses regularly plied between the plaza and the mission. People now, instead of being "every thing by turns and nothing long," more steadily confined themselves to one proper business. The old stores, where so recently all things "from a needle to an anchor" could be obtained, were nearly extinct; and separate classes of retail shops and wholesale warehouses were now the order of business. Gold dust as a currency had long given place to coin. Two years before, the buyer would carelessly tumble out a heap of "dust" in payment, while the seller would have his weights and scales ready for it as a matter of course. A little lump less or more to the quantity was of no consequence to either party. All that loose, stylish kind of thing was now changed. Coin was plentiful, and its fair worth was generally looked for. People found it somewhat more difficult to accumulate wealth, and were less foolishly lavish of their means, although they still always spent them most extravagantly. Specimens of nearly all the coinage of the civilized world were in constant circulation.

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Approximate values were bestowed upon the pieces, and if any thing like the mark, they readily passed current. The English shilling, the American quarter-dollar, the French franc, the Mexican double-real were all of the same value; so likewise were the English crown, the French five-franc piece, and the American or Mexican dollar. It did not matter although some were twenty-five per cent. more worth than others. Four single francs were quite as good as the English five-shilling piece. The smaller silver coins of whatever denomination and of every country were all alike bits, and passed for the same value. As for copper money, it was, of course, never seen. A bit was the lowest denomination of money, and very little of any thing would it buy. Besides the coins mentioned, there were Indian rupees, Dutch and German florins and guilders, the many coinages of South America, and in fact every known piece of money that circulated in Europe, and in many other parts of the world. The deficiency in the American proper coinage was thus amply made up, especially so far silver money was concerned. In gold there was a less variety of foreign coin, although many European pieces of that metal were in circulation. The fifty dollar gold pieces called "slugs," and the twenty and ten dollar pieces, issued by the United States Assay Office, in [San Francisco](#), served all the purposes of a regular standard coinage. Before, and shortly after the establishment of the assay office, large quantities of gold currency were supplied by about a dozen different private parties; but as these coinages were generally of less intrinsic worth, in purity and weight of metal, than their nominal value, they soon fell into disrepute and were gradually withdrawn from circulation. Some of them were very neatly executed, and stray specimens may still be occasionally found by the curious. Formerly, that is, only two years before, the San Franciscans were careless in personal appearance, and rude in manners. Now, they dressed richly and extravagantly, and assumed the polished airs of gentlemen. A striking change was observable every where, and in every thing. The houses were growing magnificent, and their tenants fashionable. Perhaps this fashion was not quite *d la mode de Paris*, but rather *sui generis*. Balls and convivial parties of the most brilliant character were constantly taking place. The great number of flaunting women of pleasure, particularly the French, mightily encouraged this universal holiday, and gave ease, taste, and sprightly elegance to the manners of the town. There is perhaps no place in the world where money is so little regarded as in [San Francisco](#). A man spends there like a prince, as he gains like one. The "almighty dollar" to him appears of less worth than a shilling does to people in England or in our Eastern States. At these balls, and at all public and private entertainments, immense sums were squandered. Trade might be dull, bad, ruinous-rents might rise or fall, and people be really insolvent-still they spent money on all sides. Business losses generally fell on distant correspondents, and the half-burned and supposed bankrupt and ruined city showed still the same brilliant bustle; and its inhabitants still pursued the same expensive round of amusements. Gold must come from the placers, and [San Francisco](#) never could in a certain sense be poor. The riches of the Californian mines on the one side, and the luxuries and

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conveniences of all countries in the world on the other, met in [San Francisco](#). It would be hard indeed for its hot-blooded and venturous population if they did not make the treasures within their grasp minister to every enjoyment that youth and sanguine constitutions could crave. Ever since the first great immigration many of the inhabitants carried some weapon of defense secretly about them. During the disturbed times in the early part of 1851, when nobody was safe from the assaults of desperadoes even in the public street or in his own dwelling, the practice of wearing deadly weapons became still more common. These were often used though not so much against the robber and assassin, as upon the old friend and acquaintance, or the stranger, when drink and scandal, time and circumstance had converted them into supposed enemies. The number of duels, and especially of sudden personal affrays, was fearfully great. The general population of [San Francisco](#)-with shame it must be confessed, in those days, as is still the case to a considerable extent-drank largely of intoxicating liquors. A great many tiddled at times, and quite as many swore lustily. They are an adventurous people, and their enjoyments are all of an exciting kind. They are bold and reckless from the style of the place and the nature both of business and amusement. New-comers fall naturally into the same character. It may therefore be imagined that personal rencontres frequently occur among such a population. In 1851 these were constantly happening. One man perhaps called another a "liar," and straightway revolvers were produced on both sides. Repeated shots were hastily fired, with sometimes as much damage to the by-standers as to the half-drunken quarrelers themselves. Some scenes of a most savage and atrocious description, ending occasionally in death, took place between parties who were reputed to be of the first class of citizens. Among the lower American orders, and in all classes of foreigners, down to the vilest "greasers," the same violent spirit of personal revenge and deadly outrage was common. On the slightest occasion, at a look or touch, an oath, a single word of offence, the bowie-knife leaped from its sheath, and the loaded revolver from the breast pocket or the secret case, and death or severe wounds quickly closed the scene. The spectators often shared in the same wild feelings, and did not always seek to interfere. The law was powerless to prevent such personal conflicts. Men thought as little of their blood and lives as of their money, and to gratify high swelling passion would madly waste them all alike. One considerable cause of personal disputes and bloodshed was the uncertainty of legal titles to property, which encouraged squatterism. Owing to recent conflicting decisions by the courts of law it almost appeared that the only, or the best title to real estate was actual possession. A great many people made a practice of settling down upon any vacant lot they fancied, and perhaps in the course of a night would fence it in and erect some small house on the ground. When daylight and the proprietor came, the intruder defied ejection. To seek redress from the tribunals whose judgments had led to these encroachments was only ridiculous; so the parties generally fought it out among themselves, with the aid of friends and long purses to hire help, until both suffered considerably in the battle. The effect of these

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conflicting legal decisions on the titles to real estate had otherwise a very prejudicial effect. They hindered the immediate and permanent improvement of property, since no man would expend large sums in that way when his title to the ground was in jeopardy. Lenders, already alarmed at the foolish proposals of usury bills in the Legislature, became shy in advancing money on the security of many properties; the value of real estate fell considerably; in some instances no price whatever could be obtained where the title was disputed; and all was painful doubt on the subject. In 1850, real estate in the city was assessed at the value of \$16,849,024; while, in 1851, it was only \$10,518,273; and this was notwithstanding the vast improvements that had taken place in the interval. In the end, certain acts passed by the State, which confirmed sales of the beach and water lots by the city and sanctioned its title to those lots still unsold, and also later and more satisfactory decisions of the Supreme Court in the matter of titles, helped to re-establish confidence on the subject, and secure the old owner in his property against the mere squatter. The commerce and imports of [San Francisco](#) were very great during 1851-too great indeed for a profitable trade. The fall in the prices of nearly all kinds of merchandise which lasted over a great part of 1850, continued during the following year. Matters were perhaps not quite so bad as when, in the spring of 1850, chests of tobacco were used to pave the streets or make a solid foundation for houses, and when nearly every article of merchandise went a-begging for a buyer, and not finding one was cast aside to rot, or used to fill up mud-holes; but still, in 1851, most kinds of goods were a dead loss to the owner. In the palmy days of '48 and '49, all were purchasers, at any price: now every body sought to sell, at no matter what sacrifice. In '49 a dollar was paid for a pill, and the same sum for an egg; a hundred dollars for a pair of boots, and twice that sum for a decent suit of clothes; a single rough brick cost a dime, and a plank some twenty feet long was cheap at ten dollars. At one period of that wondrous year, common iron tacks of the smallest size, sold for their weight in gold; and for a long period were in request at from five to ten dollars an ounce. But in '51, bales of valuable goods were sometimes not worth their storage. There happened to be no plaster walls in '49, and small tacks -of which there was only a very meagre quantity in the country,-were in extreme demand for fastening the usual muslin coverings to the wooden partitions of houses. Hence the apparently extravagant sum that was given. Every thing that was useful and really needed in those earlier days commanded the most astonishing prices. The supply was limited and the demand great, while money was suddenly plentiful. But in 1851, the stock of all kinds of goods was greatly over-proportioned to the natural demand of the place. The population of the city and country generally, although numbering only about a quarter of a million persons, yet being nearly all in the prime of life, rich and careless, and with large appetites, consumed and wasted the goods and provisions that would have satisfied an ordinary population of perhaps a million of people. Still the imports into [San Francisco](#) were far ahead of the most extravagant demands and consumption of the ravenous, wasteful people of [California](#). For any article actually required, and of

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which there might be but a scanty stock in the market, noble rates were still given; but as the supply of most goods was immense, prices fell accordingly. The auctioneers, whose business and importance daily increased, rattled away shiploads of merchandise at often nominal prices. Extravagance and waste did their best, but they could not destroy every thing. Enormous losses were sustained during 1850, and especially in 1851, by foreign shippers. The commercial people in [San Francisco](#) generally acted as agents on commission for others, and did not often import as merchants on their own account. The losses therefore on merchandise did not so very much affect individual citizens, while to the general public it was a positive gain to have an unlimited supply of goods at low prices. In the ordinary recreations of the city a change was gradually taking place. The gambling-saloons, though still very many, were becoming fewer, while billiard-rooms and drinking-bars or saloons for refreshment and conversation, were increasing in number, in size and handsome style. There is no place in the world with so many billiard-tables in it in proportion to the population, as [San Francisco](#); and but few places, if any, with more drinking-houses. In such quarters, in 1851, a large proportion of the inhabitants usually spent their evenings. Other crowds nightly filled the large and beautiful theatres that were now erected. Balls, masquerades and concerts, gambling-saloons, visits to frail women,-who always have been very numerous and gay in [San Francisco](#),-and an occasional lecture, filled up the measure of evening amusement. Gayety and personal dissipation were then, as they are now, characteristic features of the city. Nor were these things confined to the upper and richer classes. Labor was paid so highly that all orders of the people had money at command to squander in amusements. During the day, and particularly on Sundays, the "swells" of both the highest and the lowest rank, cantered to the presidio or the mission, or scampered among the sand-hills behind the town, or crossed the bay in the small steamers to Contra Costa, or formed pic-nic excursions to the fort, or the outer telegraph hill, or on the sea-shore, or somewhere among the lonely and picturesque valleys among the hills. [San Francisco](#) was certainly a great city; and its people had great notions; their deeds of business and amusement were all great in their way. The large admixture of foreign races, particularly the lighthearted, theatre-loving French, the musical Germans, and the laughter-loving, idle, dancing Hispano-Americans, tended to give a pleasant, gay aspect to the city. The grave national character of United States men was converted into levity and cheerfulness by the example and sympathy of their merry neighbors. It may be said, at the same time, that the foreign population were generally an orderly, obedient and useful class of the community. The Chinese might here perhaps form an exception. They are an exclusive race, and mingle but little save with their own people. They were now beginning to arrive in considerable numbers, bringing with them a number of their women, who are among the filthiest and most abandoned of their sex. They, as well as most of the foreign races, generally dwelt together in particular localities, which gave these quarters a distinctive appearance from the rest of the town. The Chinese and the free negroes, of whom there was now a goodly



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sprinkling, were "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water" of the place; and performed washing and women's business, and such menial offices as American white males would scorn to do for any remuneration. The "greasers," too, who are verily "of the earth, earthy," helped the "celestials" and the black fellows, or infernals, in their dirty work. In various parts of this book, we have dwelt so fully on the state of crime and public morals during 1851, that it is unnecessary to say much more on the subject in this general chapter. The extraordinary action of the Vigilance Committee, proved most salutary to the best interests of the community. After a few hangings, which were signalized by scenes of the most terrible and impressive nature, the social state of the city was much improved; and people could venture to appear at dark in the streets, or to dwell alone in poorly defended houses, without dread of the assassin, the burglar, or the incendiary. Crime was now principally confined to petty thefts, for which the "chain-gang" was an excellent punishment; while cases of bloodshed, -and they were frightfully many, -arose chiefly from the rampant, unregulated passions of the people, who thought and called themselves, as they were reckoned by others, respectable men and good citizens. The financial affairs of the city, which had long been in a very confused and ruinous state, were, towards the close of 1851, much simplified and improved. The general improvidence and corruption of a long series of municipal authorities, from the day when the American flag was first hoisted on the plaza, had squandered or jobbed away many of the most valuable portions of the real estate belonging to the corporation. But the funding of the floating debt, and perhaps the increasing purity, or dread of being found out, on the part of recent officials, with other causes, tended gradually to raise the credit of the city. The next great blow which fell upon the municipal funds was the noted matter of the "Peter Smith" sales, which shall be duly chronicled among the events of 1852.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...




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1851: In this year the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia ruled that although “the killing of a negro” could not be considered a felony, if the murder victim in question had been during his or her life a piece of property, then of course such an act wasn’t an all-right-never-mind, because it would constitute **an actionable deprivation of property rights:**

If from the beginning of the 18th Century in Anglo-America the term “negro” meant slave, except when explicitly modified by the word “free,” so under English law the term “hibernicus,” Latin for “Irishman,” was the legal term for “unfree.” If African-Americans were obliged to guard closely any document they might have attesting their freedom, so in Ireland, at the beginning of the 14th Century, letters patent, attesting to a person’s Englishness, were cherished by those who might fall under suspicion of trying to “pass.” If under Anglo-American slavery “the rape of a female slave was not a crime, but a mere trespass on the master’s property,” so in 1278 two Anglo-Normans brought into court and charged with raping Margaret O’Rorke were found not guilty because “the said Margaret is an Irishwoman.” If a law enacted in Virginia in 1723 provided that “manslaughter of a slave is not punishable,” so under Anglo-Norman law it sufficed for acquittal to show that the victim in a killing was Irish. Anglo-Norman priests granted absolution on the grounds that it was “no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog or any other brute.” If the Georgia Supreme Court ruled in 1851 that “the killing of a negro” was not a felony, but upheld an award of damages to the owner of an African-American bond-laborer murdered by another “white” man, so an English court freed Robert Walsh, an Anglo-Norman charged with killing John Mac Gilmore, because the victim was “a mere Irishman and not of free blood,” it being stipulated that “when the master of the said John shall ask damages for the slaying, he [Walsh] will be ready to answer him as the law may require.” If in 1884 the United States Supreme Court, citing much precedent authority, including the Dred Scott decision, declared that Indians were legally like immigrants, and therefore not citizens except by process of individual naturalization, so for more than four centuries, until 1613, the Irish were regarded by English law as foreigners in their own land. If the testimony of even free African-Americans was inadmissible, so in Anglo-Norman Ireland native Irish of the free classes were deprived of legal defense against English abuse because they were not “admitted to English law,” and hence had no rights that an Englishman was bound to respect.” 

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 **1851:** [Richard Francis Burton](#)'s SINDH, AND THE RACES THAT INHABIT THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS, a pioneering work in ethnology — a science that hadn't yet been invented.




 **1851:** Guess what, there was a sexual double standard — and it wasn't even the 20th Century yet! Up to this point in time, the statistic is that legislative [divorces](#) were being granted to just under 70% of (white) American husbands who had charged their (white) wives with having committed adultery with a black man but to only 55% of (white) American wives who had charged their (white) husbands with the keeping of a black mistress.

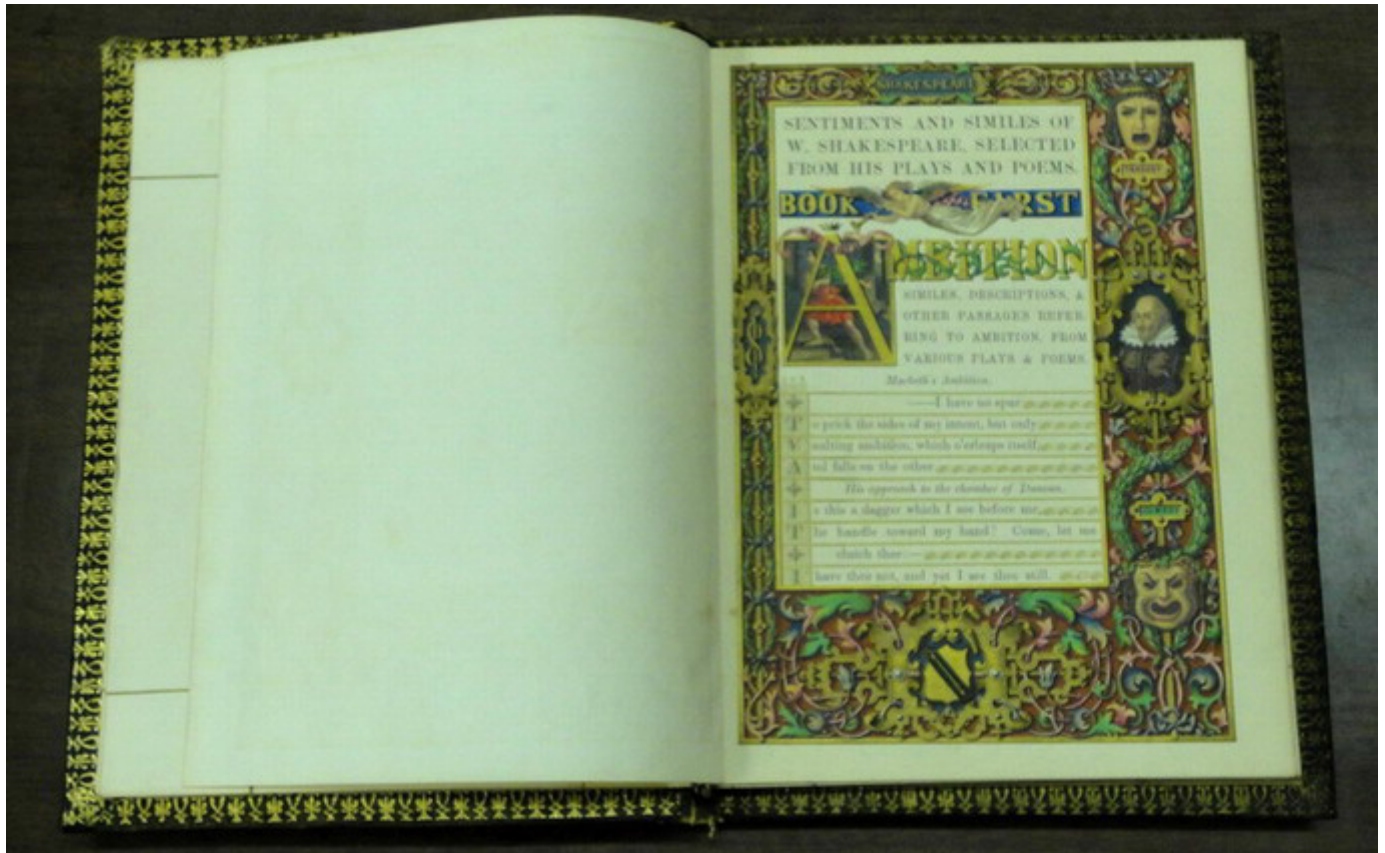
YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT EITHER THE REALITY OF TIME OVER THAT OF CHANGE, OR CHANGE OVER TIME — IT'S PARMENIDES, OR HERACLITUS. I HAVE GONE WITH HERACLITUS.

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 **1851:** This was the 1st year of a tuberculosis outbreak in Britain, where over the course of 5 years (1851-1855) some 250,000 would die.

William Dicks provided the firm of Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans with illustrations for Henry Noel Humphreys's SENTIMENTS AND SIMILES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A CLASSIFIED SELECTION OF SIMILES, DEFINITIONS, DESCRIPTIONS, AND OTHER REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE.



He displayed specimens of oil color printing from raised surfaces at the Great Exhibition in London's Crystal Palace. He relocated his offices in London, to 5 Old Fish Street.

Nathan Marsh of Cincinnati began to market a type of double stethoscope, made of india rubber, although his model really didn't work all that well.



"The advent of the stethoscope made it possible to unify tuberculosis."

— Doctor Jacalyn Duffin




“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,



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THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY

 **1851:** A Catskill farmer, Mark Carr, brought two ox-sleds of evergreen trees into New-York and managed to vend them all.

The Reverend Heinrich Christian Schwan, a recent immigrant from Hanover, Germany to Cleveland, Ohio (by way of Brazil in South America), set up a lighted and decorated [Christmas](#) tree in his Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church. When someone denounced this as heathen idolatry he took it down (in the Christmas season of 1852 his church would be able to erect a similar display without serious objection).

Escapism was obviously going to do well. The books of escapist reading were going to just fly off the bookstore shelves. Therefore [Susan B. Warner](#) published a 1st fiction entitled THE WIDE WIDE WORLD, using the *nom de plume* “Elizabeth Wetherell” so as not to interfere with her *haute* social standing. This American novel would be exceeded in popularity during its time only by [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#)’s [UNCLE TOM’S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY](#), which was being issued concurrently. The following commentary is from [Louisa May Alcott](#)’s [LITTLE WOMEN](#), OR, MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY, issued in [1868](#):

Jo spent the morning on the river with Laurie and the afternoon reading and crying over THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD, up in the apple tree.


THE ALCOTT FAMILY

In this novel, we may well note, a copy of “Parson” [Mason Locke Weems](#)’s LIFE AND MEMORABLE ACTIONS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON is given as a [Christmas](#) present.

GEORGE WASHINGTON


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 **1851:** In France during this decade [Pierre-Joseph Proudhon](#) would be being constantly being harassed by the authorities. In this year he was writing THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, elucidating his agrarian socialist theories.



 **1851:** The wealthy Massachusetts sculptor [Horatio Greenough](#) finally returned to his nation, to die, from his artists' colony in [Rome, Italy](#).

 **1851:** Squire [Samuel Hoar](#) represented [Harvard College](#) before the Massachusetts Legislature, and was credited by President James Walker with having “saved it.”

When the [Reverend Professor Francis Bowen](#) resigned as professor of history at [Harvard](#), [Richard Hildreth](#) applied for that post (his attacks on the “Cambridge party” probably had rendered this a hopeless pursuit; Harvard simply has never ever functioned, and presumably will never ever function, in any mode other than that of self-congratulation).

Late in this year, [William Elliott](#)'s son [William Elliott, Jr.](#) left [Harvard](#).

[Alfred Winslow Hosmer](#) was born in [Concord](#) to Nathan S. [Hosmer](#) and Sophia [Hosmer](#). He would have a younger brother Herbert W. [Hosmer](#).

At this point [Horace Rice Hosmer](#) gave up on the Democratic Party: “I voted for freedom **every time** until Hayes made me tired.”

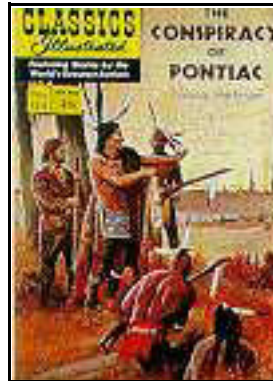
[James Kendall Hosmer](#) matriculated at [Harvard](#).

NEW “HARVARD MEN”

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➡ 1851: Professor [Francis Parkman](#)'s HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.



➡ 1851: [Arthur Schopenhauer](#)'s PARERGA UND PARALIPOMENA.



Is that Schopenhauer as a refrigerator magnet?

➡ 1851: The [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) needed to take in one of the Alcott daughters, [Abby May "May" Alcott](#), and in addition sent \$125.⁰⁰ to his sister [Mrs. Abigail \(May\) "Abba" Alcott](#) — to keep a roof over the head of that [Alcott family](#).



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➡ **1851:** A commercial Lake Erie fishing industry began out of Dunkirk, [New York](#) as [Irish](#) immigrant James Malony equipped a rowboat with gill nets and fashioned his own nets and rigging. Afterward the Johnson brothers would arrive from Fort Erie, Canada with a 26-foot sailing skiff and, again, homemade nets — they would rely on flat stones to weigh down their nets. At its peak this local protein gathering would employ more than 200.

➡ **1851:** In [New York](#)'s St. Lawrence County, along a 17-mile stretch of the Racket River, over the following decade 10 sawmills would be erected.

➡ **1851:** In [Batavia, New York](#), the Bank of the Genesee was reorganized as a national bank.

➡ **1851:** The brick Tioga County jail, containing 8 double cells, brick jailor's house, and brick barn, were erected at the center of the village of Owego, [New York](#) at a cost of about \$6,000. The jail, all of brick, were built in 1851, at a cost of about \$6,000.

➡ **1851:** [Giuseppe Mazzini](#) founded [Friends of Italy](#).

➡ **1851:** [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#) wrote 3 articles on squashes and pumpkins for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, 1851-1852. He also prepared an unpublished extensive manuscript on cucumbers, "the natural order Cucurbitaceae."

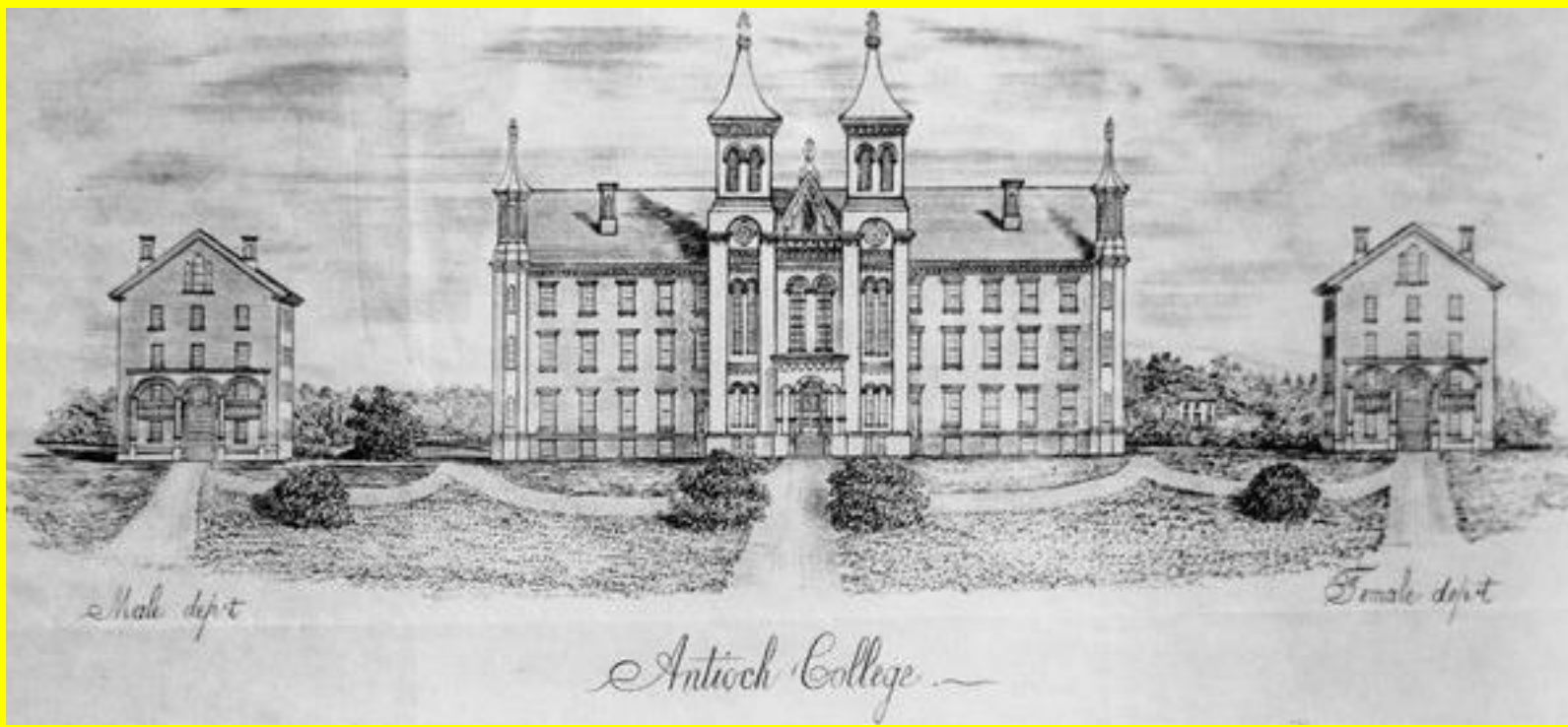


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1851: The sect known as “the Christians” (sometimes, “the Christian Connexion”) differed greatly from the Unitarians, in that they advocated conversion through Great Awakening-style revivals and emotionally charged prayer meetings. For much of their history this group had been hostile to the idea of allowing a ministerial education for their leaders. Opening their own institution of higher learning, to be known as [Antioch College](#) and to be located in Yellow Springs, [Ohio](#), was for them a big step into the unknown. One of the driving forces behind the new Christian college was an ambitious carpenter known as “the master-builder from Massachusetts,” Alpheus Marshall Merrifield. His considerable wealth, and his dedication to the sectarian cause, propelled him to the leadership of the college movement. As a major player at the convention in Marion, New York at which Antioch had been conceived, Merrifield had promised a donation of \$1,000 and been made the college’s first treasurer. He would receive the commission to design and build the main structures:



Alpheus Marshall Merrifield would have himself a great time as the pledges would seem to be pouring in like an unending torrent. Aren’t pledges the same as cash in the bank? The man refused to waste any of the money by hiring an accountant — God would provide. In the end, there being no particular records, the college wouldn’t even be able to figure out for sure, just how much money it owed.

[Horace Mann, Sr.](#) in becoming the first president of this new institution of learning, had obtained a prior agreement that a new house would be erected for him and his family and that he would be allowed to appoint Calvin and Rebecca Pennell to the faculty. He had been generally assured that the college was to be “determinedly nonsectarian,” but the more conservative members of the faculty would soon begin to suspect him of the thought crime of scheming to take their college Unitarian. Finances would be tricky, and Mann would manage to save his ass by succeeding in arranging a badly needed cash transfusion courtesy of the Reverend Henry Whitney Bellows, then of the First Unitarian Church of New York, and Dr. Rufus Phineas Stebbins. Evidently the conservatives and the doctrinaires, since he was meeting the payroll with the help of



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his Unitarian contacts, were willing to ease up on him for awhile.

In [Oberlin, Ohio](#), the 1st Union School House, a two-story, graded school, was erected on Professor Street (the original schoolhouse, purchased by Elizure Leonard, would be moved to 73 South Main Street). The [Reverend Charles Grandison Finney](#), professor of theology, would serve as [Oberlin College](#)'s president until 1866.

[Sallie Holley](#) graduated from [Oberlin College](#). While in college she had met Caroline Putnam, who would be her lifelong companion. She would become a traveling lecturer for the American Anti-Slavery Society:

“How much happier and richer my life has been than I ever expected it would be.”



At that time an experiment had begun at Yellow Springs which interested me deeply — coeducation of young men and women. The sect called “Christians” had built a college there, naming it “Antioch,” but their enterprise having failed, the building was purchased by the Unitarians and the institution placed under the Hon. Horace Mann.... Early in 1858 I visited Yellow Springs, stopping at its one inn, in which the only other guest was a beautiful woman, and one of rare intellectual power. She was the only one left of “Memnona,”⁹⁵ a community which had built the house converted to an inn.... Next morning (Sunday) I heard an eloquent discourse by President Mann in the college chapel, and excellent music from a well-trained choir of students. Horace Mann was radical in politics and a rationalist in religion, his friend and prophet being Emerson. The Puritan survived in his ethics and was evoked by the proximity of “Memnona,” founded by the once famous Dr. T.L. Nichols. Although the community had dissolved, probably because of Horace Mann’s denunciations, he was still excited on the subject.... The fear then was that there would be too much courtship, and rash marriages....



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

VOLUME II

95. When [Mann](#) termed Memnona “the superfecundation of diabolism upon polygamy,” we are left to wonder what animosity he was struggling to express.

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➡ 1851: This was the approximate year of freedom for Sophia, 4th child of [Sojourner Truth](#), whom she had carried with her as a baby when she had voted with her feet at the end of 1826. (A process of mandatory indenture had been utilized in New York State to effectively extend the condition of servitude of young slaves, after they had on the 4th of July 1827 received their formal [manumission](#) papers.)

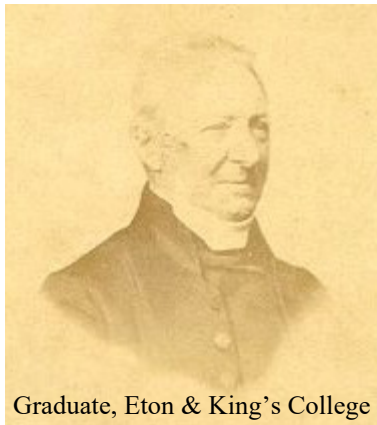
Those of us who take an interest in this sort of thing will be fascinated by a document dating to this year:



It is the Certificate of Freedom of one Harriet Bolling of Petersburg, Virginia, a 42-year-old woman of mixed descent who had in 1842 been [manumitted](#) by James Bolling. Although freeborn blacks could stay in Virginia, emancipated slaves were being required by law to leave the state. Notwithstanding, the court issued this certificate to allow Bolling specifically “to remain in this Commonwealth and reside in Petersburg.” –That was pretty damn white of him! –She must have been pretty white! –Was she, perhaps, Mr. Bolling’s daughter?

➡ 1851: It has been related that in London, when in this year [Archbishop of Canterbury John Bird Sumner](#) had an opportunity to meet the [Reverend Josiah Henson](#), a polite piece of conversation ensued: “From which university did you graduate?”

The Reverend Henson is reported to have responded politely, but not putting too fine a point on it, “The U. of Adversity.”



Graduate, Eton & King’s College



Graduate, University of Adversity

(Is this merely one of those just-so stories, that are so excellent that someone absolutely had to invent it? The Reverend Henson did indeed tour England being admired as the model for the character “Uncle Tom,” but strangely enough, in the two biographies that have been written about this Archbishop of Canterbury, both leave unmentioned the privilege of the good Archbishop having being able to schmooze with the original “Uncle Tom”!)

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"It is simply crazy that there should ever have come into being a world with such a sin in it, in which a man is set apart because of his color – the superficial fact about a human being. Who could **want** such a world? For an American fighting for his love of country, that the last hope of earth should from its beginning have swallowed slavery, is an irony so withering, a justice so intimate in its rebuke of pride, as to measure only with God."

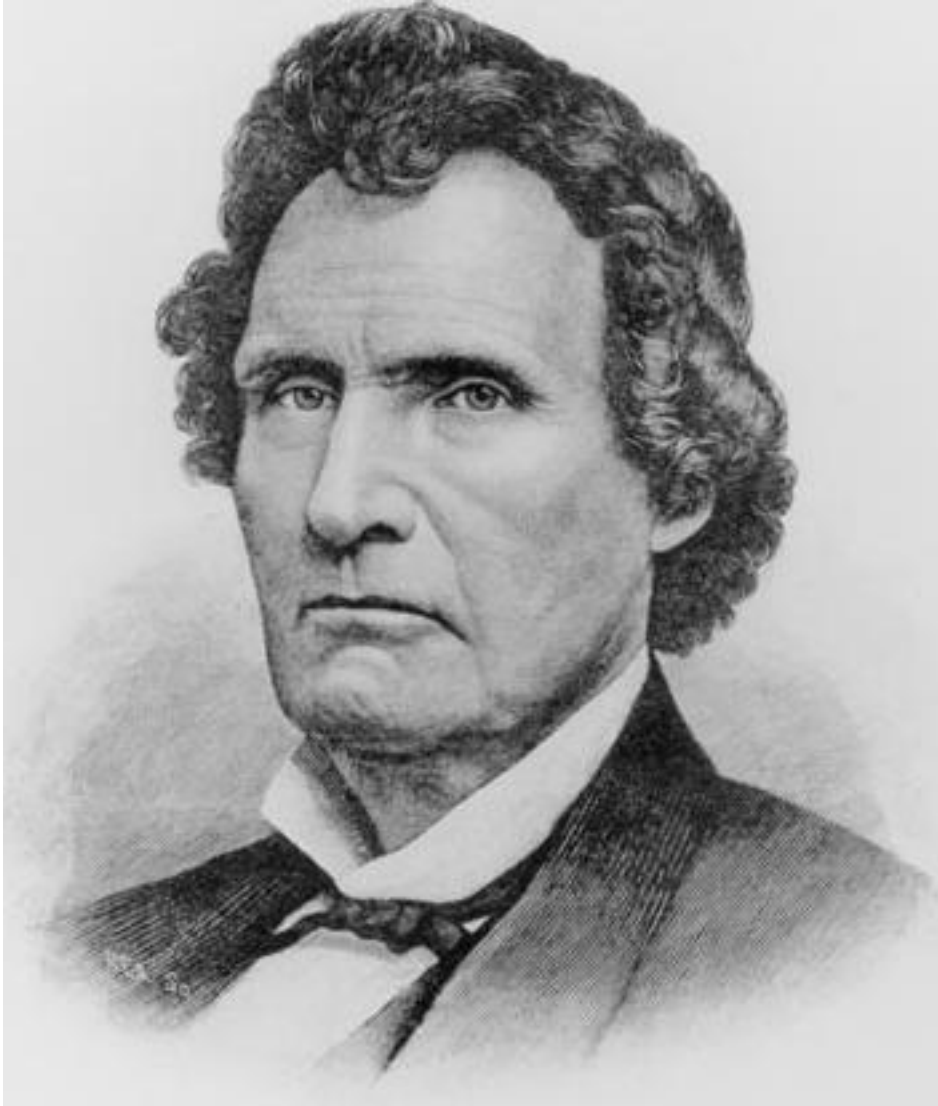
– Stanley Cavell, MUST WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY?
1976, page 141

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 **1851:** [Benjamin Wade](#), who had joined the Republican Party, was elected to the US Senate and would ally with other anti-slavery activists such as [Thaddeus Stevens](#) and [Charles Sumner](#). Over the next few years he



would be playing an active role in the campaign against the Fugitive Slave Act and the Kansas-Nebraska Act.




 **1851:** Editor Richard K. Crallé began to put out THE WORKS OF [JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN](#) in 6 volumes (series completed 1856, reissued 1968).


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HISTORY OF RR

 **1851:** As a remote consequence of the [Irish](#) ecological disaster, the “[Potato Famine](#),” labor was cheap in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Rather than build a railroad trestle an experiment in massive construction was therefore undertaken. An enormous earthen berm would be constructed up the side of a mountain above the town, a switchback curve of packed earth to be known as “the horseshoe,” one that would make expensive materials for this trestle structure unnecessary. By using earth, the entire cost could be the cheaper labor cost. This earthwork would be 2,000 feet long and would enable a locomotive-pulled train to ascend 122 feet in altitude. Choo-choo. Some 450 immigrants from County Cork were recruited on promises of \$0.²⁵ per day of labor.⁹⁶ At one point conditions in the labor camp were causing such an uproar among contending factions of the Irish that the local militia was called upon, to hustle 33 “prisoners” away.

HISTORY OF RR

 **1851:** The opening of the New York/Hudson River RR link between [New-York](#) harbor and Albany spelled the doom of the Hoosac Tunnel project of the Fitchburg RR — although Boston’s investors would not become adequately aware of that fact for another decade of pouring money into a very difficult hole in the ground.

 **1851:** The 1st stationhouse constructed for the Baltimore & Ohio RR –which had been the original one in America– was at this point replaced by a new station.⁹⁷


HISTORY OF RR

96. That’s moving dirt cheap, to coin a phrase, taking into consideration that one might expect to earn \$0.⁷⁵ to \$1.⁰⁰ a day in Concord during this period for labor such as shoveling manure and erecting fences. However, when the transcontinental railroad project would get to the point of building the grade up out of Omaha, Nebraska after the Civil War, it would be found to be possible to induce native American women, who had fewer alternatives even than Irish men (!), to carry baskets of dirt from place to place for a mere \$0.¹⁵ per day of labor.

97. The parking lot of the B&O company museum that was opened in 1952 is over the site of this original station and it is this replacement station built in 1851 which now serves as that exhibit’s entrance hall.

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 **1851:** Nathan Henry Barrett, son of a [Concord](#) farmer, Francis Charles Browne, son of a [Concord](#) merchant, and William Watson Goodwin, son of a [Concord](#) minister, graduated from [Harvard College](#). Goodwin would become a professor of Greek.⁹⁸

NEW "HARVARD MEN"

The town of [Concord](#) constructed its present town offices on the square alongside the courthouse (the new building was done in brick in the Italianate style). In 1849, a fire had destroyed the Middlesex County Courthouse on the lot just to the northwest of the present Town House site (22 Monument Square). When that County Courthouse had been rebuilt, the town of Concord found to its surprise that although since 1721 they had been being allowed to hold their annual Town Meeting in the County building's large courtroom, that tradition was not considered by the County to extend to its new structure. Funds for a larger [Concord Town House](#), one that could house the annual Town Meeting, were therefore allocated in 1850, and the town purchased from John Shepard Keyes for \$1,200 the property on which his law office stood. The older, smaller Concord Town House had been disposed of by auction as superfluous, the high bidder being Keyes (he relocated the structure to what is now 15 Monument Street). John M. Cheney chaired a building committee that retained Boston architect Richard Bond. The plans called for a downstairs devoted to a schoolroom for the high school and another for the intermediate school and for an upstairs floor for town offices, a safe for town records, and a room for Concord's 1st public library (known as the Town Library). This structure would cost \$30,000. The town school preparing local students for college was therefore relocated in this year from the [Town School](#) building across the square.

COURTHOUSE



TOWN HOUSE



The Town Library upstairs at the [Concord Town House](#) would prove so popular that in 1860 its space would be expanded into part of the intermediate school room downstairs, with the high school room divided for the use of both classes. The high school would be moved to its own building in the early 1860s, whereupon the downstairs would be used for the armory and a dance hall that could be hired by private parties. In 1879/1880 the Town House would be expanded by adding to its rear. This new space would provide rooms subsidiary to the large open hall upstairs, such "water and other closets" so that for the 1st time the visitors and employees and officials would not need to go to a privy outside, plus a room described as being for the use of "females on social occasions." In 1888 the armory would be moved into its own building on Walden Street, and the Town House would come to house the Police Department, the water, sewer, and electric light offices, and offices for the Town Clerk and Assessors.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would report, in "Reading":

98. LL.D. 1891; Ph. D. Göttingen 1855; Ph.D. (Hon.) Göttingen 1905; LL.D. Amherst 1881, Cambr. 1883, Columbia 1887, Edinb. 1890, Univ. Chicago 1901, Yale 1901; D.C.L. Oxford 1890; Eliot Prof. Greek Literature 1860-1901; Eliot Prof., Emeritus 1901-1912; Overseer 1903-1909; Director Am.S. Class. Studies at Athens 1882-1883; Pres. Am. Acad.; Memb. Am. Philos. Soc., Mass. Hist. Soc.; Hon. Memb. Acad. Sci. (Athens); Kt. Ord. Redeemer (Greece).



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[following screen]



WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music - philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

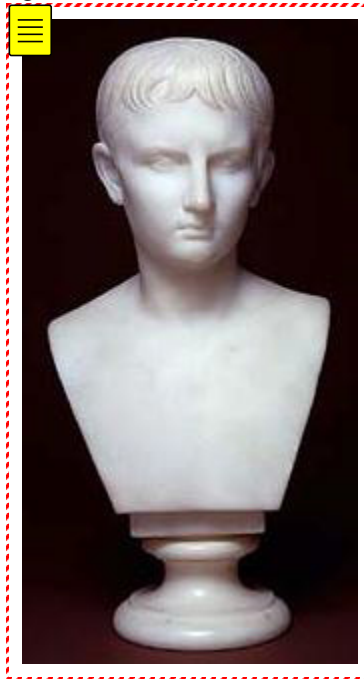
PETER ABÉLARD

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➡ **1851:** The Merino woolens mill in [Providence, Rhode Island](#) that had burned in 1841 would be being rebuilt from this year into 1853, by the Franklin Manufacturing Company. Instead of the woolen goods that had been being produced, the new mill would produce cotton goods. (In the 1890s nearly 300 workers in this mill would be making shoelaces and similar items for the greater glory of the Joslin Braiding Company, and then in 1930 the Lincoln Lace and Braid Company would take over the mill buildings — that would at some point be abandoned, and in 1994 would be torched by vandals.)

➡ **1851:** During this decade the Chaces would move to Valley Falls, where [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#) would be giving birth to 5 more children to replace the 5 she had to this point lost to illness — bearing her last infant indeed at the ripe age of 46— while keeping the anti-slavery crusade alive.



➡ **1851:** The Roman [Catholic](#) Sisters of Mercy established St. Aloysius Home in their convent on Claverick Street in [Providence, Rhode Island](#) near the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. (By 1862 this orphanage —the oldest continuous social welfare agency in the diocese— would be occupying a better building, on Prairie Avenue.)

At the [Yearly Meeting School](#) on top of the hill, a barn had burned down and was replaced with one built of stone. Board and tuition stood at \$72 per year per young scholar, plus a surcharge for the occasional non-[Quaker](#) pupil. The school staff and the scholars began a practice of walking down the hill to the Providence meetinghouse at the corner of North Main Street and Meeting Street, for worship both at a Sunday afternoon worship and at a Midweek worship (presumably, non-Quaker scholars would have been exempted from this).

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➡ 1851: In [Rhode Island](#), Philip Allen was in charge. The General Assembly offered a blueprint for reform by promulgating a report by Thomas Hazard on the status and treatment of the poor and insane. It became possible to commit patients to the [Butler Hospital](#) for the Insane in [Providence](#) against their will. (It should be born in mind that this hospital was never guilty of the more coercive restraints. It was able to maintain a patient population of 100-150 while using restraints only once — on an inmate who could not be dissuaded from trying to open a self-inflicted wound.)

ASYLUM

➡ 1851: The [USS Constitution](#) would be laid up in [New-York](#) harbor “in ordinary and repair” until March 1853, when it would be sent out as the flagship of the African Squadron.



➡ 1851: [John Ruskin](#)'s PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

From 1851 through 1853: [John Ruskin](#)'s THE STONES OF VENICE.

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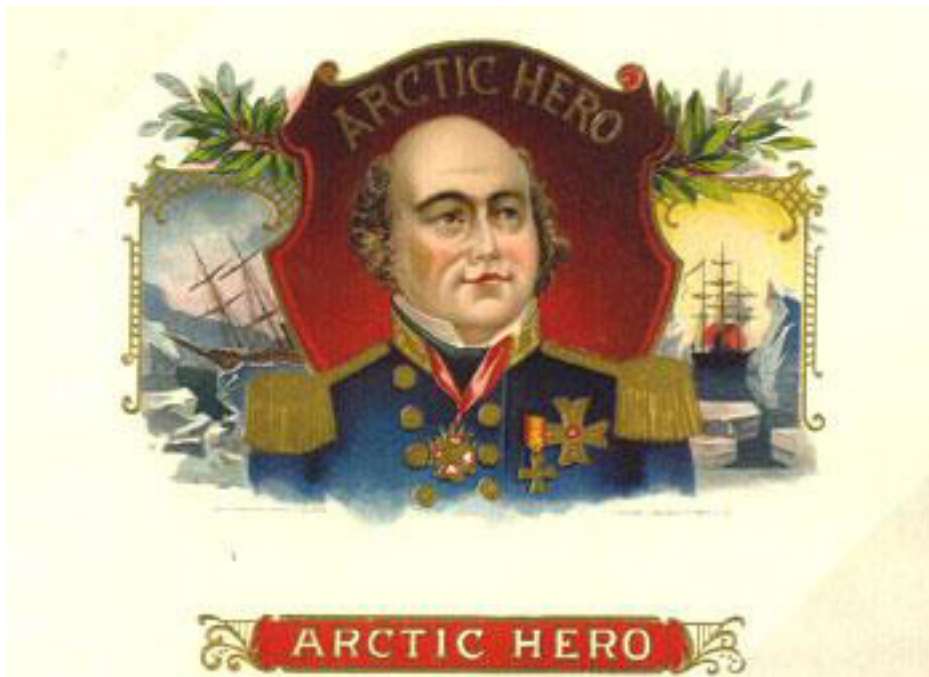
1851: Sir [George Back](#) served on the Admiralty's Arctic committee, which met to investigate the conduct of Horatio Austin and William Penny on their respective expeditions.

Joseph Despard Pemberton was appointed Surveyor for the Colony of Vancouver Island.

CARTOGRAPHY

In this year and the next there would be no fewer than 6 expeditions involving 15 ships, commanded by "as noble a band of officers as ever volunteered for a service of peril," looking for the frozen Franklin. Often these ships would be within hailing distance of one another as they negotiated the northern passage of the "middle ice" in Baffin Bay, while on their race for the summer opening of the Wellington Channel. Joseph René Bellot set off to honor [Lady Jane Franklin](#)'s desire to find the frozen asset of her husband, [Sir John Franklin](#), in the sunk cost of his expedition:

Poor Woman! If you could have read my heart you would have seen how much the somewhat egotistical desire of making an extraordinary voyage has been succeeded in me by a real ardour and genuine passion for the end we aim at. "I must supply your mother's place"; you said, as you inquired into the details of my equipment. Well then, I will be for you a son, and have the inexhaustible devoutness of a son who is in search of his father; and what human strength can do, I will do.



Bellot would drown in Wellington Channel.

"Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is?"

— [Henry Thoreau](#)


1850-1851**1850-1851**

Stephen Pearce was commissioned by Colonel John Barrow, to paint a painting that is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, entitled "The Arctic Council Discussing the Plan of Search for Sir John Franklin." An engraving of this painting would be published in 1853, and a photograph would also be made of this painting, reduced to microscopic size. This microphotograph would be made by an optician/microscope maker/inventor, John Benjamin Dancer of Manchester, England. The figures depicted in the painting and the engraving, and on Dancer's microscopic photographic slide image shown below, include Captain Bird, Sir Charles Ross, [Sir John Richardson](#), and Colonel John Barrow, a Secretary at the Admiralty:

**THE FROZEN NORTH**

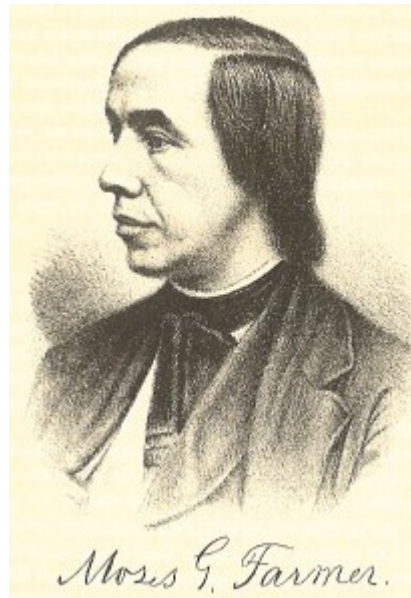
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 [1851: Telegraph](#) lines were in this year being extended across the Mississippi River.

A cultural crossover point was being approached: according to the superintendent of a [telegraph](#) line that had been installed between [Wall Street](#) and [Boston](#), “The telegraph is used by commercial men to almost as great an extent as the mail.”

[William Francis Channing](#) presented a “Communication respecting a system of fire alarms” to the [Boston](#) City Council. The city government appropriated funds for the construction of a fire alarm system based upon the scheme he had devised in conjunction with a self-effacing [telegraph](#) engineer of Salem, Moses Gerrish Farmer.⁹⁹



99. In 1859 at 11 Pearl Street in Salem, Massachusetts, the parlor of Moses Gerrish Farmer would be the 1st domestic living space in the world to be illuminated by means of incandescent lightbulbs in which the platinum filaments were powered by [electricity](#) (this inventor was singularly unsuited for the world of business, it being decidedly against his religion to seek any personal benefit from God-given talents such as inventiveness and creativity — but singularly well suited to be a working partner for a person such as Channing who stood ever ready to receive personal profit from anything whatever).

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The 3d example from the left below is the actual [telegraph](#)-line insulator that was submitted by [Charles Goodyear](#) to the US patent office in this year, as manufactured by the Condam Company (the other examples have been collected from various telegraph lines strung across the American landscape):



➡ **1851:** The term “scientist” had 1st appeared in 1840. In this year the term “science fiction” was coined, more or less, by the sometimes poet [William Wilson](#), in Chapter 10 of A LITTLE EARNEST BOOK UPON A GREAT OLD SUBJECT; WITH THE STORY OF THE POET-LOVER: “Science-Fiction, in which the revealed truths of Science may be given interwoven with a pleasing story which may itself be poetical and true.” (Mr. Wilson’s “great old subject” was poetry. He was one of the very few confidants to whom [Robert Chambers](#) had confessed the authorship of the anonymous 1844 VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.)

➡ **1851:** [Friend Edward Hicks](#)’s posthumous MEMOIRS contained a declaration in this year in regard to painting that may surprise you; the dead artist/minister expressed what was a very typical attitude of the Quakers of that period in general toward the fine arts in general: “If the Christian world was in the real spirit of Christ, I do not believe there would be such a thing as a fine painter in Christendom. It appears clearly to me to be one of those trifling, insignificant arts, which has never been of any substantial advantage to mankind. But as the inseparable companion of voluptuousness and pride, it has presaged the downfall of empires and kingdoms; and in my view stands now enrolled among the premonitory symptoms of the rapid decline of the American Republic.”¹⁰⁰

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Although Wilson Armistead had diddly-squat new information (and virtually zero old information, if truth be told), in Volume VI of his supposedly authoritative [SELECT MISCELLANIES, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES AND SUFFERINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS; WITH ACCORDANT SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT AND PIOUS INDIVIDUALS OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, AND A VARIETY OF INFORMATION PARTICULARLY INTERESTING TO FRIENDS](#), he was unable to refrain from introducing yet a further “improvement” on the [fake news](#) “[Fierce Feathers](#)” fantasy of Easton monthly meeting — because, that’s what such people do!

QUAKER FAKELORE

100. MEMOIRS, as quoted in Carolyn Weekley’s THE KINGDOMS OF EDWARD HICKS (Williamsburg VA: Colonial Williamsburg/Abrams, 1999), page 30

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המוסיף על הצריך גורם לחיסרון - סנהדרין כט, א

- Babylonian TALMUD (Talmud Bavli)
created in the 3d to 6th Centuries CE
in what is now Iraq warns (Sanhedrin 29)
"adding to the truth subtracts from it."



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 [1851: Frank Blackwell Mayer](#) made two preliminary sketches of Mary Nancy “Goddess” Eastman.¹⁰¹



A son was born to *Wamdetanka* “Big Eagle” at his village *Kaposia* “Not Encumbered By Much Baggage” across the Mississippi River from what would become St. Paul¹⁰² in what would become [Minnesota](#).¹⁰³ This boy, [Taoyateduta](#) “Our Red Nation”¹⁰⁴ would become the 5th in the [Little Crow](#) dynasty that had begun with *Wamdetanka*’s father *Chatanwakoowamani* “He Walks After a Hawk.” The Dakota politician and negotiator would become known to whites by the title of the dynasty, “Little Crow.”



Kaposia was sketched by [Frank Blackwell Mayer](#) in 1851

101. *Wakantankanwin* would die after childbirth at about age 28, in 1858.

102. But was at that time known as *Iminijaska* “White Rocks” because of the 80-foot high bluffs of white sandstone along the curve of the river, and would become known temporarily to the intrusives as “Pigs Eye” because of the facial deformity of one Pierre Parrant, a whiskey trader.

103. But was identified at various times as part of the Louisiana Territory, part of the [Kansas Territory](#), part of the Iowa territory, part of the Oregon Territory, part of the Wisconsin Territory, etc., depending on who had what axe to grind.

104. He would later assume the title of his headman father, “Little Crow.”

HDT

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1851: In this year in Boston, Dr. William P. Channing and Moses Gerrish were installing the 1st electric fire alarm. Such an alarm wouldn't have helped, at Public School #26 in Greenwich Village on [Manhattan Island](#), as there wasn't a fire there but instead a fire panic. The problem was that the exit doors opened inward. The panicked children piled up inside these doors, and 40 suffocated. (This is why, now, all exit doors must open out.)



FIRE

At the [Library of Congress](#), in this year, a fire destroyed thousands of volumes including 2/3ds of the books the Congress had purchased from needy ex-president [Thomas Jefferson](#) in 1814. The Congress would have to appropriate \$100,000 for the purchase of new books and the creation of a fireproof room at the Library. Too bad about that Library of Congress in [Washington DC](#), huh?
-It should have been in Boston, under the care of our Dr. Channing!



FIRE



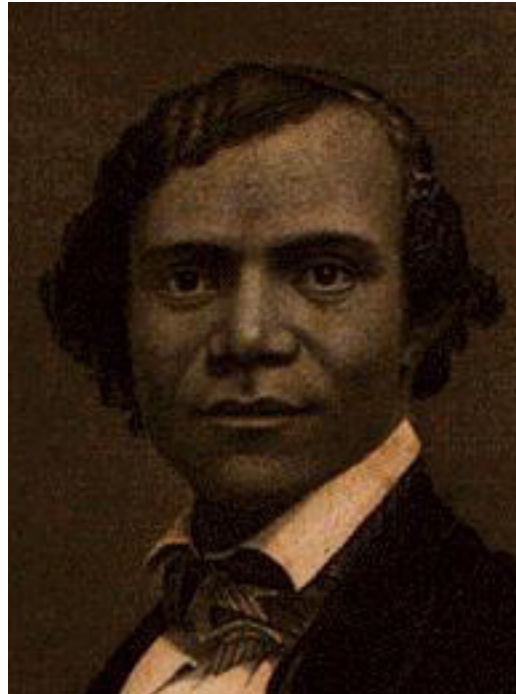
1851: [Thomas Chandler Haliburton](#)'s THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA, and his RULE AND MISRULE IN ENGLISH AMERICA.

Despite what seems a total lack of preparatory coursework in chemistry, [Henry Youle Hind](#) joined Trinity College's medical faculty as Professor of Chemistry.

A North American Convention was held at the St. Lawrence Hall in [Toronto](#), with anti-slavery leaders from across the U.S. and [Canada](#) West in attendance, to discuss emigration and other issues. An Anti-Slavery Society of [Canada](#), interracial, was founded in [Toronto](#) (subsequently, branches would be formed in other areas of Ontario as well). Upon passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, [Henry Bibb](#) had fled with his 2d wife, [Mary Miles Bibb](#), to near Windsor, Ontario (a town then called "Sandwich" in what was then termed "[Canada](#) West") were creating a Refugees' Home Colony for escaped slaves, while they were publishing a newspaper, [The Voice of](#)

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the Fugitive.

VOICE OF THE FUGITIVE.

HENRY BIBB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WINDSOR, C. W., MAY 6, 1852.

[Harriet Tubman](#) moved to [St. Catharines, Canada](#) West. This would become the center for her anti-slavery activities for the following 7 years.

[Mary Ann Shadd](#) at this point had been teaching in New-York, and she attended a meeting with her father in [Toronto](#) to discuss black immigration to [Canada](#). She and her brother Isaac Shadd decided to emigrate with [Henry Bibb](#), disregarding the fact that the Bibbs were the diametric opposite of determined “integrationists” like herself — they were determined “separatists.”

Christian Olbey has pointed out in “Unfolded Hands: Class Suicide and the Insurgent Intellectual Praxis of Mary Ann Shadd” ([Canadian Review of American Studies](#) — Issue 30:2, 2000) that Canada’s profession of hospitality toward fleeing US blacks was more a phenomenon of self-congratulation than of any real hospitality. Although during the early decades of the 19th Century, Canada did advertise itself as welcoming fugitives from US slavery (in fact, Lieutenant Governor Sir John Colborne responded to a prospective group of fugitives seeking refuge from the imposition of the draconian “black codes” in Cincinnati in this manner: “Tell the Republicans on your side of the line that we do not know men by their color... If you come to us, you will be entitled to all of the privileges of the rest of his majesty’s subjects”), this had more to do with the perceived need of white Canadians to construct for themselves a national identity than with “any lasting concern for the plight of human beings trapped under the threat of enslavement, or any actual desire to receive a substantial fugitive emigration. As the threat enacted in the Fugitive Slave Law made Black life in the northern states much more dangerous, the growing numbers and increasing visibility of fugitives began to strain the self-congratulatory ‘hospitality’ of Canadians, and foregrounded the antagonism between the ideal

1850-1851**1850-1851**

of Black freedom and the reality of Black presence.” At this point, in a letter printed in the [Toronto Colonist](#) newspaper, a fear was expressed that the blacks were “coming rather too fast for the good of the Province. People may talk about the horrors of slavery as much as they choose; but fugitive slaves are by no means a desirable class of immigrants for Canada, especially when they come in large numbers.”

[Mary Ann Shadd](#) was, therefore, in moving to [Canada](#), positioning herself between a whole bunch of Canadian whites who were not exactly eager for her presence and a few influential Canadian blacks to whom her politics were anathema. There was going to be trouble, big trouble.




However, that was the future and this was the present. In this year the shipbuilding location known as [Chatham](#), where these events would transpire, was incorporating as a village.

1850-1851

1850-1851




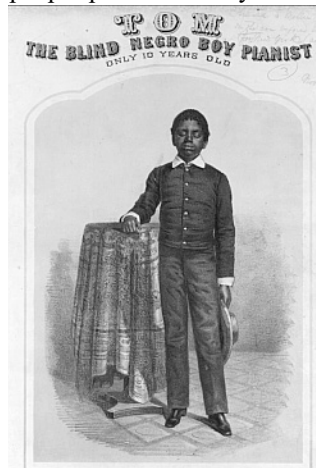
 **1851:** The machinery for the cotton mills of [Holyoke](#) was beginning to be manufactured.

The hut atop 960-foot Mount Holyoke was replaced by a hotel that offered telescopic views, reachable by a tramway.


1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** The Wiggins family of [slaves](#) (including the 2-year-old [Thomas Greene Wiggins](#) who would achieve fame as “[Blind Tom](#)”) was purchased at auction by “Colonel” (or “General”) James Neill Bethune, a veteran of the Mexican War, a practicing attorney at law, and a newspaper editor at the [Columbus Times](#)— who would over his lifetime be able to profit most handsomely from the income Thomas would unexpectedly be able to generate in a long series of piano concerts and demeaning stage performances.¹⁰⁵ This piece of human property, this black pianist and mimic billed as “Blind Tom,” would be offered to the general public as an idiot. As the most popular American pianist of the second half of the 19th Century by far, the “idiot” would gross an incredible hundred thousand dollars a year, which in our era would be the equivalent of better than a million and a half per year — but these vast sums of money would never be for his own pocket but only for the pockets of the white people who were in charge of his existence. Then, when he would die after a stroke at the age of 59 after having in indignation having begun to refuse to give performances, his body would be disposed of and of course forgotten in an unmarked pauper plot in Brooklyn.



THOMAS GREENE WIGGINS

 **1851:** [Jenny Lind](#), upon a visit to Paradise Pond in [Northampton](#), is supposed to have commented, according to Frances Cavanah’s *JENNY LIND’S AMERICA* (Chilton Book Company, 1969), that “I think that Paradise Pond is well named. But . . . I’d call all of it Paradise. The Paradise of America.”¹⁰⁶ When an inquiry was made about this attribution, in 1988, Ellise Feeley of the Reference Department of the local public (Forbes) library commented matter-of-factly “If Jenny didn’t say it she should have.”




105. This Bethune also would happen to be the publisher, at the [Cornerstone](#), who would first suggest the possibility of the South’s secession from the American union.


106. Jenny was in town to sing at the old First Church.

1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** In [New Bedford](#), Friend [Sarah Rotch Arnold](#) donated a home she had inherited to the Port Society for use as a mariners' home (this edifice still stands as such on Johnny Cake Hill next to the Seamens Bethel and across from the Whaling Museum).




 **1851:** [William Lloyd Still](#) was elected chairman of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia. He would hold the position for ten years.



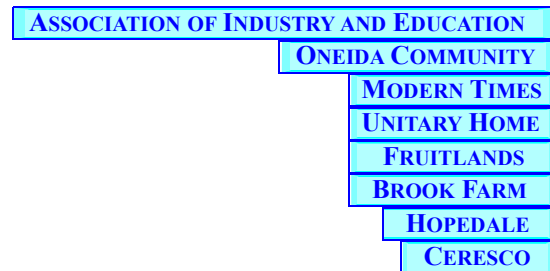
1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** A visitor to the [North American Phalanx](#) of Red Bank, [New Jersey](#) was surprised to meet there not only an ex-resident of the [Hopedale](#) community but also an ex-Shaker.


Communal and Utopian Startups

Period	Startups
1841-1845	47
1846-1850	13
1851-1855	14



1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** In [China](#), the process of selecting an official group of concubines for the new emperor Hsien Feng was well under way. Various eligible pubescents from Manchu clans had been sponsored by their families for this honor. The nominees had been most carefully screened for appropriateness, virginity, politeness, cultivation, etc. Even though this was the 1st year of mourning for the old emperor Tao Kuang, the maidens who had made the short list, some 20 or 30 of them, were summoned to the Forbidden City and presented to Hsien Feng's stepmother. She would be spending this year, winnowing the group down to those girls whose company she especially enjoyed. Among this group would be a 16-year-old from the Yehenara clan, whom for convenience we can refer to now as the Lady Yehenara although eventually she would be known to those of us who are Westerners as "Suzy," or . 慈禧



The Growth of the White Community in Shanghai



1844	50
1846	134
1848	159
1849	175
1850	210
1851	265
1854	250
1860	569
1865	5,129 (due to foreign troops fighting the <u>Taipings</u>)

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



1850-1851

1850-1851



1851: Charles's THE RACES OF MAN was republished in London. On page 394 of this tome he had reported on the domestic cats of [Zanzibar](#):



WALDEN: It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some "Symmes' Hole" by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travellers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

CAT

SYMME'S HOLE

"THE OLD PHILOSOPHER"

1850-1851

1850-1851

 [1851](#): The Washington Monument, as of this year:



(After the [US Civil War](#), when construction would resume, they would discover that all the granite of that color was gone from the quarry, and they would need to continue the monument skyward using stone of a slightly different hue. Ever afterward, when photographers would take pictures of the monument, they would try to have the branch of a cherry tree extend across its midsection, in order to obscure the line between the 1st sort of stone and the 2d sort.)

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



1850-1851

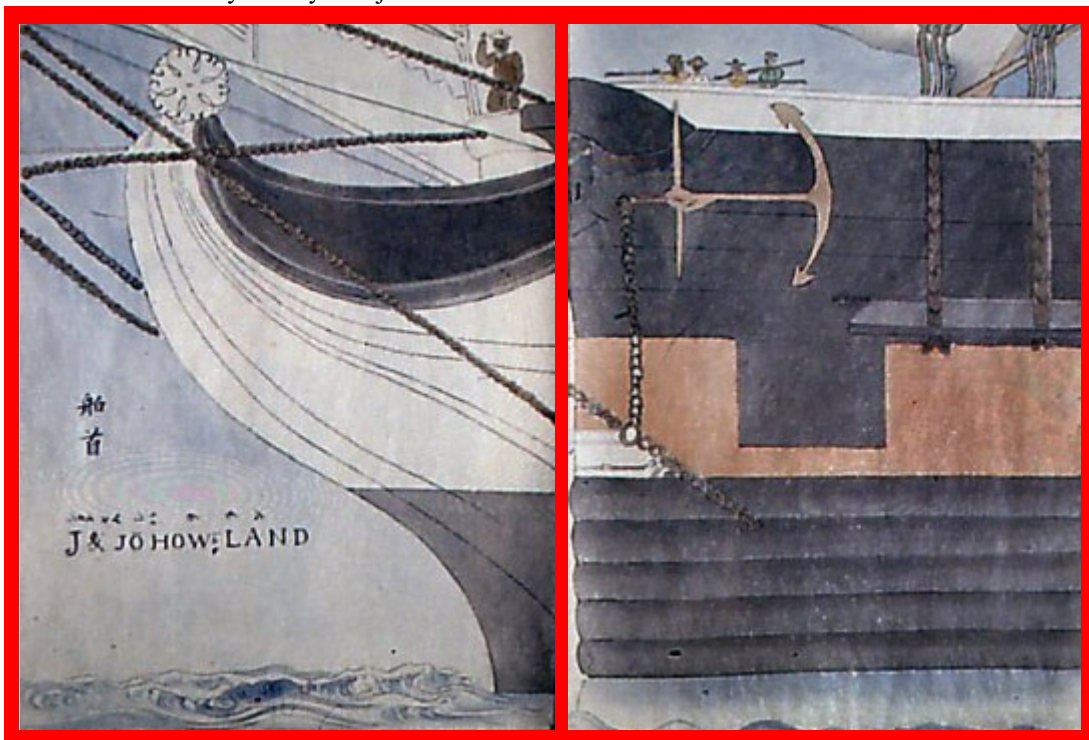
1850-1851

➡ 1851: John Manjiro sailed from California to the Sandwich Isles and then from Hawaii on across the Pacific Ocean, first to Okinawa and then to Nagasaki. He was of course arrested and interrogated, since Japan had had an official isolation policy for several centuries, but rather than beheading him the Shogunate would release him, and allow him to spend 3 nights in the home of his mother.



JOHN MANJIRO

The Shogunate kept a careful record of his interrogation, which would in 1918 be presented to the town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts by the Japanese ambassador to the US. The interrogation record included some artwork which evidently was by Manjiro himself.








1850-1851

1850-1851

Table of Altitudes

	2' 0 "
Lavinia Warren	2' 8 "
Tom Thumb, Jr.	3' 4 "
Lucy (Australopithecus Afarensis)	3' 8 "
Hervé Villechaize ("Fantasy Island")	3' 11"
Charles Proteus Steinmetz	4' 0 "
Mary Moody Emerson per FBS (1)	4' 3 "
Alexander Pope	4' 6 "
Benjamin Lay	4' 7 "
Dr. Ruth Westheimer	4' 7 "
 Coleman ("Arnold Jackson")	4' 8 "
Erin Piaf	4' 8 "
Queen Victoria with osteoporosis	4' 8 "
Linda Hunt	4' 9 "
Queen Victoria as adult	4' 10 "
Mother Teresa	4' 10 "
Margaret Mitchell	4' 10 "
length of newer military musket	4' 10"
Charlotte Brontë	4' 10-11"
Tammy Faye Bakker	4' 11"
Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut	4' 11"
jockey Willie Shoemaker	4' 11"
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec	4' 11"
Joan of Arc	4' 11"
Bonnie Parker of "Bonnie & Clyde"	4' 11"
Harriet Beecher Stowe	4' 11"
Laura Ingalls Wilder	4' 11"
 her tall adult Pygmy male	4' 11"
Gloria Swanson	4' 11"1/2
Clara Barton	5' 0 "
Isambard Kingdom Brunel	5' 0 "
Andrew Carnegie	5' 0 "
Thomas de Quincey	5' 0 "
Dorothy Wordsworth	5' 0 "
Stephen A. Douglas	5' 0 "
Danny DeVito	5' 0 "
Immanuel Kant	5' 0 "
William Wilberforce	5' 0 "
Dollie Parton	5' 0 "
Mae West	5' 0 "

1850-1851

1850-1851

→ October 1851: Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze's painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware," with in its very center, with full frontal exposure, the sword that would be captured by Captain John Brown in Virginia in 1859, went on display in New-York, where some 50,000 people viewed it.¹⁰⁷



AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Leutze had painted this subject in 1850 but then the painting had been damaged during a fire in his studio. Subsequently this original would be restored and it would wind up in a museum in Germany where it would be destroyed during a bombing raid by the Allies in World War II (but a 2d version is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).



← George Washington's sword (in the above Leutze painting).

→ 1851: At just about this point in her life Louisa May Alcott would have been attaining her full adult height of 5 feet 6 inches (rather tall for a woman as indicated on the following screen).

[next screen]

107. In the famous Leutze painting, General Washington is depicted as standing up in a rowboat. This is imaginative, and was chosen by the painter over depicting Washington on horseback (the army ferried over the river not in rowboats, but in entirely unpicturesque high-sided barges). You will note a black soldier rowing the boat. The actual black person on the scene would have been Washington's manservant (slave) who traveled with him, but the myth that has developed is that this is a depiction of an African who had been an African prince and his parents had sent him to America to go to college. This was an actual person who actually was in that army, but it is not known that he was ever close to Washington. Of course, immediately that his ship had anchored in an American port, this actual person had been clapped into chains and sold as a slave. Over the course of the revolution he would regain his freedom but he would never return to Africa with his hard-won education in our School of Hard Knocks.



1850-1851

1850-1851

Table of Altitudes



Yoda	2' 0 "
Lavinia Warren	2' 8 "
Tom Thumb, Jr.	3' 4 "
Lucy (Australopithecus Afarensis)	3' 8 "
Hervé Villechaize ("Fantasy Island")	3' 11"
Charles Proteus Steinmetz	4' 0 "
Mary Moody Emerson per FBS (1)	4' 3 "
Alexander Pope	4' 6 "
Benjamin Lay	4' 7 "
Dr. Ruth Westheimer	4' 7 "
 Gary Coleman ("Arnold Jackson")	4' 8 "
Edith Piaf	4' 8 "
Queen Victoria with osteoporosis	4' 8 "
Linda Hunt	4' 9 "
Queen Victoria as adult	4' 10 "
Mother Teresa	4' 10 "
Margaret Mitchell	4' 10 "
length of newer military musket	4' 10"
Charlotte Brontë	4' 10-11"
Tammy Faye Bakker	4' 11"
Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut	4' 11"
jockey Willie Shoemaker	4' 11"
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec	4' 11"
Joan of Arc	4' 11"
Bonnie Parker of "Bonnie & Clyde"	4' 11"
Harriet Beecher Stowe	4' 11"
Laura Ingalls Wilder	4' 11"
 a rather tall adult Pygmy male	4' 11"
Gloria Swanson	4' 11"1/2
Clara Barton	5' 0 "
Isambard Kingdom Brunel	5' 0 "
Andrew Carnegie	5' 0 "
Thomas de Quincey	5' 0 "
Dorothy Wordsworth	5' 0 "
Stephen A. Douglas	5' 0 "
Danny DeVito	5' 0 "
Immanuel Kant	5' 0 "
William Wilberforce	5' 0 "



1850-1851

1850-1851

Dollie Parton	5' 0 "
Mae West	5' 0 "
Pia Zadora	5' 0 "
Deng Xiaoping	5' 0 "
Dred Scott	5' 0 " (±)
Captain William Bligh of HMS <i>Bounty</i>	5' 0 " (±)
Harriet Tubman	5' 0 " (±)
Mary Moody Emerson per FBS (2)	5' 0 " (±)
John Brown of Providence, Rhode Island	5' 0 " (+)
John Keats	5' 3/4 "
Debbie Reynolds (Carrie Fisher's mother)	5' 1 "
Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher)	5' 1 "
Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret	5' 1 "
Bette Midler	5' 1 "
Dudley Moore	5' 2 "
Paul Simon (of Simon & Garfunkel)	5' 2 "
Honoré de Balzac	5' 2 "
Sally Field	5' 2 "
Jemmy Button	5' 2 "
Margaret Mead	5' 2 "
R. Buckminster "Bucky" Fuller	5' 2 "
Yuri Gagarin the astronaut	5' 2 "
William Walker	5' 2 "
Horatio Alger, Jr.	5' 2 "
length of older military musket	5' 2 "
the artist formerly known as Prince	5' 2 1/2 "
typical female of Thoreau's period	5' 2 1/2 "
Francis of Assisi	5' 3 "
Voltaire	5' 3 "
Mohandas Gandhi	5' 3 "
Kahlil Gibran	5' 3 "
Friend Daniel Ricketson	5' 3 "
The Reverend Gilbert White	5' 3 "
Soviet First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev	5' 3 "
Sammy Davis, Jr.	5' 3 "
William Laws Calley, Jr.	5' 3 "
Truman Capote	5' 3 "
Kim Jong Il (North Korea)	5' 3 "
Stephen A. "Little Giant" Douglas	5' 4 "
Francisco Franco	5' 4 "
President James Madison	5' 4 "





1850-1851

1850-1851

Iosef Vissarionovich Dzugashvili "Stalin"	5' 4 "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 "
Pablo Picasso	5' 4 "
Truman Capote	5' 4 "
Queen Elizabeth	5' 4 "
Ludwig van Beethoven	5' 4 "
Typical Homo Erectus	5' 4 "
typical Neanderthal adult male	5' 4 ¹ / ₂ "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 ¹ / ₂ "
comte de Buffon	5' 5 " (-)
Captain Nathaniel Gordon	5' 5 "
Charles Manson	5' 5 "
Audie Murphy	5' 5 "
Harry Houdini	5' 5 "
Hung Hsiu-ch'üan 洪秀全	5' 5 "
Marilyn Monroe	5' 5 ¹ / ₂ "
T.E. Lawrence "of Arabia"	5' 5 ¹ / ₂ "
average runaway male American slave	5' 5-6 "
Charles Dickens	5' 6? "
President Benjamin Harrison	5' 6 "
President Martin Van Buren	5' 6 "
James Smithson	5' 6 "
Louisa May Alcott	5' 6 "
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	5' 6 ¹ / ₂ "
Napoleon Bonaparte	5' 6 ¹ / ₂ "
Emily Brontë	5' 6-7 "
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	5' ? "
average height, seaman of 1812	5' 6.85 "
Oliver Reed Smoot, Jr.	5' 7 "
minimum height, British soldier	5' 7 "
President John Adams	5' 7 "
President John Quincy Adams	5' 7 "
President William McKinley	5' 7 "
"Charley" Parkhurst (a female)	5' 7 "
President, General Ulysses S. Grant	5' 7 "
Dr. Sigmund Freud	5' 7 "
Henry Thoreau	5' 7 "
the average male of Thoreau's period	5' 7 ¹ / ₂ "
Edgar Allan Poe	5' 8 "
President Ulysses S. Grant	5' 8 "
President William H. Harrison	5' 8 "





1850-1851

1850-1851

President James Polk	5' 8"
President Zachary Taylor	5' 8"
average height, soldier of 1812	5' 8.35"
President Rutherford B. Hayes	5' 8 ¹ / ₂ "
President Millard Fillmore	5' 9"
President Harry S Truman	5' 9"
President Jimmy Carter	5' 9 ¹ / ₂ "
Herman Melville	5' 9 ³ / ₄ "
Calvin Coolidge	5' 10"
Andrew Johnson	5' 10"
Theodore Roosevelt	5' 10"
Thomas Paine	5' 10"
Franklin Pierce	5' 10"
Abby May Alcott	5' 10"
Reverend Henry C. Wright	5' 10"
Nathaniel Hawthorne	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Louis "Deerfoot" Bennett	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Friend John Greenleaf Whittier	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
President Dwight David "Ike" Eisenhower	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots	5' 11"
Sojourner Truth	5' 11"
President Stephen Grover Cleveland	5' 11"
President Herbert Hoover	5' 11"
President Woodrow Wilson	5' 11"
President Jefferson Davis	5' 11"
President Richard Milhous Nixon	5' 11 ¹ / ₂ "
Robert Voorhis the hermit of Rhode Island	< 6'
Frederick Douglass	6' (-)
Anthony Burns	6' 0"
Waldo Emerson	6' 0"
Joseph Smith, Jr.	6' 0"
David Walker	6' 0"
Sarah F. Wakefield	6' 0"
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	6' 0"
President James Buchanan	6' 0"
President Gerald R. Ford	6' 0"
President James Garfield	6' 0"
President Warren Harding	6' 0"
President John F. Kennedy	6' 0"
President James Monroe	6' 0"
President William H. Taft	6' 0"



1850-1851


1850-1851

President John Tyler	6' 0 "
Captain John Brown	6' 0 (+)"
President Andrew Jackson	6' 1"
Alfred Russel Wallace	6' 1"
President Ronald Reagan	6' 1"
Venture Smith	6' 1 ¹ / ₂ "
John Camel Heenan	6' 2 "
Crispus Attucks	6' 2 "
Franz Liszt	6' 2 "
President Chester A. Arthur	6' 2 "
President George Bush, Senior	6' 2 "
President Franklin D. Roosevelt	6' 2 "
President George Washington	6' 2 "
Gabriel Prosser	6' 2 "
Dangerfield Newby	6' 2 "
Charles Augustus Lindbergh	6' 2 "
President Bill Clinton	6' 2 ¹ / ₂ "
President Thomas Jefferson	6' 2 ¹ / ₂ "
President Lyndon B. Johnson	6' 3 "
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.	6' 3 "
Richard "King Dick" Seaver	6' 3 ¹ / ₄ "
President Abraham Lincoln	6' 4 "
Marion Morrison (AKA John Wayne)	6' 4 "
Elisha Reynolds Potter, Senior	6' 4 "
Thomas Cholmondeley	6' 4 " (?)
William Buckley	6' 4-7"
Franklin Benjamin Sanborn	6' 5 "
King William III "King Gorilla" of Netherlands	6' 5 "
Peter the Great of Russia	6' 7 "
William "Dwarf Billy" Burley	6' 7 "
Giovanni Battista Belzoni	6' 7 "
Thomas Jefferson (the statue)	7' 6"
Jefferson Davis (the statue)	7' 7"
Martin Van Buren Bates	7' 11 ¹ / ₂ "
M. Bihin, a Belgian exhibited in Boston in 1840	8'
Anna Haining Swan	8' 1"



1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** William Hazlett's translation of Father **Évariste Régis Huc**'s 1850 work in French, SOUVENIRS D'UN VOYAGE DANS LA TARTARIE, LE THIBET ET LA CHINE PENDANT LES ANNÉES 1844, 1845, ET 1846, appeared in English as HUC AND GABET: TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA, 1844-1846.

CHINA




THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



1850-1851


1850-1851

 **1851:** Although Hugh Mackay had opened a Daguerreotype studio in [China](#) in 1846, the earliest surviving photographic exposure we have to this point been able to collect happens to be a salted paper print from a calotype negative of the Five-Story Pagoda in Canton, made in this year. That image has degraded and doesn't now look like much — but here for your delight is the Zhen Hai Lou 5-story pagoda of Canton originally created in 1380 by Zhu Liangzu as rendered in a medium quite a bit more permanent, on a period porcelain platter:



THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



 **1851:** The average per capita US consumption of [coffee](#), which had been 1¹/₄ pounds in 1821, had risen at this point to 6¹/₄ pounds — primarily as a result of the national crusade against [drunkenness](#).



1850-1851

1850-1851



1851: The firm of [Thomas Cook](#) offered many British “tour-ists” the opportunity of economically visiting London to view the exhibits of progress at the [Crystal Palace](#).



Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.


THE GRAND TOUR

The ancestry of our present-day picture windows is closely linked to the development of window glass itself. London’s [Crystal Palace](#)—the quintessential glass structure of the Industrial Revolution— not only enclosed a world’s fair in glass, but also exhibited the largest sheet of plate glass created to that point. Until the 1920s, plate glass used for oversized [glass windows](#) would be produced entirely by the casting method. Workers would pour molten glass onto cast-iron tables from large regenerative pots, then roll, anneal, grind, and polish the slab into a finished sheet. The process was slow and labor-intensive, so plate glass was expensive. Not surprisingly, it would see very limited residential use during the 19th Century. According to Warren Scoville’s REVOLUTION IN GLASS MAKING, only “Some of the wealthiest people in Boston had begun to use polished plate glass instead of sheet glass in their front windows before 1850.” By 1870, plate glass sheets as large as 84"x60" would become possible, but the domestic output would be less than one percent. The American production of plate glass would rise steadily to 82 percent by 1890. In 1897 the Marsh Plate Glass Company of Floreffe, Pennsylvania would develop a continuous oven (lehr) for annealing plate glass, reducing the carefully controlled cooling time from three days to three hours. Stylistically, oversized windows known as “cottage” or “front” windows would grow in popularity during the 1890s. Such cottage or front windows invariably featured a transom above them, and including this transom were rarely larger than 48"x68". Cultural changes in the early 20th century, as well as innovations such as central heating, would lead to flowing, open floor plans and ever-larger home windows. The horizontal emphasis of Prairie School architecture, championed by Frank Lloyd Wright, would create a need for wide windows rather than tall ones. While Wright used decorative ribbon windows or art glass in most of his Prairie School houses, more vernacular and eclectic versions incorporated oversized windows of plate glass. To meet this market, sash-and-blind companies could simply place their cottage windows on their sides in the window frames. The transom became a casement or double-hung sash paired with a mate for natural ventilation. These new oversized windows, mimicking commercial “[Chicago](#)” windows, would for a period be known as “landscape” sash. The center sash would still rarely be larger than 48" square, but the overall window assembly would come to have a predominately horizontal axis, spanning 8' or more. Thanks to Henry Ford, by 1922 engineers had developed a semi-continuous method of rolling plate glass for automobile windshields that was soon adopted by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. and Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co. As a result, the price of plate glass would plummet in comparison to the price of standard window glass, and though it remained the costlier material, more affordable plate glass contributed to the growing popularity of picture windows. By the 1930s, plate glass 127"x286" could be produced up to 1 1/4" thick. American Window Glass Co. of Pittsburgh offered a plate glass alternative for oversized windows dubbed “Crystal Sheet,” a special 39-ounce-per-square-foot) glass 3/16" in thickness. Nevertheless, picture windows were usually glazed with 1/4", 5/16", or 3/8" plate glass, while larger windows required thicker glass for stability. Chicago’s Century of Progress International Exposition of 1933 would unveil George Fred Keck’s ultra-modern House of Tomorrow and Crystal House emphasizing the use of glass throughout the home. The term “picture window” would be coined a few years later. A solar-home innovator, George Fred Keck would introduce thermal pane windows in 1935, but thermal pane picture windows would not be commonly found on all classes of residential work until the 1960s.



1850-1851

1850-1851

 **1851:** The world's 1st prefab structure was being set in place, by Joseph Paxton, in the Hyde Park district of London, and was being termed "the [Crystal Palace](#)."¹⁰⁸

[Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington](#), never a friend of "the people," who, in the early days of Owenite socialism had been terrified, and had contemplated repressive measures,



The people are rotten to the Core.... They will plunder, destroy and annihilate all Property in the Country.

convinced himself at this time that visiting this new "Great Exhibition of Art and Industry" prefabricated structure would bring millions of common folk into the capitol city on a pretext, where upon a signal these commoners could begin a general insurrection against their government:



I am also well informed that at this very time there is a deep laid plot going on in London to overturn the institutions of this country. Upon this subject I have been in communication with the Home office and the police....

One wonders what the fearless duke would have done, had we warned him that the new under-ocean electric cable was intended to suck all the vitality out of English mattresses!

There was a great exhibition of the works of industry of all nations in this palace of crystal. Alexander Catlin Twining's MANUFACTURE OF ICE BY MECHANICAL MEANS ON A COMMERCIAL SCALE (BY STEAM AND WATER POWER) was just being published. In this palace of crystal, Thomas Masters was churning ice for the benefit of the Queen, and others.

COOLNESS

The peculiar thing about this palace of crystal, the world's 1st prefab structure, was that its modular construction of bolted ironwork inset with precut panes of glass was such as to reveal rather than conceal the materials and processes of its construction. Revealing rather than concealing was a shocking thing in the architecture of those times but would enable the structure later to be disassembled and re-erected in Sydenham south of London, where it would serve as a museum and concert hall until its destruction by fire in 1936. The structure was not exclusively of iron and glass as has been supposed, for the longer arches of the roof needed to be fashioned of laminated wood. Expendable formations of British soldiers were being marched through the galleries to make sure the novel structure would not fall apart under the vibrations generated by the expected mobs of higher-caste gawkers. It was such an untested design that it was trapping far too much light and heat. Inside, some of the exhibits were having to be placed inside tents, others under canopies.

108. An accurate descriptor would have been "Prefabricated Palace," but that doesn't have as much of a Magic Kingdom ring to it. Paxton would become a "Sir."

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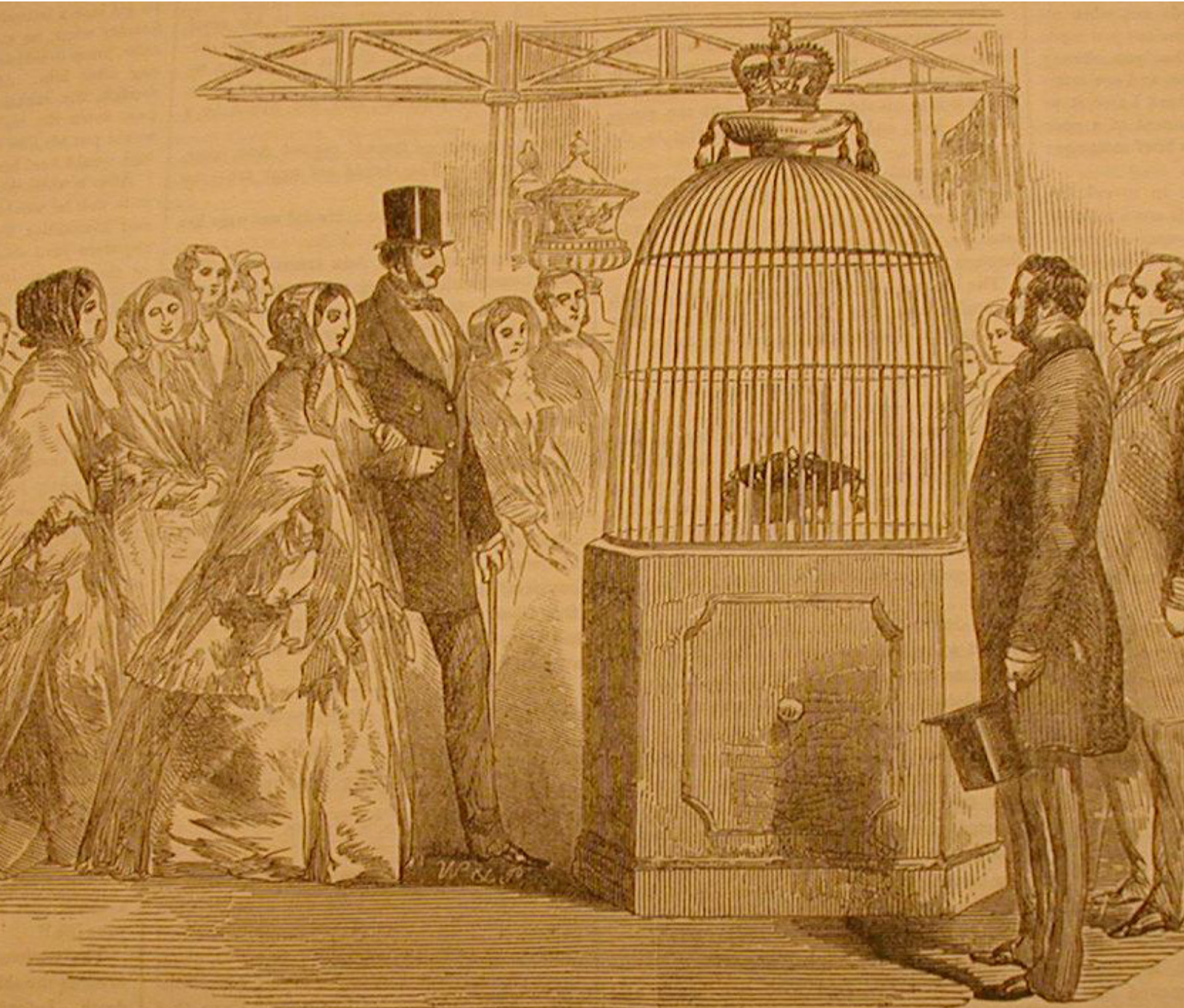
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1850-1851



1850-1851**1850-1851**

Valued at over \$700,000, the Mountain of Light “Kohinoor” diamond was displayed at the [Crystal Palace](#) Exposition in London.



After all the work [sic] which has been made about this celebrated diamond, our readers will be rather surprised to hear that many people find a difficulty in bringing themselves to believe, from its external appearance, that it is anything but a piece of common glass. Amid all the adventures that have befallen it, there is perhaps none more odd than its genuineness



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should now be doubted. Yet so it is, that the "Mountain of Light" has been shockingly ill-used in the cutting, and that when placed in the open light of day, without any arrangements to draw forth its brilliancy, it does not sparkle and gleam like other jewels of the kind. To obviate this disadvantage, and demonstrate to the world that the Koh-i-noor is a veritable diamond, it has been surrounded by a canopy or tent, the interior of which is lighted with gas, to develop its beauties as a gem of the purest water.

1850-1851**1850-1851**

So many were disappointed that this thing looked exactly like a hunk of glass, that [Queen Victoria](#) would order that M. Coster of Amsterdam recut it from its original [Indian](#) style, transforming it into the modified table shape known as the “brilliant.”



[WALDEN](#): White Pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors forever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. They are too pure to have a market value; they contain no muck. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters, are they! We never learned meanness of them. How much fairer than the pool before the farmer's door, in which his ducks swim! Hither the clean wild ducks come. Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! ye disgrace earth.

LAKES OF LIGHT

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The [Duke of Wellington](#) himself first pressed the stone against the grinding wheel. This would of necessity reduce the stone from 186 to 108.93 carats. The grinding, which took place in London and was powered by a steam engine, required a crew of four in addition to the supervisor, and 37 days of labor at 12 hours per day. The wheel, at about 2,000 rpm, would generate so much heat that the solder in which the stone was embedded would melt, and at one point the oil in the wheel's surface would catch fire. The firm would receive £8,000 for its work.¹⁰⁹

The [stereoscope](#) (stereo Daguerreotype) developed by [Sir Charles Wheatstone](#) in the early 1830s and constructed for him by the optician R. Murray in 1832 had been presented on June 21st, 1848 to the Royal College of London, but it was exhibited to the general public for the 1st time at the Crystal Palace, and of course everyone noticed when it was much admired there by [Queen Victoria](#).

PHOTOGRAPHY

 [1851](#): George William Curtis's NILE NOTES OF A HOWADIJI was published by Harper of New-York.

ISLAM


There appeared a full English translation of [Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca](#)'s *RELACIÓN*, by Buckingham Smith.

 [1851](#): The fog cannon at Boston Light on [Little Brewster Island](#) was replaced, initially by a bell and later by various foghorns.



BOSTON HARBOR

The American Lighthouse Service had been popularly considered to be only slightly less corrupt than the Office of Indian Affairs, but in this year there was a congressional investigation which would in the following year bring about a reformed Lighthouse Board.

 [1851](#): Machinery was imported that would halve the price of manufacture of horseshoe-shaped drainage tiles. By 1864 there would be enough such tile laid in ditches under the meadows of upstate [New York](#), to encircle the earth.

SWAMP

109. This "brilliant" cut, a modification of the table cut, had been determined by Vincenzo Peruzzi to generate more refraction and reflection of light than either the original table cut or the cut known as the rose (for instance, the Grand Mogul of 208 carats). A brilliant has 32 facets above its girdle (its greatest diameter) and 24 below, with a flat plane on top called the "table," and a smaller table below called the "culet." The proportions generally used are "From the table to the girdle one-third, and from the girdle to the culet two-thirds of the total thickness; the diameter of the table four-ninths of that of the girdle; the culet one-fifth of the table."

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1851: Wendell Phillips, who was noticeably reluctant and uncomfortable when it came to sharing quarters with black abolitionists while on lecture tours, knew very well that the abolitionist struggle, for white abolitionists, had nothing whatever to do with a desire to improve the conditions of life available to black Americans. At this point he gave his game away by declaring to his white friends:



“My friends, if we never freed a slave,
we have at least freed ourselves
in the effort to emancipate our brother man.”¹¹⁰

[RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW](#)

Obviously, the name of Wendell’s game would be Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother’s-Keeper. (Let the names of our favorite games be accurately descriptive! :-)

It is to be noted that this was the game that was being played in Virginia as well during this year, for there was a new law being put in effect which would oblige free blacks to leave that State of grace within a year — or be reduced again to slavery. The local version of Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother’s-Keeper, being played down south, was Go-Be-Free-Somewhere-Else, and the local version being played up north was At-Least-We-Tried-And-Are-Now-Therefore-Among-The-Righteous — but these slightly differing versions amount to very much the same sort of stupid racist bag of tricks of What-Is-Of-The-Last-Importance-Is-The-White-Man’s-Righteousness.

[RACISM](#)

110. Has it become clear to you, in view of the above, why, when in 1842 the surviving 35 of the black [privateers](#) of the *Amistad* mutiny had been sent back to Africa aboard the bark *Gentleman*, they had been sent home as mere charity wards with nobody ever thinking to return to them their prize schooner *La Amistad* admittedly worth \$70,000 — which they had won fair and square with their blood, sweat, and tears? For sure, had it been 35 surviving free white [privateers](#), they would not have been denied this booty which belonged to them, but because they were instead free blacks, it never even **occurred** to any of the white players in this legal drama to give them their prize schooner back! One of the open issues of this drama, therefore, is: what happened to the [La Amistad](#)? **Where did this valuable piece of property go? Which white men were allowed to profit from it?** Our history books are, of course, silent. This is a question which, due to the ingrained nature of our race prejudice, it has never occurred to us to pose:



"In those parts of the Union in which the negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of the race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery ... and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known."

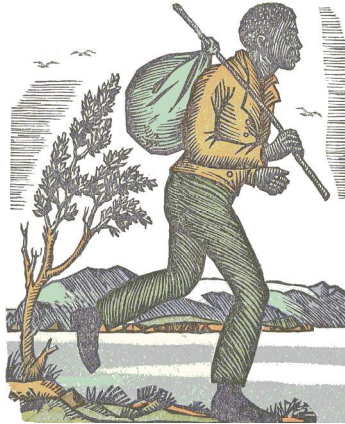


— [Alexis de Tocqueville](#)

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Surprise surprise! It was a white man's game in which the person of color was but a pawn.¹¹¹



Here the executive committee of the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Society position themselves around [Robert Purvis](#) during this year. I **don't** mean to suggest that **all** of these folks would have **totally** agreed with Phillips or with his white-man's-game of Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother's-Keeper. I only mean to insist that that was in fact the **predominant**, most **influential** white attitude:



During this year was published in Philadelphia PA by the firm of Campbell & Powers John Campbell's NEGRO-MANIA: BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THE FALSELY ASSUMED EQUALITY OF THE VARIOUS RACES OF MEN; DEMONSTRATED BY THE INVESTIGATIONS OF CHAMPOLLION, WILKINSON AND OTHERS, TOGETHER WITH A CONCLUDING CHAPTER, PRESENTING A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEGROES IN THE WEST INDIES BEFORE AND SINCE EMANCIPATION.

EMANCIPATION
JAMES WILKINSON

111. Maybe you don't agree.

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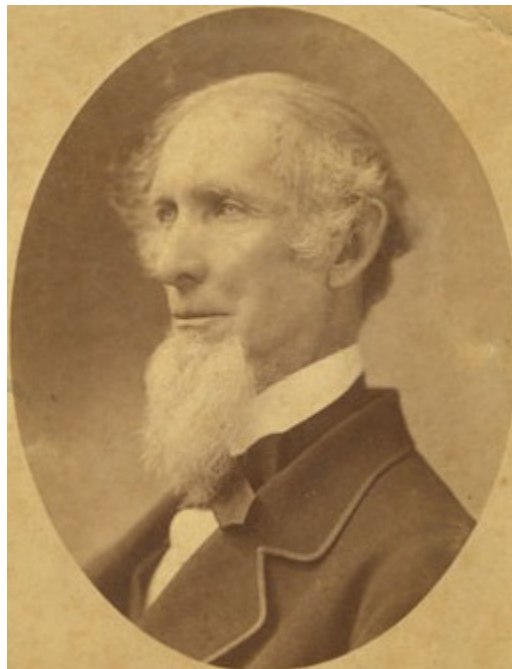
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Surprise surprise! Black people are inferior to white people.²

In this year also appeared [Dr. Samuel A. Cartwright](#)'s REPORT ON THE DISEASES AND PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO RACE ([DeBow's Review](#) XI), in which he declared the seeking of freedom by people of color to be a medical condition, an illness, an ailment to which he assigned the New Greek designation "[drapetomania](#)." (To prevent such an ailment from manifesting itself the slavemaster must avoid making himself too familiar with his or her slaves, never in any manner allowing them to consider themselves as equals with their white masters. Upon the detection symptoms of this medical condition, such as the slave's becoming sulky and dissatisfied without cause, the curative treatment should include "whipping the devil out of them."¹¹² (Other Southern physicians would suggest that the removal of both big toes might be adequate to render running impossible.)

The first complete [gorilla](#) skeleton reached England. Previously, all that had been seen by Europeans had been a few skulls. Clearly, gorilla people were also inferior to white people.

Publication of [Dr. Josiah Clark Nott](#)'s AN ESSAY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MANKIND, VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH NEGRO [SLAVERY](#) DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, 14 DECEMBER, 1850.¹¹³



112. [To be perfectly frank here: I have yet to establish that any sensible person at the time took Dr. Cartwright seriously, so the possibility remains open, at least in my own mind) that he was merely some sort of running dog whom only a modern historian reconstructing this in retrospect would ever tendentiously take seriously. What do you think?]

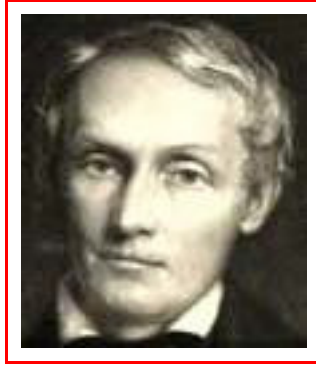
113. The attitude of the Southern Rights Association seems to have been that black slaves had no Southern rights. The attitude of Dr. Nott seems to have been that one sufficient reason for the appropriateness of such a political fact had been revealed by the science of biology — according to the advice of the most prominent of the learned white practitioners in that field.



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[Professor Samuel George Morton](#)'s ADDITIONAL OBSERVATION ON HYBRIDITY.





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[1851: Richard Josiah Hinton](#) came from England to America, and took up residence in New-York City. There he would learn the printer's trade and then become a newspaper reporter for several different newspapers in New-York and Boston.

James Newton Gloucester was born to [Elizabeth A. Parkhill Gloucester](#) and [the Reverend James Newton Gloucester](#) (he would die during 1930).

A revolution in railroad construction was accomplished, the Bollman Bridge at [Harpers Ferry](#) — an all-metal

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HISTORY OF RR

truss that should have been capable of supporting more than one ton of self-manumitting slaves per linear foot.




Harpers Ferry VA from Captain John Brown's overlook in Maryland

JOHN BROWN
BRIDGE DESIGN






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 **1851:** The Reverend [Richard Chenevix Trench](#)'s series of 5 lectures, "Language as an Instrument of Knowledge," delivered at Winchester from February 1845 into 1846, became a book ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.¹¹⁴ He proposed that even when one considers words singly, they contain "boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up." This singular study, by the person who more than any other inspired the initiation of the Oxford English Dictionary project, would go into 20 editions.¹¹⁵

A language will often be wiser, not merely than the vulgar, but even than the wisest of those who speak it. Being like amber in its efficacy to circulate the electric spirit of truth, it is also like amber in embalming and preserving the relics of ancient truth.... Sometimes it locks up truths, which were once well known, but which, in the course of ages, have passed out of sight and have been forgotten.

 **1851:** A group of vacationers including the landscape painter [Frederic Edwin Church](#) and the Lee, Massachusetts paper manufacturer [Cyrus West Field](#)¹¹⁶ traveled by train to Virginia and [Kentucky](#) and took a steamboat up the Mississippi River. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the group boarded another steamboat to go on up the [Minnesota River](#) and go watch the "Indian treaty" be "negotiated," as planned in Washington DC, with the Dakotas, that would replace the red man with the white man on the central plains. The painter Church having gone on to [Niagara Falls](#) to prepare for his 1857 work on that monstrous subject, Field wrote him and alleged that the primitives at Traverse des Sioux had been terrified by the steamboat.

 **1851:** [Concord](#)'s "Social Library" gave its books to a Town Library to be located in the new Town House (but see 1873 ).

114. Refer to Gordon Boudreau's "Thoreau and Richard C. Trench" in [ESQ](#) 20 of 1974, pages 117-24. Gregory Downing has written on James Joyce's possible use of Trench's popular books on language in [Joyce Studies Annual](#), 1998, pages 37-68.

115. The current editor of the volume is A.L. Mayhew.

116. The Reuters news wire service was beginning in London, and the first underwater cable was being laid under the English Channel. Field would become the primary venture capitalist behind the transatlantic cable which would follow after this channel cable.



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 **1851:** In **Boston**, Bernard McGiniskin was hired as a policeman, then fired, then re-hired, and then re-fired.¹¹⁷

As an after-impact of the great **potato** famine, there was widespread blindness in **Ireland**. The population of the island had fallen from 8,175,124 as of 1841 to 6,552,385 (whereas without the **Irish Potato Famine** and the accompanying epidemic and emigration the population of that island could have been expected at this point to have been something greater than 9,000,000).

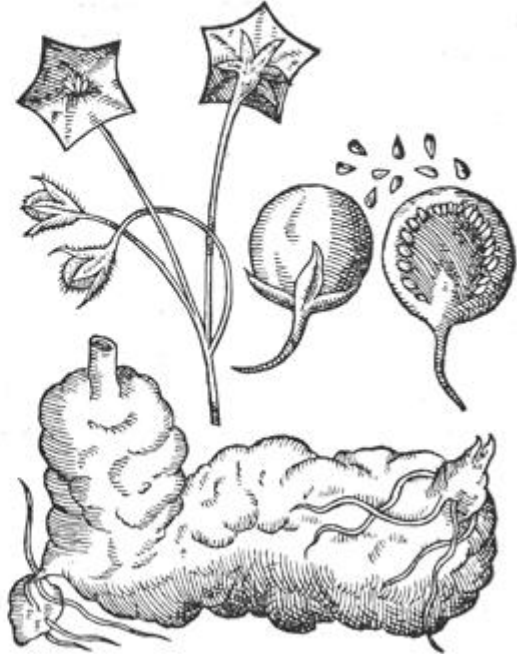
Population Trends

	England / Wales	Ireland
1821	12,000,000	6,800,000
1831	13,900,000	7,770,000
1841	15,920,000	8,180,000
1845	about 16,700,000	about 8,300,000 (blight, then famine, fever, and emigration)
1851	17,930,000	6,550,000
1861	20,070,000	5,800,000
1871	31,629,299	5,410,000
1881	35,026,108	5,170,000

117. He was the initial **Irishman**, you see, on the force. This was just scandalous — it was like supposing one could fit a fox into a uniform and entrust to it the safety of one's chickens. Bostonians [*sic*, this means white non-Irish males] talked about it, in their barber shops they were saying it was as cunning as hiring a nigger boy [*sic*, these are 19th-Century white American men talking to 19th-Century white American men] to tend a garden full of watermelons. What is going to come of all this insane **liberalism**?

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Accurate estimates of this sort of thing are of course rather hard to come by, but order-of-magnitude it is now being estimated that like a million people had starved to death. Reviewing these figures, however, the Census Commissioners of the time pronounced them “on the whole, satisfactory,” pointing out that lower population levels meant “the general advancement of the country.” The relatives who had emigrated to the USA were evidently unable to take such a sanguinary attitude, as they were providing continuously increasing assistance for the people they had left behind:

Low Estimates for Total Remittances to Ireland

Year	Pounds
1848	£460,000
1849	£540,000
1850	£957,000
1851	£990,000

Because of the fact that:

It is useless to disguise the truth that any great improvement in the social system of Ireland must be founded upon an extensive change in the present state of agrarian occupation, and that this change necessarily implies a long, continued and systematic ejection of small holders and of squatting cottiers.

the trend among the “improving” absentee landlords of the island had become to hire gangs of thugs who would evict small tenants and tear the roofs from their cottages to make certain they could not come back:

Families Evicted

Year	Families
1847	6,026
1848	9,657
1849	16,686
1850	19,949
1851	13,197



What precisely was it, which had produced such a tragedy, or, such a travesty, as this famine and epidemic? Is an event of this magnitude to be understood as having been purely and simply an ecological disaster, a Malthusian inevitability, or must this be considered as having been primarily a piece of political opportunism, a Newt Gingrichian malignancy on the body politic, an opportunity to kick an entire people while they were down? Christine Kinealy has offered a refined analysis¹¹⁸ involving some mixture of these possibilities:

118. Kinealy, Christine. THIS GREAT CALAMITY: THE IRISH FAMINE 1845-52. Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 1994



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The onset of the Famine was unexpected although partial crop failures and food shortages were not unusual. In 1845, therefore, the [potato](#) blight, regardless of the lack of understanding of either its origins or an antidote, was not regarded with undue alarm. Although approximately 50 per cent of the main subsistence crop failed in 1845-6, the consequence of the resultant shortages was not [famine](#), nor did emigration or mortality increase substantially. The role played by the government, local landlords, clerics, and various relief officials was significant in achieving this outcome. The second, more widespread, blight of 1846 marked the real beginning of the Famine. Ominously, the impact of the shortages was apparent in the period immediately following the harvest. Inevitably also, the people undergoing a second year of shortages were far less resilient than they had been twelve months earlier. The government responded to this potentially more serious situation by reducing its involvement in the import of food into the country and by making relief more difficult to obtain. The distress that followed the 1847 harvest was caused by a small crop and economic dislocation rather than the widespread appearance of blight. The government again changed its relief policy in an attempt to force local resources to support the starving poor within their district. The government professed a belief that this policy was necessary to ensure that a burden which it chose to regard as essentially local should not be forced upon the national finances. This policy underpinned the actions of the government for the remainder of the Famine. The relief of [famine](#) was regarded essentially as a local responsibility rather than a national one, let alone an imperial obligation. The special relationship between the constituent parts of the United Kingdom forged by the Act of Union appeared not to extend to periods of shortage and famine.

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If the blight is judged to be an unforeseen ecological disaster, beyond the control of man, which struck [Ireland](#) at a particularly vulnerable time, it was especially important that the intervention of man (as represented by [Irish](#) merchants, landlords, and the policy makers within the British government among others) should compensate for the failings of nature. It was the failure of these key groups to meet the challenge and implement effective action which transformed the blight into a [famine](#).

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The contribution of outside charitable bodies was mostly confined to the early years of the Famine. By 1847, most of these sources had dried up or, as in the case of the [Quakers](#), they had decided to use their remaining funds to concentrate on long-term improvements rather than immediate relief. Significantly, the Quakers' men on the ground who toured the west of [Ireland](#) in the winter of 1846-7 were critical both of absentee landlords and of the policies pursued by the British government alike.

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For landlords also, who were able to ride the storm of diminished rentals and heavy taxation, the Famine ultimately brought both



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social and financial benefits. As Lord George Hill, a “reforming” landlord who had attempted without success to consolidate his estates prior to 1845, admitted:

The [Irish](#) people have profited much by the Famine, the lesson was severe; but so rooted were they in old prejudices and old ways, that no teacher could have induced them to make the changes which this Visitation of Divine Providence has brought about, both in their habits of life and in their mode of agriculture.

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In conclusion, therefore, the response of the British government to the Famine was inadequate in terms of humanitarian criteria and, increasingly after 1847, systematically and deliberately so. The localised shortages that followed the blight of 1845 were adequately dealt with but, as the shortages became more widespread, the government retrenched. With the short-lived exception of the soup kitchens, access to relief –or even more importantly, access to food– became more restricted. That the response illustrated a view of [Ireland](#) and its people as distant and marginal is hard to deny. What, perhaps, is more surprising is that a group of officials and their non-elected advisors were able to dominate government policy to such a great extent. This relatively small group of people, taking advantage of a passive establishment, and public opinion which was opposed to further financial aid for Ireland, were able to manipulate a theory of free enterprise, thus allowing a massive social injustice to be perpetrated within a part of the United Kingdom. There was no shortage of resources to avoid the tragedy of a [famine](#). Within Ireland itself, there were substantial resources of food which, had the political will existed, could have been diverted, even as a short-term measure, to supply a starving people. Instead, the government pursued the objective of economic, social, and agrarian reform as a long-term aim, although the price paid for this ultimately elusive goal was privation, disease, emigration, mortality and an enduring legacy of disenchantment.

End of this quoting. What I am wondering is whether anyone can offer insight into the Quaker disengagement cited by the author as having taken place in 1848. Was that a case of what nowadays we term “burnout”? In particular, where Friends spoke of their prior effort as having been equivalent to “giving the criminal a long day,” what was the significance of the deployment of such an idiom? Were the Friends at that point, in despair, becoming political “Newt Gingrichians”? What **was** it precisely, in that period, to “give the criminal a long day”?



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1851: At the end of the journal entries for this year, [Waldo Emerson](#) listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: “Vedas; Firdusi; Saadi; Ammar.”

[Emerson](#) lectured in [Rochester](#), Buffalo, and Syracuse, New York, then had several engagements in Massachusetts, then delivered “England” in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, followed by the “Conduct of Life” series of lectures that would go together into his last book, [CONDUCT OF LIFE](#). Invited to a 2d convention in [Worcester](#) for woman’s rights, again he declined. However, Emerson was not a misogynist of the 1st water — for contrast, here is what 1st-water [misogyny](#) looked like *circa* 1851:



In men in general, the sexual desire is inherent and spontaneous and belongs to the condition of puberty. In the other sex the desire is dormant, or nonexistent till excited; always till excited by undue familiarities.... Women, whose position and education have protected them from exciting causes, constantly pass through life without being cognizant of the promptings of the senses.

— Anonymous, PROSTITUTION

In [Frederick Douglass’ Paper](#) for October 30, 1851, some boilerplate PC comments would be made in regard to this Woman’s Rights convention in [Worcester](#):

Absorbed as we are in these perilous times, with the great work of unchaining the American bondman, and assisting the hapless and hunted fugitive in his flight from his merciless pursuers to a place of safety, we have little time to consider the inequalities, wrongs and hardships endured by woman. Our silence, however, must not be set down either to indifference or to a want of independence. In our eyes, the rights of woman and the rights of man are identical— We ask no rights, we advocate no rights for ourselves, which we would not ask and advocate for woman. Whatever may be said as to a division of duties and avocations, the rights of man and the rights of woman are one and inseparable, and stand upon the same indestructible basis. If, for the well-being and happiness of man, it is necessary that he should hold property, have a voice in making the laws which he is expected to obey, be stimulated [sic] by his participation in government to cultivate his mental faculties, with a view to an honorable fulfillment of his social obligations, precisely the same may be said of woman.

We advocate woman’s rights, not because she is an angel, but because she is a woman, having the same wants, and being exposed to the same evils as man.

Whatever is necessary to protect him, is necessary to protect her. Holding these views, and being profoundly desirous that they should universally prevail, we rejoice at every indication of progress in their dissemination.

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1851: In this year [Emily Dickinson](#) turned 21. She wrote her brother [Austin Dickinson](#), who was teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End:

*I like to get such **facts** to set down in my **journal**, also anything else that's **startling** which you may chance to know – I don't think deaths or murders can ever come amiss in a young woman's journal.*

In this year [Henry Thoreau](#) turned 26. He surveyed the lots adjacent to the site on which Concord was building a new courthouse, which was the location at which his father had worked in the "Yellow Store." He also laid out the new courthouse's cellar and, according to Adams and Ross, became a Romantic.



In 1993, Thoreau's journal for this year would be separately published by Penguin:



There was a break in the singing family, between [Jesse Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [Asa Hutchinson](#). Various members of the family would form singing groups of their own. [John W. Hutchinson](#) would be the last of the brothers to form a regular singing company of his own and much of his energy would be put into singing on behalf of temperance.



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1851: Samuel G. Arnold added steam power to the [Brooklyn Eagle](#)'s press, the first such engine in this [Brooklyn](#) printing office.

[Walt Whitman](#) began to work irregularly for other newspapers, and began [LEAVES OF GRASS](#).

"Specimen Days"

STARTING NEWSPAPERS

I next went to the "Aurora" daily in New York city – a sort of free lance. Also wrote regularly for the "Tattler," an evening paper. With these and a little outside work I was occupied off and on, until I went to edit the "Brooklyn Eagle," where for two years I had one of the pleasantest sittings of my life – a good owner, good pay, and easy work and hours. The troubles in the Democratic party broke forth about those times (1848-'49) and I split off with the radicals, which led to rows with the boss and "the party," and I lost my place.


"Specimen Days"

THROUGH EIGHT YEARS

In 1848, '49, I was occupied as editor of the "daily Eagle" newspaper, in Brooklyn. The latter year went off on a leisurely journey and working expedition (my brother Jeff with me) through all the middle States, and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Lived awhile in [New Orleans](#), and work'd there on the editorial staff of "daily Crescent" newspaper. After a time plodded back northward, up the Mississippi, and around to, and by way of the great lakes, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, to [Niagara Falls](#) and lower Canada, finally returning through central New York and down the Hudson; traveling altogether probably 8000 miles this trip, to and fro. '51, '53, occupied in house-building in Brooklyn. (For a little of the first part of that time in printing a daily and weekly paper, "the Freeman.") '55, lost my dear father this year by death. Commenced putting [LEAVES OF GRASS](#) to press for good, at the job printing office of my friends, the brothers Rome, in Brooklyn, after many MS. doings and undoings – (I had great trouble in leaving out the stock "poetical" touches, but succeeded at last.) I am now (1856-'7) passing through my 37th year.


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 **1851:** The Harvard Branch Railroad's horse-omnibus service on rails through Cambridge was criticized in the Cambridge Chronicle as inadequate.



HORSEPOWER


 **1851:** [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)'s SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS.

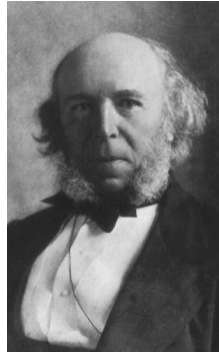


 **1851:** [POEMS BY THE LATE THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES AUTHOR OF DEATH'S JEST-BOOK, OR THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY WITH A MEMOIR](#), memoir by Kelsall (London: William Pickering).

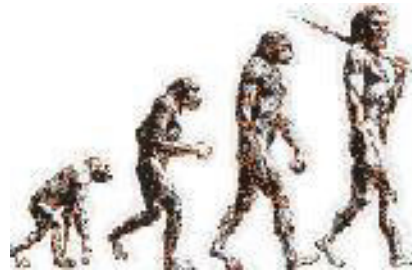
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 **1851:** In England, the forces of establishmentarianism explanationism exerted their sway, in the guise of [Herbert Spencer](#)'s SOCIAL STATICS: THE CONDITIONS ESSENTIAL TO HUMAN HAPPINESS SPECIFIED, AND THE FIRST OF THEM DEVELOPED. The message was that all we have to do to correct social injustice is wait for things to work themselves out, time being on our side.¹¹⁹ It was this book which originated the theory which has come down to us misnamed as Social Darwinism, an attitude or approach to life which would much more precisely be denominated Social Spencerism, or Social Dubyaism, or Social Trumpism.



(It was this Spencer, in fact, not [Charles Darwin](#), who urged the deployment of the term “evolution,” Darwin preferring the more neutral “descent with modification.” Darwin favored “descent with modification” because it did not suggest progress; Spencer favored “evolution” because it did suggest progress:



It was Spencer, not Darwin, who coined the phrase “survival of the fittest.” It was Spencer, not Darwin, who was a foe of free education for all. If that wasn’t enough, Spencer was also the enemy of the postal service. If that wasn’t being individualistic enough, he was also the enemy of all regulation of city housing conditions. If that wasn’t hostile and brutal enough, he was also the enemy of all construction of city public sanitary

119. The non-, Orthodox, Evangelical Quaker meeting in Philadelphia (which is to say, the apartheiders, the segregationists) evidently read this book, for just prior to the [US Civil War](#) these good white people would attempt to give profound moral advice based upon it to America’s enslaved black people: wait, obey, time is on your side.





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systems and sewerage. The people who cannot provide such things for themselves, as far as he was concerned, ought to simply be allowed to die off and get the hell out of his face. To have any pity for the unfortunate would be to create “greater misery” for “future generations,” something only a pussy would be guilty of. The pitiers among us are “sigh-wise and groan-foolish.” All this would cause [Darwin](#) to sigh.)

PROTO-NAZISM

Blind to the fact that under the natural order of things society is constantly excreting its unhealthy, imbecile, slow, vacillating, faithless members, these unthinking, though well-meaning, men advocate an interference which not only stops the purifying process, but even increases the vitiation – absolutely encouraging the multiplication of the reckless and incompetent by offering them an unfailing provision.

...

All evil results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions. This is true of everything that lives.... Equally true is it that evil perpetually tends to disappear. In virtue of an essential principle of life, this non-adaptation of an organism to its conditions is ever being rectified; and modification of one or both, continues until the adaptation is complete. Whatever possesses vitality, from the elementary cell up to man himself, inclusive, obeys this law. We see it illustrated in the acclimatization of plants, in the altered habits of domesticated animals, in the varying characteristics of our own race....

Keeping in mind then the two facts, that all evil results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions; and that where this non-adaptation exists it is continually being diminished by the changing of constitution to suit conditions, we shall be prepared for comprehending the present position of the human race....

Concerning the present position of the human race, we must therefore say, that man needed one moral constitution to fit him for his original state; that he needs another to fit him for his present state; and that he has been, is, and will long continue to be, in process of adaptation. By the term civilization we signify the adaptation that has already taken place. The changes that constitute progress are the successive steps of the transition. And the belief in human perfectibility, merely amounts to the belief, that in virtue of this process, man will eventually become completely suited to his mode of life....

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity. Instead of civilization being artificial, it is a part of nature; all of a piece with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation; and provided the human race continues, and the constitution of things remains the same, those modifications must end in completeness....

One true inheritor of this line of thought:

HDT

WHAT?

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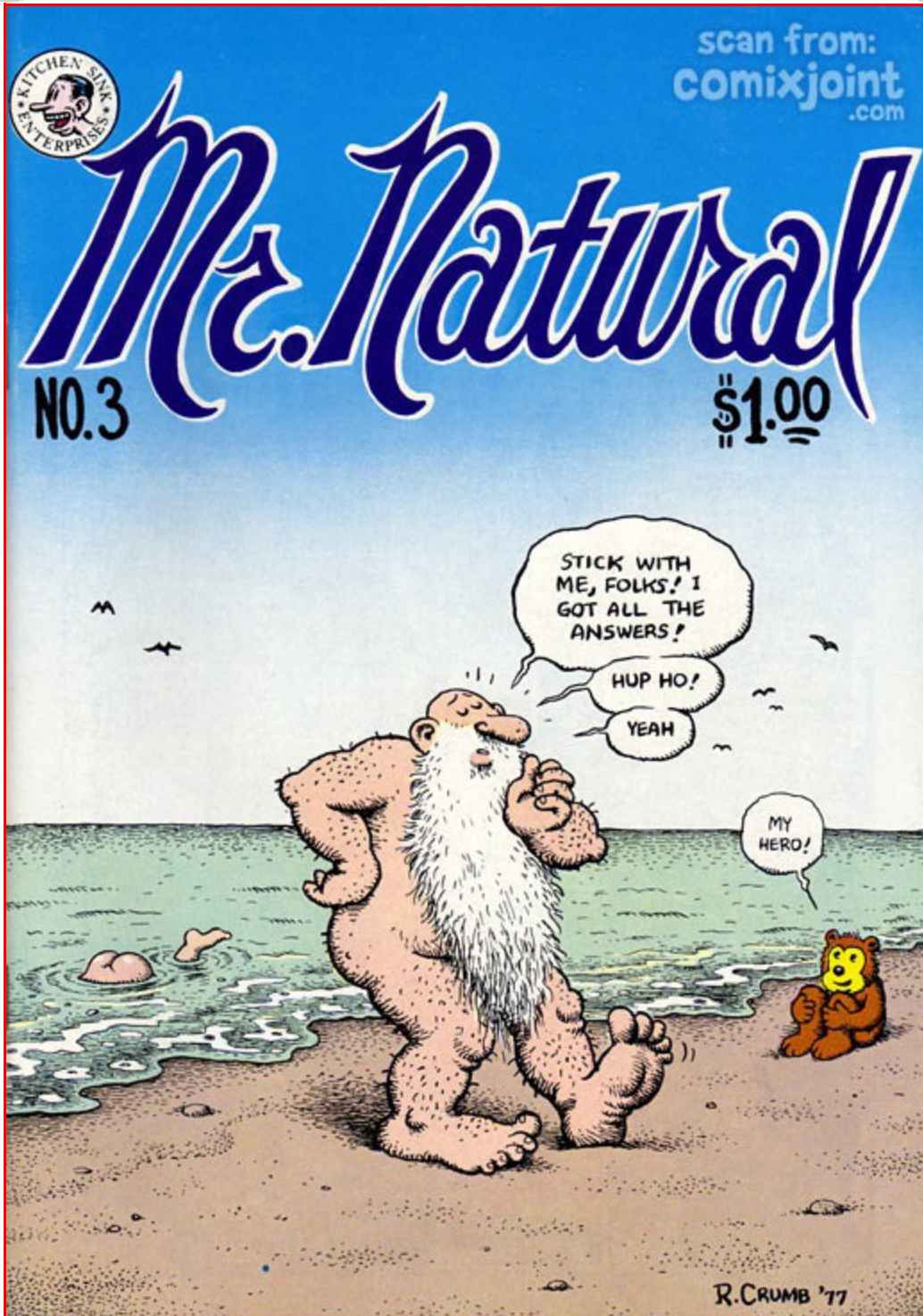
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"I cannot see why man should not be just as cruel as nature."

— Adolf "Mr. Natural" Hitler





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(Well then again, I have to confess that just as Darwin was not a Social Darwinist, so also Spencer was not exactly a Social Spencerist, or Social Dubyaist, or Social Trumpist. For instance when he made his triumphal tour of America in 1882 and was the guest of honor of a plutocratic banquet at Delmonico's in New York on November 9th, everyone there praised him for his Whiggism and triumphalism — and then he stood up, guest of honor that he was, and informed the assembled biggies that he had no respect whatever for their work ethic. They should rest on their assets and try to have more fun, he advised. What's the point in taking money away from other folks if you aren't enjoying yourself?)

“I'm just asking.”

**THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT.
ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING,
WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.**

JANUARY 1851

➡ January-March 1851: During the period from January into March [Henry Thoreau](#) would be writing a number of journal passages on “the wild” which he would cycle into his lecture “Wild/Walking” which he would deliver for the first time on April 23d, to the Concord, Massachusetts Lyceum, that would expand into two lectures “The Wild” and “Walking”¹²⁰ and would become his most-delivered material and would eventually find publication in 1863 in EXCURSIONS as the recombined essay “[WALKING](#)”:

I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil.



ROSS/ADAMS COMMENTARY

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS
ECOLOGY

[QUESTION: Is this the point at which he authored the following, of relevance to his understanding of time and eternity?]

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament, — the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early and kept up early, and to be where he is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world, — healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives no fugitive slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note? The merit of this bird’s strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, “there is one of us well, at any rate,” — and with

120. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this lecture “Walking” as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
51	Human Virtues	It is a great art to saunter.



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a sudden gush return to my senses.

TIME AND ETERNITY



WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF


 January 1851: Sometime during this month of January, [Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:

[Paragraph 39] As for the comparative demand which men make on life—it is an important difference between two—that the one is satisfied with a level success—that his marks can all be hit by point-blank shots—but the other, however low and unsuccessful his life may be, constantly elevates his aim, though at a very slight angle to the horizon. I would much rather be the last man, though as the Orientals say—"Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor."

BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY

INDIA

The "Orientals" who were saying this to Thoreau—"Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor."—were the ones he was reading of in [Charles Wilkins](#)'s translation of THE *HEETOPADES OF VEESHNOO-SARMA*, IN A SERIES OF CONNECTED FABLES, INTERSPERSED WITH MORAL, PRUDENTIAL, AND POLITICAL MAXIMS, in Fable 1 of Chapter 2, "The story of the bull, the two jackals, and the lion."¹²¹

 January 1851: [Italian](#) revolutionary Francesco Carpanetto's ship *S. Giorgio* sailed from [Genoa](#), bound for Lima, Peru on a speculative voyage. Carpanetto would stop at the harbor of New-York to talk to [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

[San Francisco](#) has been startled "from its propriety" by news from the celebrated "Gold Bluffs;" and during the greater part of this month has dreamed unutterable things of black sand, and gray sand, and cargoes of gold. A band of pioneers and prospectors had recently proceeded in the Chesapeake steamer northwards to the Klamath River, near which, on the sea shore, they fancied they had found the richest and most extraordinary gold field that had ever been known. The sands of the sea, for a broad space several miles in length, beneath cliffs some hundred feet high, appeared to be literally composed in one half, at least, of the pure metal. Millions of diggers for ages to come could not exhaust that grand deposit. Already a few

China

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

121. See THOREAU'S LITERARY NOTEBOOK IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ed. Kenneth Walter Cameron (Hartford CT: Transcendental Books, 1964), page 10.

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miners had collected about the spot; but these were so amazed and lost in the midst of the surrounding treasure that they knew not what to do. Like the ass with its superabundance of hay, they could not resolve to begin any thing. No man could well carry more than seventy-five or a hundred pounds weight upon his back for any great distance, and with that quantity of pure gold it was ridiculous, so it was, to be content, when numberless tons lay about. So these men-there were just nineteen of them-(the tellers of the story were very particular in some facts),- had resolved to wait till the spring, when they would freight and fill a ship with the wealth which they were then jealously watching over. Let us not be misunderstood, or supposed altogether jesting. A brilliant reporter for the Alta California says - "The gold is mixed with the black sand in proportions of from ten cents to ten dollars the pound. At times, when the surf is high, the gold is not easily discovered, but in the spring of the year, after a succession of calms, the entire beach is covered with bright and yellow gold. Mr. Collins, the secretary of the Pacific Mining Company, measured a patch of gold and sand, and estimates it will yield to each member of the company the snug little sum of \$43,000,000 [say, forty-three millions of dollars!] and the estimate is formed upon a calculation that the sand holds out to be one tenth as rich as observation warrants them in supposing." No digging even was required, since one had only to stoop a little and raise as much as he wished of the stuff-half gold, half sand, from the surface of the beach. Back the adventurers hastened to San Francisco, where they had long been impatiently expected; and the glorious news ran like wild-fire among the people. General John Wilson and Mr. John A. Collins, both of whom had been among the number of discoverers, frankly testified to the truth of these wonderful statements. The beach, they said, for a great distance, was literally strewn with pure gold. It was found in the greatest quantity in a certain kind of "black sand," although the "gray sand," which was rather more abundant, contained likewise a large proportion of the same black-colored stuff with its special share of gold. "Mr. Collins," says the poetic reporter, "saw a man [one of the nineteen, no doubt,] who had accumulated fifty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand tons-he did not recollect which-of the richest kind of black sand." Such intelligence astounded the community. In a few days eight vessels were announced as about to sail for this extraordinary region. The magic phrase "GOLD BLUFFS!" "GOLD BLUFFS!" every where startled the most apathetic, and roused him as with a galvanic shock. "GOLD BLUFFS!" filled the columns of newspapers among the shipping advertisements; they covered, on huge posters, the blank walls of houses at the corners of the streets; they were in every man's mouth. A company was formed called the "Pacific Mining Company," the shares of which instantly rose to a handsome premium. There seemed no doubt of their incalculable gains, since they showed numerous samples of the wondrous "black sand," where the golden particles lay and shone mildly, as stars in the milky way, innumerable. The company had already, by the greatest good fortune, secured a considerable number of miners' claims, embracing indeed the entire beach beneath the "Bluffs," so that all was clear for immediate operations. We have seen the




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intelligent secretary's calculations on the subject. No wonder people raved, and either invested a few thousand dollars in shares of this company, or sold or forsook their all, and made sail for the Gold Bluffs. The ancient excitement of Mississippi and South Sea schemes was a bagatelle in comparison with that which now stirred [San Francisco](#), used though it had been to all manner of rumors of placers, and gigantic "pockets" of gold. The skepticism of envious "unprogressive" people was happily ridiculed, and the press compared the ocean to a mighty cradle that had been rocking and washing up gold from the bottom of the sea for unknown ages, and had chanced to throw it in tons and shiploads beneath the hitherto undiscovered Gold Bluffs. It was truly great news for [San Francisco](#). The first damper to the hot blast that raged through the town, and from whence it spread and fired up distant countries, -until the arrival of the next mail, -was intelligence from the earliest miners, that they found it very difficult to separate first the black sand from the gray, and next the gold itself from the black sand, the particles of the precious metal being so remarkably fine. A little later, it was found that the innumerable " patches" of black sand began most unaccountably to disappear. Heavy seas came and swept them right away; and though it was hoped that heavier seas might soon bring them back again, the people got tired of waiting for that event, and hastily fled from the place, ashamed of their own hopes and credulity, and cursing the cruel wags that had exhibited in [San Francisco](#) sealed phials of dingy sand largely mixed with brass filings. But we cannot pursue this pleasantry farther. Much serious loss was suffered by the Gold Bluffs piece of business. The unfortunate "Pacific Mining Company" had bought the Chesapeake at a cost for boat and repairs of twenty thousand dollars, had run her up the coast several trips at the loss of as many thousands more, and afterwards, when she had been injured in a storm, were glad to sell her for about two thousand dollars. If, however, the shareholders, or any single adventurer lost much money-why, they had at one time the most brilliant hopes imaginable of immense riches; and these were surely some compensation. For what, after all, is life without hope? There was considerable gold at the Bluffs, but it turned out in the end to cost more trouble to gather than it was worth. Hence the place was abandoned, except by a few still hopeful individuals, after a few months' trial. Since the whole affair formed a very striking, though latterly a ridiculous event in the progress of [San Francisco](#), we could not refuse it a place in these "Annals."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 January [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 January [1851](#): In the [International Magazine](#), Volume 2, No. 2:

We find in the London papers accounts of a Copying Electric Telegraph, invented by a Mr. Bakewell, who had given lectures




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upon it at the Russell Institution. Its object is the transmission of the *handwriting* of correspondents. Its advantages are, freedom from error, as the messages transmitted are fac-similes of the originals: authentication of the communications by the transmission of copies of the handwriting; increased rapidity, to such an extent that a single wire may be as effective as ten with the needle telegraph, and consequent economy in the construction of telegraphic lines of communication. The secrecy of correspondence would also be maintained in a greater degree by the copying telegraph, as it would afford peculiar facility for transmitting messages in cipher, and the telegraph clerks, instead of being compelled by their duties to read all the messages transmitted, might be forbidden from perusing any portion but the address. As an additional means of secrecy, the messages may be transmitted invisibly, by moistening the paper with diluted muriatic acid alone, the writing being rendered legible by a solution of prussiate of potass [sic].

FAX

 January 1851: A waiter called [Shadrach \(Frederick Jenkins\)](#) at a popular [Boston](#) coffeehouse, the Cornhill Coffee-house, was kidnapped under the new federal Fugitive Slave Law. His kidnapers, *aka* “United States Marshals,” were holding him in the Boston jailhouse, in order to bring him before an unindicted co-conspirator, *aka* “Federal Commissioner.” Shadrach, of course, as a kidnap victim, would not be permitted to testify on his own behalf or have access to council, or have a trial by jury of his white peers in downtown Boston, although we suppose he should have been more grateful than he in fact was, that his kidnapers merely kept him in chains rather than binding and gagging him, or drugging him. In all probability his lot would have been to be sent south to slavery, because that could happen solely on the word of one white man who would testify to this unindicted co-conspirator that Shadrach was a piece of someone’s property, that had **escaped**. However, as it came down, black Bostonians defied Christ’s injunction not to resist evil, and marched into the courthouse, and kidnapped Shadrach right back. Some nonviolence adherents, such as [Abby Kelley Foster](#), would never become reconciled to these direct tactics, preferring to

throw my body in the way of the kidnapers and risk my life if need be.

**ROSS/ADAMS
COMMENTARY**

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

There was a massacre of foreigners, including Americans, at Jaffa, Turkey. The US Mediterranean Squadron would be ordered to make a demonstration along the Turkish (Levant) coast.

US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS

**THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT.
ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING,**


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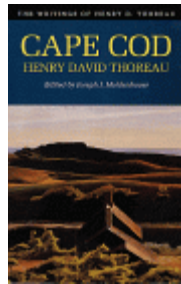
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WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.

 January 1851: The family of [Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson](#) moved from 8 Howard Place to 1 Inverleith Terrace in [Edinburgh](#).


Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

 January 1, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) lectured on [Cape Cod](#) for the Bigelow Mechanic Institute at Clinton, Massachusetts and toured the Lancaster gingham mill.



“The arts teach us a thousand lessons.”

Leopold III replaced Leopold II as Prince of Lippe.

[Washington Hunt](#) took office as governor of [New York](#).

A letter from [Daniel Grant \(1818-1892\)](#), at Marysville in the gold fields of [California](#), to his spouse [Mrs. Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

My Dear Dear Wife
 If we were differantly situated I might wish you a happy new year, & of course I do, but in our present condition, if you have any enjoyments, they are lessened, by our being so far from one another, yet may you have a happy year, & pleasant times in your far off home.
 I do not look for enjoyment while I remain in this Country, but I must stay sometime yet. This year I may wish may be more happy than last, but I see no reason why it will. If I can get some gold & start for home I shall then be a happy man, for a time I know. Marcus has been more lucky than I have since he came I suppose, he had a last accounts. I had a letter from him 10 days since, but it had been a whole month coming, he had then done very well, & wished me to come to him I could not then leave, but shall start tomorrow, he & another young man are together, some distance from my neighbors, & I don't feel quite easy about

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them. If I find them doing well shall stay with them but if they are doing nothing we shall probably leave that place, & seek employment elsewhere.

I have found no place to suit for a farm nor shall I be able in this section. Cows & milk are falling in value, I have not bought any.

Wm. Elder passed through this place on his way home about a month since I saw Wm. Graves as I was walking through the streets, he recognized me & hailed me & told me that Elder had started for home, in a small boat to go down the river. I went to the landing & found the boat had not yet started, saw him got some news from home, & I learned that John Howel was at or near Weaverville, & had made by trading 30 or \$40000,00 G.C. Cone had gone home with about \$1500, Elliott & Woodworth were in the mines & had a good claim. He gave me to understand that he had made by trading about \$8000,00 but Graves said he had not made \$1000,00 Graves said that he himself had made nothing, but I think he had, two or three hundred dollars, he is keeping a small ranch about 20 miles from here, says he is going home in the spring.

I have been reading some of your old letters presume you can judge better than I can tell you how they make me feel. You inquire if I suffer with headache? I was never so free from it as since I have been here.

Whenever I have paid for a newspapers it has been with others, but never have bought but two or three.

It does me good to think you enjoy many comforts, you say that last winter you did not suffer with cold feet in bed, how bad it is that next winter must come, before [you] I can know but what you do this winter.

I sent to S[acramento] City for letters but got but one, from Joel to Marcus containing but little news. He stated that his success in get[t]ing letters to me was so poor, that he should not be very particular. Now I presume you do not wonder that I was careless when I did not know as I could get a letter to you. I believe that we receive the letters that contain no news, but none that [do] are filled, I wish I could be situated so as to at least hear from home.

This letter to M. [Marcus Grant] was mailed Sep. 9.

The weather is very dry for the wet season, there has been but five rainy days & then but little water fell. I have been told that the Indians prophesy a dry winter, & thus far the prediction is true.

You will find enclosed a draft for a little money, made payable to the order of brother John, one half is for you, & one half for John I sent it to you, because I do not know whether he is yet in N.H. [New Hampshire] & if not, it might be more likely to get lost. You will notice that this is number first. I shall send in a month number second, I think to Joel at Avon [Connecticut] if he is not there it would not be likely to be lost as at N.H. No. third I shall keep till I hear whether you have received no. first or no. second. I want you to use your part of the money as you please but pay sister Mary what I owe her if you can, the rest use yourself. I hope to be able to send more soon, but you know that it is hope alone that sustains me so don[']t be disappointed. I am pretty certain that nothing but ill health will prevent my getting something this [winter] year.

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I should like to hear something about our affairs in Wis[consin] but if you should write ever so much I might not get it. Mr. Hubbard did not take the land in Waukesha only till next spring, if you can make any arrangements for a longer time perhaps you had better. I fear I have said more about home in this letter than I ought. You must not think but what I am happy I have a good many comforts Much love to all health good Your aff[ectionate] husband
D. Grant

The *Pai shang-ti hui* or Christian “Association of the Worshipers of God” was founded among the group known as *Hakka* or “guest settlers,” by [Hung Hsiu Ch’üan](#) 洪秀全 and his executive organizer [Feng Yün-shan](#) 馮雲山. There would soon be a dust-up between this *Han* grouping which was migrating out of Central [China](#) into Kwantung and Kwangsi provinces and the primary inhabitants of South China.



This dust-up would be similar in many respects to the conflict between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland later in the 19th Century, except that it would be happening between the [Taiping](#) or [Chinese Christian](#) Longhairs and Confucian [Buddhist](#) Chinese.

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The great [Chinese Civil War](#) between South China and North China was beginning and would become the longest and bloodiest such civil war of which we have any record — our own long and bloody civil war of 1861-1865 not excepted. Some 25,000,000 Chinese would be slaughtered and the destruction of the [Chinese Christian](#) culture in South China would be so thorough that now we “here in Christendom”

- a.) are generally not aware that such a Chinese Christian community ever existed, or
- b.) presume that because the people involved were Chinese (Christians are normatively, of course, as we are all perfectly well aware, decent white people!), simply could not have been of the “actual” or “real” Christian faith as we know it and love it “here in Christendom.”

Instead of referring to them as [Christians](#) we adopt untranslated their term for Jesus’s “Kingdom of God,” their ideal condition of being, *Tai-p’ing T’ien-kuo* or “Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace,” 太平天國 and designate them merely as “the [Taipings](#).” They were millennialist fundamentalists who, like primitive Christians in the Mediterranean area, practiced communalism —and this made them disrespectful of the general Chinese cultural tradition— but they were also ethnically Han and vigorously opposed to such foreigners as the Manchu emperor in Beijing.



MILLENNIALISM

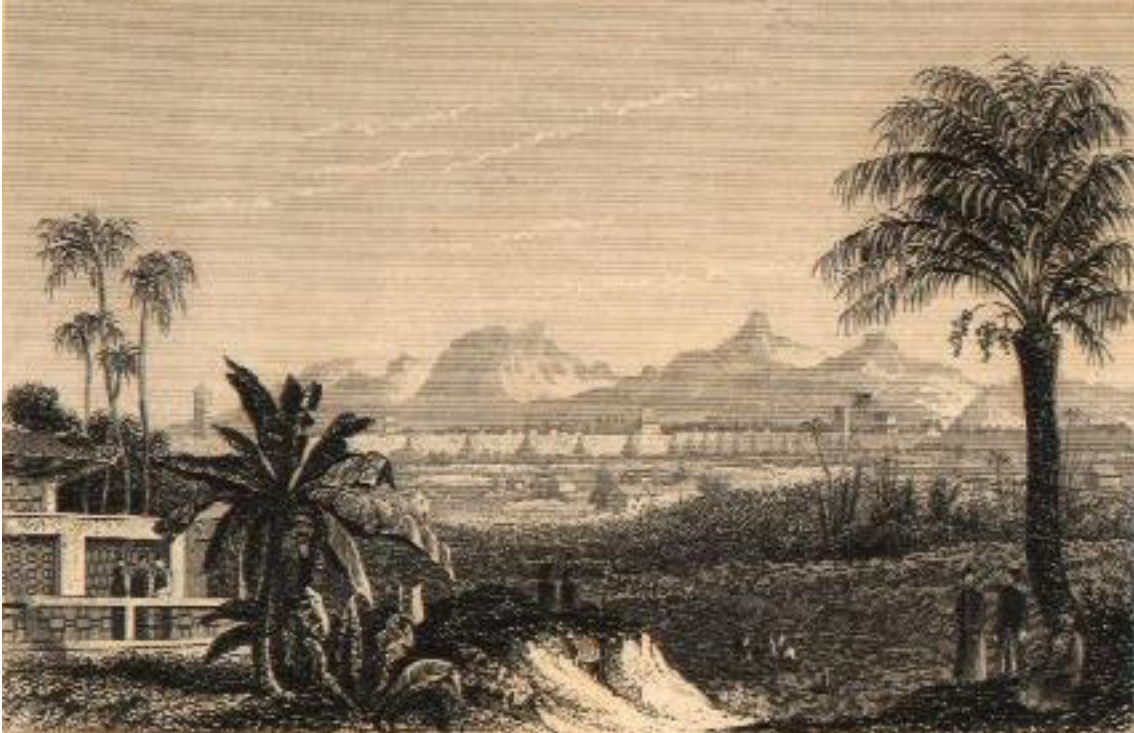
The Buddhist and Confucian forces of Beijing would use the motto “Honor the Emperor by Resisting Barbarians” (*Zun Wang Rang Yi* 尊王攘夷).¹²²

122. The motto that would be used against Christians during the Boxer rebellion of the early 20th Century would be similar, “Revive the Qing and Destroy the Foreigners” (*Fu Qing Mie Yang* 扶清灭洋).

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This chap who was considering himself the younger brother of [Jesus Christ](#) had 30 concubines and wives but was not the only person being designated to rule over the Chinese, in this critical year of 1851. In North China, the young lady who would for half a century rule over the Central Kingdom from one suite of the Forbidden City in Beijing was being selected as 1 imperial concubine of a total of 11, effective as soon as the new emperor Hsien Feng had completed his obligatory period of sexless mourning for his father Tao Kuan. As an economy measure due to the financial straits of the Central Kingdom, the new emperor was to have but 1 empress rather than the traditional complete set of 3, but 2 consorts of the 2d class rather than the traditional complete set of 9, and but 11 concubines such as this particular young lady rather than the traditional complete set of 81.



With the outbreak of Hung Hsiu-ch'üan's T'ai-p'ing Rebellion in Kwangtung Province, the Chinese self-defense society known as the Old Cows would begin teaching its members special breathing techniques designed to render practitioners impervious to gunfire. This trick found adherents for several reasons. 1st, the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion had millenarian overtones, and millenarians everywhere have always sponsored magical explanations. (The name T'ai-p'ing is a shortened version of T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo, or "Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace," and described a utopian philosophy that combined eschatological Buddhism with Christianity and Confucianism.) 2d, the firearms the Chinese used were among the worst in the world and, even when carefully loaded, misfired about half the time. 3d, Chinese soldiers rarely concentrated on their marksmanship, so Chinese shooters frequently missed even when their firearms did work. Finally, few mid-19th Century bullets had the power to consistently penetrate the heavily padded clothes that peasants wore, and almost none had the power needed to penetrate the mail armor that rich men wore. In 1890, Chinese mail armor would sell for around US \$250, and would commonly be worn by tong leaders and their bodyguards. The ubiquity of mail armor is another reason why traditional Chinese martial arts emphasized punches to the head and kicks to the legs rather than strikes to the body. So, the idea of bullet-resistance presumably sounded somewhat more plausible then than now, especially among those with little previous exposure to firearms.



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Lecture¹²³

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DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
December 6, Friday, 1850, at 7:30PM	Newburyport MA; Market Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 1, Wednesday, 1851	Clinton MA; Clinton Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland ME; Temple Street Chapel	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"

123. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)'s [THOREAU'S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).



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Narrative of Event:

According to an announcement in the November 9th, 1850 Clinton Saturday Courant, the Bigelow Mechanic Institute's winter lecture series would include a dozen Wednesday evening lectures "on Miscellaneous Subjects, and of a general interest." Admission to the entire Clinton Hall series would cost \$1 for gentlemen and \$0.⁷⁵ for ladies, with single lecture tickets priced at 12½ cents. Among the 9 lecturers already committed were Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (Henry Thoreau was not mentioned).

On Wednesday, November 13th, Emerson gave the opening lecture of his series on "Wealth," followed 6 days later, on November 19th, by Greeley with a lecture on "Self-Culture"¹²⁴ (both these lectures bear directly on Thoreau). The day after Emerson lectured, Franklin Forbes of the Bigelow Mechanic Institute's Committee on Lectures mailed an invitation to Thoreau asking if he would deliver his "Cape Cod" lecture on some Wednesday evening during January 1851. We can presume Emerson had recommended both Thoreau and his lecture just as he had, almost a year earlier, in South Danvers. As for Greeley, the report of his lecture in the Saturday Courant of November 23d stated that "he commended the course pursued by one who left the haunts of men, scorned the advantages of schools and colleges, and with a few books took up his residence in the wilderness and there pursued the work of education, and with success"¹²⁵ (that would of course have been a reference to Thoreau).

On November 14th, 1850, Franklin Forbes wrote Thoreau: "As one of the Committee on Lectures of the Bigelow Mechanic Institute of this town, I wish to ascertain if you will deliver your lecture on 'Cap[e] Cod' before the Institute on either Wednesday Evening of the month of January — An early answer will much oblige," adding "If you prefer any other lecture of yours to the above mentioned, please name a day on which you can deliver it." Thoreau's early answer was penned the following day: "I shall be happy to lecture before your Institution this winter, but it will be most convenient for me to do so on the 11th of December. If, however, I am confined to the month of January I will choose the first day of it. Will you please inform me as soon as convenient whether I can come any earlier." Subsequent correspondence has not been recovered, but the date was eventually fixed as January 1st, 1851, upon which Thoreau delivered the 5th lecture of the course.

The same night Thoreau lectured, he was given a tour of the gingham mill by the mill's agent, Forbes — presumably the same person who had invited him to speak. Obviously intrigued by the machinery and cotton-processing operations, the next day Henry recorded a long, detailed description in his journal. His journal entry also includes the following snippet of railroad lore, no doubt also picked up on his journey: "The direction in which a rail-road runs, though intersecting another at right angles, may cause that one will be blocked up with snow & the other be comparatively open — even for great distances, depending on the direction of prevailing winds and valleys — There are the Fitchburg & Nashua & Worcester."

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

On December 21st, 1850, the Clinton Saturday Courant reviewed the latest lecture before the Bigelow Mechanic Institute, noting particularly that Professor E.S. Snell's talk on "Architecture," despite its abundant "instruction and pleasure," "was not so well attended as it should have been." The brief item then announced that "The next Lecture will take place one week from next Wednesday, and be given by Mr. **Thoreaux**, the type of Mr. Greeley's isolated education."

In its January 4th, 1851 review of Thoreau's lecture, the Saturday Courant commented dismissively, "The lecture on Wednesday evening last by Mr. THOREAU, was one of those intellectual efforts which serve to wile away an hour very pleasantly, but which leave little or nothing impressed upon the memory of real value. The subject was 'Cape Cod.' A description of a walk upon the sea shore, with reflections upon



124. Clinton Saturday Courant, November 23, 1850.

125. For an extract of Greeley's "Self Culture" lecture, an extract which contains the passages about Thoreau's experiment at Walden Pond, refer to THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, FOR MDCCCCLVII, ed. Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer (Boston: Abel Tompkins and Sanborn, Carter, and Bazin, 1857), pages 65-73.

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shipwrecks and their effects upon the inhabitants in a certain case, with anecdotes, and a few historical reminiscences, made up the burthen of his story.” The item also announced: “The next lecture will be given by THOMAS DREW, Esq., assistant editor of the Spy. Subject, the ‘Influence of the Mechanic Arts upon Civilization.’” The January 11th Saturday Courant compounded the slight by comparing Thoreau’s lecture unfavorably to the one delivered by Drew: “The lecture before the B.M. Institute last Wednesday evening, by Thomas Drew, Esq., is considered by many as about the best lecture of the course thus far delivered, — totally obscuring the fine-spun theories of Emerson and placing ‘Cape Cod’ amongst those ‘trifles, light as air,’ which serve to amuse, but not instruct, the listener....”

Finally, a week later, on January 18th, the Saturday Courant commented that “The Lecture last Wednesday evening [by the Reverend Mr. Brooks on “Holy Week, at Rome”] was more fully attended than the two or three previous ones.” Apparently, Thoreau’s lightly regarded lecture had not drawn many auditors.

Description of Topic:

See lecture 27 above.

[TIMELINE OF CAPE COD](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 1ST]



January 2, Thursday, 1851: Professor George Boole wrote to Professor William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) in regard to a project he had under contemplation, that would extend his 1847 work THE MATHEMATICAL ANALYSIS OF LOGIC and result in 1854 in his AN INVESTIGATION OF THE LAWS OF THOUGHT ON WHICH ARE FOUNDED THE MATHEMATICAL THEORIES OF LOGIC AND PROBABILITIES, and in an assimilation of logic to the calculational methods of algebra, known today as “Boolean algebra”:

I am now about to set seriously to work upon preparing for the press an account of my theory of Logic and Probabilities which in its present state I look upon as the most valuable if not the only valuable contribution that I have made or am likely to make to Science and the thing by which I would desire if at all to be remembered hereafter....

Although the variables in this sort of algebra are normally represented as “0” and “1” they are not numbers but instead symbols here representing a binary, “True” versus its opposite or negation “False.”



Jan. 2. Saw at Clinton last night a room at the Gingham mills which covers $1\frac{7}{8}$ acres & contains 578 looms not to speak of spindles both throttle & mule— The rooms all together cover 3 acres. They were using between 3 & 400 horse-power—and kept an engine of 200 horse power with a wheel 23 feet in diameter & a hand ready to supply deficiencies which have not often occurred. Some portion of the machinery—I think it was where the cotton was broken up lightened up & mixed before being matted together—revolved 1800 times in a minute. I first saw the pattern room where patterns are made by a hand loom. There were two styles of warps ready for the woof or filling. The operator must count the threads of the woof—which in the mill is done by the machinery. It was the ancient art of weaving the Shuttle flying back & forth, putting in the filling. As long as the warp is the same it is but one “style” so called. The cotton should possess a long staple & be clean & free from seed.— The sea-island cotton has a

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long staple and is valuable for thread. Many bales are thoroughly mixed to make the goods of one quality— The cotton is then torn to pieces & thoroughly lightened up by cylinders armed with hooks & by fans. Then spread a certain weight on a square yard —& matted together & torn up & matted together again two or 3 times over.

Then the matted cotton fed to a cylindrical card—a very thin web of it which is gathered into a copper



trough making six (the six card machines) flat rope-like bands which are united in to one at the railway head & drawn And this operation of uniting & drawing or stretching goes on from one machine to another until the thread is spun. which is then dyed —(calico is printed after being woven) having been wound off on to reels & so made into skeins —dyed & dried by steam Then by machinery wound on to spools for the warp & the woof—from a great many spools the warp is drawn off over cylinders and different colored threads properly mixed & arranged. Then the ends of the warp are drawn through the harness of the loom by hand. The operator knows the succession of red blue green &c threads having the numbers given her and draws them through the harness accordingly keeping count. Then the woof is put in or it is *woven*!!

Then the inequalities or nubs are picked off by girls— If *they* discover any imperfection they tag it and if necessary the wages of the weaver are reduced. Now, I think, it is passed over a red hot iron cylinder & the fuz singed off— Then washed with wheels with cold water. Then the water forced out by centrifugal force within horizontal wheels. Then it is starched— The ends stitched together by machinery. Then stretched smooth, dried, & ironed by machinery. Then measured folded & packed. This the agent Forbes says is the best Gingham mill in this country —the goods are better than the imported— The English have even stolen their name Lancaster mills calling theirs “Lancasterian” The machinery is some of it peculiar— —part of the throttle spindls? for instance.

The Coach lace mill —only place in this country where it is made by machinery —made of thread of different materials —as cotton —worsted —linnen —as well as colors —the raised figure produced by needles inserted woof fashion. Well worth examining further. Also pantaloons made in same mill —& dyed after being woven —the woolen not taking the same dye with the cotton —hence a slight particolored appearance. These goods are sheared i.e. a part of the nap taken off —making them smoother— Pressed between paste boards.


The Brussels carpets made at the Carpet Factory said to be the best in the world. Made like coach lace only wider.

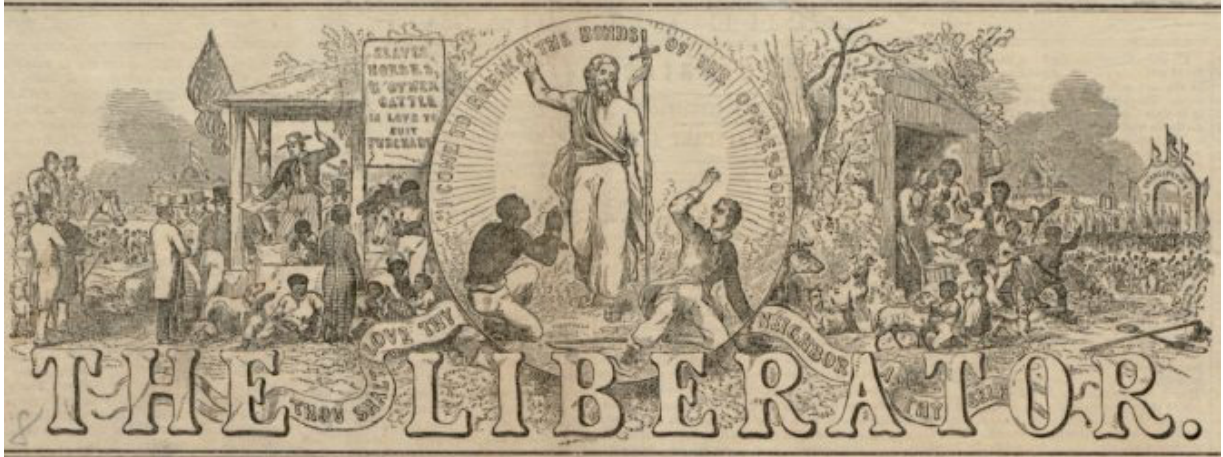
Erastus (?) Bigelow inventor of what is new in the above machinery. & with his brother & another owner of the carpet factory.

I am struck by the fact that no work has been shirked when a piece of cloth is produced, every thread has been counted in the finest web —it has not been matted together —the operator has succeeded only by patience perseverance and fidelity.

The direction in which a rail-road runs, though intersecting another at right angles, may cause that one will be blocked up with snow & the other be comparatively open —even for great distances, depending on the direction of prevailing winds & valleys— There are the Fitchburg & Nashua & Worcester.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1850-1851****1850-1851**

 January 3, Friday, 1851: [William Lloyd Garrison](#) again altered the masthead of The Liberator. The drawings were made by Hammatt Billings and engraved by Alonzo Hartwell. A slave auction is depicted to the left, at the center The Liberator appears, and an emancipated family to the right is gesturing toward a parade of marchers passing through a gate of emancipation.



Jesus the Liberator listens to the pleas of a kneeling slave and casts aside a white slavemaster, declaring “I come to break the bonds of the oppressor.” The emancipated black family is surrounded by animals and nearby

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are a plow and shovel. A bird cage the door of which is open hangs at the corner of their abode.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 3D]



January 4, Saturday, 1851: The Saturday Courant of Clinton, Massachusetts reported on page 2 that “The lecture ... by Mr. THOREAU, was one of those intellectual efforts which serve to while away an hour very pleasantly, but which leave little or nothing impressed upon the memory of real value. The subject was ‘Cape Cod.’ A description of a walk upon the sea shore, with reflections upon shipwrecks and their effects upon the inhabitants in a certain case, with anecdotes, and a few historical references, made up the burden of his story.”



Jan. 4. The longest silence is the most pertinent question most pertinently put. Emphatically silent. The most important questions – whose answers – concern us more than any – are never put in any other way.

It is difficult for two strangers mutually well disposed so truly to bear themselves toward each other that a feeling of falseness & hollowness shall not soon spring up between them. The least anxiety to behave truly vitiates the relation.



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I think of those to whom I am at the moment truly related –with a joy never expressed & never to be expressed, before I fall asleep (at night), though I am hardly on speaking terms with them these years. When I think of it, I am truly related to them.



January 5, Sunday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... Mr Pools said the thermometer was 14 below zero

Bronson Alcott attended an Emerson lecture, the 3d in the “Conduct of Life” series, on the subject of “Wealth,” and joked afterward that it might have been more profitable to have heard Henry Thoreau on the subject of “Poverty.” Meanwhile Henry was musing in his journal on how exceedingly different his attitudes were from the attitudes of his fellows:

WALDEN: The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of any thing, it is very likely to be my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well? You may say the wisest thing you can old man, –you who have lived seventy years, not without honor of a kind, –I hear an irresistible voice which invites me away from all that. One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.



January 5: The catkins of the alders are now frozen stiff!!
Almost all that my neighbors call good, I believe in my soul to be bad. If I repent of anything it is of my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well.
You may say the wisest thing you can –old man –you who have lived seventy years not without honor of a kind – I hear an irresistible voice, the voice of my destiny which invites me away from all that.



January 6, Monday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... we kild a yoke of oxen today I had of Charles Gurney the off one weighd 1475 and the other 1330

A surviving record of the Concord Social Library in Emerson’s handwriting <<http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Fin Aids/ConcordSocialLibrary.htm>> reminds us that we should be careful to allow, that there were more literary and historical resources available in Concord than would be presumed from a mere catalog of Emerson’s library, of Thoreau’s library, and of the list of Thoreau withdrawals from Harvard Library. Among the books added over the course of the previous year had been Alexander von Humboldt’s ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS AND DIFFERENT CLIMATES, WITH SCIENTIFIC ELUCIDATIONS (presumably this would have been the translation of the 3rd German edition, much enlarged, of *ANSICHTEN DER NATUR*, by Mrs. Sabine, that had been republished in Philadelphia in 1850 by Lea and Blanchard), Layard’s NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS / WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE CHALDEAN

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CHRISTIANS OF KURDISTAN, AND THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS; AND AN INQUIRY INTO THE MANNERS AND ARTS OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS [Nineveh was the ancient capital of Assyria, on the River Tigris opposite the present-day city of Mosul in Northern Iraq, that had flourished in the 8th and 7th Centuries BCE and then been destroyed in 612 or 627 BCE by the Medes and Babylonians, and Sir Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894) was the excavator of its ruins], [Charles Dickens](#)'s PICKWICK PAPERS, [William Makepeace Thackeray](#)'s VANITY FAIR, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s SCARLET LETTER, Lieutenant Jenkins's UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION (one of the later volumes in the elaborate series of reports on the elaborate South Seas exploring expedition of [Charles Wilkes](#), generally titled REPORTS OF THE US EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF 1838-1842), and a selection of British and American journals:

Concord Library Jan 6 1851


The Committee have added to the Library in the last year

Humboldt's Aspects of Nature 1 Vol
 Nineveh & its Remains by Ordebyard
 Pickwick - By Charles Dickens
 Vanity Fair. By Wm Thackeray
 Scarlet Letter. By N. Hawthorne
 United States Exploring Expedition
 by Lieut Jenkins

[John Stacy](#), [Concord](#) bookseller and stationer, had been the librarian of the Concord Social Library, which had been established in 1821 to house the collection of the earlier Charitable Library Society, and the library materials had been being maintained in his bookstore on the Milldam. The records and holdings of the Concord Social Library were in this year being transferred to the Concord Town Library — and in 1873 would be passed on to the [Concord Free Public Library](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 6TH]

 January 7, Tuesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

Mr Ames [her husband, Oliver Sr's son, Oakes of Union Pacific fame and notoriety] went to Boston to get some grindstones. ... Ann commenced making fire in the furnace.

Henry Thoreau measured Daniel Shattuck's new house, evaluating it for plastering and finding that the wall surface would amount to 970 square yards, quoted (including lathing) at the rate of a shilling per square yard.



Jan. 7. The snow is sixteen inches deep at least but is a mild & genial afternoon –as if it were the beginning of a January thaw. Take away the snow and it would not be winter but like many days in the fall. The birds acknowledge the difference in the air –the jays are more noisy & the chicadees are oftener heard.

Many herbs are not crushed by the snow.

I do not remember to have seen fleas except when the weather was mild & the snow damp.

I must live above all in the present–

{*Seven-eighths page missing*}

on a rail may be, in the midst of the affairs of nature & of God– He had not fallen astern –he had got up early Where he was it was always seasonable to

{*Seven-eighths page missing*}

woodchoppers than to read books of natural history. What they know is very slow to get into books. Science does not embody all that men know –only what is for men of science. The Woodman tells me how he caught trout in a box trap –how he made his troughs for maple sap of pine logs –& the spouts of sumack or white ash which have a large pith.

The knowledge of an unlearned man is living & luxuriant like a forest –but covered with mosses & lichens and for the most part inaccessible & going to waste –the knowledge of the man of science is like timber collected in yards for public works which stub supports a green sprout here & there –but even this is liable to dry rot.

I felt my spirits rise when I had got off the road into the open fields & the sky had a new appearance.

I stepped along more buoyantly. There was a warm sunset over the wooded valleys –a yellowish tinge on the pines Reddish dun colored clouds like dusky flames stood over it And then streaks of blue sky were seen here & there– The life the joy that is in blue sky after a storm– There is no account of the blue sky in history. Before I walked in the ruts of travel –now I adventured.¹²⁶ This evening a fog comes up from the south.

If I have any conversation with a scamp in my walk my afternoon is wont to be spoiled.

The squirrels & apparently the rabbits have got all the frozen apples in the hollow behind Miles'.

The rabbits appear to have devoured what the squirrels dropped & left I see the tracks of both leading from the woods on all sides to the apple trees.

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January 8, Wednesday, 1851: In the basement of his Paris home, Jean-Bernard-Léon Foucault used a pendulum to demonstrate by the steady clockwise veering of the swing-plane of the bob that the Earth was slowly rotating on its axis in an anticlockwise manner. Soon he would set up an enormous pendulum in the Panthéon in Paris in order to demonstrate to the general public how the planet Earth was turning majestically beneath their feet.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

made some cambric cuffs and collars and styarched & ironed some
Worked on them most of the day. Jane ironed the colored and
coarse cloths



January 8: The smilax green briar berries still hang on like small grapes—
The thorn of this vine is very perfect like a straight dagger
The light of the setting sun falling on the snow banks today made them glow almost yellow
The hills seen from Fair Haven Pond make a wholly new landscape Covered with snow & yellowish
green or brown pines & shrub oaks they look higher & more massive. Their white mantle relates
them to the clouds in the horizon & to the sky. Perchance what is light colored looks loftier than what
is dark.
You might say of a very old & withered man or woman that they hang on like a shrub-oak leaf almost
to a second spring. There was still a little life in the heel of the leaf-stalk



126. William M. White's version of the journal entry is:


*I felt my spirits rise when I had got off the road
Into the open fields,
And the sky had a new appearance.
I stepped along more buoyantly.*

*There was a warm sunset over the wooded valleys,
A yellowish tinge on the pines.
Reddish dun-colored clouds
Like dusky flames
Stood over it.*

*And then streaks of blue sky were seen here and there.
The life, the joy, that is in blue sky after a storm!
There is no account of the blue sky in history.
Before I walked in the ruts of travel;
Now I adventured.*

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 January 9, Thursday, 1851: The dedication of a 100-foot monument to [Sir John Barrow](#), paid for by public subscription. It had been constructed of limestone quarried from nearby Birkrigg Common and resembles the Eddystone Lighthouse that had been erected in 1759 by John Smeaton.



An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:


Mr Ames ague in his face and had to come home from the office very early. Has been troubled with it several days.

Also, an entry made by Oliver:

... in the afternoon it was misty and it covered the track with ice.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 9TH]


 January 10, Friday, 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) completed [OPER UND DRAMA \(OPERA AND DRAMA\)](#).

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January 10: The snow shows how much of the *mts* in the horizon are covered with forest—
I can also see plainer as I stand on a hill what proportion of the township is in forest.

Got some excellent frozen thawed apples off of Anursnack— Soft & luscious as a custard—and free from worms & rot Saw a partridge [**Ruffed Grouse**  *Bonasa umbellus*] budding—but they did not appear to have pecked the apples

There was a remarkable sunset a mother of pearl sky seen over the Price farm Some small clouds as well as the edges of large ones most brilliantly painted with mother of pearl tints through & through. I never saw the like before. Who can foretel the sunset—what it will be?

The near and bare hills covered with snow look like mountains—but the *mts* in the horizon do not look higher than hills.

I frequently see a hole in the snow where a partridge has squatted the mark or form of her tail very distinct.

The chivalric & heroic spirit which once belonged to the chevalier or rider only seems now to reside in the walker— To represent the chivalric spirit we have no longer a knight—but a walker errant—

I speak not of Pedestrianism, or of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours—

The Adam who daily takes a turn in his garden

methinks I would not accept of the gift of life If I were required to spend as large a portion of it sitting bent up or with my legs crossed as the shoemakers and tailors do. As well be tied head & heels together & cast into the sea— Making acquaintance with my extremities

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art taking walks daily—not exercise—the legs or body merely—nor barely to recruit the spirits but positively to exercise both body & spirit—and to succeed to the highest & worthiest ends by the abandonment of all specifics ends.— who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering— — And this word saunter by the way is happily derived “from idle people who roved about the country [in the middle ages] and asked charity under pretence of going à la sainte terre,” to the holy land—till perchance the children exclaimed There goes a sainte terror a holy lander— They who never go to the holy land in their walks as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers & vagabonds—

{*Two leaves missing*}

than usually jealous of my freedom I feel that my connexions with & obligations to society are at present very slight & transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood & by which I am serviceable to my contemporaries are as yet a pleasure to me and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful—and only he is successful in his business who makes that pursuit which affords him the highest pleasure sustain him. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery— If I should sell both my forenoons & afternoons to society neglecting my peculiar calling there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage

F. Andrew Michaux says that “the species of large trees are much more numerous in North America than in Europe: in the U S there are more than 140 species that exceed 30 feet in height — ; in France there are but 30 that attain this size, of which 18 enter into the composition of the forests, & seven only are employed in building.”

The perfect resemblance of the Chestnut Beech & hornbeams in Europe & the U S rendered a separate figure unnecessary.

He says the white oak “is the only oak on which a few of the dried leaves persist till the circulation is renewed in the spring.”

Had often heard his father say that “the fruit of the common European walnut, in its natural state, is harder than that of the American species just mentioned [the Pacanenut Hickory] and inferior to it in size & quality.”

The arts teach us a thousand lessons. Not a yard of cloth can be woven without the most thorough fidelity in the weaver. The ship must be made *absolutely* tight before it is launched.

It is an important difference between two characters that the one is satisfied with a happy but level success but, the other as constantly elevates his aim. Though my life is low, if my spirit looks upward habitually at an elevated angle—it is, as it were redeemed— When the desire to be better than we are is really sincere we are instantly elevated, and so far better already

I lose my friends of course as much by my own ill treatment & ill valuing of them (prophaning of them cheapening of them) as by their cheapening of themselves—till at last when I am prepared to them justice I am permitted to deal only with the memories of themselves—their ideals still surviving



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in me –no longer with their actual selves–
 We exclude ourselves– As the child said of the stream in which he bathed head or foot V Confucius
 It is something to know when you are addressed by divinity and not by a common traveller.
 I went down cellar just now to get an armful of wood –and passing the brick piers with my wood &
 candle –I heard methought a common place suggestion –but when as it were by accident –I
 reverently attended to the hint –I found that it was the voice of a God who had followed me down
 cellar to speak to me.
 How many communications may we not lose through inattention?
 I would fain keep a journal which should contain those thoughts & impressions which I am most
 liable to forget that I have had Which would have, in one sense the greatest remoteness –in another
 the greatest nearness, to me.
 'Tis healthy to be sick sometimes,¹²⁷

I do not know but the reason why I love some Latin verses more than whole English poems –is
 simply in the elegant terseness & conciseness of the language –an advantage which the individual
 appears to have shared with his nation.
 When we can no longer ramble in the fields of Nature, we ramble in the fields of thought & literature.
 The old become readers– Our heads retain their strength when our legs have become weak.
 English literature from the days of the minstrels to the Lake Poets [Chaucer](#) & Spencer & Shakspeare
 & Milton included breathes no quite fresh & in this sense wild strain It is an essentially tame &
 civilized literature reflecting Greece and Rome. Her wilderness is a greenwood her wild man a
 Robinhood. There is plenty of genial love of nature in her poets but
 Her chronicles inform us when her wild animals, but not when the wild man in her became extinct
 There was need of America
 I cannot think of any poetry which adequately expresses this yearning for the wild. the *wilde*.
 Ovid says

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
 Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet.–
 Nilus terrified fled to the extremity of the globe,
 And hid his head, which is still concealed –

And we moderns must repeat –quod adhuc latet.

Phaeton's Epitaph

Hic situs est Phaëton, currûs auriga paterni;
 Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

His sister Lampetie –

subitâ radice retenta est.

All the sisters were changed to trees while They were in vain beseeching Their mother not to break
 their branches
 cortex in verba novissima venit.

His brother Cycnus lamenting the death of Phaeton –killed by Joves lightning –& the metamorphosis
 of his sisters –was changed into a Swan –

127. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day's entry as:

**THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION
 BY W.H. AUDEN...**

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
212	The Professions	'Tis healthy to be sick sometimes.



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Nec se caeloque, Iovique
Credit, ut injustè missi memor ignis ab illo.

Reason why the swan does not fly –

Nor trusts himself to the heavens
Nor to Jove, as if remembering the fire unjustly sent by him

i.e. against Phaeton.

precibusque minas regaliter addit.

II-397

Jove –

royally adds threats to prayers.

Callisto –

Miles erat Phoebes

i.e. a huntress

– – (neque enim coelestia tingi
Ora decet lachrymis) II-621
For it it is not becoming that the faces
of the celestials be tinged with tears

How much more fertile a Nature has Grecian Mythology its root in than English Literature! The nature which inspired mythology still flourishes– Mythology is the crop which the old world bore before its soil was exhausted– The west is preparing to add its fables to those of the east. A more fertile nature than the Mississippi valley. None of your four hour nights for me– The wise man will take a fool's allowance– The corn would not come to much if the nights were but four hours long The soil in which those fables grew is deep and inexhaustible.
Lead cast by the Balearian sling.

Volat illud, et incandescit eundo;
Et quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit, ignes.

II-728

That flies & grows hot with going,
And fires which it had not finds under the clouds.

The old world with its vast deserts –& its arid & elevated steppes & table lands contrasted with the new world with its humid & fertile valleys & savannahs & prairies –& its boundless primitive forests– Is like the exhausted Ind corn lands contrasted with the peat meadows, America requires some of the sand of the old world to be carted onto her rich but as yet unassimilated meadows

I went some months ago to see a panorama of the Rhine It was like a dream of the Middle ages– I floated down its historic stream in something more than imagination under bridges built by the Romans and repaired by later heroes past cities & castles whose very names were music to me made my ears tingle –& each of which was the subject of a legend. There seemed to come up from its waters & its vine-clad hills & valleys a hushed music as of crusaders departing for the Holy Land–

There were Ehrenbreitstein & Rolandseck & Coblenz which I knew only in history. I floated along through the moonlight of history under the spell of enchantment It was as if I remembered a glorious dream as if I had been transported to a heroic age & breathed an atmosphere of chivalry Those times appeared far more poetic & heroic than these

Soon after I went to see the panorama of the Mississippi and as I fitly worked my way upward in the

CORN HILLS

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light of today –& saw the steamboats wooding up –& looked up the Ohio & the Missouri & saw its unpeopled cliffs –& counted the rising cities [The fresh ruins of Nauvoo, the bright brick towns. Davenport?] –& saw the Indians removing west across the stream & heard the legends of Dubuque & of Wenona's Cliff –still thinking more of the future than of the past or present –I saw that this was a Rhine stream of a dif kind that the foundations

{*One leaf missing*}

all this West –which our thoughts traverse so often & so freely. We have never doubted that their prosperity was our prosperity– It is the home of the younger-sons As among the Scandinavians the younger sons took to the seas for their inheritance and became the Vikings or Kings of the Bays & colonized Ice land & Greenland & probably discovered the continent of America

[Guyot](#) says –“the Baltic Sea has a depth of only 120 feet between the coasts of Germany and those of Sweden;” (page 82).

“The Adriatic, between Venice & Trieste, has a depth of only 130 feet.”

“Between France & England, the greatest depth does not exceed 300 feet;”

He says

The most extensive forest “the most gigantic wilderness” on the earth is in the basin of the Amazon & extends almost unbroken more than 1500 miles

South America the kingdom of palms no where a greater no' of species “This is a sign of the preponderating development of leaves over every other part of the vegetable growth; of that expansion of foliage, of that leafiness, peculiar to warm & moist climates. America has no plants with slender shrunken leaves, like those of Africa and New Holland. The Ericas, or heather, so common, so varied, so characteristic of the flora of the Cape of Good Hope, is a form unknown to the New World. There is nothing resembling those *Metrosideri* of Africa, those dry Myrtles (*Eucalyptus*) and willow-leaved acacias, whose flowers shine with the liveliest colors, but their narrow foliage, turned edgewise to the vertical sun, casts no shadow.”

my own

The white man derives his nourishment from the earth from the roots & grains The potatoe & wheat & corn & rice & sugar –which often grow in fertile & pestilential river bottoms fatal to the life of the cultivator The Indian has but a slender hold on the earth– He derives his nourishment in great part but indirectly from her through the animals he hunts

–“compared with the Old World, the New World is the humid side of our planet, the *oceanic*, *Vegetative* world, the passive element awaiting the excitement of a livelier impulse from without.”

[[Guyot](#)]

{*One leaf missing*}

“For the American, this task is to work the virgin soil,”–

“Agriculture here already assumes proportions unknown everywhere else.” [[Guyot](#)]



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January 10, Friday-12, Sunday, 1851: [Waldo Emerson](#) was in Springfield, [Illinois](#), lecturing during these 3 succeeding evenings on “The Anglo-Saxon,” on “Power,” and on “Culture.” Years later, [Abraham Lincoln](#) would remember he attended one of these 3 lectures — but would be quite unable to recall which particular topic was being covered on that evening.

THE LIST OF LECTURES

On the 10th, [Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal he would later copy into his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)” He would combine it with an entry made on March 13, 1853 to form:

[Paragraph 38] Perhaps I am more than usually jealous with respect to my freedom. I feel that my connection with and obligation to society are still very slight and transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood, and by which it is allowed that I am to some extent serviceable to my contemporaries, are as yet commonly a pleasure to me, and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful; and he only is successful in his business who makes that pursuit which affords him the purest and highest pleasure, also afford his body a maintenance. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased, the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery. If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society, as most appear to do, I am sure that for me there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage. [[GENESIS 25:32-34](#)] “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” [[MARK 8:36](#)]¹ The great art of life is how to turn the surplus life of the soul into life for the body. The poet, for instance, must sustain his body by his poetry. All enterprises must be self-supporting in this sense—must pay for themselves. You must get your living by loving. But as it is said of the merchants that ninety-seven in a hundred fail²—so the life of men generally, tried by this standard, is a failure—and bankruptcy may be surely prophesied. To inherit property is not to be born but to be still-born rather. To be supported by the charity of friends or a government pension—provided you continue to breathe—is to go into the almshouse. On Sundays the poor debtor goes to church to take an account of stock and finds, of course, that his outgoes have been greater than his income.¹¹²³ In the Catholic church, especially, they go into chancery—make a clean confession—give up all—and think to start again. Thus men will lie on their backs talking about the fall of man and never make an effort to get up.

BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY

1. Bradley P. Dean emended “What shall it profit &c,” completing the verse and putting it in quotes.

2. Thoreau refers to WALDEN pages 32-33. He had used the figure “ninety-nine in a hundred” in the journal source. J. Lyndon Shanley has noted this also in the WALDEN manuscripts in THE MAKING OF *WALDEN* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1957, page 35).

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... there is considerable water on the ground. The day was pritty warm and took the snow of so much that it spoilt the




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slaying

Also, an entry by Evalina:

This is Mr Ames birthday ... 47 years.

 January 11, Saturday, 1851: Henry Thoreau had been at the Bigelow Mechanic Institute in Clinton, Massachusetts on January 1st lecturing on his excursion to Cape Cod, and on this day the Clinton Saturday Courant reported:

The lecture before the B.M. Institute last Wednesday evening, by Thomas Drew, Esq., is considered by many as abou[t] the best lecture of the course thus far delivered, - totally obscuring the fine-spun theories of Emerson and placing "Cape Cod" amongst those "trifles, light as air," which serve to amuse, but not instruct, the listener.

As part of the Mariposa War, Mariposa County Sheriff James Burney led local militia in an indecisive clash with California native tribes on a mountainside near present-day Oakhurst, California.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

A letter from the father to his daughter Caroline Burr Grant (1820-1892) in Newburyport, Massachusetts, having to do with her brothers in the California gold fields:

Care of Wm. Hill [William Hill] Esq.
Flemington N.J.
Newburyport [Massachusetts] Jan 11th 1851
Dear Daughter. We received your communications this morning was glad to hear from you and my dear absent Children. Joel and John had informed us, that letters had been received with comforting intel[l]igence. It was like cold water to a thirsty soul, my mind had become exceedingly anxious about D. [Daniel Grant] & M [Marcus Grant], and in looking at my contemplated visit, I felt that I must leave home with a heavy heart. But monday P.M[.] a letter was handed in containing information that gave me great relief. We are here at Newburyport [Massachusetts] in good health I have for a long time wanted to write to you [to you] but my body and mind have be[e]n taxed to the utmost. My health has been good I have had but very little suffering. Abby has been uniformly well and happy. She has not complained of being unwell at all. She often speaks of you and her little brother in most affectionate manner. She will say I suppose they think they have not stayed long enough, but I think they have, I hope when they do come [I hope] they will stay five months and two years. One time some one gave her two walnuts I said to her grandma will crack them for you. Oh no I will keep them for Ma and little Eddy, so with many little things she will [say?] I will keep them for Ma and my little brother. When we first talked or when we first began to plan our business we thought of shutting up our house, and I proposed to Mrs Orville Pinney to take her into her family and she and her adopted daughter appeared very much pleased with the plan. Since that your Aunt N. and her daughters concluded they would come & keep our house, and they rather wished that Abby would stay them. So I them as they both wanted her they must divide the time. She might go and

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stay with Mrs[.] Pinney a while and then she might come and stay with her Aunt. She appears pleased with her prospect. Mrs[.] Pinney came after her and carried her home hours before I left home. I do not feel free from anxiety respecting her although I feel confident, that she will be taken just as good care of as she would if I was with her yet if she should be sick or any accident should befall her, I should wish to be with her, but I hope & [hope] I commit her to his care, who only can protect her. You speak of [her] your return. I hope it will be so that you can leave your sister in time to spend weeks with us before it will be necessary for you to commence your summer's work. I want [have] you to have a good long visit with your only sister, and do not wish to hasten your return, but I very much want a visit too before summer work comes on. I do not think of any news but what you will hear from the other sources except I had a letter from Susan [Susan Boyd Grant] she sent much love to you and expressed a pleasure in my having Abbie with me for company. She also stated that one of their neighbors were at Mr Barton's a little time previous, but did not see Elizabeth [Elizabeth Grant Burton] she was near being confined so that in some measure accounts for not writing us in so long a time. I intended writing to her soon when you left, but I have not done it but hope to while here. Give Edward many kisses for grandma may the Lord bless you and keep you is the prayer of your affectionate Mother E G [Elizabeth Grant]

My dear Neice[Niece],

I thank you for your note, received today. Will you dwell on the character of the only living & true God, seek daily to learn more & more of what he is, by studying his word, observing his providences, & receiving his spirit. Think what the Redeemer has done to save our race, & receive his testimony respecting what he desires to do for you. Believe what he says to you, as you would have your children believe what you say to them. In true love, y'rs [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister]

Give my love to Mary [Mary Burr Hill] and her husband hope she will be blessed John was at home a few days left the last day of Dec may God's blessings attend you my dear child

E G [Elizabeth Grant]

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(“An Excursion to Cape Cod“)

Neujahrslied op.144 for chorus and orchestra by [Robert Schumann](#) to words of Rückert was performed for the first time, in Düsseldorf.

In [Kwangsi](#), Christian [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 declared himself king of the Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace, thus beginning the [Taiping Rebellion](#) and the bloodiest civil war that has ever been fought — ever fought anywhere anytime on the surface of this planet.

“The little brother of Jesus told me to kill you.”

Our Perennial Quest to Do Harm So Good Will Come



English Civil War	1640-1649
Secession from Britain	1776-1783
Chinese Civil War	1850-1864
Secession from the Union	1862-1865



"To be active, well, happy, implies rare courage.
To be ready to fight in a [duel](#) or a [battle](#) implies



desperation, or that you hold your life cheap."
— [Henry Thoreau](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 12, Sunday, [1851](#): [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s father Thomas Lincoln lay dying but the son was refusing to visit (nor would he even make himself available for his father's funeral).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 13, Monday, [1851](#): An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... we kild a yoke of oxen today that I had of Thomas Ames, one weighd 1280 and the other 1140.

Also, an entry by Evalina:

father killed another yoke of oxen today and we have a quarter the tripe. Boiled that we had last week today.

The [Sacramento, California](#) [Transcript](#) reported:

THE GOLD BLUFF. — Since the arrival of the steamer *Chesapeake* from the vicinity of Port Trinidad, stories have been promulgated relative to a far off "Gold Bluff" (so called) which have raised an intense excitement in San Francisco. We are sorry to say this excitement has in a certain degree reached other parts of the State, and yesterday showed itself to a considerable extent in our city. There is one unfortunate peculiarity about the present



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population of California. It is as a general thing energetic and full of hope. A large majority desire to make a speedy fortune and return in a few weeks to the fascinations of home. Many are young either in years or experience, and the general mind is combustible, taking fire at the first extravagant tale. As one views California from a calm height, he sees too often a sad panorama in which the Will-with-the-wisp game is played upon a grand scale, and ruined hopes and despair stand full in the foreground. Such is human nature that this is, perhaps, for the present, unavoidable; but we trust that we shall soon see a different state of things in California. Money will unquestionably be made out of this Gold Bluff excitement before it shall have subsided. It includes the admirable "opportunity;" and there are those, keen enough to reap the advantage. But how many will they be who, investing their little all, will in the end taste the dusty apple of disappointment, none can tell. Several of the papers below have been caught away in the general whirlwind, and this only makes the matter worse. We must confess the statements which we have seen and heard are not of a nature to convince us entirely that a sufficient quantity of gold can be gathered at Gold Bluff to warrant the mad excitement unfortunately abroad; and we fear that the upshot of the matter will be disastrous disappointment to hundreds. We trust that our sensible readers will consider well before they take any rash step. It would be far better for our quiet miners upon the Forks of the American, the Yuba, &c., to remain upon their claims, than to spend their time, their efforts, and their money, in seeking this new and far off Dorado. If these stories are true, it is very strange that the "Chesapeake" has been sold when crowds would have flocked to the "inexhaustible mines," and she might have quickly made thrice the price she brought. It is very strange that so many "shares" and "interests" are in the market for sale. Why don't these people go quietly to work and make the money themselves? It is unaccountable to us that Edwin A. Rowe, constable of Trinidad, who swears before L.B. Gilky, Justice of the Peace, that he "has seen enough in one plat of black sand, containing enough of gold to yield three to ten dollars per pound, to load a ship," does not quietly resign the very lucrative office of constable of Trinidad and proceed to the spot at once where his fortune is at his feet. We do not mean to say that his statement is untrue, but we don't understand these things. How exceedingly remarkable that the placer is so fickle. We are told that to-day one will go upon the beach, and it has attired itself in its richest and spangled dress, while to-morrow nothing of the kind can be found. It seems that withal the case is one of "now you see it, and now you don't." We warn our excited friends of the fact, that there is not the slightest necessity for haste in this matter. We trust that we shall hear but little more of this excitement to-day. If the stories are true - if these mines are so extensive, so inexhaustible, there is ample time for those of us who actually need a million or two, to take a fair start when there shall be no risk of our having our "labor for our pains," and returning heavily laden in the style of our Gold Lake friends whilom.

GOV. BURNETT'S RESIGNATION. - The resignation of Gov. Burnett was received and accepted by the legislature on Friday inst. Both



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Houses met in convention, when the Hon. John McDougall was waited on by a joint committee and informed that both Houses were in session, and ready to have him sworn into office as Governor of the State of California. In a few moments he made his appearance, and the oath of office was administered to him by his Hon. Judge Lyons of the Supreme Court. Gov. McDougall expressed distrust of his ability to discharge the duties of his highly responsible office—but pledged that what ability he possessed should be directed to promote the welfare of the Commonwealth.

The following is the resignation of Gov. Burnet:

Gentlemen of the Senate and Assembly: Circumstances entirely unexpected and unforeseen by me, and over which I have no control, render it indispensable that I should devote all my time and attention to my private affairs. I therefore tender to both Houses of the Legislature my resignation as Governor of the State. I leave the high office to which I was called by the voluntary voice of my countrymen, with but one only regret, that my feeble abilities have allowed me to accomplish so little for the State. In the humble sphere of a private citizen I shall still cherish for her that ardent attachment she so justly merits. Within her serene and sunny limits I expect to spend the remainder of my days, many or few; and should an unfortunate crisis ever arise, when such a sacrifice might be available and necessary for her safety, my limited fortune and force, and my life shall be at her disposal.

PETER H. BURNETT. San Jose, January 8th, 1851.

THE K STREET COMMITTEE. — The attention of the citizens of K Street is directed to the advertisement of the Council Committee in another column. It might be advisable for the city to undertake the planking, if a legal instrument was drawn up and signed, in which the citizens of the street pledged themselves to pay for the work on its completion. The subject is one of great importance, and should receive the consideration of all interested. While it might not be proper for the city to undertake the planking of one street to the exclusion of another, there can certainly be no objection by any one in the assumption of the responsibility by the city authorities, if they have as collateral security the pledges of citizens to pay the work, not in words, but by their names appended to a legal instrument. It has been stated, heretofore, that the money might have been raised if there had been confidence that the work would have been completed.

A CASE OF SHOOTING. — Henry Brown was shot on Saturday evening, at the Ringgold House, on 3d street, by a man named George McDonald. We are informed that McDonall had a difficulty with "Captain Bill," a former keeper of the prison brig, and that he drew a pistol and was about to shoot him, when some one struck his arm and the ball passed upward through the ceiling. McDonald was in the act of firing; again, we understand, when Brown stepped up and took hold, turning him round, at which time the pistol was fired, but whether intentionally or accidentally, we cannot learn, and Brown fell, wounded so dangerously as almost to preclude any hope of his recovery. We have been told that Brown considers the shot as accidental, McDonald and himself having



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been on good terms. It is stated that McDonald had an old grudge against Capt. Bill, for alleged ill-treatment whilst on board the prison brig.

A BAD JUDGE OF LIQUOR. — We saw "one of the hombres" in company which was decidedly unpleasant to him — police officers — yesterday evening, being tucked up for having stolen a cask of wine and other matters along J Street, somewhere above Fifth. It was owing altogether to his being no judge of liquor, for after having stolen the wine, he took it to an auction-house and wanted to sell a cask of ale. Having tapped the article, and found that it was wine, the suspicions of the auctioneer were aroused, and the luckless chap was seized and handed over to the police, who are at least sometimes on hand, notwithstanding the Times thinks they are so grossly neglectful of their duty.

REMOVAL OF BUSINESS. — French-monte dealers and thimble-riggers have had a veto put on their performances "down town," but we find that these games are in full vogue beyond Sixth Street.

SNOW ON THE SIERRA NEVADA. — The city denizen will have opened up to him a sight well worthy of a short walk by repairing to the eastern part of the city. The Sierra is entirely covered with snow, and the sunshine upon the lofty peaks adds an additional charm to the scene.

FOR GOLD BLUFF. — The fast sailing bark *Oregon* will sail from this port, during the week, for the newly discovered Gold Bluff. The *Oregon* is a new vessel, has superior accommodations, and is commanded by Capt. Davis, well known as a thorough seaman. The vessel will have quick dispatch, taking steam to San Francisco. Those wishing to visit "Gold Bluff" should engage passage at once. Price of passage \$50.

PROMENADING. — Yesterday evening seemed to be devoted almost exclusively to promenading; and small parties of ladies and gentlemen were to be met at almost every corner. The evening was pleasant, and the ground in good condition, if we may except a few of the public crossings.

ANOTHER CASE OF LYNCHING. — Judge Lynch is usurping the place not only of our county judges, but also of those of the District Court. He is the popular court for the time being, and he cares little for public opinion after his vengeance has been satisfied. Every few days we hear of some of the cases from his court. The following being the latest. It appears that a man, named Starkey, who has a rancho on the Macosumne and on Dry Creek, was charged with stealing stock and driving it off to one of these places. A number of persons who had suffered severely by his depredations, determined upon taking the law into their own hands, and accordingly seized and took him to Hick's Rancho, another point, we believe, on the Macosumne. Here they arraigned him, but he resolutely denied the thefts, and persisted in asserting his innocence. This not being satisfactory, they strung him up to a limb, where he was held a moment and then lowered, when he was called on to confess. Starkey was firm and determined, denying all participation in the crime. The assemblage told him they would hang him unless he confessed, but he was immovable. He was again suspended and then lowered,



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and the same procedure was gone through until the fifth time, when, either from fear or a consciousness of guilt, he made a full confession. The court re-assembled, when their verdict was read, giving him two desperate choices, either to be hung at once, or to have his head shaved, branded on the cheek and receive one hundred and fifty lashes. He chose the latter sentence, and was immediately tied up and received one hundred and twenty-five – the balance being remitted, we believe. Such acts are terrible, and it is to be regretted that our courts of justice in failing to give satisfaction have produced such a state of things.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 14, Tuesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... I went to Bridgewater and carried Sarah

Also, an entry by Evalina:

Lewis Carr died last night

Juan Bravo Murillo replaced Ramón María Narváez Campos, duque de Valencia as Prime Minister of Spain.

Alerted to the continuing racial conflict in [California](#) between white skins and red skins, in late 1850 our federal government had sent three United States Indian Commissioners to San Francisco to evaluate the situation and recommend a corrective. The commissioners, considering that the California government was being excessively belligerent in its handling of Indian affairs, urged Governor John McDougal to resolve this problem. (On the 18th, early in the morning, a group of approximately 100 white men would form assault lines and attack a sleeping village of approximately 500 Chowchilla, Chookchancie, Nootchu, Honahchee,

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Potoencie, Kahwah, and [Yosemite](#) tribespeople, killing 24 and using embers from their campfires to set the shelters on fire. None of the white men were injured. When the fires spread to the forest, in the smoke the surviving red skins managed to sneak away.)

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

[Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#) confided to her journal that “I am always so dazzled and bewildered with the richness, the depth, the ... jewels of beauty in his [[Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)’s] productions that I am always looking forward to a second reading where I can ponder and muse and fully take in the miraculous wealth of thoughts.”

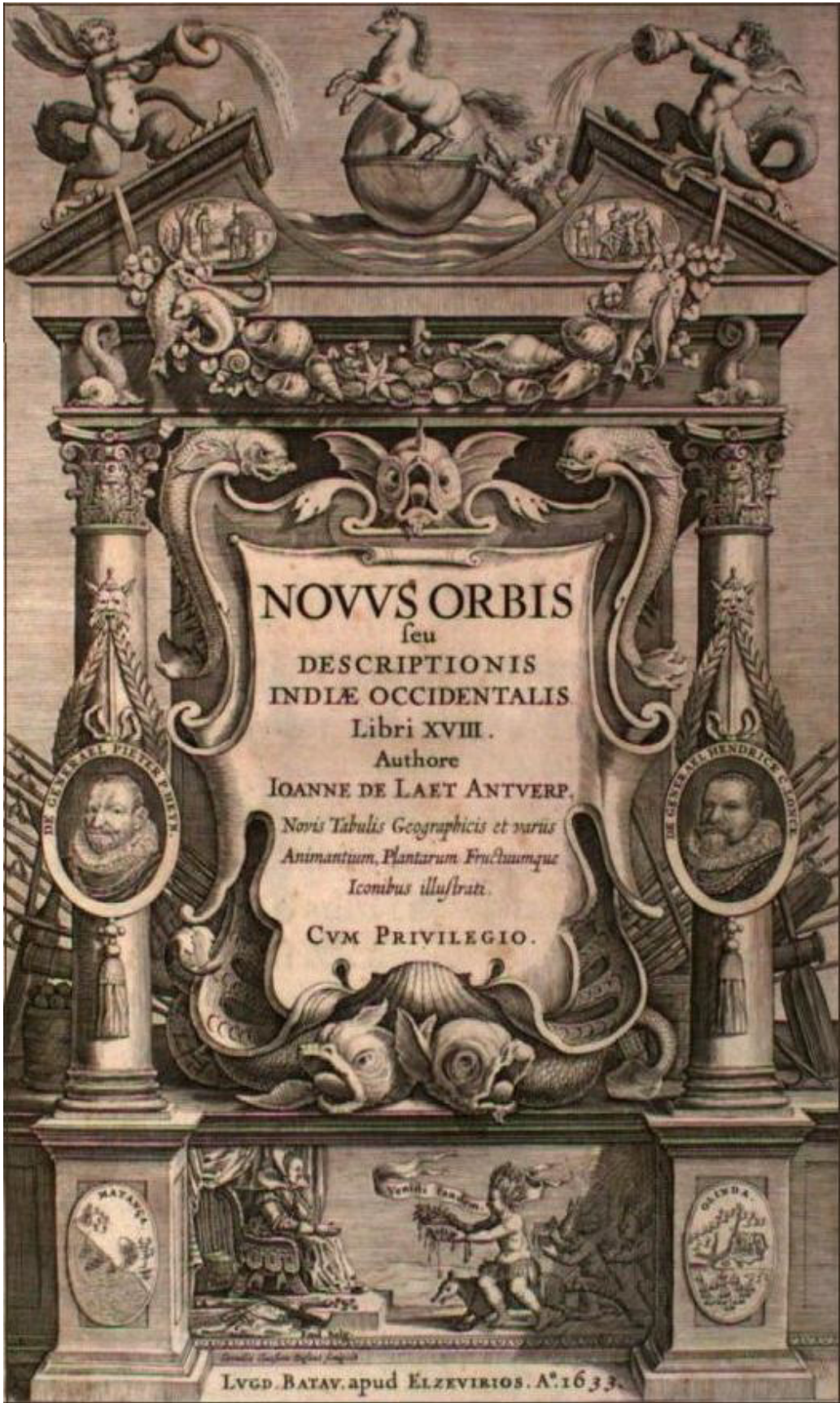
[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), [Johannes de Laet](#)’s *NOVUS ORBIS SEU DESCRIPTIONIS INDIAE OCCIDENTALIS* (Lugd. Batav. apud Elzevirios, 1633, see following screen).



NOVIS ORBIS

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He also checked out the 1st of the three volumes of [François André Michaux](#)'s *THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA...*, 1817-18-19 (Philadelphia: J. Dobson, 1842).



From this he would extrapolate information on firewood to use in his chapter “House-Warming”:



WALDEN: It is remarkable what a value is still put upon wood even in this age and in this new country, a value more permanent and universal than that of gold. After all our discoveries and inventions no man will go by a pile of wood. It is as precious to us as it was to our Saxon and Norman ancestors. If they made their bows of it, we make our gun-stocks of it. Michaux, more than thirty years ago, says that the price of wood for fuel in New York and Philadelphia "nearly equals, and sometimes exceeds, that of the best wood in Paris, though this immense capital annually requires more than three hundred thousand cords, and is surrounded to the distance of three hundred miles by cultivated plains." In this town the price of wood rises almost steadily, and the only question is, how much higher it is to be this year than it was the last. Mechanics and tradesmen who come in person to the forest on no other errand, are sure to attend the wood auction, and even pay a high price for the privilege of gleaning after the wood-chopper. It is now many years that men have resorted to the forest for fuel and the materials of the arts; the New Englander and the New Hollander, the Parisian and the Celt, the farmer and Robinhood, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, in most parts of the world the prince and the peasant, the scholar and the savage, equally require still a few sticks from the forest to warm them and cook their food. Neither could I do without them.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ MICHAUX

Thoreau also checked out **John Josselyn**'s *NEW-ENGLANDS RARITIES DISCOVERED: IN BIRDS, BEASTS, FISHES, SERPENTS, AND PLANTS OF THAT COUNTRY...* (1672).



New-Englands Rarities.

The Figure of the Walnut.



Walnut; the Nuts differ much from ours in *Europe*, they being smooth, much like a Nutmeg in shape, and not much bigger; some three cornered, all of them but thinly replenished with Kernels.

PEOPLE OF A WEEK

NEW-ENGLAND'S RARITIES

A WEEK: Old Josselyn in his "New England's Rarities," published in 1672, mentions the Perch or River Partridge.

JOHN JOSSELYN

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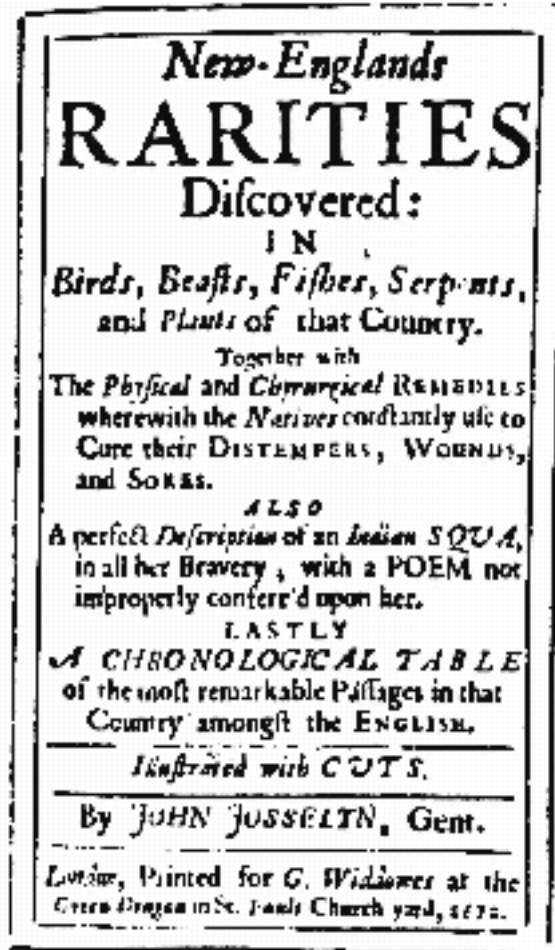
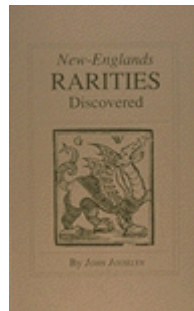
A WEEK: The Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, which Josselyn calls the Fresh-Water or River Wolf, is very common in the shallow and weedy lagoons along the sides of the stream. It is a solemn, stately, ruminant fish, lurking under the shadow of a pad at noon, with still, circumspect, voracious eye, motionless as a jewel set in water, or moving slowly along to take up its position, darting from time to time at such unlucky fish or frog or insect as comes within its range, and swallowing it at a gulp. I have caught one which had swallowed a brother pickerel half as large as itself, with the tail still visible in its mouth, while the head was already digested in its stomach.

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**JOHN JOSSELYN'S
CHRONOLOGY**



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 15, Wednesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

went to the Carr's to put the robe on the corpse

Also, an entry by Oliver:

... Lewis Carr was buried today I bought a yoke of cattle today of Seth Littlefield for \$85.00 five years old. They were small ones.



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Mariano Arista Luna replaced José Joaquín Antonio Florencio de Herrera y Ricardos as President of [Mexico](#).

Two houses collapsed under construction in [Manhattan](#) on account of inferior building materials, killing or wounding something like a couple of dozen people — whereupon the contractor simply disappeared.

A “Christian Female College,” known today as the Columbia College of Missouri, received its charter from the Missouri General Assembly.

In reaction to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, [John Brown](#) organized 44 people of [Springfield, Massachusetts](#) to resist the federal bounty hunters as the “United States League of Gileadites” (for whom 17 names are no longer of record, and the following list which includes 3 or possibly 4 women):

- Joseph Addams
- John Brown
- William Burns
- Samuel Chandler
- B.C. Dowling
- Jane Fowler
- A.C. Gazam
- William Gordon
- Eliza Green
- William Green
- Henry Hector
- G.W. Holmes
- J.N. Howard
- Ann Johnson
- Henry Johnson
- Reverdy Johnson
- H.J. Jones
- William H. Montague
- Charles Odell
- Henry Robinson
- Charles Rollins
- John Smith
- John Strong
- Cyrus Thomas
- L. Wallace
- Scipio Webb
- Jane Wicks

The oath they swore was to “Stand by one another and by your friends while a drop of blood remains; and be hanged if you must, but tell no tales out of school.”

[RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW](#)

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported on “Our Indian Difficulties”:

Our Indian Difficulties.

It is to be hoped that the temperate and reasonable address of the Indian Agents, which we published yesterday, may have weight with the public, and induce that forbearance and moderation



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which the importance of the matter demands. Not only do we hope that the miners and people generally will pause and let reason and justice guide their conduct toward the ignorant starving savages, but that our legislators and all those who hold public and high trust will use their influence to prevent the effusion of blood. It is not for the benefit of our State, viewed even in a pecuniary light, to annihilate these poor creatures. But there are reasons infinitely beyond all estimate of dollars and cents, all prospects of profitable business or possessions, which should guide our councils and conduct. There is a question of justice, of humanity, of right, of religion. They are the original possessors of the soil. Here are all the associations of their lives. Here are their traditions. The trees which we cut down are the volumes of their unwritten histories. The mountain-tops are their temples; the running streams which we turn aside for gold have been the store-houses of their food, their fisheries by us destroyed and their supplies thus cut off. The wild game which gave them food we have driven from the valleys, the very graves of their sires have been dug down for the glittering gold which lay beneath. The reckless of our people have not stopped at these inevitable results. They have abused and outraged the confidence and friendship of the trusting Indians, robbed and murdered them without compunction, and, in short, perpetrated all those outrages against humanity, and decency, and justice, which have entailed upon the American public nearly every war which has turned red with Indian blood the green vallies from the Pequod and Narragansett nations, all the way through the continent, which we have taken from them, to the sand-bordered homes of the Yumas and the oaten hills of the Clear Lake tribes.

Is it not time to pause and inquire if might is right in this matter? We may make war upon them and annihilate them. But is that the best policy? Is it humane? Is it politic? It is Christian? We answer it is not. The Indian has his vices; it is to be regretted that the white man has many – ay, greater by far than these poor untaught children of nature. And is it known, too, that they have lived on the most friendly terms with us until oppression has broken all the bonus between the races?

We have driven them to the wall. We have pushed them from the valleys where their arrows procured their meat, from the rivers where they caught their fish, we have destroyed their oak orchards; we have cut down or burned their wheat which was the seed of the wild grass; have slaughtered the men and debauched the women. And now the atonement is to be, utter destruction! Can God look down upon such cruelty, and blest the people guilty of the outrage? We therefore call once more for moderation in council and moderation in action. Our agents are already upon the mission. Let all good citizens give a helping hand. Let us avoid if within the bounds of possibility, an Indian war. Such a calamity would not alone be one to the Indian. It will cost the lives of many valuable citizens. And should it end with the total destruction of the Indian tribes, it would be at a cost of treasure and blood horrible to contemplate, for when there could be no adequate return, and would be a result over which the philanthropist, the Christian, and every true hearted man would mourn as the last great sin of national injustice,



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violence and oppression.

ADAMS & Co. - This enterprising firm will despatch a special messenger, Mr. Moulton, for the United States this afternoon by the *New Orleans*, and will transmit all letters and packages under his charge. They will be received up to the latest moment.

THE MAILS. - The mails for the Atlantic States and Europe will close at the Post-office this afternoon at half-past one o'clock. A mail bag will remain open at this office and at the Merchants' Exchange until seven o'clock this evening.

THE MAIL STEAMER. - In consequence of the accident to the steamer *Northerner*, by coming in contact with the *Tennessee*, the steamer *Unicorn* will take her place, and leave this afternoon, with the mails and passengers for Panama.

THE CONSTITUTION. - By an advertisement it will be perceived that this fine steamer will run as a regular packet between San Francisco and San Diego, touching at all the intermediate ports.

THE EXPRESSES. - Adams and Gregory receive small parcels up to three o'clock this afternoon. Special messengers will be dispatched by the steamer *New Orleans*.

SAILING OF THE *NEW ORLEANS*. - It will be perceived by a notice in another column that this fine steamer will not sail till eight o'clock this evening.

MR. MEREDITH AND THE STEAMSHIP COMPANY. - It is with feelings of regret that we hear of Mr. Meredith's disconnection with the above trained Company. He has been connected with it, we believe, in capacity of agent, and for the latter portion of the time is principal agent, ever since its organization upon this coast. During that time he has performed his duties in a most acceptable manner. So much so, indeed, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, in the community in which he is so well known, and with the members of which he has come in so frequent contact, in the transaction of much business, to find an individual who is his enemy.

This is, of itself, no ordinary praise. Daring this time his duties have frequently placed him in positions of great difficulty and delicacy. On the one side, bound to guard and foster the interests of the Company which he represented, and on the other to satisfy the public, many members of which are ever difficult to please, he has nevertheless so shaped his course that he has gained the love and respect, and we may add, the gratitude of the community. We know of none who will not regret his withdrawal from the service of this Pioneer line.

In the older States of our Union, where trade and commerce have been long settled down into well defined channels, and the methods and rules of business are so uniform and regular that it is scarcely possible for either the traveling community or the public carriers and their agents to commit an error, it may not seem any very great compliment to say that an agent of a mail or steamboat line has conducted his department in a manner above reproach.

But it is not so here. The experiment was a new one. The company have been a kind of drawbridge between the east and California, against which every passenger has felt himself at perfect



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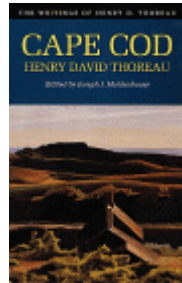
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liberty to rail and complain whenever he thought himself at all aggravated. And when it is recollected of what incongruous materials our immigration and emigration has been composed, how indefinite and wild were their expectations, or how bitter their disappointments, it is not wonderful if there may have been complaints, but it is wonderful that there have been so few. And the fact that so few general satisfaction with the P.M.S. Company exists, is at once creditable to the company, and especially to those who have, with judgment and fidelity, courtesy and integrity, represented its interests, and at the same time forgot not what was due to the comfort and convenience of the community.

Without flattery it may be said that to Mr. Meredith in no small degree is due the meed of praise for very responsible duties most honestly, efficiently, and graciously performed. And although we hear his successor as agent for the company highly praised, it may be said without reflecting upon any one, that it will take a long time for any one to attain the same enviable place in public estimation which has been awarded on all sides to Gilmor Meredith.



[Henry Thoreau](#) lectured on [Cape Cod](#) at the Temple Street Chapel in Portland, Maine:





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Lecture¹²⁸

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DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
January 1, Wednesday, 1851	Clinton MA; Clinton Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland, Maine; Temple Street Chapel	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 22, Wednesday, 1851	Medford, Massachusetts	"Economy"

128. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)'s [THOREAU'S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).



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Narrative of Event:

On 18 October 1850, Josiah Pierce, Jr., one of 3 Portland Lyceum committee members, sent an invitation to [Henry Thoreau](#) asking him to lecture during the coming season and reminding him of the success of his last lecture there in March of 1849 (see lecture 20 above):

In behalf of its Managing Committee, I have the honor of inviting you to lecture before the "Portland Lyceum" on some Wednesday evening during the next winter. Your former animated and interesting discourse is fresh in the memory of its members, and they are very anxious to have their minds again invigorated, enlivened and instructed by you. If you consent to our request, will you be pleased to designate the time of the winter when you would prefer to come here?

The Managers have been used to offer gentlemen who come here to lecture from a distance equivalent to your own, only the sum of twenty-five dollars, not under the name of pecuniary compensation for the lectures but for traveling expenses –

An early and favorable reply will much oblige us.

Thoreau's reply, whether early or not, did not get him listed in the course of 12 lectures announced in the Portland [Eastern Argus](#) on November 11th, but he nonetheless did present the course's 8th lecture on Wednesday, January 15th, 1851, at 7:30PM in the Temple Street Chapel, the doors to which were opened at 6:30PM. Other lecturers for the season included [Horace Greeley](#), the Reverend William Ware ("author of Zenobia"), and [Richard Henry Dana, Sr.](#) Tickets for the course cost \$1. In his diary for the day, William Willis pronounced the weather "moderate," continuing a trend of several days.¹²⁹

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

Advertisements for the course's eighth lecture, with "HENRY D. THOREAU, Esq., of Concord" named to present the unspecified address, appeared in two Portland papers, the [Daily Advertiser](#) and the [Eastern Argus](#), on January 14th and 15th.

What is probably the best-written and most insightful review of any Thoreau lecture appeared in the Portland [Transcript: An Independent Family Journal of Literature, News &c](#) on Saturday, January 25th, 1851. Written by one of the paper's editors, Erastus E. Gould or Edward H. Elwell, the lengthy article accurately interprets Thoreau's ideas, comments favorably on the fitness of his manner and delivery, identifies the kind of imaginative auditor necessary to appreciate and understand him, and surveys both positive and negative responses from the actual audience he faced on this occasion. All this, along with a summary of the lecture so precise that it suggests the editor had a look at Thoreau's manuscript, makes the review worth quoting at

129. MS Diary of William Willis, entry of 15 January 1851, MeP.



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length, omitting only its unremarked summary [**below, and continued on the following screen**].



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Mr. Thoreau's Lecture.

The performance of this gentleman, before the Lyceum, was unique. All who heard him lecture here two years ago were doubtless prepared for something eccentric and original, and we are quite sure they were not disappointed! His subject might be termed A Ramble upon Cape Cod, — along its wreck strewn shores — across its desert sands, and among its amphibious inhabitants. All the minute peculiarities of these, were presented in the light of a peculiarly quaint and humorous fancy. Mr. Thoreau is a most acute observer, and he has a singularly graphic style of describing what he has seen. He is an observer of nature, animate and inanimate, but he sees everything from a peculiar point of view, all is bathed in the light of a strong imagination. He takes all things by the angles and sets them before you in the most quaint phrase. He reaches out into the immensity of nature, and startles you by bringing dissimilarities together in which for the first time you perceive resemblances. Again he bewilders you in the mists of transcendentalism, delights you with brilliant imagery, shocks you by his apparent irreverence, and sets you in a roar by his sallies of wit, which springs from ambush upon you. He lies in wait for you, and dodges around about, ever and anon thrusting grotesque images before you. You cannot anticipate him. He is the most erratic of travelers. One moment he is in the clouds, and the next eating hen clams by the sea shore, or whittling kelp, that he "may become better acquainted with it." You have scarce ceased to smile at his last pun, before you are overwhelmed by a great thought or what, by the manner of its clothing, is cleverly made to appear such!

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All this, you feel, is not the result of effort. It is the natural out-pouring of the man. He could not speak otherwise if he would. His style is a part of himself, as much as his voice, manner, and the peculiar look which prepares you for something quaint, and adds its effect far more than words. And it is for this reason that we are now attempting to describe the man instead of reporting his lecture. His voice and manner, which are more than half of what he says, we cannot transfer to paper. He must be heard to be enjoyed. In short he is an original, who follows no beaten path, but has struck out one for himself, full of winding bouts and odd corners; perplexing labyrinths, and commanding prospects; now running over mountain summits, lost in the clouds, and anon descending into quiet vales of beauty, meandering in the deep recesses of nature, and leading – nowhither! To men with imagination enough to enjoy an occasional ramble through the domains of thought, wit and fancy, for the ramble's sake, he is a delightful companion, but to your slow plodder, who clings to the beaten track as his only salvation, he is incomprehensible – an ignis fatuus, luring honest men into forbidden paths.

This was well illustrated by the remarks of the audience at the close of the lecture. We were amused at the various comments made. One worthy man, who has more of the practical than the imaginative in his composition, was demanding with a smile forced from him by the tickling fancies of the lecturer, that the committee should "pay him for the time lost in listening to such trash!" A fair philosopher of sixteen thought he possessed "a vein of satire, but spoke of the clergy with too much levity." A sober young man declared it the "greatest piece of nonsense he ever listened to," while another thought it trivial, and even prophane! But then, again, there were others who were infinitely amused with his quaint humor, delighted with his graphic descriptions, and his far-reaching flights of imagination. To them it was "a rich treat." – Then there were those, as there always are, who were ready to quarrel with the lecture because it did not square with their pre-conceived standard of what a lyceum lecture should be. It was very well as almost anything else than a lecture! "If they had come to listen to a story, they would have been delighted," but as it was given to them as a lecture, they could not enjoy it! We would advise all such, to rid their minds of rigid rules, and be prepared to receive whatever comes, judging it by what it is, rather than by what it is **not**.

For ourselves, we were content to receive it for what it was – a most original, quaint, humorous, lifelike and entertaining description of Cape Cod and its inhabitants, and we care not whether it comes under the denomination of lecture, sketch, travels, or fish story! Nor do we think it without instruction. We shall certainly never think of Cape Cod without recalling images of rocky shores, and their ghastly dead, its desert beaches, its masculine women, and its veteran wreckers. Cape Cod is no longer blank on our mental map. Its natural features and its inhabitants are pictured there, and we have added so much to our knowledge of "men and things."

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Here the reviewer commences a full, five-paragraph summary of “a few points that in a measure shall justify what we have said.” At one point in the summary, he reports, “The lecturer threw in a little Greek here, because, as he said, **it sounded so much like the ocean!**” The review concludes with a final tribute to Thoreau’s merit as a public presenter of this lecture:

The merry and well preserved old man they met there, his “good for nothing critter” of a wife, with whom he had lived 64 years, her aged daughter, the boy, and the fool; the old man’s rambling and unceasing talk, the scene at the breakfast table, recalling the laughable one between Johnson and Boswell at the inn; the story of the clam, and the scraps of information thrown scatteringly in, – all these were worth the telling could we give them in the tone and manner of the lecturer. But as we cannot, we pause.

There are two other known newspaper responses to this lecture. Two days after the lecture, on 17 January, the [Eastern Argus](#) included in a compilation of fragmentary items the following terse caution, obviously aimed at Thoreau and probably referring to one of the anecdotes about [John Young Newcomb](#), the [Wellfleet oysterman](#): “Lecturers at Lyceums, when they repeat an anecdote, never should quote the profanity contained in it. Such language is in bad taste. We hope this hint will have **thorough** thought.” And almost fifteen years later, on 8 April 1865, the Portland [Transcript](#) included this mention in a highly favorable review of [CAPE COD](#) the book: “We remember hearing the outlines of it delivered by the author as a lecture in this city, at least fifteen years ago. Subsequently he revisited the [Cape](#) and retouched his picture until it reached its present perfection.”



In his 1905 book *PERSONS AND PLACES* Joel Benton offered this 2d-hand, mixed evaluation of Thoreau as lecturer, obviously based in part on the January 1851 lecture:

A friend of mine, who heard him lecture in Portland before he wrote “Walden,” or was much known beyond Concord, said his general appearance and manner were droll. He was far from being eloquent or popular as a speaker, but nothing could be more interesting to a thoughtful man than his lectures. In this early lecture Thoreau remarked, among other things: “I like the Greek language, because it sounds like the ocean.”

Also 2d-hand was the opinion noted in the diary of William Willis on January 15th, 1851 (MeP). Willis, who had recorded his attendance at Thoreau’s previous Portland lecture in his diary (see lecture 20 above), wrote in his diary on the evening of Thoreau’s delivery, “Lyceum lecture by Henry Thoreau of Concord Mass. did not attend. Said to have been a very poor lecture.”

Description of Topic:

See lecture 27 above.

[TIMELINE OF CAPE COD](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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January 16, Thursday, 1851: The Reverend Franklin G. Sherrill, 1st pastor of the Congregational Church of Ripon, wrote to the Home Mission Society shortly after his arrival at Ceresco characterizing the church there as a “sham”: “But it is more particularly the religious life of Ceresco that I wish to notice. At the settlement of the place members of more than a dozen families belonged to evangelical churches. Hence at first, religious services were held with tolerable regularity upon the Sabbath, a S. school was organized and a weekly prayer-meeting held. Before long religion began to decline, the prayer meeting and S. school were gradually abandoned, the Sabbath services became more and more infrequent and finally almost ceased. Soon the church members, and even the minister who had preached to them were seen in the ball-room and kindred places, and at least all belief in the truth was given up, and in its place were adopted various phases of infidelity. The Bible was and still is rejected and laughed at as an obsolete book by many who in its place embrace the “Revelations” of Davis the clairvoyant. At last these infidels as if in derision met to organize a church. The question arose, what shall it be called? One connected with the association and who did not exactly understand the object of the meeting, proposed “The Church of Christ”; but this name was soon dismissed. “No, no,” said they, “this name will not suit.” They decided in favor of “The Church of Humanity.” This sham church existed about six weeks. A Fourierite S. school established at the same time and in which no Bible was to be admitted, died also at the close of the same period. Surrounded by such influences as these, you will readily believe that there was little opportunity for the existence, much less the growth of piety....”



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 17, Friday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

I spent last night at Mr Orr's ... I did not purchase as much as usual when I go to Boston Mr Orr is at Plymouth building some kind of factory.

[Abraham Lincoln](#)'s father Thomas Lincoln died. The rising son would decline to attend this funeral. (There is no published work of Lincoln in which he is reported to have had anything favorable to say about his father or, for that matter, anything favorable to say about his birth mother Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Such remarks as he would be willing to put on the record would be quite critical — such as that this couple had done “absolutely nothing” to incite in their offspring any “ambition for education.”)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 18, Saturday, 1851: The news being reported in Norfolk, England was that “A few days since the steeple of Drayton church fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, the lead which covered the falling mass being completely buried in the *débris*.”

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

I was very busy this morning as usual after being in Boston We





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tried out the suet, salted the quarter of beef, & boiled the tripe. Jane has been busy all day but I have not done much.

Also, an entry by Oliver:

this was a fair day but pritty cold the mud was all froze up wind north west - I went to Bridgewater



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 19, Sunday, 1851: [David Starr Jordan](#) was born in Gainesville, New York to Hiram Jordan and Huldah Lake Hawley Jordan, and would grow up on a farm in upstate New York. The infant was not at this time awarded the middle name "Starr" and he would later explain that he had assumed this name due to his mother's devotion to the lyceum lectures of the Unitarian [Reverend Thomas Starr King](#).



King said that a popular lyceum lecture was made of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. "There are only five men in America," said he, "who know how to mix them - and I think I am one of the five." Other people thought so too, and did not detect the nonsense. His carefully wrought lectures are worth anybody's study today. He is the author of another lyceum chestnut. Some one asked him what his honorarium was for each lecture. "F.A.M.E.," said he - "Fifty And My Expenses."

On this evening [Sir John Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.](#), Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, preached a sermon for young men on "God and Mammon" in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras, London. The proof text of his sermon was *MATTHEW* 6:24. This would be printed in the course of the year by the firm of John W. Parker in London as "[REASONS FOR CO-OPERATION: A LECTURE, delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations, 76, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on Wednesday, December 11th, 1850. To which is added, GOD AND MAMMON: A Sermon to Young Men, Preached in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras, On Sunday Evening, January 19th, 1851, by F.D. Maurice, M.A. Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.](#)"



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



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January 20, Monday, 1851: Die vornehmen Dilettanten, oder Die Opernprobe, a komische Oper by Albert Lortzing to his own words after Poisson (tr. Jünger), was performed for the 1st time, in the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-am-Main.

On this day there was an assembly of English Protestants in the assembly rooms of [Norwich, England](#) under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Bignold, which adopted the sending of petitions to [Queen Victoria](#) and to [Archbishop of Canterbury John Bird Sumner](#) against the aggression of [Pope Pius IX](#) and condemning the "[Tractarian](#)" movement within the Church of England.

A prolonged magisterial inquiry began at Reepham in England into some disturbances at Lenwade that were arising out of a schism among the Wesleyan Methodists. Two parish constables, Samuel Fairman and John Elliott, were fined for refusing to perform their duty when requested by the Reverend C. Povah. At Aylsham Petty sessions on February 4th, 4 persons would be charged with disturbing the Wesleyan Methodist congregation at Cawston on January 19th. One of these defendants, Elizabeth Southgate, would be ordered by the Court on March 13th to pay a penalty of £40, while the other 2 would be discharged on their own recognizances, all 3 being committed for trial at the following Quarterly Sessions. A singular case arising from this same Wesleyan schism would come before Vice-Chancellor Lord Cranworth on May 7th. The relators and plaintiffs would be the Reverend William Worker and the Reverend George Badcock, the defendants being the trustees of deeds dated 1814 and 1837 that had declared the trusts of the Wesleyan Methodist chapel at Holt subject to the trusts of a 1784 deed executed by the [Reverend John Wesley](#) by which the Wesleyan Methodist body had been organized. The funds for building the chapel had been advanced in 1814 by Mr. Hardy, who, in 1821, had received from the trustees a mortgage of the chapel to secure his advances (which amounted to about £700). In 1833 the debt had been reduced to £350. The congregation having increased, they had decided in 1837 that they would build a new chapel, and a site had been purchased and conveyed to the trustees upon the trusts of an 1832 deed to another chapel, known to the Wesleyan Methodist congregation as the "model deed," to which all subsequent deeds were intended to be conformable. By the trusts then declared, such persons only were to be permitted to preach as should be duly approved by a conservative Wesleyan Methodist body called "the Conference." Mr. Hardy assisted in advancing money to build the new chapel, and received as security a mortgage on the chapel. When the schism occurred it was alleged that the majority of the trustees of the chapels mortgaged were among the schismatics, who had come to term themselves "Wesleyan Reformers," and that they had all formed a scheme of wresting the chapels from the preachers appointed by the conservative Conference, which was under the control of the older body of Wesleyan Methodists (the non-Reformers). The defendant united with the character of mortgagee those of acting trustee and treasurer of the two chapels, and it was alleged that he was using his powers as mortgagee, and had publicly recommended others to do the same — most of the Wesleyan chapels being mortgaged — for the purpose of carrying the general scheme into effect, and thus preventing the old body of Wesleyan Methodists (the non-Reformers) from continuing to worship God at their chapels. Mr. Hardy accordingly advertized the chapels for sale, and actually sold the old chapel, which was then in possession of the Reformers for their preachers. Similar proceedings by ejectment were resorted to by a person named Hill, to whom Mr. Hardy had transferred his 2d mortgage, for the recovery of the new chapel, and led to the fixing of this information, which disputed the propriety of the transactions. His lordship was of opinion that Mr. Hardy, as mortgagee, had a right to assert a title adverse to the trust, and to transfer his mortgage to Hill. It might be proper to appoint new trustees to the place of those who had ceased to have any sympathy with the religious body from which they had seceded, but there was no ground for immediate governmental legal interference. The motion would eventually be refused, and there would be no order as to court costs.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



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January 21, Tuesday, [1851](#): Gustav Albert Lortzing died of a stroke in Berlin at the age of 49.

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) was elected a member of the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported again on "Our Indian Relations":

Our Indian Relations.

The bickerings between the Indians and white*, winch at best. with an ordinary degree of tact and ability, tempered with justice, might have been silenced, and subsequent difficulties been avoided, have at length reached a point when very effective measures must be pursued or the districts bordering upon the range of mountain tribes be, if not depopulated, at least most ruinously checked in their progress. There is no doubt that the mountain tribes have at length assumed a hostile position, and are in sufficient numbers to keep at bay any weak parties of our people who may march against them. Being thoroughly acquainted with the mountain passes, they possess great advantages over most of the whites who are disposed to take part in the foray against them. Hunger and desperation are not likely to make them very tractable, and we, therefore, anticipate much trouble ere the present warlike demonstrations shall be quieted.

The settlement of the whites in the plains and vallies has necessarily driven the game from the old grounds whence the Indians derived their supplies. Of course they attribute their threatened starvation to the presence of the whites, and reasoning as they have ever reasoned since our ancestors came into their country, they very naturally have come to the conclusion that if they could exterminate the whites the old condition of things would return. And that they can do so they fully believe. Meanwhile thefts and robberies have been committed by them and retaliations have followed. They have stolen horses and mules for food, the latter being considered by them most excellent. Thus things have been progressing until the attack upon and plundering of Savage's store and the murder of three of the four persons who were present. Since then, Savage having not met with success in his call upon the Governor for power to enlist volunteers, raised what men he could and gave battle, killing some thirty of the Indians. We have conversed with Judge Marvin, recently elected Superintendent of Public Instruction, and from him have learned many important particulars.

He represents the Indians as numbering probably seven thousand, with hostile determinations, spread through the mountains between the waters of the Tuolumne and the head waters of the San Joaquin. They have intercommunications through the mountain passes, by which they will probably be able to concentrate the greater part of their force upon whatever point may be attacked by the Americans. Judge Marvin's opinion is that the Indians must be pretty severely drubbed before they will so far respect our power as to keep any treaties they may agree to, if such can be entered into with them. One thing is very evident; there must be immediate action. Our Commissioners must be active, or a long, bloody and costly war is inevitable. While We hesitate or



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lose time, the golden moment for pacification may forever be lost. Even since this article was commenced, news has arrived of another battle, the particulars of which the reader will find in another place.

There can be no doubt that the Indian tribes of the mountains have been under-estimated by writers and others. The gentleman above referred to says that he considers them as brave as the Mohawks or any other of the eastern tribes. It is truly lamentable that the U.S. government did not one year ago send out Commissioners to treat with them, authorised to purchase extinguishment of their titles to the land and agree upon annual subsidies sufficient to compensate them for the relinquishment of their lands, fisheries. &c. Had this been done, the Commissioners, by a judicious distribution of presents and punctual payment of all things promised, would undoubtedly have found little difficulty in placing the relations between the two races upon such a basis as would have been for the advantage of both. It looks now very doubtful whether the gentlemen of the commission will be able to secure peace before a severe lesson shall have been taught these belligerent tribes.

One of them was to leave last evening for Sonoma, to make a requisition for an escort of troops. They wish to try peaceable measures if they be practicable. It might be the wisest course to forward all the available force of the U.S. troops in the region of the difficulties, not so near as to prevent the appearance of peaceable intentions and measures on the part of the commission, which might prevent success, nor yet so far removed as to cause the loss of much time and advantageous opportunities in case the sword and rifle alone have to become the agents of peace. We believe the commission fully competent with the aid of gentlemen well acquainted with the Indian character, who are ready to co-operate, to settle the whole matter if it be possible without the last appeal. But if that be done it must be done quickly. The Saxon blood is up, and when it is so, like the rolling Mississippi, no slight levee will stay it within its channels.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 22, Wednesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

Oliver, (either her brother-in-law, or her nephew) poor fellow, was here almost crying with the chillbains.

Also, an entry by Oliver:

... I kild a yoke of oxen today that I had of Simon Carpenter of Charton one weighd 1218 and the other 1275

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The US Senate, suspecting that American vessels were taking part in the slave trade, decided to take a closer look at some things that were going on in ports in Brazil.

"The following resolution, submitted by Mr. Clay the 20th instant, came up for consideration: -

"Resolved, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of making more effectual provision by law to prevent the employment of American vessels and American seamen in the African slave trade, and especially as to the expediency of granting sea letters or other evidence of national character to American vessels clearing out of the ports of the empire of Brazil for the western coast of Africa." Agreed to. CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 304-9; SENATE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 95, 102-3.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE



[Jonathan Fay Barrett](#), who in this year became a member of Concord's exclusive "Social Circle" club, delivered [CONCORD: A POEM, DELIVERED BEFORE THE LYCEUM, CONCORD, MASS., JANUARY 22, 1851 AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST](#) (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields):

Speak, Squaw Sachem,
 Confirm the story told by Jehojaken —
 Of that fair compact, which in cloudy smoke,
 Was signed and sealed beneath Old Jethro's oak.¹³⁰

Lecture¹³¹

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland ME; Temple Street Chapel	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 22, Wednesday, 1851	Medford MA	"Economy"
April 1851 (?)	Bedford MA (?)	

130. Jethro's Oak presumably stood near the house of the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, where there is now a stone with a bronze tablet, about a hundred feet along on the Lowell Road.

131. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)'s [THOREAU'S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).



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Narrative of Event:

All that is known of this lecture delivery is that on his way to [Medford](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) stopped in Boston to visit [Bronson Alcott](#), whose diary entry for January 22, 1851 is of interest.¹³²

Thoreau passed this morning and dined with me. He was on his way to read a paper at Medford this evening – his “Life in the Woods at Walden”; and as refreshing a piece as the Lyceum will get from any lecturer going at present in New England – a whole forest, with forester and all, imported into the citizen’s and villager’s brain. A sylvan man accomplished in the virtues of an aboriginal civility, and quite superior to the urbanities of cities, Thoreau is himself a wood, and its inhabitants. There is more in him of sod and shade and sky lights, of the genuine mold and moistures of the green grey earth, than in any person I know. Self dependent and sagacious as any denizen of the elements, he has the key to every animal’s brain, every flower and shrub; and were an Indian to flower forth, and reveal the secrets hidden in the wilds of his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of this Sylvanus.

He belongs to the Homeric age, and is older than fields and gardens; as virile and talented as Homer’s heroes, and the elements. He seems alone, of all the men I have known, to be a native New Englander, – as much so as the oak, or granite ledge; and I would rather send him to London or Vienna or Berlin, as a specimen of American genius spontaneous and unmixed, than anyone else. I shall have occasion to use him presently in these portraits. We must grind him into paint to help brown and invigorate Channing’s profile, when we come to it. Here is coloring for half a dozen Socialisms. It stands out in layers and clots, like carbuncles, to give force and homeliness to the otherwise feminine lineaments. This man is the independent of independents – is, indeed, the sole signer of the Declaration, and a Revolution in himself – a more than ‘76 – having got beyond the signing to the doing it out fully. Concord jail could not keep him safely: Justice Hoar paid his tax, too; and was glad to forget it thereafter, till now, his citizenship, and omit his existence, as a resident, in the poll list. Lately he has taken to surveying as well as authorship, and makes the compass pay for his book on “The Concord and Merrimac[k] Rivers,” which the public is slow to take off his hands. I went with him to his publishers, Monroe and Co., and learned that only about two hundred of an edition of a thousand copies were sold. But author and book can well afford to wait.

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

None known.

Description of Topic:

See [“Economy”](#). We assume that this is the only time Thoreau delivered one of his “Walden; or, Life in the Woods” in [Medford](#) and that he would therefore have delivered “Economy,” the first of the three lectures, the other two being more-or-less contextually dependent upon the first.

[TIMELINE OF WALDEN](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND

132. [Bronson Alcott](#), JOURNALS, pages 238-39.



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FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 23, Thursday, 1851: The relationship between [Bronson Alcott](#) and the young lady [Ednah Dow Littlehale](#) –who must at this point have been rather at loose ends because her father had died at about the time her beloved teacher [Margaret Fuller](#) had been drowned– was really beginning to warm up:

Perhaps I find a deeper satisfaction in the Genius and personal qualities of this young woman, than in any one I am privileged to meet just now. A clear-minded noble person and of broader comprehensions than I meet with often; friendly, too, and steadfast, a woman for service and with solid substance.

A famous decision trick, used when the outcome doesn't really matter, is to merely flip a coin (legend is that while this coin is in the air everyone realizes which option they prefer — but that would be mere legend). On this day the flip of a penny, now known as the “Portland Penny,” was used to determine whether a new city in the Oregon Territory was going to be named in honor of Boston, Massachusetts, or alternatively named in honor of Portland, Maine. It is only because of the outcome of this famous flip that there would be no such place as Boston, Oregon.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

boys all went to Canton to an assembly ... very pleasant

The ship *Salem* had been contracted to set out from New-York harbor to sail around Cape Horn to [San Francisco](#). Aboard were 20-year-old [Isaac Sherwood Halsey](#), his brother George W. Halsey, his uncle Philetus H. Halsey, and about 193 adventurous others, 186 male and 7 female, including 150 members of a “New York and California Mutual Benefit Association” that had sold shares to constitute itself in a basement room of Tammany Hall. At this point their vessel has arrived at its destination and been sold.

I returned from Stockton on Monday last. The rane Seaced on that day and Since we have had dry weather. Tod & Co Express arived on Thursday Evening No letters Yet. Preaching to day by Capt Atwood a very few out to day



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January 24, Friday, 1851: After many problems with censors and many revisions, Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" received the approval of the Venetian Director General of Public Order.

Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini died at Maiolati of a heart ailment, at the age of 76. His mortal remains would be buried in the Church of Santo Stefano in Maiolati, later to be transferred to the Church of San Giovanni as had been the composer's wish.

The mortal remains of Albert Lortzing were laid to rest in Berlin. Among those paying respects was Giacomo Meyerbeer.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

... sent for Abby to go to Augustus. Mr Torrey called to say that she could not go and made a long call and was as plausible and good as ever.

Another entry by Evalina:

thrd ... I went to Boston



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January 25, Saturday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

have been sweeping and dusting the house, doing a little of everything and not much of anything. Have got the chambers in pretty good order for once in my life. Have mended Mr Ameses coat and vest. Took the time when he was from home because he has but one suit beside his go-to-meeting, poor man! This we have been mending and have no time to read ... commenced reading David Copperfield.

An anonymous article appeared in the Portland, Maine Transcript:

Mr. Thoreau's Lecture

The performance of this gentleman, before the Lyceum, was unique. All who heard him lecture here two years ago were doubtless prepared for something eccentric and original, and we are quite sure they were not disappointed! His subject might be termed A Ramble upon Cape Cod, -along its wreck strewn shores -across its desert sands, and among its amphibious inhabitants. All the minute peculiarities of these, were presented in the light of a peculiarly quaint and humorous fancy. Mr. Thoreau is a most acute observer, and he has a singularly graphic style of describing what he has seen. He is an observer of nature, animate and inanimate, but



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he sees everything from a peculiar point of view, all is bathed in the light of a strong imagination. He takes all things by the angles, and sets them before you in the most quaint phrase. He reaches out into the immensity of nature, and startles you by bringing dissimilarities together in which for the first time you perceive resemblances. Again he bewilders you in the mists of [transcendentalism](#), delights you with brilliant imagery, shocks you by his sallies of wit, which springs from ambush upon you. He lies in wait for you, and dodges around about, ever and anon thrusting grotesque images before you. You cannot anticipate him. He is the most erratic of travelers. One moment he is in the clouds, and the next eating hen clams by the sea shore, or whittling kelp, that he "may become better acquainted with it." You have scarce ceased to smile at his last pun, before you are overwhelmed by a great thought or what, by the manner of its clothing, is cleverly made to appear such!

All this, you feel, is not the result of effort. It is the natural outpouring of the man. He could not speak otherwise if he would. His style is a part of himself, as much as his voice, manner, and the peculiar look which prepares you for something quaint, and adds its effect far more than words. And it is for this reason that we are now attempting to describe the man instead of reporting his lecture. His voice and manner, which are more than half of what he says, we cannot transfer to paper. He must be heard to be enjoyed. In short he is an original, who follows no beaten path, but has struck out one for himself, full of winding bouts and odd corners; perplexing labyrinths, and commanding prospects; now running over mountain summits, lost in the clouds, and anon descending into quiet vales of beauty, meandering in the deep recesses of nature, and leading—nowhither! To men with imagination enough to enjoy an occasional ramble through the domains of thought, wit and fancy, for the ramble's sake, he is a delightful companion, but to your slow plodder, who clings to the beaten track as his only salvation, he is incomprehensible—an ignis fatuus, luring honest men into forbidden paths.

This was well illustrated by the remarks of the audience at the close of the lecture. We were amused at the various comments made. One worthy man, who has more of the practical than the imaginative in his composition, was demanding with a smile forced from him by the tickling fancies of the lecturer, that the committee should "pay him for the time lost in listening to such trash!" A fair philosopher of sixteen thought he possessed "a vein of satire, but spoke of the clergy with too much levity." A sober young man declared it the "greatest piece of nonsense he ever listened to," while another thought it trivial, and even profane! But then, again, there were others who were infinitely amused with



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his quaint humor, delighted with his graphic descriptions, and his far-reaching flights of imagination. To them it was "a rich treat."—Then there were those, as there always are, who were ready to quarrel with the lecture because it did not square with their pre-conceived standard of what a lyceum lecture should be. It was very well as almost anything else than a lecture! "If they had come to listen to a story, they would have been delighted," but as it was given to them as a lecture, they could not enjoy it! We would advise all such, to rid their minds of rigid rules, and be prepared to receive whatever comes, judging it by what it is, rather than by what it is not.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 26, Sunday, 1851: Per the college diary of George Nicholas Thompson at Greensboro College in Leasburg, North Carolina, someone had drawn caricatures of faculty members on the campus belfry as a prank:

I arose this morning and went to prayers, When I came out I was directed to look at the belfry, to which all eyes were turned— I could not see until I had gone nearer than the chapel door, what excited the gaze, admiration with some, and jolity with all — When I had gone near enough to see plainly and to distinguish the pictures I was equally pleased — for the first thing [I] saw was a large bull painted on the side of the belfry — to represent Mr James Phillips over the bulls head were drawn a bowl (of hot) punch! glass & Jug representing Old Mike, who, it was said, when he caught whiskey in a student's room always took it, to the Elaboratory and made punch to drink himself — As you went round, to the left on the belfry was — a pair of the most knock kneed legs any one ever saw — These were the legs of Bunk — and on a little farther was a man, who strutted largely — apearantly of small capital — but who wished to be reputed more than he really was painted — to represent Old Wheat — in the Campus. On farther was a skull with bones under it, with the motto "Kill & eat" This is said, to represent the life and character of ole Bull, during the ten years which he never speaks of — Under the skull & Bones there is an anchor drawn, with letters at each corner — Next on the row was a Jack ass, made very large, above it being "x + y" — this is to denote old Fatty — and next you come to is, "Pay your \$1.00 for vaccination" but on the door was written "Dr Dave Barum will vaccinate for half price" — This was to cut Old Mike who has been advising every boy to be vaccinated, saying the "price was only one dollar" — After looking over all these curiosities & talking about who could have been so rude as to put them there — I returned to my room and went to breakfast after having dressed, Came back and talked with Jeff — and soon several boys came into my room and sat until it was church time, We went to church and heard a tolerable interesting sermon from Old Mike, I went down to dinner, The stage had not arrived when



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I had eaten so I did not wait for it – I returned to College and read over my Bible lesson – and talked with Murchison, Worth, Jeff, & Dandy Laurence until recitation – Went to recitation was not taken up – but if he continues to take up in rotation I will come either first or second next time – Aftr prayers and supper I went up by the P. Office thinking perhaps I would get a letter but I can but imagine my surprise & pleasure on reaching the office to find in my box three letters – One was from Brock Holden, & one from John Wilkerson – and the other from my dear niece Virginia Wiley of Miss^{Pi} which last had been directed to me at Leasburg – Father & Mother had read it – and had it forwarded to me at C. Hill – I read the letters with much pleasure – John Spoke of his visit to Miss Mary Holden on Monday last at Milton – I was glad he went to see her. I think the little difficulty which existed is now blotted out and they both love each other more affectionately than ever, for they both are my frinds and, I love them as such – John promised to tell me more of his visit when he writes again – I intended answering one of the letters to night, but have been what I called bored, until now, and now one or two bores are in my room talking hard as they can I will go to bed soon as I finish this It is now nearly eleven or past ten–



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January 27, Monday, 1851: In Lenox, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne dated the preface to his *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*.

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the Reverend [Alexander Young](#)'s *CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF THE COLONY OF PLYMOUTH, FROM 1602 TO 1625*. NOW FIRST COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS AND CONTEMPORANEOUS PRINTED DOCUMENTS, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES, presumably in the 2d edition (Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1841). (Where Thoreau would use this material without mention in [WALDEN](#), and refer in [CAPE COD](#) to Young's "Chronicles," it is more likely that he would be referring to this *CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF THE COLONY OF PLYMOUTH, FROM 1602 TO 1625* than to the Reverend Young's *CHRONICLES OF THE FIRST PLANTERS OF . . . MASSACHUSETTS BAY.*)



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WALDEN: This further experience also I gained. I said to myself, I will not plant beans and corn with so much industry another summer, but such seeds, if the seed is not lost, as sincerity, truth, simplicity, faith, innocence, and the like, and see if they will not grow in this soil, even with less toil and manurance, and sustain me, for surely it has not been exhausted for these crops. Alas! I said this to myself; but now another summer is gone, and another, and another, and I am obliged to say to you, Reader, that the seeds which I planted, if indeed they were the seeds of those virtues, were wormeaten or had lost their vitality, and so did not come up. Commonly men will only be brave as their fathers were brave, or timid. This generation is very sure to plant corn and beans each new year precisely as the Indians did centuries ago and taught the first settlers to do, as if there were a fate in it. I saw an old man the other day, to my astonishment, making the holes with a hoe for the seventieth time at least, and not for himself to lie down in! But why should not the New Englander try new adventures, and not lay so much stress on his grain, his potato and grass crop, and his orchards? -raise other crops than these? Why concern ourselves so much about our beans for seed, and not be concerned at all about a new generation of men? We should really be fed and cheered if when we met a man we were sure to see that some of the qualities which I have named, which we all prize more than those other productions, but which are for the most part broadcast and floating in the air, had taken root and grown in him. Here comes such a subtile and ineffable quality, for instance, as truth or justice, though the slightest amount or new variety of it, along the road. Our ambassadors should be instructed to send home such seeds as these, and Congress help to distribute them over all the land. We should never stand upon ceremony with sincerity.

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WALDEN](#)[ALEXANDER YOUNG](#)[THE BEANFIELD](#)[SQUANTO](#)

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CAPE COD: Many an early voyager was unexpectedly caught by this hook, and found himself embayed. On successive maps, Cape Cod appears sprinkled over with French, Dutch, and English names, as it made part of New France, New Holland, and New England. On one map Provincetown Harbor is called "Fuic (bownet?) Bay," Barnstable Bay "Staten Bay," and the sea north of it "Mare del Noort," or the North Sea. On another, the extremity of the Cape is called "Staten Hoeck," or the States Hook. On another, by Young, this has Noord Zee, Staten hoeck or Hit hoeck, but the copy at Cambridge has no date; the whole Cape is called "Niew Hollant" (after Hudson); and on another still, the shore between Race Point and Wood End appears to be called "Bevechier." In Champlain's admirable Map of New France, including the oldest recognizable map of what is now the New England coast with which I am acquainted, Cape Cod is called C. Blan (i.e. Cape White), from the color of its sands, and Massachusetts Bay is Baye Blanche. It was visited by De Monts and Champlain in 1605, and the next year was further explored by Poitrincourt and Champlain. The latter has given a particular account of these explorations in his "Voyages," together with separate charts and soundings of two of its harbors, - Malle Barre, the Bad Bar (Nauset Harbor?), a name now applied to what the French called Cap Baturier, - and Port Fortune, apparently Chatham Harbor. Both these names are copied on the map of "Novi Belgii," in Ogilby's America. He also describes minutely the manners and customs of the savages, and represents by a plate the savages surprising the French and killing five or six of them. The French afterward killed some of the natives, and wished, by way of revenge, to carry off some and make them grind in their hand-mill at Port Royal.

[PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD](#)[CHAMPLAIN](#)[HENRY HUDSON](#)
[POITRINCOURT](#)
[ALEXANDER YOUNG](#)

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 January 27, Monday, 1851: As early as 1848 [John James Audubon](#) had begun to manifested signs of senility or possibly dementia, what is now termed “Alzheimer’s disease” or as it was expressed then, his “noble mind in ruins.” At age 66, with his family fortunes diminishing around him, despite stroke and senility and diminished eyesight, he ventured out from his family home in northern Manhattan, [New-York](#) to shoot at sitting ducks on a pond of his Minnie’s Land estate near the Hudson River (it would turn out to be too much for him):



March 12, 1853. The death-bed scenes and observations even of the best and wisest afford but a sorry picture of our humanity.
 — [Henry Thoreau](#)



1851	John James Audubon	shooting at sitting ducks on his estate, at age 66 despite stroke and senility	<i>“You go down that side of Long Pond and I’ll go down this side and we’ll get the ducks!”</i>
1852	Daniel Webster	his attendant was tardy in administering some brandy	<i>I still live.</i>
1853	Joaquin Murieta	he was being chased and shot at	<i>“No tire mass. Yo soy muerto.”</i>
1857	Auguste Comte	he had been making himself the pope of a religion of science, “Positivism”	<i>“What an irreparable loss!”</i>
1859	John Brown	request	<i>“I am ready at any time — do not keep me waiting.”</i>
1862	Henry David Thoreau	he was editing manuscript	<i>“moose ... Indian”</i>
1864	General John Sedgwick	Battle of Spotsylvania	<i>“They couldn’t hit an elephant at this distance.”</i>
1865	Abraham Lincoln	on stage, an actor ad-libbed a reference to the presence of the President	The President laughed
<div style="border: 1px dashed black; padding: 5px; background-color: #f0f0f0;"> <i>... other famous last words ...</i> </div>			




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 January 28, Tuesday, [1851](#): The [Union Institute Academy](#) in Randolph County, [North Carolina](#) was re-chartered by the Legislature of [North Carolina](#) as [Normal College](#), and its graduates were licensed to teach in the public schools of the state.

In Illinois, the founding of Northwestern University.



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 January 29, Wednesday, [1851](#): [William John Broderip](#) was elected treasurer of Gray's Inn (he would also become responsible for that institution's library).

David Mapes and a group of Ripon townspeople founded a college on top of their hill, Brockway College. (As of 1864 the name would be changed to Ripon College.)

On or about this day, [Herman Melville](#) wrote [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

That side-blow thro' Mrs Hawthorne will not do. I am not to be charmed out of my promised pleasure by any of that lady's syrenisms. You, Sir, I hold accountable, & the visit (in all its original integrity) must be made. — What! spend the day, only with us? — A Greenlander might as well talk of spending the day with a friend, when the day is only half an inch long. As I said before, my best travelling chariot on runners, will be at your door, & provision made not only for the accomodation of all your family, but also for any quantity of baggage. Fear not that you will cause the slightest trouble to us. Your bed is already made, & the wood marked for your fire. But a moment ago, I looked into the eyes of two fowls, whose tail feathers have been notched, as destined victims for the table. I keep the word "Welcome" all the time in my mouth, so as to be ready on the instant when you cross the threshold. (By the way the old Romans you know had a Salve carved in their thresholds) Another thing, Mr Hawthorne — Do not think you are coming to any prim nonsensical house — that is nonsensical in the ordinary way. You must be much bored with punctilios. You may do what you please — say or say not what you please. And if you feel any inclination for that sort of thing — you may spend the period of your visit in bed, if you like — every hour of your visit. Mark — There is some excellent Montado Sherry awaiting you & some most potent port. We will have mulled wine with wisdom, & buttered toast with story-telling & crack jokes & bottles from morning till night. Come — no nonsense. If you dont — I will send Constables after you. On Wednesday then — weather & sleighing permitting I will be down for you about eleven o'clock A.M. By the way — should Mrs Hawthorne for any reason conclude that she, for one, can not stay overnight with us — then you must — & the children, if you please.



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H. Melville



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January 29, Wednesday, 1851: Walter Colton died in Philadelphia (the body would be placed in Laurel Hill Cemetery).



Death of Walter Colton. It is our painful duty this morning to record the death of the Rev. Walter Colton, of the United States Navy, who expired at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his residence in this city. Mr Colton was in 1841 and 42, connected with the old North American as its principal editor; and we have therefore to lament the loss of one having claims upon us as a predecessor, as well as those stronger claims which attach to us in common with all his acquaintances and friends. He was a man of much talent and great worth, which he exhibited in various stations, private and public.

His professional career as a chaplain in the navy endeared him an opportunity of usefulness which he was careful to improve. Called by an exigency of war from his peaceful position to the responsible post of alcalde or chief civil magistrate of Monterey in California, he displayed administrative abilities of a high order, and performed his several functions of Judge and Governor with energy, fidelity and tact, which won for him the regard of a conquered people and deserved the approbation of his country. His late volume on California, describing in a genial spirit his residence, labors and travels in the land of gold – and his "Ship and Shore," and other literary publications, all evidence of talent and a peculiar gay and blithesome humor, with a certain satirical turn, will long give him an additional claim upon the public recollection.

It was during his administration of affairs at Monterey that the discovery of gold in the Sacramento valley was first made; and considering the vast importance which this discovery has since assumed, it may not be uninteresting to state that the honor of first making it publicly known in the States, whether by accident or otherwise, belongs to him. It was first announced in a letter written by him, and bearing his initials, which appeared in his journal; and a letter printed in a New York paper making the same announcement the next day, we believe, was also from his pen. That however, was his fortune. The higher honor belongs to him of having been a faithful officer, a good citizen, a kind hearted man,



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and a devoted, unostentatious Christian.



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January 30, Thursday, [1851](#): An editorial “Our Indian Relations” in the Sacramento Transcript proposed that fortifications be constructed along the eastern frontier of [California](#).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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1850-1851

 January 31, Friday, 1851: The San Francisco Orphan's Asylum, 1st in California, was founded.

In upstate New York, Reuben A. Dunbar was hanged.



Samuel H. Hammond had been the prosecutor at his murder trial, and had obtained the conviction on the basis of evidence that was largely circumstantial. Dunbar, age 20, had killed his relatives Stephen V. Lester, age 8, and David L. Lester, age 10, in the town of Westerlo on the night of September 28, 1850. The bodies, found in the woods, had been interred at the Wickham Farm Burying Ground, Dunbar Hollow, Dormansville, New York. After conviction Dunbar had explained that since an uncle had died and he was newly married with a baby expected shortly, he had been after their inheritance.



REUBEN A. DUNBAR



1850-1851

1850-1851



"I look upon [Phrenology](#) as the guide of Philosophy, and the handmaid of Christianity; whoever disseminates true Phrenology, is a public benefactor."

— [Horace Mann, Sr.](#)



THE MOST FOUL AND UNPARALLELED MURDER IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME LIFE AND CONFESSION OF REUBEN A. DUNBAR, CONVICTED AND EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF STEPHEN V. AND DAVID L. LESTER (AGED 8 AND 10 YEARS,) IN WESTERLY, ALBANY COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850. (Published by John D. Parsons. Weed, Parsons & Co., Printers). The pamphlet included illustrations of the murders.

[Hammond, S.H.](#) THE CLOSING ARGUMENT IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VS. REUBEN DUNBAR, MURDER; TRIED AT THE LATE NOVEMBER TERM OF THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER FOR ALBANY COUNTY (Albany: J. Munsell).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

HDT

WHAT?

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THE MOST FOUL AND UNPARALLELED MURDER
IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

LIFE AND CONFESSION
OF
REUBEN A. DUNBAR,
CONVICTED AND EXECUTED



FOR THE
MURDER


OF
STEPHEN V. AND DAVID L. LESTER,
(Aged 8 and 10 Years,
IN WESTERLO, ALBANY COUNTY,
September 28, 1850.

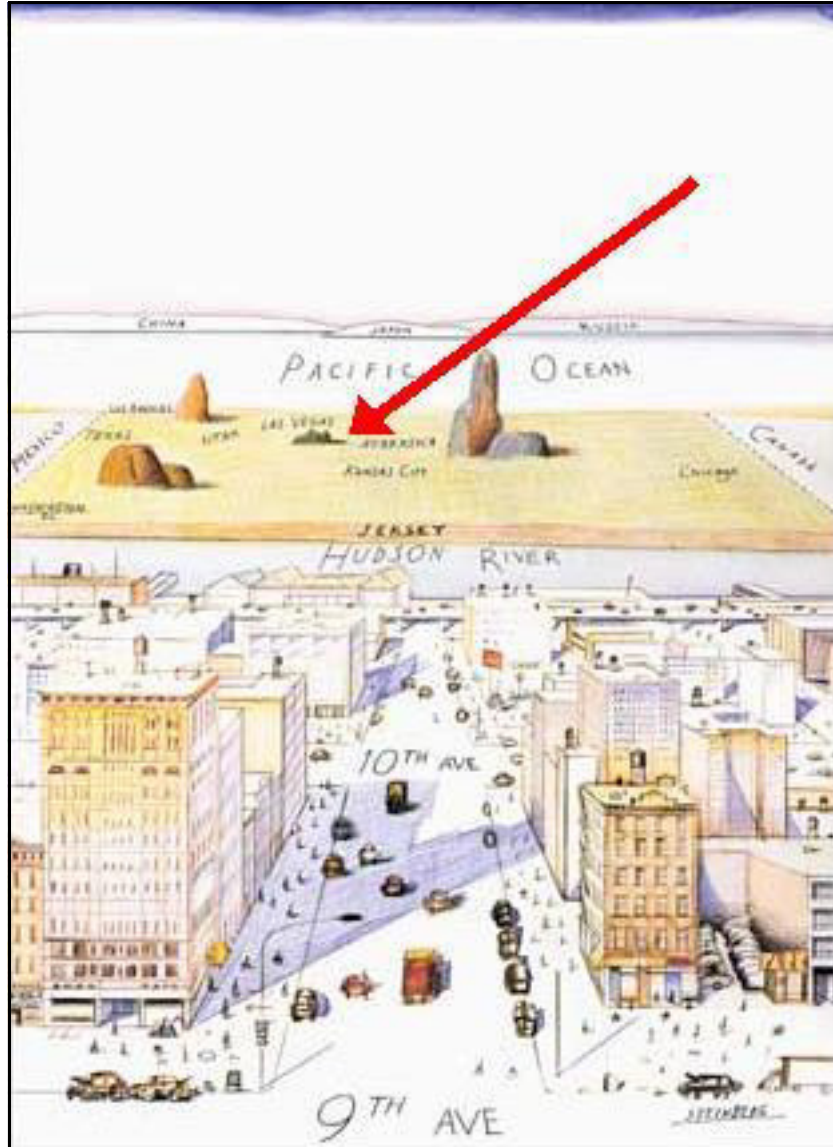
Second Edition.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN D. PARSONS.
WEED, PARSONS & Co., PRINTERS.
1851.

1850-1851

1850-1851

 January 31, Friday, 1851: Bemused by the fact that a young man could not get on in New-York without having to work harder than he personally wanted ever to have to work, [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) sailed on the *Stag Hound* for the [California](#) gold fields. Would he find it easier to pick up gold off the ground in California than in the streets of New-York? –Stay tuned.






1850-1851

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FEBRUARY 1851

 February [1851](#): The farmers of East Anglia were saying that they would rather march on Manchester than on Paris. The agricultural crisis would be so severe during this year that a quarter of the grain consumed in the nation would need to be imported from abroad. However, [Benjamin Disraeli](#)'s motion on agricultural distress was defeated by 14 votes.

[Louis Auguste Blanqui](#) vehemently opposed the consolidation of clerical control over primary schools — in his consideration “twenty years of civil war” would be preferable to a return to the “execrable damnation” of religious orthodoxy, which was itself a “declaration of war against the human species.” “The *coup d'état* is approaching,” he predicted.

[Sojourner Truth](#) began to speak against slavery across upstate New York (hint: having been a slave, she was against it).

This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

In [San Francisco, California](#):

After the affair of the “Hounds,” in 1849, the citizens left the execution of the laws against criminals in the hands of the constituted authorities. Either the laws, however, or the authorities, or something else soon went wrong, and crime fearfully increased. At length, not only were the people seriously inclined to believe that they must take the law back to themselves and issue it in a new form, but the public journals discussed the matter gravely and argumentatively, and urged the instant appointment of “volunteer police,” or “regulators,” who would supply the place of an inefficient executive and judicature. Hitherto there had been no organization for the purpose mentioned, although occasional mobs had ducked or whipped offenders caught in the act of crime. On the 19th of this month, about eight o'clock in the evening, two men entered the store of C.J. Jansen & Co., and, professing to be purchasers, asked to see some blankets. Mr. Jansen, who was alone in the store, was in the act of producing the articles, when he was violently struck with a slung shot, and fell insensible on the floor. While in that state he seems to have been farther maltreated, and was probably considered by the ruffians as dead. These robbed the premises of two thousand dollars, and immediately fled. The whole circumstances of the outrage were of the most daring character, and the knowledge of them caused much excitement among the people. The next day a man was arrested, believed to be one James Stuart, but who gave his name as Thomas Burdue, on the charge of having murdered Mr. Moore, the Sheriff of Auburn, and of having robbed him of four thousand dollars. Stuart had been confined in the jail of Sacramento to await his trial, but had escaped two months before. Circumstances meanwhile had raised a suspicion that this man Stuart, alias Burdue, had had something to do with the attack

1850-1851**1850-1851**

on Mr. Jansen; and accordingly he, and another person of the name of Windred, who had been apprehended on suspicion of the same offence, were, on the 21st, confronted with the wounded man. Jansen at once recognized Stuart and also Windred, although with some faint doubt of the identity of the latter, as being the two persons who had committed the assault and the robbery. These circumstances being known, the citizens, in a state of the greatest excitement, gathered, on the following day (Saturday, 22d February), around the City Hall, where the examination of the prisoners was going on. Upwards of five thousand people thus collected. This was not a mob, but the people, in the highest sense of the term. They wanted only a leader to advise and guide them to any undertaking that promised relief from the awful state of social terror and danger to which they were reduced. Handbills were extensively circulated among the multitude, which were to the following effect: CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO. "The series of murders and robberies that have been committed in this city, seems to leave us entirely in a state of anarchy. When thieves are left without control to rob and kill, then doth the honest traveller fear each bush a thief. Law, it appears, is but a nonentity to be scoffed at; redress can be had for aggression but through the never failing remedy so admirably laid down in the code of Judge Lynch. Not that we should admire this process for redress, but that it seems to be inevitably necessary. Are we to be robbed and assassinated in our domiciles, and the law to let our aggressors perambulate the streets merely because they have furnished straw bail? If so, let each man be his own executioner. Fie upon your laws! They have no force. All those who would rid our city of its robbers and murderers, will assemble on Sunday at two o'clock on the plaza." While the examination of the prisoners was progressing, a shout arose among the assembled multitude, "Now is the time" and many rushed into the court room to seize the accused out of the hands of the authorities. This attempt was successfully resisted. The "Washington Guards," who had been secretly stationed in an adjoining room, through the foresight of the recorder, who had anticipated some outbreak of this nature, now rushed, under the command of Capt. A. Bartol, into the court-hall, and soon cleared it of its noisy occupants, while the prisoners were hurried through a back door into the cells beneath. During the whole day the excitement continued, and many of the spectators remained about the place, though the greater number gradually dispersed, chiefly through the persuasions of some parties who thought like themselves. Towards dusk the people again assembled around the City Hall in greater numbers than before, when, after some speeches, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to consult with the authorities and guard the prisoners till the next day, viz.: Messrs. W.D.M. Howard, Samuel Brannan, A.J. Ellis, H.F. Teschemacker, W.H. Jones, B. Ray, G.A. King, A.H. Sibley, J.L. Folsom, F.W. Macondray, Ralph Dorr, Theodore Payne, Talbot H. Green, and J.B. Huie. This committee the same evening met in the recorder's room, and discussed the position of affairs, and what was next to be done. To show the temper, not of this committee, for they were moderate and cautious in their proceedings, but of the general public on the occasion, we may quote a short speech by Mr. Brannan, who seems

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to have been always for stringing up and hanging every rogue outright, on the shortest possible grace. His language was certainly to the point, and quite accorded with the sentiments of a great majority of the vast multitude that was anxiously waiting without. One of the committee having proposed that the citizens should choose a jury to try the prisoners, Mr. Brannan said - "I am very much surprised to hear people talk about grand juries, or recorders, or mayors. I'm tired of such talk. These men are murderers, I say, as well as thieves. I know it, and I will die or see them hung by the neck. I'm opposed to any farce in this business. We had enough of that eighteen months ago [alluding to the affair of the "hounds,"] when we allowed ourselves to be the tools of these judges, who sentenced convicts to be sent to the United States. We are the mayor and the recorder, the hangman and the laws. The law and the courts never yet hung a man in [California](#); and every morning we are reading fresh accounts of murders and robberies. I want no technicalities. Such things are devised to shield the guilty." The rest of the committee did not exactly think with Mr. Brannan, and after appointing a patrol of twenty citizens to watch over the prisoners, a majority of them adopted a resolution by Captain Howard, that they should adjourn to the following day, on the plaza, to report the proceedings to the people. Next day (Sunday), about eight thousand people collected round the court-house. Mayor Geary, and others on the part of the authorities then addressed them, advising coolness and moderation, and suggesting that a committee of twelve of their number should be appointed to sit as a jury along with the presiding justice on the trial to take place the following day, the verdict of which jury should be final. Other counsels, however, prevailed; and on the motion of Mr. Wm. T. Coleman, a committee of twelve was appointed, to retire and consider the best course of action to be adopted. Almost immediately afterwards this committee returned and reported, that the trial should be conducted by and among themselves-that if the legal courts choose to assist in the business, they were welcome and invited to do so; but if not, that counsel should be assigned to the prisoners, a public prosecutor appointed, and the trials immediately commenced. This was all accordingly done. The public authorities having declined to interfere farther in the matter, and being powerless before so numerous a body, retired from the contest. At two o'clock of the same day, the committee and a great number of citizens assembled in the recorder's room, while outside, in Kearny and Pacific streets, an immense multitude had collected. The following parties were then empaneled as a jury, viz.:-R.S. Watson, S.J.L. Smiley, W.E. Stoutenburg, J.L. Riddle, George Endicott, D.K. Minor, George A. Hudson, David Page, Jas. H. Robinson, J.E. Schenck, S.J. Thompson and I.C. Pelton. J.R. Spence was appointed to preside on the bench, and H.R. Bowie and C. L. Ross were named associate judges. J.E. Townes was selected to officiate as sheriff, and W.A. Jones as judge's clerk. Mr. Coleman was chosen public prosecutor, and Judge Shattuck and Hall McAllister were appointed counsel for the prisoners. We are particular in giving the names of these gentlemen, since they show the high character and social standing of the parties who were concerned in this movement against the legal and municipal

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authorities. As we said before, the crowd was not a mob, but emphatically the people. After evidence was led for the prosecution, an impartial charge was given by Mr. Spence. The jury then retired, and were absent a considerable time, as they seemed unable to agree upon a verdict. Seeing there were no signs of being able to come to a speedy agreement, they returned to the court, and their foreman reported that nine were for conviction, and three had doubts. Much disappointment and agitation was now manifested by the people, who had considered the prisoners clearly guilty on the testimony. Loud cries burst from all quarters of "Hang them, any how! A majority rules!" After some time order was restored, and the jury were discharged. It was now midnight, and the numbers present were considerably diminished. The same excitement, however, prevailed, and it required all the efforts of the cooler and wiser portion of the assembly to preserve peace and decorum to the end. Addresses were spoken to this effect by Mr. Smyth Clarke, Dr. Rabe and Mr. Hutton. The latter gentleman was now chosen chairman, and the meeting adjourned to the outside of the building. At last-twenty minutes to one o'clock on Monday morning,-the question was put from the chair, that they should indefinitely adjourn, which being answered affirmatively, the crowd quietly dispersed. During this excitement, it is proper to remark, that the mayor had collected together not only the regular police of the city, but an additional volunteer force of about two hundred and fifty citizens, and had determined that no injury should be done the prisoners until they were legally tried and found guilty of the alleged crime. In the mean time, parties were organized, who were resolved to seize the prisoners at all events, and hang them at the nearest convenient place, without regard either to decency or justice; and to carry out this object several attempts were made to break into the station-house where the prisoners were confined; but these were successfully resisted by the strong and determined force which the foresight of the mayor had gathered and with which the City Hall was surrounded. The occasion of this outbreak was the greatest that hitherto ever agitated [San Francisco](#), and the exciting scenes of Saturday and Sunday will be long remembered by the citizens of the period. For thirty-six hours the whole town had been in an uproar, and during a great part of that time many thousands of persons had been gathered in the court-room or in the streets outside. For months their patience had been severely tried by the knowledge that crimes of the most atrocious description-murders, burglaries, thefts, fire-raising and violent assaults, had been of daily occurrence, and that few or no adequate punishments had been inflicted by the courts on the perpetrators. On this occasion the long suppressed ire against the supineness of the authorities burst forth, and the people were determined to make an example of those whom they believed guilty of the shocking assault upon Mr. Jansen and the robbery of his store. They were indeed deceived in regard to the true criminals, and might have hanged innocent men. But the good sense of their temporary leaders, and a return to dispassionate reflection, hindered the execution of the sentence of death, which the general multitude wished to pronounce. We may here shortly state the further incidents connected with the prisoners

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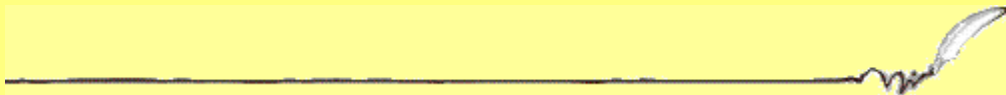
in relation to this matter. After being tried by the people, as above mentioned, when no unanimous verdict could be obtained, they were handed over to the proper authorities, by whom they were put a second time upon trial, for the same offence, according to the ordinary legal forms. On this occasion both prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, being the highest penalty which the law could inflict for the imputed offence. Windred shortly afterwards escaped by cutting a hole through the floor of his prison. Stuart, alias Burdue, was sent to Marysville, to stand his trial for the murder of Mr. Moore, already noticed. He was found guilty for this crime also, and was sentenced to be hanged. This was in the course of the summer. Meanwhile, the Vigilance Committee which had been recently organized, had contrived to lay hands on the true Stuart, who turned out not only to have been the murderer of Mr. Moore, but also one of those who had assaulted and robbed Mr. Jansen. Stuart was subsequently hanged by the people for these and other crimes, as detailed in our chapter on the Vigilance Committee. It was satisfactorily shown that neither Burdue nor Windred had ever had the slightest connection with any of the offenses for which they were charged. The whole affair was a most curious case of mistaken identity. Burdue was at different places, and by different juries, twice convicted, and twice in the most imminent risk of death for the commission of offenses of which he was perfectly innocent! The luckless man was sent back to [San Francisco](#), where his sentence of imprisonment was annulled, and himself released. A handsome subscription was raised among the citizens to compensate in some measure for his repeated sufferings. What became of him ultimately we know not; but doubtless, in his cups, he will wax eloquent, and have strange stories to tell of his "hair-breadth 'scapes." Shortly after receiving the subscription from the citizens, he was seen on Long Wharf playing at "French Monte," and lustily bawling to the passers-by- "The ace! the ace!-a hundred dollars to him who will tell the ace! -The ace!-The ace!-who will name the ace of spades? A hundred dollars to any man who will tell the ace!"

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



February/March [1851](#): At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:


Nothing so marks a man as bold imaginative expressions. A complete statement in the imaginative form of an important truth arrests attention & is repeated & remembered. A phrase or two of that kind will make the reputation of a man. Pythagoras's golden sayings were such; and Socrates's, & Mirabeau's & Bonaparte's; and, I hope I shall not make a sudden descent, if I say that Henry Thoreau promised to make as good sentences in that kind as any body.





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 February/March 1851: [William Thomson, Baron Kelvin](#) had in 1848 proposed an absolute temperature scale at which at zero degrees molecules simply ceased all vibration. During this month he began to write up a proposal that we utilize a concept of “[absolute zero](#),” a *primum frigidum* temperature at which the energy of molecules would be zero, and he declared the compatibility of [Nicolas Léonard Sadi Carnot](#)’s theory that [heat was a fluid](#) with [James Prescott Joule](#)’s [mechanical heat theory](#), so long as it was accepted that in accordance with what is now known as the [2d law of thermodynamics](#), heat cannot pass to a hotter body from a colder body. Thus he was amongst the 1st to recognize the significance of the [conservation of energy](#). He drew on [Charles’s Law](#) to show that such a condition would hold at -273 degrees Celsius. Thus he would arrive at the notion of the [heat death of the universe](#):

I believe the tendency in the material world is for motion to become diffused, and that as a whole the reverse of concentration is gradually going on – I believe that no physical action can ever restore the heat emitted from the Sun, and that this source is not inexhaustible; also that the motions of the Earth and other planets are losing *vis viva* which is converted into heat; and that although some *vis viva* may be restored for instance to the earth by heat received from the sun, or by other means, that the loss cannot be precisely compensated and I think it probable that it is under-compensated.

Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

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February 1, Saturday, 1851: Mary Godwin Wollstonecraft Shelley died in London at the age of 53 of the tumor on her brain.

Brandtaucher (Fire Diver), built by Schweffel & Howaldt for Schleswig-Holstein's Flotilla (part of the *Reichsflotte*) in 1850 and now the oldest surviving submersible craft, on display in a museum in Dresden, became unstable and sank during acceptance trials in the German port of Kiel (the designer, Wilhelm Bauer, and the 2 other crewmembers, unnamed, were able to swim up to the surface because the accident had happened in merely 60 feet of water).

The graves of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin at Old St Pancras Church were opened and the remains of the parents repositioned with the remains of the daughter, in Bournemouth Churchyard.



A letter from John Grant (1822-1878), in the gold fields of California, to his sister Caroline Burr Grant (1820-1892) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

My Dear Sister,
Your letters of Jan. 15 and 29 were both duly received. The latter (i.e. Daniel's letter) I forwarded to Joel by last evening's mail. Accept my thanks for both these favors. I ought to have answered the first ere this time, but not feeling the obligation specially urgent I have delayed.
I rejoice with you in finding the intelligence from our kindred in California, so generally good. It is so comforting to know that they have health, if they may not gather gold as we had hoped they would. I cannot but regret that the brothers should have separated, for how precious must be a brother's kind presence, in such a land of strangers.
I was at Joel's when the last preceeding[preceding] letter came. Did not know but Joel informed you when he wrote you sending the sheets from California.
I spent [five?] days at and about home. The weather was very cold. I only went to Norfolk village [Connecticut] once - spent only two or three hours there. Father and Mother were very well then. But you have heard from them since I have. I have no tidings direct from them.
The rest too [seem?] well as usual. Cousin Margaret is feeble, but better.
Uncle Luther as usual. Joel, and wife and son very well. I did not take my Christmas dinner there - but left here Christmas morn - reached New Haven about noon - and Avon next day P.M.

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Your Abbie seemed very good indeed - especially after the first timidity passed away.

Mother indulges her a good deal, but perhaps none too much. Aunt [N]elleton's family were at Father's during their absence. By a letter from Avon of about a week ago, I learn that father and mother will get home this week - and their there now probably. I am glad you are so happy in your present circumstances. While we cannot but be anxious for dear ones far away we can hope and must, and meanwhile ought to use and enjoy the blessings and comforts with which a kind Providence richly favors us. I am glad you find so much that is congenial in the family of Mr. Hill. You cannot fail to find an enjoyment in your sister's [Mary Burr Hill] society which you would nowhere else.

Of myself, I have nothing of importance to say that is new. I am not now boarding at the Hotel as before but in a private family - find it in the whole quite as pleasant - and it is somewhat less expensive. My school still continues the same numerically and I enjoy it as before.

Joel wrote me that he found some religious interest among his people which encourages him. I heard something of the revival in Norfolk when there. I hope to hear still more.

Mr. Backus writes me that he spent a good part of his College vacation at Dea. Woodward's. I judge from the visits he made with [Martha], [...] that she is quite recovered - He speaks of his vacation as very happy. Much love to little Edward from Uncle John. A kind remembrance to your sister and her husband. Write soon again -

Your affectionate brother
Jno. Grant



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]




February 2, Sunday, 1851: Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners "could not work during the winter months," it had seemed reasonable to send some of these "idle gold miners" to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#), on this morning Hiram or Hyrum H. Blackwell called in from Hawai'i to the station on Maui on his way to Honolulu and, while there, vented a great deal of discouragement. He supposed it would take a year to learn the language, before becoming able to do any missionary work, and that even after learning the local language he was dubious that their group would be able to do much because "the people were very debased." He was going up to see what might be done, but supposed he would go home with Thomas Levi Whittle if this was not contrary to counsel. He said he had wanted James Hawkins to come with him but, since he had been sent there, he would stay until receiving further orders.



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 February 3, Monday, 1851: [Jean-Bernard-Léon Foucault](#) presented the results of his pendulum experiments to the French Academy.

In Oregon, Pacific County was created from Lewis County, a county not yet fully organized, but “for all judicial purposes” was attached to Clatsop County.



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 February 4, Tuesday, 1851: Maskenfest-Quadrille op.92 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Redoutensaal, Vienna.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

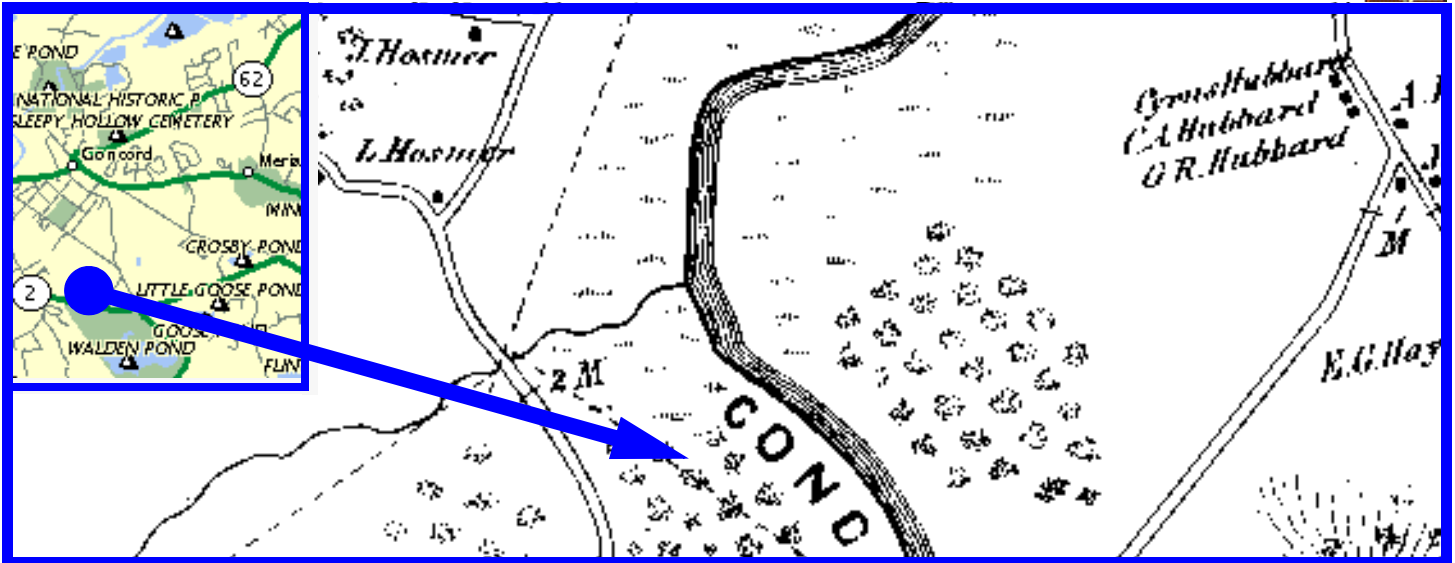
1850-1851

1850-1851



February 5, Wednesday, 1851: A series of articles about Frédéric François Chopin written by Franz Liszt began to appear in La France musicale (they would run through August 17th). (In the following year they would be put together into a 1st biography of the composer, FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.)

Henry Thoreau surveyed, for John Hosmer, a woodlot that been part of the Charles Miles land near the Hollowell Farm (Gleason 64/H5) on the Sudbury River.




On this night there was a bright aurora borealis above New England.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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 February 6, “Black Thursday,” 1851: The weather was, to choose a word, “torrid” in the state of Victoria, Australia, so torrid that on this morning the air blowing down from the north seemed like unto the breath of a furnace. By 11AM the air was about 117° Fahrenheit, almost unbreathable, and that was in the shade. A fierce wind arose and from hour to hour gathered strength and velocity until at about noon it was blowing with the strength of a tornado. The surface of the earth became a sheet of flame, fierce, awful, and irresistible, and 12 human lives were lost along with 1,000,000 sheep and thousands of cattle give or take, and of course countless native animals. Ships at sea found themselves coated in cinders and dust and a murky mist obscured even northern Tasmania (this weather incident was so devastating that in 1864 a picture would be painted of it by William Strutt).



ENSO

This makes you wonder, doesn't it, whether 1851 was an El Niño year or a La Niña year in the South Pacific?

WEATHER

Largest Scale Global Weather Oscillations 1847-1854

	Southern Oscillation	South Pacific current reversal	Indonesian monsoon	Australian droughts	Indian monsoon	Annual Nile flood
1847	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1848	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1849	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1850	strong	warm El Niño moderate	drought	drought	deficient	quite weak
1851	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1852	moderate	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	adequate	deficient SBM	quite weak
1853	moderate	cold La Niña	drought	adequate	deficient	adequate
1854	strong	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	drought	adequate	adequate

The southern ocean / atmosphere “seesaw” links to periodic Indonesian east monsoon droughts, Australian droughts, deficient Indian summer monsoons, and deficient Ethiopian monsoon rainfall causing weak annual Nile floods. This data is presented from Tables 6.2-6.3 of Quinn, William H. “A study of Southern Oscillation-related climatic activity for AD 622-1900 incorporating Nile River flood data,” pages 119-49 in Diaz, Henry F. and Vera Markgraf, eds. EL NIÑO: HISTORICAL AND PALEOCLIMATIC ASPECTS OF THE SOUTHERN OSCILLATION. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1992.

Symphony no.3 “Rhenish” by Robert Schumann was performed for the initial time, in Düsseldorf directed by the composer.




[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND



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1850-1851

FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 February 7, Friday, 1851: In his FIELD NOTES, [Henry Thoreau](#) would explain how he had arrived on this day at the “true meridian” which he would continually employ to cope with the occasional straying of his compass needle: “Found the direction of the pole star at its western elongation (1, 58½) at 9h 26m PM. N coincides with a [sight] line drawn from the SE course of the stone post on the E side of our western small front gate, to the S side of the first door on the W side of the depot.”




For a detailed explanation, please refer to Chapter 6 of Patrick Chura’s THOREAU THE LAND SURVEYOR:

THE LAND SURVEYOR



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 February 8, Saturday, 1851: In the Sacramento, [California Transcript](#), THE SABLE HARMONISTS respectfully announced that on this evening they were intending to offer another Concert at Lee’s Exchange. They described their company as consisting of the most talented performers that had visited this country, viz: H. Mestayer, R. Moore, H. Donnelly, T. King, E. Van Rensselaer, and J.M. Foans. It would be their intention to produce all the latest Songs, Glees, Choruses and Dances of the day. The price of admission to the First Tier would be \$1 and to the boxes \$1.50. In addition their advertisement promised, that the room would be well lighted, so the audience would be able to perceive that these were indeed white men, as they provided such musical fare as “Old Uncle Ned,” “Roaring Riber,” “Louisiana Belle,” “Let’s be gay,” “We are the Sable Harmonists,” “Lynchburg Town,” “Niggers History ob de World,” “Susanna,” “Floating Scow of old Virginne,” “Hard Times,” “Picayune Butler,” “Mary Blane,” “Lucy Neal,” “Dandy Jim,” “Lucy Long,” “O Sally White,” “Stop dat knocking,” and “The Boatman’s Dance.”

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The latest news from the gold diggings was also most encouraging:

Ten Miles of Rich Diggings.

We have late and interesting intelligence from one of the tributaries of Feather River. Dr. W.E. Small, who returned the other day from the East Branch of the North Fork of Feather River, brings most encouraging news. He was present at Smith’s Bar, and saw a Mr. Turner of Massachusetts, take out at one time, from his claim, seven pounds and three ounces of dust! This was a fine haul, and of course created some degree of excitement. Mr. Turner was offered \$7,000 for his claim, but he refused the offer. Entire credence may be placed in this, as Dr. S. witnessed the whole operation, both the rich haul and the offer for the claim. Dr. Small informs us that whilst there, the rumor was prevalent that ten miles of rich bank diggings had been discovered, but that he did not visit the point, as he was otherwise engaged. Those who went relied on the report, and general credence was given to the statement. It was represented

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that during the entire ten miles along the river bank, miners were averaging two ounces, whilst many others were doing far better. If this should prove true, a strong tide of emigration will set in to that quarter. We have not [*sic*] doubt, ourselves, from private information, that good diggings are to be found along some of the tributaries of the Plumas or Feather River, but we doubt very much whether there is any place in California, of such an extent, where all can average the ounces. It is against our observation as well as our experience, whilst we labored with the pick and shovel, and anon, rocked the cradle, to the tune of "Take your time, Miss Lucy."



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



February 9, Sunday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal on this day that Dr. [Alfred I. Tauber](#) would consider relevant to an understanding of his attitude toward time and eternity: "My desire for knowledge is intermittent but my desire to commune with the spirit of the universe –to be intoxicated even with the fumes, call it, of that divine nectar –to bear my head through atmospheres and over heights unknown to my feet –is perennial & constant."



February 9, Sunday: The last half of January was warm & thawy. The swift streams were open & the muskrats were seen swimming & diving & bringing up clams leaving their shells on the ice. We had now forgotten summer & autumn, but had already begun to anticipate spring. Fishermen improved the warmer weather to fish for pickerel through the ice– Before it was only the Autumn landscape with a thin layer of snow upon it we saw the withered flowers through it –but now we do not think of autumn when we look on this snow That earth is effectually buried– It is mid winter. Within a few days the cold has set in stronger than ever though the days are much longer now. Now I travel across the fields on the crust which has frozen since the Jan. thaw –& I can cross the river in most places. It is easier to get about the country than at any other season– Easier than in summer because the rivers & meadows are frozen –& there is no high grass or other crops to be avoided –easier than in Dec. before the crust was frozen

Sir John Mandeville says –"In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell, outhere aboven or benethen, it seemeth always to hem that dwellen there, that they gon more right than any other folk."

Again –"And yee shulle undirstonde, that of all these contrees, and of all these yles, and of all the dyverse folk, that I have spoken of before, and of dyverse laws and of dyverse beleeves that thei have, yit is there non of hem alle, but that thei have sum resoun within hem and understandinge, but gif it be the fewere."

I have heard that there is a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge– It is said that Knowledge is power and the like–

Methinks there is equal need of a society for the diffusion of useful Ignorance –for what is most of our boasted so called knowledge but a conceit that we know something which robs us of the advantages of our actual ignorance–

In What consists the superiority of that

{One leaf missing}

auctoritatis. Habemus enim hujusmodi senatûs-consultum, veruntamen inclusum in tabulis, tanquam gladium in vaginâ reconditum; quo ex senatûs-consulto, confestim interfectum te esse, O Business, convenit. Vivis; et vivis, non ad deponendam, sed ad confirmandam, audaciam. Cupio, Patres Conscripti, me esse clementem: cupio in tantis rei-*privatae* periculis, me non dissolutum

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videri: sed jam me ipse inertiae nequitiaeque condemno.

Castra sunt in Italiâ, contra rem-privatam, in Etruriae faucibus collocata: crescit in dies singulos hostium numerus: eorum autem imperatorem castrorum, ducemque hostium, intra moenia, atque adeò in senatu, videmus, intestinam aliquam quotidie perniciem rei-privatae molientem.”

For a man’s ignorance sometimes is not only useful but beautiful while his knowledge is oftentimes worse than useless beside being ugly.

In reference to important things whose knowledge amounts to more than a consciousness of his ignorance Yet what more refreshing & inspiring knowledge than this?

How often are we wise as serpents without being harmless as doves.

Donne says “Who are a little wise the best fools be

RALPH CUDWORTH

Cudworth says “we have all of us by nature **μαντευμά τι** (as both Plato & Aristotle call it) a certain divination, presage and parturient vaticination in our minds, of some higher good & perfection than either power or knowledge.” – Aristotle himself declares, that there is **λόγου τι κρείττον**, which is **λόγου ἀρχή**, something better than reason & knowledge, which is the principle and original of all.”

Lavater says “Who finds the clearest not clear, thinks the darkest not obscure”

My desire for knowledge is intermittent but my desire to commune with the spirit of the universe – to be intoxicated even with the fumes, call it, of that divine nectar –to bear my head through atmospheres and over heights unknown to my feet –is perennial & constant.

It is remarkable how few events or crises there are in our minds’ histories– How little *exercised* we have been in our mind –how few experiences we have had I would fain be assured that I am growing apace & rankly –though

{Two leaves missing}

society –to that culture –that interaction of man on man which is a sort of breeding in & in and produces a merely English nobility a puny & effoete nobility, a civilization which has a speedy limit. The story of **Romulus & Remus** being suckled by a wolf is not a mere fable; the founders of every state which has risen to eminence have drawn their nourishment and vigor from a similar source. It is because the children of the empire were not suckled by wolves that they were conquered & displaced by the children of the northern forests who were.

America is the she wolf to day and the children of exhausted Europe exposed on her uninhabited & savage shores are the **Romulus & Remus** who having derived new life & vigor from her breast have founded a new Rome in the west.

It is remarkable how few passages comparatively speaking there are in the best literature of the day which betray any intimacy with nature.

It is apparent enough to me that only one or two of my townsmen or acquaintances (not more than one in many thousand men in deed –) feel or at least obey any strong attraction drawing them toward the forest or to nature, but all almost without exception gravitate exclusively toward men or society. The young men of Concord and in other towns do not walk in the woods but congregate in shops & offices– They suck one another– Their strongest attraction is toward the mill dam.

A thousand assemble about the fountain in the public square –the town pump –be it full or dry clear or turbid, every morning but not –one in a thousand is in the meanwhile drinking at that fountain’s head.

It is hard for the young aye & the old man in the outhouses to keep away from the Mill dam a whole day –but he will find some excuse as an ounce of cloves that might be wanted or a new England Farmer still in the office –to tackle up the horse –or even go afoot but he will go at some rate– This is not bad comparatively this is because he cannot do better. In spite of his hoeing & chopping he is unexpressed & undeveloped.

I do not know where to find in any literature whether ancient or modern –any adequate account of that Nature with which I am acquainted. Mythology comes nearest to it of any.

The actual life of men is not without a dramatic interest at least to the thinker. It is not altogether prosaic. 70,000 pilgrims proceed annually to Mecca from the various nations of Islâm. But this is not so significant as the far simpler & more unpretending pilgrimage to the shrines of some obscure individual which yet makes no bustle in the world

I believe that adam in paradise was not so favorably situated on the whole as is the backwoodsman in America– You all know how miserably the former turned out –or was turned out –but there is some consolation at least in the fact that it yet remains to be seen how the western Adam Adam in



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the wilderness will turn out –


In Adams fall
We sinned all.
In the new Adam's rise
We shall all reach the skies.

Infusion of hemlock in our tea, if we must drink tea –not the poison hemlock –but the hemlock spruce I mean –or perchance the Arbor Vitae –the tree of life is what we want.

TIME AND ETERNITY

ARISTOTLE

DIFFERENT DRUMMER



“WALKING”: The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild; and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the world. Every tree sends its fibres forth in search of the Wild. The cities import it at any price. Men plow and sail for it. From the forest and wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind. Our ancestors were savages. The story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf is not a meaningless fable. The founders of every state which has risen to eminence, have drawn their nourishment and vigor from a similar wild source. It is because the children of the empire were not suckled by the wolf that they were conquered and displaced by the children of the northern forests who were.

I believe in the forest, and in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows. We require an infusion of hemlock spruce or arbor-vitae in our tea. There is a difference between eating and drinking for strength and from mere gluttony. The Hottentots eagerly devour the marrow of the Koodoo and other antelopes raw, as a matter of course. Some of our northern Indians eat raw the marrow of the Arctic reindeer, as well as various other parts, including the summits of the antlers as long as they are soft. And herein perchance they have stolen a march on the cooks of Paris. They get what usually goes to feed the fire. This is probably better than stall-fed beef and slaughter-house pork to make a man of. Give me a Wildness whose glance no civilization can endure, – as if we lived on the marrow of koodoos devoured raw.

ROMULUS AND REMUS

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Pilgrim Costumes

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February 10, Monday, 1851: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) wrote to Specchi in [Havana](#), complaining of the cold and of hunting restrictions that were in effect on [Staten Island](#).

Orakel-Sprücheop.90, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

In Williamsport, Indiana, [John Otis Wattles](#) and [Friend Esther Winery Wattles](#) produced a daughter Harmonia "Monia" Wattles.



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to the university librarian, [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#), who had taught him [Entomology](#) and Botany during his senior year at [Harvard College](#), at [Harvard Library](#), to check out "Alfred 'Hawkins' PICTURE OF QUEBEC' and 'Silliman's TOUR TO QUEBEC'" (contrary to what had been thought by some Thoreau scholars, he requested neither Hawkins's THIS PLAN OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC, of 1835, nor



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Hawkins's THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC, of 1844).



This would have amounted to, specifically, [Alfred Hawkins's](#) HAWKINS'S PICTURE OF QUÉBEC, WITH HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS (1834), and [Benjamin Silliman, Sr.'s](#) REMARKS MADE, ON A SHORT TOUR, BETWEEN HARTFORD AND QUEBEC IN THE AUTUMN OF 1819 (1824, 2d edition).

[QUÉBEC](#)

[To: Thaddeus W. Harris](#)
[From: HDT](#)
[Date: 10 February 1851](#)

Concord Feb 10th 1851

Dear Sir,

I return by the bearer De Laet's "Norvus Orbis" &c Will you please send me Alfred "Hawkins' Picture of Quebec" and "Silliman's Tour to Quebec"?

If these are not in — then Wytfliet's "Descriptionis Ptolemaicae Argumentum"



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&c” and Lescarbot’s “Les Muses de la Nouvelle France.”
Yrs respect^{ly}
Henry D. Thoreau

CORNELIUS WYTFLIET
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SR.

(It may well be that on this day he also returned to [Harvard Library](#) the checked out Volume 1 of [François André Michaux](#)’s THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA..., 1817-18-19.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 10TH-11TH]

ESSENCE IS BLUR. SPECIFICITY,
THE OPPOSITE OF ESSENCE,
IS OF THE NATURE OF TRUTH.



February 11, Tuesday, 1851: The initial response to the calamitous “Black Thursday” conflagration in [Australia](#) was a public meeting at Geelong to discuss relief efforts for citizens who had lost everything. Many outstanding debts were canceled, only in part out of pity — because in the general bankruptcy there was an awareness that such debts had suddenly become totally uncollectible.


Elsewhere in [Australia](#) Charles Berkeley, recently an Inspector of the Mounted Police, was charged with uttering a forged £1 note with intent to defraud the Bank of South Australia. John Hardman, cashier at the Bank, testified that on Monday or Tuesday during the past week, Captain Berkeley and Mr. Brown had come to the bank and the Captain had presented the note, which Cashier Hardman at once declared to be a forgery. Mr. Brown said, “Don’t you know one of your old friends; this is one of the old series?” Mr. Brown chuckled at the idea of Cashier Hardman’s not knowing the note. The cashier said “I thought all these notes were at the Police-office.” Captain Berkeley replied that he had found it amongst some old papers at home. Relying on this and believing that the former Police Inspector and Mr. Brown had only been joking around, Cashier Hardman handed over 2 half-sovereigns. After Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Brown had left, Cashier Hardman again inspected the note and his initial suspicions were confirmed.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 10TH-11TH]

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 February 12, Wednesday, 1851: Gold was discovered by Edward Hammond Hargreaves in Summer Hill Creek near Bathurst, New South Wales. This would precipitate an influx of immigration into Australia.¹³³

The Reverend Jared Sparks was publicly attacked for alleged literary dishonesty, in that some discrepancies had been noted between his edition of George Washington's letters and another more recent book in which some of these letters were re-transcribed from source records. Sparks would find himself excoriated in print as one of "those whom the God of the Jews accursed as the movers and destroyers of landmarks." Sparks had, for instance, substituted "General Putnam" at a point at which Washington had referred to him as "Old Put." He had "spoiled Washington's bad grammar," the Democratic Review would complain.

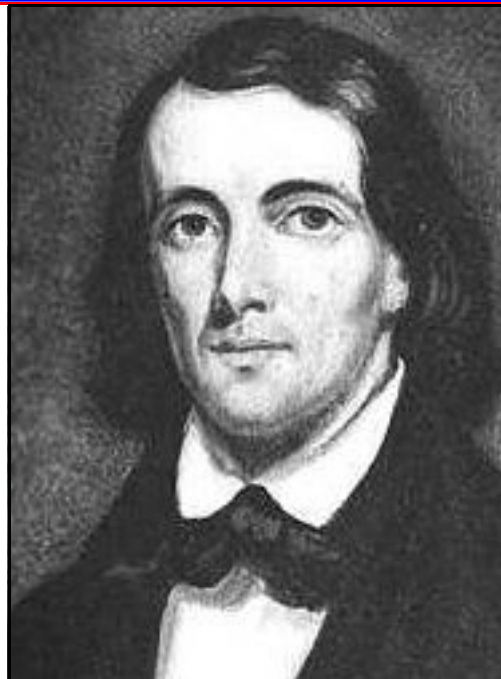
Jared Sparks

(What had happened was that the Reverend, succumbing to "Editor's Disease," had committed the egregious and unscholarly blunder of attempting to make the letters he transcribed more legible to his intended audience.)¹³⁴

The Albany Northern Rail Road Company was organized, to connect the New York state capital with Eagle Bridge in Rensselaer County.

In his journal Henry Thoreau quoted from Ellery Channing's "Walden Spring" in the THE WOODMAN, AND OTHER POEMS (Boston: James Munroe & company):

THE WOODMAN, &C., &C.



Walden Spring

133. Thoreau would be underimpressed, but his take contrasted remarkably with the attitude taken by Ashley in his diary:

Auri sacra fames. What no motive, human or divine, could effect, springs into life at the display of a few pellets of gold in the hands of a wanderer. This may be God's chosen way to fulfil his commandment and "replenish the earth."

134. The blunder, here, was neither dishonesty nor incompetence, but having left himself vulnerable to antagonists who were willing to play the aggressor in the ever-popular game "Now I've Got You You Son Of A Bitch" — using him as their designated victim.

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Whisper ye leaves your lyrics in my ear,
 Carol thou glittering bird thy summer song,
 And flowers, and grass, and mosses on the rocks,
 And the full woods, lead me in sober aisles,
 And may I seek this happy day the Cliffs,
 When fluid summer melts all ores in one,
 Both in the air, the water, and the ground.
 And so I walked beyond the last, gray house,
 And o'er the upland glanced, and down the mead,
 Then turning went into the oaken copse,—
**Heroic underwoods that take the air
 With freedom, nor respect their parent's death.**
 Yet a few steps, then welled a cryptic spring,
 Whose temperate nectar palls not on the taste,
 Dancing in yellow circles on the sand,
 And carving through the ooze a crystal bowl.
 Here sometime have I drank a bumper rare,
 Wetting parched lips, from a sleek, emerald leaf,
 Nursed at the fountain's breast, and neatly filled
 The forest-cup, filled by a woodland hand,
 That from familiar things draws sudden use,
 Strange to the civic eye, to Walden plain.
 And resting there after my thirst was quenched,
 Beneath the curtain of a civil oak,
 That muses near this water and the sky,
 I tried some names with which to grave this fount.
 And as I dreamed of these, I marked the roof,
 Then newly built above the placid spring,
 Resting upon some awkward masonry.
 In truth our village has become a butt
 For one of these fleet railroad shafts, and o'er
 Our peaceful plain, its soothing sound is — Concord,
 Four times and more each day a rumbling train
 Of painted cars rolls on the iron road,
 Prefigured in its advent by sharp screams
 That Pandemonium satisfied should hear.
 The steaming tug athirst, and lacking drink,
 The railroad eye direct with fatal stroke
 Smote the spring's covert, and by leaden drain
 Thieved its cold crystal for the engine's breast.
 Strange! that the playful current from the woods,
 Should drag the freighted train, chatting with fire,
 And point the tarnished rail with man and trade.



Feb. 12. Wednesday: A beautiful day with but little snow or ice on the ground. Though the air is sharp, as the earth is half bare the hens have strayed to some distance from the barns. The hens standing around their lord & pluming themselves and still fretting a little strive to fetch the year about.

A thaw has nearly washed away the snow & raised the river & the brooks & flooded the meadows covering the old ice which which is still fast to the bottom

I find that it is an excellent walk for variety & novelty & wildness to keep round the edge of the meadow —the ice not being strong enough to bear and transparent as water —on the bare ground or snow just between the highest water mark and the present water line A narrow meandering walk rich in unexpected views & objects.

The line of rubbish which marks the higher tides withered flags & reeds & twigs & cranberries is to my eyes a very agreeable & significant line which nature traces along the edge of the meadows.

It is a strongly marked enduring natural line which in summer reminds me that the water has once stood over where I walk Sometimes the grooved trees tell the same tale. The wrecks of the meadow which fill a thousand coves and tell a thousand tales to those who can read them Our prairial mediterranean shore. The gentle rise of water around the trees in the meadow —where oaks & maples stand far out in the sea— And young elms sometimes are seen standing close around some rocks which lifts its head above the water —as if protecting it preventing it from being washed away though in truth they owe their origin & preservation to it. It first invited & detained their seed & now



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preserves the soil in which they grow. A pleasant reminiscence of the rise of waters To go up one side of the river & down the other following this way which meanders so much more than the river itself– If you cannot go on the ice –you are then gently compelled to take this course which is on the whole more beautiful –to follow the sinuosities of the meadow. Between the highest water mark & the present water line is a space generally from a few feet to a few rods in width. When the water comes over the road, then my spirits rise –when the fences are carried away. A prairial walk– Saw a caterpillar crawling about on the snow

The earth is so bare that it makes an impression on one as if it were catching cold.

I saw today something new to me as I walked along the edge of the meadow –every half mile or so along the channel of the river I saw at a distance where apparently the ice had been broken up while freezing by the pressure of other ice –thin cakes of ice forced up on their edges & reflecting the sun like so many mirrors whole fleets of shining sails. giving a very lively appearance to the river – Where for a dozen rods thin flakes of ice stood on their edges –like a fleet beating upstream against the sun –a fleet of ice-boats

It is remarkable that the cracks in the ice on the meadows sometimes may be traced a dozen rods from the water through the snow in the neighboring fields.

It is only necessary that man should start a fence that nature should carry it on & complete it. The farmer can not plough quite up to the rails or wall which he himself has placed –& hence it often becomes a hedge-row & sometimes a coppice.

I found to-day apples still green under the snow– And others frozen and thawed sweeter far than when sound. a sugary sweetness.

There is something more than association at the bottom of the excitement which the roar of a cataract produces. It is allied to the circulation in our veins We have a waterfall which corresponds even to Niagara somewhere within us. It is astonishing what a rush & tumult a slight inclination will produce in a swollen brook. How it proclaims its glee –its boisterousness –rushing headlong in its prodigal course as if it would exhaust itself in half an hour –how it spends itself– I would say to the orator and poet Flow freely & *lavishly* as a brook that is full –without stint –perchance I have stumbled upon the origin of the word lavish. It does not hesitate to tumble down the steepest precipice & roar or tinkle as it goes, –for fear it will exhaust its fountain.– The impetuosity of descending waters even by the slightest inclination! It seems to flow with ever increasing rapidity.

It is difficult to believe what Philosophers assert that it is merely a difference in the form of the elementary particles, as whether they are square or globular –which makes the difference between the steadfast everlasting & reposing hill-side & the impetuous torrent which tumbles down it.

It is worth the while to walk over sproutlands –where oak & chestnut sprouts are mounting swiftly up again into the sky– And already perchance their sere leaves begin to rustle in the breeze & reflect the light on the hills sides –

NIAGARA FALLS



“Heroic underwoods that take the air
With freedom, nor respect their parent’s death”

I trust that the walkers of the present day are conscious of the blessings which they enjoy in the comparative freedom with which they can ramble over the country & enjoy the landscape – anticipating with compassion that future day when possibly it will be partitioned off into so called pleasure grounds where only a few may enjoy the narrow & exclusive pleasure which is compatible with ownership. When walking over the surface of Gods earth –shall be construed to mean trespassing on some gentleman’s grounds. When fences shall be multiplied & man traps & other engines invented to confine men to the public road. I am thankfull that we have yet so much room in America.



February 13, Thursday, 1851: [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, providing an account of his lecture trip.¹³⁵

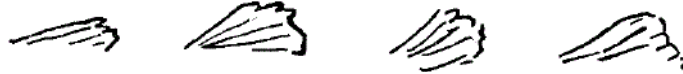
135. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections

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February 13, Thursday: Skated to Sudbury. A beautiful summerlike day. The meadows were frozen just enough to bear— Examined now the fleets of ice flakes close at hand. They are a very singular & interesting phenomenon which I do not remember to have seen I should say that when the water was frozen about as thick as pasteboard—a violent gust had here & there broken it up & while the wind & waves held it up on its edge—the increasing cold froze it in firmly. So it seemed for the flakes were for the most part turned one way—*i.e.* standing on one side you saw only their edges on another—the NE or SW—their sides— They were for the most part of a triangular form—like a shoulder of mutton? sail slightly scolloped—like shells They looked like a fleet of a thousand mackerel fishers under a press of sail careering before a smacking breeze. Sometimes the sun & wind



had reduced them to the thinness of writing paper and they fluttered & rustled & tinkled merrily. I skated through them & strewed their wrecks around.

They appear to have been elevated expressly to reflect the sun like mirrors—to adorn the river & attract the eye of the walker skater. Who will say that Their principal end is not answered when they excite the admiration of the skater? Every half mile or mile as you skate up the river you see these crystal fleets. Nature is a great imitator & loves to repeat herself. She wastes her wonders on the town. It impresses me as one superiority in her art, if art it may be called, that she does not require that man appreciate her—takes no steps to attract his attention.

The trouble is in getting on & off the ice— When you are once on you can go well enough It melts round the edges—

Again I saw today half a mile off in Sudbury a sandy spot on the top of a hill—where I prophesied that I should find traces of the Indians. When within a dozen rods I distinguished the foundation of a lodge—and merely passing over it I saw many fragments of the arrowhead stone— I have frequently distinguished these localities half a mile—gone forward & picked up arrowheads. Examined by the botany All its parts—the first flower I have seen, the *ictodes foetidum*

Saw in a warm muddy brook in Sudbury—quite open & exposed the [skunk cabbage](#) spathes above water— The tops of the spathes were frostbitten but the fruit sound— There was one partly expanded— The first flower of the season—for it is a flower— I doubt if there is month without its flower.

Also mosses—mingled red & green—the red will pass for the blossom.

As for antiquities— One of our old deserted country roads marked only by the parallel fences & a cellar hole with its bricks where the last inhabitant died the victim of intemperance 50 years ago with its bare & exhausted fields stretching around—suggests to me an antiquity greater & more remote from America than the tombs of Etruria.— I insert the rise & fall of Rome in that parenthesis.

It is important to observe not only the subject of our pure & unalloyed joys—but also the secret of any dissatisfaction one may feel.

In society—in the best institutions of men—I remark a certain precocity— When we should be growing children—we are already little men. Infants as we are we make haste to be weaned from our great mother's breast & cultivate our parts by intercourse with one another.

I have not much faith in the method of restoring impoverished soils which relies on manuring mainly—& does not add some virgin soil or muck

Many a poor sore eyed student that I have heard of would grow faster both intellectually & physically if instead of sitting up so very late to study, he honestly slumbered a fool's allowance.

I would not have every man cultivated—any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated. Some must be preparing a mould by the annual decay of the forests which they sustain.

Saw half a dozen cows let out & standing about in a retired meadow as in a cow yard.



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February 14, Friday, 1851: We become aware through a comment in the journal that [Henry Thoreau](#) was still dipping into the new trade-press publication he had obtained last December by way of Stacy's Circulating Library in Concord, [Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)'s account of FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH NOTICES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE OF THE LION, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, GIRAFFE, RHINOCEROS, &C. (New York: Harper & brothers).

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, I

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, II



February 14, Friday: Consider the farmer, who is commonly regarded as the healthiest man— He may be the toughest but he is not the healthiest. He has lost his elasticity—he can neither run nor jump— Health is the free use & command of all our faculties —& equal development— His is the health of the ox—an over worked buffalo— His joints are stiff. The resemblance is true even in particulars. He is cast away in a pair of cowhide boots —and travels at an ox's pace —indeed in some places he puts his foot into the skin of an ox's shin. It would do him good to be thoroughly shampooed to make him supple. His health is an insensibility to all influence— But only the healthiest man in the world is sensible to the finest influence— He who is affected by more or less of electricity in the air—

We shall see but little way if we require to understand what we see— How few things can a man measure with the tape of his understanding —how many greater things might he be seeing in the meanwhile.


One afternoon in the fall Nov 21st I saw Fair Haven Pond with its island & meadow between the island & the shore, a strip of perfectly smooth water in the lee of the island & two hawks sailing over it —(and something more I saw which cannot easily be described which made me say to myself that it the landscape could not be improved.) I did not see how it could be improved. Yet I do not know what these things can be; (for) I begin to see such objects only when I leave off understanding them —and afterwards remember that I did not appreciate them before. But I get no further than this. How adapted these forms & colors to our eyes, a meadow & its islands. What are these things? Yet the hawks & the ducks keep so aloof, & nature is so reserved! We are made to love the river & the meadow as the wind (is made) to ripple the water

There is a difference between eating for strength & from mere gluttony. The Hottentots eagerly devour the marrow of the Koodoo & other antelopes raw, as a matter of course —& herein perchance have stolen a march on the cooks of Paris. The eater of meats must come to this. This is better than stall fed cattle & slaughter-house pork. Possibly they derive a certain wild-animal vigor therefrom which the most artfully cooked meats do not furnish.

We learn by the January thaw that the winter is intermittent and are reminded of other seasons— The back of the winter is broken

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 February 15, Saturday, 1851: In Simpson County in North Carolina, flesh and blood was reported to have rained over a small area.



WALDEN: Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness.... At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.... I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp, - tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood!

RAINS OF BLOOD, &C.

Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote concerning family matters from Chelsea, Massachusetts to Charles Wesley Slack in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Slack's father added a note to this letter.

Frederick Jenkins (or Wilkins or Minkins, depending on what source you accept) known generally as "Shadrach," a Boston waiter who was a fugitive from Georgia, had been detained by slave-catchers. Henry Williams, who had escaped from Virginia and whom Henry Thoreau assisted, was a friend of Jenkins. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. represented Shadrach in court. Chief Justice Shaw ruled for the rights of the slave catchers but a group of Boston's indignant black citizens then swept into the hearing room through one door and out through another, taking him along within the press of their crowd. Daniel Webster of course fulminated that such a rescue from the US criminal system was "strictly speaking, a case of treason."



UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

After Jenkins was thus rescued, Francis Edwin Bigelow, the Concord blacksmith who according to Horace Rice Hosmer "had **strong negro features** for a white man," and his wife Ann Bigelow, concealed him for one night until he could be escorted to the home of Jonathan Drake and Frances Drake in Leominster (for a few days) and then Fitchburg and into Vermont and on up across the Canada border (in this they were assisted by



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the [Brooks family](#) next door, and there is a story that [Nathan Brooks](#) helped outfit the fugitive with one of his hats). This offense against property and legitimate ownership, and New England's guilty complicity in it, caused conservatives in Boston to become concerned about social unrest and determined to use brutality to prevent it. A well-known abolitionist, [Elizur Wright, Jr.](#), would be charged with this crime, and would be defended by lawyer Dana. When Wright saw the blacksmith Bigelow sitting in the jury box, he immediately intuited that his trial was going to go all right — for on Shadrach's way toward safety he had been put up overnight at the Bigelow home! Dana's work in these "Rescue Trials" would continue into 1852.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The navigation of the Neponset River in [Dorchester](#) is ordinarily interrupted during about 2 months each year by freezing. On this date the river cleared:

Frozen Over	Cleared of Ice
December 13, 1837	March 17, 1838
November 26, 1838	February 26, 1839
December 20, 1839	February 21, 1840
December 24, 1840	February 28, 1841
December 22, 1842	opened and closed several times
February 6, 1843	March 30, 1843
January 5, 1844	March 11, 1844
December 17, 1844	February 26, 1845
December 13, 1845	March 14, 1846
January 12, 1847	March 8, 1847
December 27, 1847	February 22, 1848
December 31, 1848	March 18, 1849
December 27, 1849	February 10, 1850
December 25, 1850	February 15, 1851
December 7, 1851	March 12, 1852
December 30, 1852	February 17, 1853
January 23, 1854	March 9, 1854
February 5, 1855	March 4, 1855
January 1, 1856	April 5, 1856
December 10, 1856	March 10, 1857
February 12, 1858	March -, 1858.

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February 15, Saturday: Fatal is the discovery that our friend is fallible –that he has prejudices. He is then only prejudiced in our favor. What is the value of his esteem who does not justly esteem another?

Alas! Alas! When my friend begins to deal in confessions –breaks silence –makes a theme of friendship –(which then is always something past) and descends to merely human relations As long as there is a spark of love remaining cherish that alone –only *that* can be kindled into a flame.

I thought that friendship –that love was still possible between –I thought that we had not withdrawn very far asunder– But now that my friend rashly thoughtlessly –prophanely speaks *recognizing* the distance between us –that distance seems infinitely increased.

Of our friends we do not incline to speak to complain to others –we would not disturb the foundations of confidence that may still be.

Why should we not still continue to live with the intensity & rapidity of infants. Is not the world – are not the heavens as unfathomed as ever? Have we exhausted any joy –any sentiment?

The author of Festus well exclaims

“Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, we might do great things, I think.”

FESTUS; A POEM

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY



February 16, Sunday, 1851: In 1848, 1849, and 1850 vessels of the British navy had been visiting the Bering Sea to determine what had happened to the expedition of [Sir John Franklin](#). While at St. Michael’s the commander of one of these ventures had heard a rumor from Indians along the Koiklotzena River (Kuyukuk). Nulato was then the only white settlement near this region and it happened that the agent of the Russian Fur Company who had charge of that post was nearby on his usual summer visit. Arrangements had been made by the British captain with the superintendent of the Russian Fur Company that a naval officer should visit the interior to check out this rumor. Lieutenant J.J. Barnard, R.N. was appointed and it was agreed that he should accompany a Nulato agent, Derabin, on his return trip and spend the winter in making researches. The party had made the toilsome journey of 675 miles up the Yukon River in a large sealskin boat named, by the Russians, *Lidara*. He settled down for the winter at this remote outpost, a small stockaded enclosure manned by 4 or 5 Russian exiles. Derabin had a reputation among the neighboring Indians, for his brutal and unjust treatment of them. To revenge themselves, the Indians of the Koiklotzena plotted a surprise assault, that occurred early on this morning. The Russians did not attempt a defence. At that time the only white men that these Indians knew of were the Russians. Derabin, who was the cause of this massacre, was among the 1st to be killed. The natives broke into the room in which Lieutenant Barnard was sleeping and, as he sprang from his bed, killed him also with arrows. At the beginning of the attack an arrow with a copper barb pierced the abdomen of one of the Russians. After the Indians withdrew this man, Pauloff, would manage to have himself brought to St. Michael’s in a dogsled. The journey would be made over the usual winter portage via Ulukuk and Unalaklik but, shortly after arrival, he would expire. As soon as Pauloff would make the news known, another English Officer, Surgeon Adams, would proceed to Nulato to bury the remains of Lieutenant Barnard. As the years passed on, the little cross erected by Adams would decay away and all traces of the grave would be well nigh obliterated.

THE FROZEN NORTH



February 16, Sunday: Do we call this the land of the free? What is it to be free from King Geo the IV. and continue the slaves of prejudice? What is it to be born free & equal & not to live. What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom. Is it a freedom to be slaves



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or a freedom to be free, of which we boast. We are a nation of politicians –concerned about the outsidings of freedom –the means & outmost defences of freedom– It is our children’s children who may perchance be –essentially free.

We tax ourselves unjustly– There is a part of us which is not represented– It is taxation without representation– We quarter troops upon ourselves. In respect to virtue or true manhood we are essentially provincial not metropolitan –mere Jonathans

We are provincial because we do not find at home our standards –because we do not worship truth but the reflection of truth. because we are absorbed in & narrowed by trade & commerce & agriculture which are but means & not the end.¹³⁶

We are essentially provincial, I say, & so is the English parliament –mere country bumpkins they betray themselves –when any more important question arises for them to settle– Their natures are subdued to what they work in. The finest manners in the world are awkwardness & fatuity when contrasted with a finer intelligence.– They appear but as the fashions of past days –mere courtliness

136. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this entry in his journal, for his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 48] Do we call this the land of the free? [Francis Scott Key, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” line 10] What is it to be free from King George and continue the slaves of King Prejudice? What is it to be born free and not to live free? What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom? Is it a freedom to be slaves, or a freedom to be free, of which we boast? We are a nation of politicians, concerned about the outmost defences only of freedom. It is our children’s children who may perchance be really free. We tax ourselves unjustly. There is a part of us which is not represented. It is taxation without representation. [“Taxation without representation is tyranny” was a watchword of the American Revolution attributed to James Otis (1725-83).] We quarter troops, [“Quartering of large bodies of troops” among American colonists, one of the grievances cited in the Declaration of Independence] we quarter fools and cattle of all sorts upon ourselves. We quarter our gross bodies on our poor souls, till the former eat up all the latter’s substance.

[Paragraph 49] With respect to a true culture and manhood, we are essentially provincial still, not metropolitan,—mere Jonathans. We are provincial, because we do not find at home our standards,—because we do not worship truth, but the reflection of truth,—because we are warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like, which are but means, and not the end.

[Paragraph 50] So is the English Parliament provincial. Mere country-bumpkins, they betray themselves, when any more important question arises for them to settle, the Irish question, for instance,—the English question why did I not say? Their natures are subdued to what they work in. [Shakespeare, “Sonnet 111,” lines 6-7.] Their “good breeding” respects only secondary objects. The finest manners in the world are awkwardness and fatuity, when contrasted with a finer intelligence. They appear but as the fashions of past days,—mere courtliness, knee-buckles and small-clothes, out of date. It is the vice, but not the excellence of manners, that they are continually being deserted by the character; they are cast-off clothes or shells, claiming the respect which belonged to the living creature. You are presented with the shells instead of the meat, and it is no excuse generally, that, in the case of some fishes, the shells are of more worth than the meat. The man who thrusts his manners upon me does as if he were to insist on introducing me to his cabinet of curiosities, when I wished to see himself. It was not in this sense that the poet Decker called Christ “the first true gentleman that ever breathed.” [Thomas Decker and Thomas Middleton, *THE HONEST WHORE* (1604 edition, 1:ii).] I repeat that in this sense the most splendid court in Christendom is provincial, having authority to consult about Transalpine interests only, and not the affairs of Rome. A praetor or proconsul would suffice to settle the questions which absorb the attention of the English Parliament and the American Congress.

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**



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–small clothes out of date –& knee buckles –an attitude merely.

The vice of manners is that they are continually deserted by the character –they are castoff clothes or shells –claiming the respect of the living creature.

You are presented with the shells instead of the meat –and it is no excuse generally that in the case of some fish the shells are of more worth than the meat. The man who thrusts his manners upon me does as if he were to insist on introducing me to his cabinet of curiosities, when I wish to see himself. Manners are conscious. Character is unconscious.

My neighbor does not recover from his formal bow so soon as I do from the pleasure of meeting him.



February 17, Monday, 1851: Slaven-Ball-Quadrille op.88 by Johann Baptist Strauss II was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “I have been reading, for six or seven hours without stopping the *Pensées* of Joubert. I felt at first a very strong attraction toward the book, and a deep interest in it, but I have already a good deal cooled down. These scattered and fragmentary thoughts, falling upon one without a pause, like drops of light, tire, not my head, but reasoning power. The merits of Joubert consist in the grace of the style, the vivacity or finesse of the criticisms, the charm of the metaphors; but he starts many more problems than he solves, he notices and records more than he explains. His philosophy is merely literary and popular; his originality is only in detail and in execution. Altogether, he is a writer of reflections rather than a philosopher, a critic of remarkable gifts, endowed with exquisite sensibility, but, as an intelligence, destitute of the capacity for co-ordination. He wants concentration and continuity. It is not that he has no claims to be considered a philosopher or an artist, but rather that he is both imperfectly, for he thinks and writes marvelously, on a small scale. He is an entomologist, a lapidary, a jeweler, a coiner of sentences, of adages, of criticisms, of aphorisms, counsels, problems; and his book, extracted from the accumulations of his journal during fifty years of his life, is a collection of precious stones, of butterflies, coins and engraved gems. The whole, however, is more subtle than strong, more poetical than profound, and leaves upon the reader rather the impression of a great wealth of small curiosities of value, than of a great intellectual existence and a new point of view. The place of Joubert seems to me then, below and very far from the philosophers and the true poets, but honorable among the moralists and the critics. He is one of those men who are superior to their works, and who have themselves the unity which these lack. This first judgment is, besides, indiscriminate and severe. I shall have to modify it later.”

Henry Thoreau made an outline map of White Pond, which he considered a very beautiful spot and far less crowded than Walden Pond.



View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/collect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/148.htm



Three buried blocks of residual glacial ice, gradually melted:
White Pond, Fair Haven Bay, Walden Pond

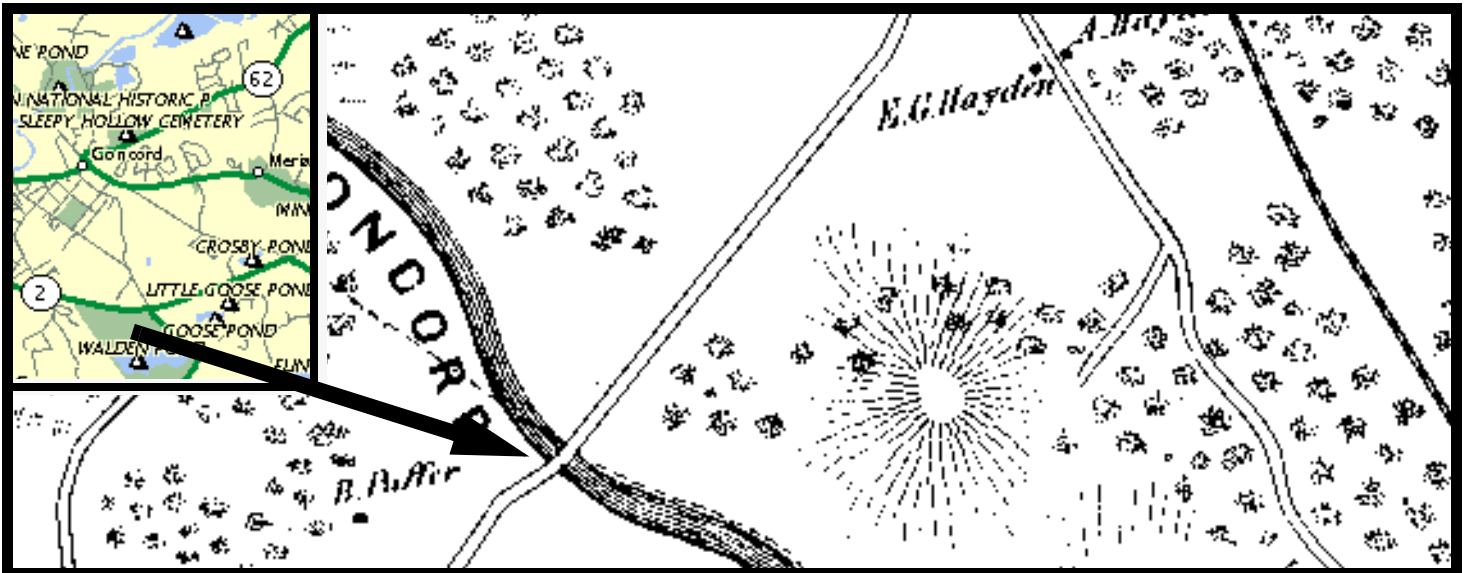


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 17TH]



February 18, Tuesday, 1851: Aurora-Ball-Tänze op.87, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the first time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[Henry Thoreau](#) mused in his journal about photography, etc. He recorded in his journal that when on the previous day he had gone to [Cyrus Hubbard](#)'s bridge and causeway (Gleason H6), the [Sudbury River](#) had been over the road there.



On this night there was a bright [aurora borealis](#) above New England.

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February 18, Tuesday: Ground nearly bare of snow pleasant day with a strong south wind. Skated though the ice was soft in spots –saw the skunk cabbage in flower –gathered nuts & apples on the bare ground still sound & preserving their colors red & green –many of them.

CYRUS HUBBARD

Yesterday the river was over the road by Hubbard’s bridge.
Surveyed White Pond yesterday Feb– 17th

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

There is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting an honest living. Neither the New testament nor Poor Richard speaks to our condition. I cannot think of a single page which entertains –much less answers the questions which I put to myself on this subject. How to make the getting our living poetic –! for if it is not poetic –it is not life but death that we get
Is it that men are too disgusted with their experience to speak of it? Or that commonly they do not question the common modes.

The most practically important of all questions, it seems to me, is how shall I get my living –& yet I find little or nothing said to the purpose in any book. Those who are living on the interest of money inherited –or dishonestly i.e. by false methods acquired are of course incompetent to answer it.

I consider that society with all its arts, has done nothing for us in this respect.– One would think from looking at literature –that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings.

Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted & advise to ward them off⁻¹³⁷

If it were not that I desire to do something here (accomplish some work) I should certainly prefer to suffer and die rather than be at the pains to get a living by the modes men propose.

There may be an excess even of informing light

137. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this entry in his journal, for his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 40] It is remarkable that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living. Neither the New Testament nor Poor Richard speaks to our condition. I cannot think of a single page which entertains, much less answers, the questions which I put to myself on this subject. How to make getting our living not merely honest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious.¹ One would think from looking at literature that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings. Is it that men are too much disgusted with their experience to speak of it? The lesson of value which money teaches, which the author of the universe has taken so much pains to teach us [Probably an allusion to [MATTHEW 6:19-20](#)] Compare Thoreau’s use of this scripture in [WALDEN](#), page 5. —we are inclined to skip altogether. As for the means of living—it is wonderful how indifferent men of all classes are about it—even reformers, so called, whether they inherit, or earn, or steal it. I think that society has done nothing for us in this respect, or rather she has undone what she has done. Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted and advise to ward them off.

1. Bradley P. Dean emended the ms from ‘poetic’ to ‘but altogether inviting and glorious’ per the Nantucket [Inquirer](#), the [National Aegis](#) (Worcester), and [“LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE”](#) 15.

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet of this as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
157	The Arena	There is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting an honest living. Neither the New Testament nor Poor Richard speak to our condition. One would think, from looking at literature, that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Niepce a Frenchman announced that “No substance can be exposed to the sun’s rays without undergoing a chemical change.” Granite rocks & stone structures & statues of metal &c –“are” says [Rob. Hunt](#) “all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and, but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe.” But Niepce showed says [Hunt](#) “that those bodies which underwent this change during daylight, possessed the power of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them” So in the case of the Daguerreotype “The picture which we receive to-night, unless we adopt some method of securing its permanency, fades away before the morning, & we try to restore it in vain. – – (infers) “the hours of darkness are as necessary to the inorganic creation as we know night & sleep are to the organic kingdom.”

Such is the influence of “actinism” that power in the sun’s rays which produces a chemical effect.¹³⁸



“WALKING”: There may be an excess even of informing light. Niepce, a Frenchman, discovered “actinism,” that power in the sun’s rays which produces a chemical effect; that granite rocks, and stone structures, and statues of metal “are all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe.” But he observed “that those bodies which underwent this change during the day-light possessed the power of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them.” Hence it has been inferred that “The hours of darkness are as necessary to the inorganic creation, as we know night and sleep are to the organic kingdom.” Not even does the moon shine every night, but gives place to darkness.

I would not have every man nor every part of a man cultivated, any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated; part will be tillage, but the greater part will be meadow and forest, not only serving an immediate use, but preparing a mould against a distant future, by the annual decay of the vegetation which it supports.

ROBERT HUNT

138. [Laura Dassow Walls](#) has suggested that this reading about actinism in [Robert Hunt](#)’s 1850 book THE POETRY OF SCIENCE, OR STUDIES OF THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF NATURE may have marked a decisive point in [Thoreau](#)’s development of an innocent and Humboldtian agenda for the poetic/scientific, non-manipulative, non-interventive investigation of natural phenomena:

Laura Walls’s
Commentary

There are, indeed, “tongues in trees”; but science alone can interpret their mysterious whispers, and in this consists its poetry. (xxi-xxii)

We may note in the above passage from Thoreau’s journal that there is a ligature, in the journal writing and in the mind of Thoreau, between the topic “how to live,” with its sub-topic “getting a living,” and the topic of “informing light.” One might almost say that, to Thoreau’s way of thinking, the seeing as in “science,” this being a scientific *seer*, was another sub-topic of “how to live” parallel to the subtopic of “getting a living,” and one might almost be forgiven for suspecting that, for Thoreau, to wield science like a sword à la [Louis Agassiz](#) was approximately as morally innocent as, say, the institution of human slavery (which that peculiar professor happened also to support).



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February 19, Wednesday, 1851: [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, recounting events on his trip.

Senator [James Mason](#) of Virginia called again for payment of Spain's *La Amistad* claim. What's white is right, so Senator [Henry Clay](#) of [Kentucky](#) of course proceeded to propose a Senate inquiry into the matter and his proposal was of course overwhelmingly approved.

[Of course, the schooner in question simply did not belong to Spain, or to any Spaniard or Spaniards. It being a prize vessel, it belonged only to the surviving 35 of the black [privateers](#) of the mutiny who had been sent back to Africa aboard the bark *Gentleman*, who had been sent home as mere charity wards with nobody ever thinking to return to them their conquest which they had won fair and square with their blood, sweat, and tears, admittedly worth \$70,000. For sure, had it been 35 surviving free white [privateers](#), they would not have been denied this booty which belonged to them, but because they were instead free blacks, it had never even **occurred** to any of the white players in this legal drama, such as the collective wit of the seven Supreme Court justices involved in puzzling out this puzzle, to give them their prize schooner back! One of the open issues of this drama, therefore, is: what actually had happened to the schooner *La Amistad*? **Where had this valuable piece of property gone to? Which American white men had been allowed to profit from it?** Our history books are, of course, silent — this being a question which it has never ever occurred to us to pose.]

The US Senate was taking a closer look at American involvement in the [slave-trade](#).

"A bill (Senate, No. 472) concerning the intercourse and trade of vessels of the United States with certain places on the eastern and western coasts of Africa, and for other purposes." Read once. SENATE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 42, 45, 84, 94, 159, 193-4; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 246-7.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 19TH]



February 20, Thursday, 1851: [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "I have almost finished these two volumes of *Pensées* and the greater part of the *Correspondance*. This last has especially charmed me; it is remarkable for grace, delicacy, atticism, and precision. The chapters on metaphysics and philosophy are the most insignificant. All that has to do with large views with the whole of things, is very little at Joubert's command; he has no philosophy of history, no speculative intuition. He is the thinker of detail, and his proper field is psychology and matters of taste. In this sphere of the subtleties and delicacies of imagination and feeling, within the circle of personal affectation and preoccupations, of social and educational interests, he abounds in ingenuity and sagacity, in fine criticisms, in exquisite touches. It is like a bee going from flower to flower, a teasing, plundering, wayward zephyr, an Aeolian harp, a ray of furtive light stealing through the leaves. Taken as a whole, there is something impalpable and immaterial about him, which I will not venture to call effeminate, but which is scarcely manly. He wants bone and body: timid, dreamy, and clairvoyant, he hovers far above reality. He is rather a soul, a breath, than a man. It is the mind of a woman in the character of a child, so that we feel for him less admiration than tenderness and gratitude."

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) conducted a concert to benefit the family of Albert Lortzing in Berlin. It was well attended.

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[Waldo Emerson](#) was scheduled to deliver his lecture on “Wealth” before the Portland Lyceum on the following evening. Although no reviews or other responses have been located, it was likely [Henry Thoreau](#) who was the intended target of a disparaging reference to the “most zealous imitators and Followers” of the sage of Concord in this day’s issue of the Portland [Morning Herald](#).



THE LIST OF LECTURES

Beginning on this day and continuing until the 27th, Thoreau would be surveying, for Cyrus Stow, some 21 acres of swampland in Bedford swampland, for which Thoreau would consult a deed dating to 1748, and the records of a previous survey, one done by Thaddeus Davis in 1799.



View [Henry Thoreau](#)’s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121a.htm



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 20TH]



1850-1851

1850-1851



February 21, Friday, 1851: The Parker House of San Francisco, California was offering amusements:

Amusements.

JENNY LIND THEATRE.
[PARKER HOUSE.]

Stage Manager.....Mr. T. S. CAMPBELL.
Leader of the Orchestra.....Mr. JOHN DEAN.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 21st, will be presented the Grand
Nautical Legendary Melo-Drama, entitled
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Vanderdecken.....Mr. Campbell.
Lestelle Vanhelm.....Mrs. Burrell.
To conclude with the laughable farce of
MISCHIEF MAKING.

Nicholas Dovetail.....Mr. Barry.
Madame Manette.....Mrs. Burrell.

DOORS OPEN at 6½ o'clock. Performance to commence pre-
cisely at 7 o'clock.

ADMISSION—Boxes...\$3 | Parquette...\$2 | Pit.....\$1
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 12 M. [feb21]

THE SABLE HARMONISTS

MOST RESPECTFULLY announce to the public of SAN
FRANCISCO, that they will give their first grand CONCERT
at the PARKER HOUSE, on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb.
22, on which occasion they will produce all of the latest songs,
gloss, choruses, and dances of the day.

The Sable Harmonists consist of seven of the most talented
performers in California, viz: R. MOORE, H. MESTAYER,
C. FISHER, H. DONNELLY, T. KING, J. M. FOANS, and
E. VAN RENSSLAER, on which occasion they will accom-
pany themselves on the following instruments: First and sec-
ond violin, accordeon, flute, banjo, tambourine and bones.

Price of admission, \$1. [feb21]



DELIRIUM TREMENS.—By the last report of the city physician it appears that there were five deaths in the city hospital of the horrible disease above mentioned. In addition to this, there are doubtless many others who have died in all the misery and agony which the delirium tremens produce. Why is it that many persons when they come to San Francisco, men who in their homes on the Atlantic never indulge in more than a glass of wine daily, throw away their health and life here, by drinking an excess of liquor, often of the most execrable quality. In a country like California, in a town like San Francisco of all others, men should especially regard their health, and protect their lives, that they may meet with that success here that is almost sure to follow industry and temperance.

THE "NIGGER DIGGINGS."—We perceive that two of the city papers are fighting about the priority of information in regard to the "nigger diggings," as they are called, on Mokelumne Hill. If the combatants will look at the columns of the *Alta* of Feb. 13th, they will find that they were anticipated by us.

A RUSH.—During the examination of Duane, in the Recorder's Court yesterday, the breaking of one of the benches gave rise to an impression in the minds of the audience that the floor was giving way. A general rush was made for the doors, one of which was forced from its hinges and carried into the street before the frightened multitude. The court-room was cleared in an incredibly short space of time.

JENNY LIND THEATRE.—The attractions this evening, as offered in the bill, are "The Flying Dutchman" and



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"Mischief Making."

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JENNY LIND



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 21ST]

1850-1851

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February 22, Saturday, 1851: William Cooper Nell signed a petition (dated March) that would be presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking for an appropriation in the amount of \$1,500 for the erection of a monument in honor of Crispus Attucks.



Something someone characterized as a “riot” occurred at Yarmouth, England. Although Samuel Graystone, mate aboard the *Ant*, had signed articles for the usual voyage from Yarmouth to Plymouth, ordinary seamen had forcibly prevented him from boarding. Masters of other vessels complained to port magistrates that they also were encountering such treatment. Immediately, therefore, the port magistrates called upon the East Norfolk Militia and the Coastguard, and special railroad trains conveyed 2 troops of the 11th Hussars from Norwich. The cavalry rode through, clearing the streets of pedestrian citizens. “The rioters, frightened by the mere appearance of the troops, flew in every direction up the narrow streets of the town, and in a few hours tranquillity was restored.” Someone asserted that, but for the timely arrival of government force, a body of

Gorleston seamen would have (could have, should have, might have maybe?) attacked the port (although several of these "rioting" common seamen would be brought before the Quarterly Sessions on March 6th, much to the surprise of this court a jury of citizen peers would return a verdict of not guilty).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 22D]



February 23, Sunday, 1851: Joanna Baillie died at the age of 88 or 89 in London subsequent to publishing the "great monster book" of all her writings (with the exception of her theological pamphlet). The body would be placed in Hampstead cemetery.

Charles Wesley Slack wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, providing more details of his current lecture tour.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was allegedly provoked by one or another anonymous obtuse newspaper letter-to-the-editor author to write to the New-York Herald endlessly bragging (something that, it goes without saying, he would never consent to do except that he had been so provoked) about the exemplary performance of his steamship Prometheus on the New-York/Nicaragua line. Those who doubt or dispute his account will be entitled to purchase for themselves a ticket, and experience this delight for themselves at first hand:

THE SPEED OF THE STEAM SHIP PROMETHEUS.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

In your paper of yesterday an article appeared signed by "One who takes much interest in steam," expressing the writer's surprise at the extraordinary speed and qualities of the steam ship Prometheus, accompanied with a request that her owner will consent to explain. I am somewhat at a loss to determine what kind of explanation the gentleman may require, but will give him some facts, and if they serve to satisfy his mind, even in part, it will be gratifying to me.

I built the Prometheus according to what I judged a sea steamer should be, having particular regard to the qualities of safety, comfort, economy in use, and speed. It seems to be conceded by all who have taken passage in her, that they were never in a vessel that possessed so many good sea qualities. On her last voyage she had as passengers some six of the oldest sea captains, and they all agreed that they never saw her equal as a sea steamer. As for comfort, she is open for examination; those who doubt it, let them look for themselves. As regards economy in use, I will give an account of her last voyage, and if any steamer on the ocean can equal it, I am wrongly informed. She left New York on the 27th of January, and reached Chagres in eight days and nine hours, having encountered a heavy gale on this passage, which compelled her to lay to for sixteen hours. From Chagres she went to the Belize, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, in four days and twenty hours, and proceeded to New Orleans, at which place she lay three days. On her return she left New Orleans on Sunday, the 16th instant, and arrived at New York on Saturday, the 23rd.

From New York to Chagres is.....2150 miles



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From Chagres to New Orleans.....1520 "
From New Orleans to New York.....1920 "

Distance run.....5590 miles
In which time she consumed 300 tons Lackawanna and 150 tons Pittsburgh coal; in all 450 tons of fuel. This is at least 33 1/2 per cent. less fuel than any steamer of the same capacity ever used in the same time and distance.


The reasons for this inequality, I conceive to be, first, her model and structure are most perfect, and her engines are, I think, superior to all others, for safety, economy, and speed. It must be recollected that such a pair have never been in a sea steamer until this, and it was in the mouths of many of the steamship men that these would be a failure; but now all those who have the courage to abandon a wrong opinion and adopt a correct one will do so, or be behind in sea steaming. In fact, I consider the Prometheus, in her combination of qualities, far superior to anything afloat. I will venture a large wager that there is no ship afloat, and none that can be built within twelve months, having any other plan of engines of the same size in proportion to the capacity of the ship, that can make a winter passage in the same time, with the same quantity of fuel.

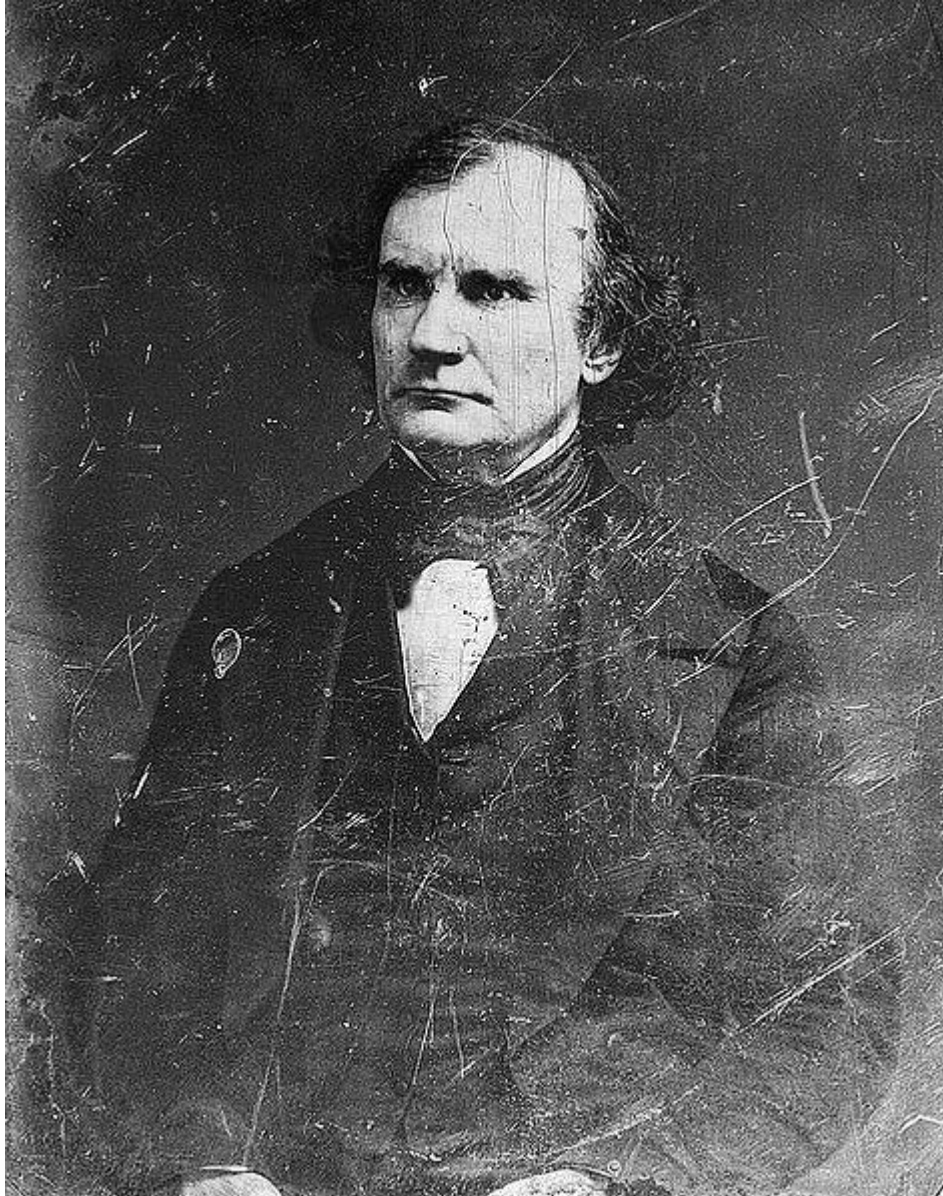
C. VANDERBILT.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 23D]

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1850-1851****1850-1851**

 February 24, Monday, 1851: In a letter to [Lysander Spooner](#), Senator [James Murray Mason](#) of Virginia argued that African slaves are “a form of property ... originating in Africa, and when brought into the colonies of North America simply recognized as property by the common law.”



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 24TH]

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February 25, Tuesday, 1851: The Minnesota Territorial Laws of 1851 established the University of [Minnesota](#) at what is now its Minneapolis campus and vested its government in a Board of Regents. A Daguerreotype was exposed in this year, showing the structure as viewed from the roof of a popular tourist hotel near the falls of the Mississippi River.

Under the rubric “A Flight of Fancy,” the [Daily Herald](#) of Marysville, [California](#) demonstrated that news does not always have to be bad: “How beautiful and poetic us that custom of the Spaniards, which has given to certain localities names in their euphonious language significant of some of their peculiar attributes. For instance, within the limits of this country Monterey — the ‘King Mountain’ in Mexico, Palo Alto — the ‘tall tree,’ and Buena Vista — a ‘fine view;’ in South America we have still more beautiful instance, that of Valparaiso, *anglice* ‘the Valley of Paradise.’ The thought which prompted that name was an inspiration drawn from the beautiful and balmy climate, where the skies are ever bright, and the air is ever mild, delicious and spring-like, while the Castilian maidens, in ringlets ‘dark and glossy as the raven’s plume’ are lovely as Houris; where bright-fledged birds are ever flitting on the wing, carolling their beautiful hosannas, and where the bounteous earth yields ever to man, with little toil, her luscious grapes and pleasant fruits. These must have gladdened lite heart of the man, who looking ‘from Nature up to Nature’s God,’ thanked that Giver of these beauteous gifts, for so marking a part of his footstool, that man might then be reminded of the enjoyments of our first parents in the garden of Eden, and might in some degree, if his passions were rightly attuned, realize some of the blessings which reigned in the first ‘valley of Paradise.’ To what, think you, dear reader, does the foregoing tend? You will remember, if with attention you have listed our sayings about California, that we have ever claimed for her some peculiar blessings; while many looked upon this country as the very extreme of all that was bad in morals, and all that was ugly nature, we have with an eye of faith looked forward to the time when ‘the forest shall bloom as the rose,’ and when we, as a state. shall not only be prosperous and happy, but when, in recompense for the toil of many of the sons of hardy adventure who have thronged to our shores, the teeming earth shall not only give forth her store of bright glittering gold, but the heart of the husbandman shall be gladdened with the song of happy children, and his fields shall in due time be decked with waving yellow wheat, and the ripening maize shall ope its ears to list the melodies of God’s beautiful creation; when the farmer shall be content to follow his plough, and look for seed time and harvest with a light heart and a lighter conscience. That time is not only coming, but is. Men now-a-days do not altogether think of GOLD, even in the Eureka State. That ground which has lain quiet for ages, where the wild cattle have browsed at peace and where the untutored Indian has roamed at will, is now marked with the furrows of toil, and n ready to yield up to Industry a gracious harvest This, however, is but the beginning. A spirit is now awakened, which we believe will not cease or be satisfied till the whole valley of the Sacramento be dotted with the smiling farm houses and blooming fields of agriculture, and men are content to dig the earth where she will give up what will render the State of California richer and more permanently prosperous than all the products of the gold mines could make her. We believe all this. We believe also that in obedience to a mysterious law which has always followed man, when he has adopted a new field for his exertions to make the earth productive, our country will be blessed with periodical rains for his benefit, and be no more subject to floods and inundations which have heretofore distinguished it. We believe also, that we will see the time when over the face of our new State, shall be scattered fragrant flower gardens cultivated by the hand of leisure; and when in view of the rich productiveness of the earth, and the beauty of a climate unsurpassed beneath the canopy of heaven, our inhabitants will with one accord bless God for having given them this new ‘Valley of Paradise.’”

Spring 1845	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 1st
Spring 1846	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 25th
Spring 1847	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 8th
Spring 1851	Ice of Concord River opened much before February 25th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 28th
Spring 1852	Ice of Concord River opened at least by March 14th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 18th
Spring 1853	Ice of Concord River opened at least by about March 8th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 23d
Spring 1854	Ice of Concord River opened about March 9th, average March 5th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open about April 7th
Spring 1856	Ice of Concord River opened on March 5th; Ice cleared on Walden Pond on April 18th



February 25: A very windy day –a slight snow which fell last night was melted at noon –a strong gusty wind The waves on the meadows make a fine show– I saw at Hubbards bridge that all the ice had been blown up stream from the meadows and was collected over the channel against the bridge in large cakes These were covered and intermingled with a remarkable quantity of the meadow’s crust. There was no ice to be seen up stream and no *more* down stream. The meadows have been flooded for a fortnight –and *this* water has been frozen barely thick enough to bear once (one day) only– The old ice on the meadows was covered several feet deep– – I observed from the bridge a few rods off northward what looked like an island directly over the channel– It was the crust of the meadow afloat. I reached with a little risk and found it to be 4 rods long by one broad – the surface of the meadow with cranberry vines &’c all connected & in their natural position and no ice visible but around its edges– It appeared to be the frozen crust (which was separated from the unfrozen soil as ice is from the water beneath) buoyed up? perchance by the ice around its edges frozen to the stubble– Was there any pure ice under it? Had there been any above it? Will frozen meadow float? Had ice which originally supported it from above melted except about the edges? When the ice melts or the soil thaws of course it falls to bottom wherever it may be. Here is another agent employed in the distribution of plants– I have seen where a smooth shore which I frequented for bathing was in one season strewn with these hummocks bearing the button bush with them which have now changed the character of the shore. There were many rushes & lily pad stems on the ice. Had the ice formed about them as they grew –broke them off when it floated away & so they were strown about on it?



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February 26, Wednesday, 1851: Sir John Cam Hobhouse was created Baron Broughton de Gyfford.

Rhadamantus-Klänge op.94, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the 1st time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

Mr. Barr, a celebrated [Scottish](#) falconer, provided on Hellesdon Brakes near [Norwich, England](#), an exhibition of hawking, for the many hundreds of idle persons who chose to be in attendance (clearly these would have been persons who self-identified with the governing classes of England, as predators, rather than with the peasantry of England, as prey). The 4 predators Mr. Barr brought to the field were young and were of the [peregrine falcon](#) variety (we are not told whether they were the smaller male or the larger female). He flew these well-trained predators at pigeons [presumably [Columba livia domestica](#)] that were let loose specifically for this purpose and in 2 hours his hawks brought 24 of them to the ground (we are not told of any who escaped to return to their home dove-loft). “The first two or three were so frightened, that when pursued by the hawk they took refuge among the people, and one of them alighted on the back of a horse, and was taken by hand.” (This having merely whetted the local appetite for gratuitous cruelty, Mr. Barr would provide a 2d such sporting exhibition on March 10th on Mr. George Gowing’s land at Trowse.)

Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote from Chelsea, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, giving an account of her activities and commenting on lectures she had attended. Then she wrote again, this time of family affairs, enclosing a note from Mary Slack.

Edmund Quincy Sewell Osgood was born in [Cohasset, Massachusetts](#) to [Mrs. Ellen Devereux Sewall Osgood](#) and the [Reverend Joseph Osgood](#) (Edmund would prepare for college under his father and graduate from Harvard College, receiving the S.T.B. at the Harvard Divinity School in 1878; he would be ordained that year to the Unitarian ministry and his initial pastorate would be the First Church at Plymouth, where he would remain from 1878 to 1885; he would get married with Mary Hobart Tower on September 23d, 1879 in [Cohasset](#), in a ceremony officiated over by his father; their daughter Miss Ethel Lewis Osgood would become a member of the faculty of Concord Academy; after 4 years at Grafton he would serve a parish at Hyde Park, Massachusetts before in 1897 accepting a call to All Souls Church in Brattleboro, Vermont; he there became eventually a minister emeritus and would reside in Cambridge, Massachusetts for a year and a half until his death on December 28th, 1933 at the age of 82).



February 26: Examined the floating meadow again today. It is more than a foot thick the under part much mixed with ice –ice & muck– It appeared to me that the meadow surface had been heaved by the frost & then the water had run down & under it & finally when the ice rose lifted it up –wherever there was ice enough mixed with it to float it. I saw large cakes of ice with other large cakes the latter as big as a table on top of them. Probably the former rose while the latter were already floating about. The plants scattered about were bullrushes & lily-pad stems.– Saw 5 red-wings [[Red-winged Blackbird](#) [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)] & a song-sparrow [[Song Sparrow](#) [Melospiza melodia](#) (*melodia*)]? this afternoon.



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February 27, Thursday (to March 3, Monday, 1851): [Henry Thoreau](#) would be surveying, during this period, for [Cyrus Stow](#), a Pine Hill woodlot in the east part of Concord, in the rear of [Joseph Merriam](#)'s house off Old Bedford Road (beginning at the southwest corner).



(The invoice for this work has been preserved in the Thoreau Collection at Middlebury College.)

View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121a.htm



February 27, Thursday: Saw today on Pine Hill behind Mr. Joseph Merriam's House a Norway pine. The first I have seen in Concord— Mr Gleason pointed it out to me as a singular pine which he did not know the name of. It was a very handsome tree about 25 feet high. E Wood thinks that he has lost the surface of 2 acres of his meadow by the ice.— Got 15 cartloads out of a hummock left on another meadow

Blue joint was introduced into the first meadow where it did not grow before.

Of two men, one of whom knows nothing about a subject, and what is extremely rare, knows that he knows nothing—and the other really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all— What great advantage has the latter over the former? Which is the best to deal with?

I do not know that knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel & grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we had called knowledge before. An indefinite sense of the grandeur & glory of the Universe. It is the lighting up of the mist by the sun

But man cannot be said to know in any higher sense, than he can look serenely & with impunity in the face of the sun.

A culture which imports much muck from the meadows & deepens the soil—not that which trusts to heating manures & improved agricultural implements only.

How when a man purchases a thing he is determined to get & get hold of it using how many expletives & how long a string of synonomous or similiar terms signifying possession—in the legal process— What's mine's my own. An old Deed of a small piece of swamp land which I have lately surveyed at the risk of being mired past recovery says “that the said Spaulding his Heirs & Assigns, shall and may from time, & at all times forever hereafter, by force & virtue of these presents, lawfully, peaceably and quietly have, hold, use, occupy, possess and enjoy the said swamp &c”

Magnetic iron being anciently found in *Magnesia* hence—magnes or magnet employed by Pliny & others— Chinese appear to have discovered the magnet very early AD 121 & before? used by them to steer ships in 419—mentioned by an Icelander 1068—in a French poem 1181 In Torfaeus Hist of Norway 1266—used by DeGama in 1427 leading stone hence load stone

The peroxide of hydrogen or ozone at first thought to be a chemical curiosity merely is found to be very generally diffused through nature.

The following bears on the floating ice which has risen from the bottom of the meadows— Robert Hunt says “Water conducts heat downward but very slowly; a mass of ice will remain undissolved but a few inches under water, on the surface of which, ether, or any other inflammable body, is burning. If ice swam beneath the surface, the summer sun would scarcely have power to thaw it; and thus our lakes & seas would be gradually converted into solid masses”¹³⁹

ASTRONOMY

PLINY

139. Wouldn't [Henry](#) have been fascinated to learn that Walden Pond originated as a mass of buried, slowly melting ice left behind by glaciation?

OUR MOST RECENT GLACIATION

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The figures of serpents of griffins flying dragons and other embellishments of heraldry –the eastern idea of the world on an elephant that on a tortoise & that on a serpent again &c usually regarded as mythological in the com. sense of that word –are thought by Hunt? to “indicate a faint & shadowy knowledge of a previous state of organic existence” –such as geology partly reveals.

The fossil tortoise has been found in Asia large enough to support an elephant.

Ammonites, snake-stones, or petrified snakes have been found from of old –often decapitated.

In the N part of Grt Britain the fossil remains of encrinites are called “St. Cuthbert’s beads.” –“fiction dependant on truth.”

Westward is Heaven or rather heavenward is the west. The way to heaven is from east to west around the earth The sun leads & shows it The stars too light it.

Nature & man Some prefer the one others the other; but that is all dè gustibus– It makes no odds at what well you drink, provided it be a well-head.

Walking in the woods it may be some afternoon the shadow of the wings of a thought flits across the landscape of my mind And I am reminded how little eventful is our lives What have been all these wars & survivors of wars and modern discoveries & improvements so called a mere irritation in the skin. But this shadow which is so soon past & whose substance is not detected suggests that there are events of importance whose interval is to us a true historic period.

The lecturer is wont to describe the 19th century –the American the last generation in an offhand & triumphant strain –wafting him to Paradise spreading his fame by steam & telegraph –recounting the number of wooden stopples he has whittled But who does not perceive that this is not a sincere or pertinent account of any man’s or nation’s life. It is the hip hip hurrah & mutual admiration society style. Cars go by & we know their substance as well as their shadow. They stop & we get into them. But those sublime thoughts passing on high do not stop & we never get into them. Their conductor is not like one of us.

I feel that the man who in his conversation with me about the life of man in New England lays much stress on rail-roads telegraphs & such enterprises does not go below the surface of things– He treats the shallow & transitory as if it were profound & enduring in one of the minds avatars in the intervals between sleeping & waking –aye even in one of the interstices of a Hindoo dynasty perchance such things as the 19th century with all its improvements may come & go again. Nothing makes a deep & lasting impression but what is weighty

Obey the law which reveals and not the law revealed.

I wish my neighbors were wilder.

A wildness whose glance no civilization could endure.

He who lives according to the highest law –is in one sense lawless That is an unfortunate discovery certainly that of a law which binds us where we did not know that we were bound. Live free –child of the mist. He who for whom the law is made who does not obey the law but whom the law obeys –reclines on pillows of down and is wafted at will whither he pleases –for man is superior to all laws both of heaven & earth. (when he takes his liberty.)

Wild as if we lived on the marrow of antelopes devoured raw

There would seem to be men in whose lives there have been no events of importance more than in the beetles which crawls in our path.

ARTIST OF KOUROO

One of the things we can become aware of from the above is that [Thoreau](#) was still processing the information in the materials he checked out last December from Stacy’s Circulating Library in Concord, [Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)’s account of FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER’S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH NOTICES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE OF THE LION, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, GIRAFFE, RHINOCEROS, &C. (New York: Harper & brothers).

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, I
FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, II

ASTRONOMY

TELEGRAPHY

HISTORY OF RR





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February 28, Friday, 1851: Incidental music to Maquet and Lacroix' drame en vers Valéria by Jacques Offenbach was performed for the initial time, at the Comédie-Française, Paris.

The Sacramento, [California](#) [Transcript](#) delivered itself of any number of fascinating items of news:

JUDGE LYNCH. — The Courier, of Wednesday morning, says: Two Mexicans were taken in the act of thieving, yesterday— one in Sacramento Street, and the other in Washington Street. In both cases, the hombres were only saved from hanging by the interference of the police. A good many men carry ropes in their pockets, and they will make necklaces of them for these thieving gentry, one of these days.

LYNCHING AT STOCKTON. — The Alta states that a lynching operation came off, on Sunday, at Stockton. A man had been caught stealing some clothing, and having given it up was allowed to go free. Soon after wards, on the same day, he was caught in the actual act of stealing a mule, when he was taken by the populace, a rope placed around his neck and he was dragged across the slough with a determination to hang him, which would undoubtedly have been done, had not the Sheriff interposed, when, the man was given up to justice.

STUART AND WINDRED. — The San Francisco [Herald](#) of Wednesday, thus refers to these persons who were about to be lynched at the Bay a few days since: "The two prisoners have altered very much since their first examination. Stuart has fallen off thirty pounds since, and both exhibit the effects produced by the terrible outburst of the people's indignation against them. They yesterday sent for a bible. They were fully convinced on Sunday that their hour had come, and one of them sent a ring, with his last words, to his wife. Windred, from the beginning, cried like a child; but Stuart, even when the cries of the infuriate multitude were borne to his ears, displayed no fear or weakness. Towards the last, however, he gave way a little, and when the witnesses came into his cell to identify him, he stood up and told them for God's sake to take a good look, and if he was not the man, to save him. The agony of suspense between life and death that those two men experienced for forty-eight hours, must have been intense. Let others take warning."

The Stocktonians were in raptures with the exhibitions at the El Placer Theatre in that place. The Stockton [Times](#), in speaking of Mr. Stark, says: We verily believe, the boys would expend their last shilling, so great a favorite has he become. Speaking of Mrs. Kirby, in the play of Hamlet, the same paper says: "Mrs. Kirby, as the Queen, shone pre-eminently; possessing the graceful accessory of personal beauty, her admirable acting showed to greater advantage."

FROM HUMBOLDT. — By the fine propeller Sea Gull, which arrived yesterday, from Humboldt and Trinidad, we have received some few items of news, for which we are indebted to Mr. Stuart, the Purser, which we give below The *Emily Farnham* arrived in Humboldt Bay as the *Sea Gull* was coming out, crew and passengers all well. The *Susan Ward* was lying in the bay, where she had been for some time. The *Sea Gull* made the run down in twenty-



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eight hours. The whites at the mouth of the Klamath had killed four Indians, in whose possession they found the arms and other property of some white men who had been some time missing, and who were supposed to have been killed by the savages. At Union Town a large party of men were busily employed in cutting a road through the mines, which it was supposed, when finished, would make the trip to the diggings about four days journey. A great deal of rain and some snow had lately fallen in the mountains, the weather being quite cool. The accounts from the diggings in the interior were very favorable, and about one hundred men started for the mines a day or two before the *Sea Gull* left the bay. A large number of miners have lately come down from Trinidad, to go to the mines by way of Union Town, that road being considered shorter and better than any other. Provisions were very scarce and high, and property of every description was improving in value. The *Sea Gull* will return in a few days. The Gold Bluff excitement seems to have almost entirely died away. [-Daily Ball].

ACTION OF CONGRESS. — The bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California, was taken up in the Senate on the 3d January, when Mr. Benton spoke upon his proposed substitute, and Mr. Gwin replied. We have heretofore published the bill of Mr. Gwin's, and will give Mr. Benton's amendments to-morrow. The following opinion is expressed by a Washington correspondent: Mr. Gwin contends that the bill of Mr. Benton is wholly impracticable, and that it would result in its operation in immense frauds upon the public domain, and in the most extensive injustice to the body of the people of California; that it would build up large landed monopolies and corporations in California, which could not fail to result in bloodshed and disorder, because it would exclude the mass of the people from the arable lands of the state, which would be monopolized by a few individuals and a few corporations. Mr. Benton contends that the bill of Mr. Gwin's violates all treaties, all national law, all principles of good faith, all terms of generous and fair treatment of the people acquired with the territory; and that it violates the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the Constitution of the United States. The difference between the two bills amounts to millions upon millions of property in the most valuable districts of California. Mr. Gwin's bill turns it over to the United States; Mr. Benton's delivers it over under the various classes of titles embraced in his bill, to individuals or settlements in the State. It is thought that some definite action will be had by Congress upon this subject before the adjournment.

We learn from the Calendar that the Right Rev. Bishop Southgate has declined the Episcopate of California, to which he had been elected.

H.J. Raymond of New York has been chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Confidence, in a degree, is again restored, now that the state has made an appropriation for the defence of the inhabitants in the region where the Indians are so troublesome. El Dorado County has suffered much from Indian depredations, and it is to

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be hoped that the Indian Commissioners, as soon as the difficulties in Mariposa County are arranged, will visit this part of the state and make a treaty with the Indians on the whole line of the Immigrant Trail to Carson Valley.

MINING OPERATIONS. — A new impulse has been given to mining operations in this region within a few weeks. Machines called by the miners "long toms," measuring about sixty feet in length, have been constructed and put in operation in the stream running through our valley. Large quantities of old dirt, that will not pay to be worked in a common cradle, is washed through these toms, and parties of six and eight, are realizing from \$100 to \$300 per day.

VOLCANIC FEATURES. — The high bluff that separates the Cedar and Spanish Canons, near this place exhibits some striking volcanic features. Two craters are plainly visible, and the burnt lava-like appearance of the pebbles in the vicinity, cemented and forming immense boulders that have every appearance of having been fused. A rich lead of gold, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, has been traced some hundreds of yards up the steep hill, in the direction of these craters.

HEALTH. — Our town is now enjoying a season of universal health. The grass is springing upon the hills, and the thousand and one varieties of flowers are budding, and the balmy atmosphere bids fair to cover the hills with flowers, that will rival the highly cultivated floral gardens of Spain and Italy. Pat, pat, goes the rain on our lantern roof, and a welcome sound it is too, it will revive the disappointed miner, as the summer shower revives the drooping flower.

INDIAN SKIRMISH. — John H. Philips, from Johnson's Ranch, reports that a party of miners had a brush with the Indians a few days since, on Silver Creek, near the South Fork of the American River. The whites came out of the fight unhurt. Three Indians were killed and eight head of fat cattle captured.

ATTACK ON TAYLOR'S RANCHO. — The Indians about the same times attacked Taylor's Ranch, four miles above Johnson's, and compelled all the whites to abandon the ranch. A large party of Indians crossed the head waters of the Cosumnes, last week, taking with them about fifty head of fine cattle. It is thought that they have a large number of horses, mules and cattle in the mountains. Rich diggings have been discovered near Johnson's Ranch, and the miners are doing extremely well.

In the Eastern States, youths are generally apprenticed from twelve to twenty, but in California they may be seen behind a French monte-table, with piles of gold, offering to bet that the passer cannot pick up a designated card.

A chain-gang has gone into operation at San Francisco. It is an admirable method of giving villains their just merits.

MATCH RACE FOR \$1000. — The Stockton Times gives an interesting account of the match race between Capt. Weber's brown gelding, Wildair, and Mr. Warner's horse, Lewis Cass. The race was largely attended, and the Times says: The horses stripped finely, and were brought to the score — Mr. John Murphy topping



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Wildair, and Kite the Lewis Cass. Bets were freely offered, \$100 to \$80 on Cass, with few takers. Cass drew the inside track, and at the tap both horses started like rockets – the brown horse out-footing Cass from the score – there was no waiting racer, both riders using the whip freely. The run down the back stretch was neck and neck, and the pace tremendous – a serape could have covered them both; and until the coming out it was a case of 'quien sabe' which would reach the goal first. The race was decided in favor of Wildair. Time 62 1/2 seconds – distance 1000 yards.

Amusing. – The Courier says that when the French population saw the immense crowd rushing for the City Hall, on Sunday morning, [when the crowd were about to lynch Stuart and Wilfred,] they cried "Voila! voila! une Revolution!" and they could hardly be persuaded that the Mayor and Common Council were not to be imprisoned, and possibly guillotined.

An application is about to be made to the Council at San Francisco, for a grant of the Plaza for three years, for the purpose of converting it into a vegetable garden.

STEAMER RACING. – Racing by steamboats is certainly reprehensible in the highest degree, and the only effectual mode of preventing such things on our waters, is for passengers to refuse to travel on all boats which indulge in such a criminal sport. It is stated that two vessels are now racing it to China, and two left San Francisco the other day for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The new jail at San Francisco is going up rapidly. It is said to have produced a salutary effect already, as numbers of thieves have left that city. Where have they gone?

POST OFFICE STATISTICS. – The "Public Balance" says that for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1850, one hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and twelve letters were received at the New York Post Office from California, and one hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred and four sent to California.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 28TH]

MARCH 1851

March, April 1851: During this month and the following one, Henry Thoreau would be surveying for James McCafferty, whose house lot and farm land was on Virginia Road east of where Thoreau had been born.



View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/85.htm

During this month and the following one, Waldo Emerson would be delivering "The Conduct of Life."

THE LIST OF LECTURES


March 1851: This month's issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine.

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

March 1851: In the party of James Richardson, Heinrich Barth, and Adolf Overweg that had been tasked by the British Foreign Office to open up commercial relations with the states of the central and western Sudan, at this point Richardson died, leaving only Barth and Overweg to carry the project forward.

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 March 1851: [Martin Robison Delany](#), who had been expelled from the Harvard Medical School by the white racist [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes](#), Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, upon protest from white students over the color of his skin, at this point shook the dust of Boston from off his sandals.



The itinerant “service” minister [Daniel Foster](#), whose wife [Deborah “Dora” Swift Foster](#) in Chester was almost 8 months pregnant, accepted a temporary position filling the pulpit of the Trinitarian Church in Concord, Massachusetts (while living in Concord and for several years afterward, Dora would frequent the [Thoreau](#) home and become best friends with Sophia Thoreau).

[William Mitchell](#)’s article [THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY](#) appeared in the [Christian Examiner](#) (this would soon be bound as a 16-page pamphlet by Wm. Crosby and H.P. Nichols of 111 Washington Street, Boston and John Wilson & Son, Printers, 22 School-street, Boston).



ASTRONOMY

COMMITTEES OF EXAMINATION.

XI. For Examination in Natural History.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Hon. Thomas Russell,
Nathaniel T. Allen, Esq.
George P. Bradford, Esq.
Thomas M. Brewer, M.D.
Samuel Cabot, M.D.
J. Eliot Cabot, Esq.
William G. Russell, Esq.
Strafford Tenney, Esq.
Benjamin M. Watson, Esq.
William Wesselhœft, M.D.</p> | <p>Charles L. Flint, Esq.
Augustus A. Gould, M.D.
Henry Wheatland, M.D.
Horace Gray, Jr., Esq.
Samuel Kneeland, Jr., M.D.
Rev. John L. Russell.
Theodore Lyman, Esq.
Henry D. Thoreau, Esq. ←
William W. Wheildon, Esq.</p> |
|--|---|

XII. For Visiting the Observatory.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>→ Hon. William Mitchell,
Hon. Josiah Quincy, LL.D.
Hon. James Savage, LL.D.
Hon. Jared Sparks, LL.D.
Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D.</p> | <p>Robert T. Paine, Esq.
J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq.
Henry C. Perkins, M.D.
David Sears, Jr., Esq.</p> |
|--|--|

Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for January-April 1851 \(æt. 33\)](#)

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March 1, Saturday, 1851: In a speech to the French National Assembly, [Victor Hugo](#) ventured a most intriguing reference to the notion of an “[United States of Europe](#)” (*États-Unis d’Europe*).

(This was not exactly a new notion or a novel terminology. On [May 31st, 1831](#) [Wojciech Jastrzebowski](#) had ventured the concept in his *TRAKTAT O WIECZNYM PRZYMIERZU MIĘDZY NARODAMI UCYWILIZOWANYMI — KONSTITUCJA DLA EUROPY* (THE TREATISE ON THE ETERNAL UNION BETWEEN THE CIVILIZED NATIONS — THE CONSTITUTION FOR EUROPE). Mazzini had already created the “Young Europe” movement. [Napoléon Bonaparte](#) in exile on [St. Helena](#) had remarked in an undated conversation that “Europe thus divided into nationalities freely formed and free internally, peace between States would have become easier: the United States of Europe would become a possibility.” And, Hugo himself had already spoken on behalf of the concept during [August 1849](#), when he had been President of the [International Congress of the Friends of Peace](#) in Paris.)



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 2, Communion Sunday, 1851: [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Barton, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, relating events of his lecture tour.

The basic cost of letter postage was being reduced from 5¢ to 3¢ and in consequence a new United States silver coin was planned. This would be designated the “trime” although it was so inconveniently tiny that the general public would refer to them as “fish scales.” The mint would obtain this silver by melting down old Spanish colonial coins such as the “levy” (1-real) and “fip” (half-real). The coin was intended as a mere convenience coin, which meant that it was not supposed to be usable in quantity for larger transactions, but it was not unheard-of for a Philadelphia merchant to make bulk change for a too-large \$5 banknote proffered by a customer, as a number of ladles of such trime “fish scales.” By this point designer James B. Longacre had decided that on so tiny a coin “it is impossible that the device can be at once conspicuous and striking unless it is simple — complexity would defeat the object. For the obverse I have therefore chosen a star (one of the heraldic elements of the National crest) bearing on its centre the shield of the Union, surrounded by the legal inscription and date. For the reverse I have devised an ornamental letter C embracing in its centre the Roman numeral III, the whole encircled by the thirteen stars.”

Sitting in pew 23 of the Broad Isle of the First [Baptist Church](#) a few blocks from her home, [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#) heard the Reverend George E. Adams intoning “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” and she had a vision of a slave’s suffering and death. As her son and biographer Charles Edward Stowe would describe it,

Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1850-1851****1850-1851**

And as she has described it:

My heart was bursting with the anguish excited by the cruelty and injustice our nation was showing to the slave, and praying to God to let me do a little and to cause my cry for them to be heard.

[UNCLE TOM'S CABIN](#)

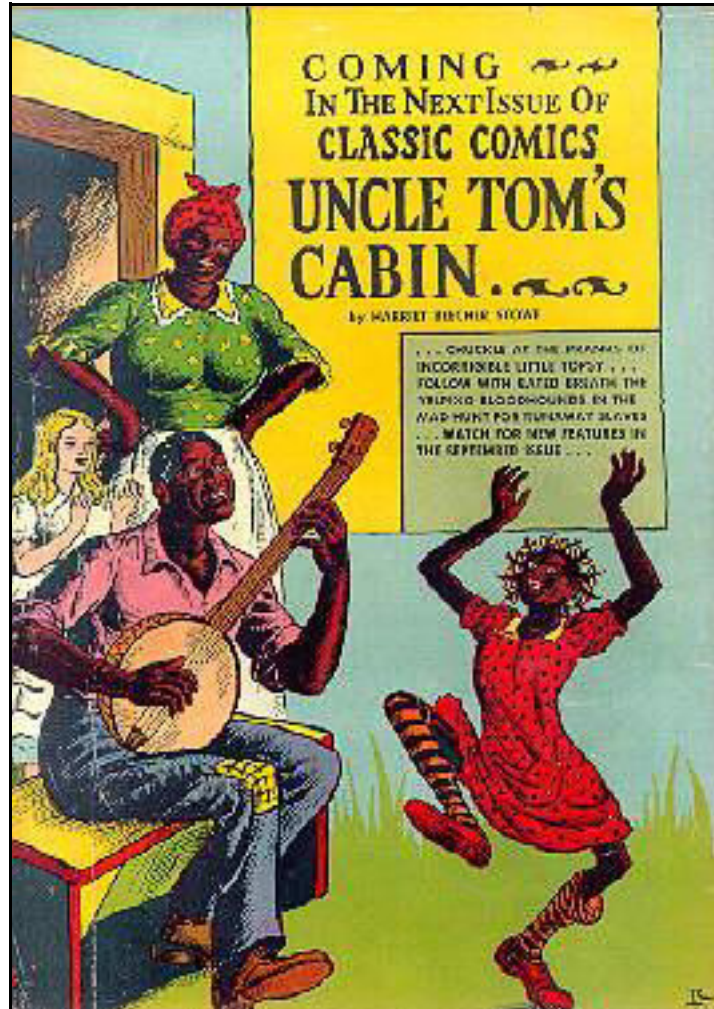
Another, more mischievous, manner to describe the realization that came to her in that church on that day might be something like the following: “Suddenly it came to me, that I could write a book that would sell a lot of copies and make me very comfortable and put me in fine hotels in beautiful silk dresses for the rest of my life, and magnify me and make me a culture hero, and enable me to lie whenever the end justified the means.” For, in fact, this lady would go on to profit enormously and live in fine hotels in beautiful silk dresses for the rest of her life, while doing nothing whatever to help anyone in need, and in fact, this lady would be able to go on and declare self-magnifying boldface lie after self-magnifying boldface lie, always in the grand service of course of the overwhelming cause of the elimination of human slavery. And then, when the chickens really came home to roost during America’s grand Civil War, this nice lady would be enabled to let other people do the dying, escaping the whole thing, riding out the bad years in a fine hotel in Europe in a silk dress while engaging herself in sophisticated Continental cultural pursuits.



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What's not to like about self-privileging, if it's done in a good cause?



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 3, Monday, 1851: In San Francisco, California:

The steamers *Hartford* and *Santa Clara* were burned this morning at Long Wharf.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

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The federal congress authorized the small silver 3-cent “trime.”



[Henry Thoreau](#) continued surveying the woodlot belonging to [Cyrus Stow](#) on Pine Hill in the east part of Concord, in the rear of [Joseph Merriam](#)’s house off Old Bedford Road, that he had begun to survey on February 27th.



In this case “off Old Bedford Road” clearly means “on Virginia Road,” Virginia Road being, actually, itself, off Old Bedford Road! To confirm this, Allan H. Schmidt points out, you can take a look at:

<http://allanhschmidt.files.wordpress.com/2010/10/gleason190611.jpg>

(You will notice on the right margin a list of property owners including J. Merriam with a row column index for its location on the map.)

View [Henry Thoreau](#)’s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

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**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]**



March 4, Tuesday, [1851](#): Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote from Chelsea, Massachusetts about family matters, to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) in Craftsbury, Vermont.



**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]**



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March 5, Wednesday, 1851: A letter was posted to the Daily Alta California by William Hooper of Stockton, California, about the Foreign Miners Tax:

My Dear Sir - I enclose you two of our Stockton papers and beg to call your attention to their editorials and a call for a public meeting, to be held to morrow evening, to memorialize the Legislature in relation to the tax on foreign miners.

You remarked tome a few days ago, in San Francisco, that something might be done in your city to influence Gov. McDougall to issue a proclamation to the effect that this tax was unconstitutional and the collection of it a great wrong.

If the collection of this tax is persisted in, the business of this place will be ruined, and its effect will also be felt in your city, as all our supplies are purchased there; and I feel certain that the scenes of robbery and bloodshed of last year will be renewed with tenfold violence.

Foreigners know this tax to be illegal, and the poor Mexicans (who are the only ones that pay) constantly assert that the collectors dare not demand its payment of Frenchmen.

One would naturally suppose that we, as a nation, boasting of our free institutions, our justice, and our liberality, would show some consideration for the people from whom this country was conquered. On the repeal of this law by the Legislature we gave notice to our friends in Mexico, inviting them to return and give American government another trial; but we fear that for want of definite action on the part of the Governor, the distinction between foreigners and American citizens will continue to exist in defiance of all treaty stipulations to the contrary.

If the Governor does not choose to move in this matter, the people will take the matter into their own hands (in which movement they will be sustained) and drive out or Lynch every tax collector who dares present himself as such to the miners. The tax cannot be collected this season, and the Governor has now an opportunity to advance the interest of the southern mines and prevent the effusion of blood, or to drive us to anarchy and perhaps to seek relief by a division of this part of the State from the rest, as there is a strong feeling in favor of separation.

I would feel much obliged by your advising me of any movement in your city in relation to this subject, and remain, dear sir, Your obedient servant.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



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March 6, Thursday, 1851: Hector Berlioz composed his application for the chair vacated by Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini at the Institute.

Dion Boucicault's "Love in a Maze" premiered in London.

Something someone characterized as a "riot" had occurred at Yarmouth, England. Although Samuel Graystone, mate aboard the *Ant*, had signed articles for the usual voyage from Yarmouth to Plymouth, ordinary seamen had forcibly prevented him from boarding. Masters of other vessels had complained to port magistrates that they also encountered such treatment. Immediately, therefore, the port magistrates had called upon the East Norfolk Militia and the Coastguard, and special railroad trains had conveyed 2 troops of the 11th Hussars from Norwich. The cavalry had ridden through, clearing the streets of pedestrian citizens. "The rioters, frightened by the mere appearance of the troops, flew in every direction up the narrow streets of the town, and in a few hours tranquillity was restored." Someone had asserted that, but for the timely arrival of government force, a body of Gorleston seamen would have (could have, should have, might have maybe?) attacked the port. However, on this day, when several of these "rioting" common seamen were brought before the Quarterly Sessions, much to the surprise of this court a jury of citizen peers returned a verdict of not guilty. Go figure.

Henry Thoreau began to work with the heirs of Timothy Brooks in describing their house and fields (this evaluation would continue on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 21st, 22d, and 25th).

Lysander Spooner wrote to Barnabas Bates:

Boston March 6 - 1851
Barnabas Bates Esq.
Sir.

I saw a notice lately to take the responsibility of the mail service of the country, giving large bonds for the faithful performance of the duty to.

From this fact I inferred that there was probably a large company in New York, who wished to engage in that business - If there be such a company, I should like, for a proper compensation, to take the risk of testing the constitutionality of the laws which prohibit private mails.

I would establish a mail from New York to Boston, simply to bring the question to a decision.

As you may wish for some evidence of the probable success of the experiment, I send you a pamphlet, (prepared for another purpose), containing a copy of the argument I published seven years ago on "The Unconstitutionality of the Laws of Congress prohibiting Private Mails," also the opinions of Hon. Rufus Choate, Hon. Franklin Dexter, Hon. Simon Greanleaf, Hon. B.F. Butler, and others as to the merits of that argument.

I have so much confidence of success that I should be willing to take the risk of any judgments that might be obtained against me, provided I could be properly compensated in case of success.

If you feel any interest in the matter, I should be happy to hear from you. If you feel none, please excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you.

Very Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant
Lysander Spooner



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[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 7, Friday, 1851: A poll tax ended, that had been levied on Russo-Polish Jews entering Austrian Galicia.

Henry Thoreau was written to by William W. Greenough, William J. Dale, David Greene Haskins, J.H. Adams, Jr. *et al* in Boston.



To: HDT
From: Greenough et al.
Date: 7 March 1851

BOSTON, MARCH 7TH, 1851.

DEAR SIR:

It is proposed that a meeting of the Class of 1837 be held at the Revere House, on Wednesday, at 5 P.M., on the 19th of March next. There are reasons for a deviation from the usual custom of the Class in assembling during the week of the annual Commencement. In Boston and its vicinity are now collected a larger number of the



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Class than at any time since we left the University. A general desire has been expressed to take advantage of this circumstance, and to endeavor to re-awaken the interest natural to those who have been pleasantly associated together at an early period of life. Nearly fourteen years have elapsed since we left Cambridge, and but few have been in situations to bring them much into contact with any considerable number of their Class.

There is a manifest advantage in holding a meeting at this season of the year. Upon Commencement week, other engagements are liable to interfere, and the usual heat and fatigue of the days preclude any long duration of the meeting either in the afternoon or evening.

On the present occasion a dinner is proposed of which the expense will not exceed one dollar to each person.

It is desirable that a definite answer to this letter should be returned to the Committee previous to the 17th inst. If circumstances should compel the absence of any member, it is expected that he will contribute to the interest of the occasion by writing some account of himself since he left College.

Very truly,

*Your friends and Classmates,
WILLIAM W. GREENOUGH,
WILLIAM J. DALE,*

*Class Committee. DAVID GREENE HASKINS, J. H. ADAMS, Jr.
{followed by a list of classmates supposedly in the area}*

An editorial appeared in the Daily Alta California in regard to the letter that had been received from William Hooper of Stockton, [California](#):

Foreign Miners Tax

No law can eventually prove beneficial which is not founded upon justice. It may promise advantages, may for a while appear to bestow them. But all things in nature are so bound by the principles of right, that they cannot be violated without eventually entailing injury. And seldom have we known an unjust act more signally fail than the one imposing a ruinous tax upon foreign miners. Its ostensible object was to put money into the treasury. It has not done so. For the few dollars reported to have been paid in would not pay interest on the cost of making the law and the collateral expenses.

The law was decidedly unconstitutional, unjust, impolitic, opposed to every principle of our free institutions, behind the age, illiberal and foolish. Its enactment showed an entire lack of necessary information respecting the placers, the miners, and the habits and customs of foreign miners especially. It has been the policy of the United States Government, and the State Governments also, and should have been particularly so of this State, to encourage immigration. We have said to the world, we are free, come and enjoy freedom with us. Induced by this generous, wise, and fortunate policy, millions have settled among us, and helped not only to clear away the forest, make the

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earth rich with teeming crops and glorious in improvements, but they have added also a full share of intellectual contribution to our mental progress.

Knowing this, tens of thousands of miners came to California in the full belief that they would not only meet with gold, but what is far better, justice and kindness. From Mexico and Peru and Chile they flocked here, better miners than our own people. They dug, they got gold, and they spent it freely. They purchased provisions and clothing and tools. We wanted people to work and to purchase, and they furnished the supply. They usually expended nearly all of their gold as they lived onward. Even those who occasionally left for their homes, generally purchased a good stock of various articles before leaving. For instance, in China goods, their trade was very great. Our own countrymen came here only to make a pile and carry it all out of the country. They seldom purchased anything to take away, and expended just as little as possible in the country while they remained here.

A heavy trade sprang up in various parts of the state, which was supported principally by foreigners, and particularly by those of the Spanish blood. The country and times were prosperous. But the iniquitous law was passed. It amounted to virtual prohibition. It acted especially against the class above alluded to. They could not stand it. They left by thousands and tens of thousands. The southern mines especially felt the stunning blow. Stockton was knocked completely on the head. The Mexicans and Chilians, who were thus virtually banished, left in no very good state of feeling. The law gave to the unprincipled of our own countrymen and others claiming to be such, a wide scope for oppression, and they improved it. Each villain who chose called himself a tax collector, and robbed the poor Sonorian or others who had no recourse. Wrongs and robberies led to murders and anarchy, and general prostration of business. Our city felt the blow, and feels it yet. The state has been injured to the value of millions of dollars, and feelings of national antipathy have been planted and fostered in the breasts of Chilians and others, where before the best possible sympathies existed. And what good has been done? Not one particle. Even the tax collectors are said to have made nothing by their office.

The law, as all monsters should, died. But the memory of it remains, as the memory of all monsters will. And that memory is likely to keep away many an industrious man. While the human devils who hail from the penal colonies are allowed all the rights of our own citizens because they speak the English language, a quiet and laborious people have been driven from among us because they did not speak that language. The law is dead, but it still stands on the statute book. It is there only to disgrace us. It is there only to serve as a cloak for another series of enormities to be perpetrated under its coloring during the present year, unless it be repealed.

The law was unconstitutional when passed – was an infringement of the treaty with Mexico, and even if the State had any right to legislate respecting public lands, that right ceased when California was admitted into the Union. Yet it has not been repealed, and even now, according to the Stockton papers, is made an excuse for robbing Mexicans, under the plea of tax



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collecting. We call upon the Legislature to repeal this obnoxious and ruinous law; or, if it will not do so, we believe the Governor has the right to pronounce it unconstitutional and illegal, and forbid every one from operating under it. A proclamation to this effect, in English, Spanish and French, and scattered broadcast wherever those languages are spoken, might, in a measure, do away with the odium which the law has created, and in a measure remedy some of its evils.

There is much excitement upon the subject in the in the southern mines and in Stockton. A gentleman of that place writing to his friend in this city, William Hooper, Esq., expresses the opinion of thousands upon it. We give his letter entire.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 9, Sunday, 1851: There was a fire at the Castle Street office of the Mercury in Norwich, England. When the roof fell in, the compositors' room and most of its cases of lead type were destroyed.

Charles Wesley Slack wrote from Stowe, Vermont to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, about lecture tour events.

In San Francisco, California:

An "indignation" meeting, at which there were several thousand persons present, was held to-day on the plaza, to consider the conduct of Judge Levi Parsons, of the District Court, towards Mr. William Walker, one of the editors of the Daily Herald. It appears that for some time before this date the general public press had been endeavoring to rouse the community to a full knowledge of the increasing and alarming state of crime, and, in doing so, had taken repeated occasion to criticize severely the "masterly inactivity" of the judicature in trying and punishing criminals. This appears to have displeased Judge Parsons, and he thereupon, in an address to the grand jury, chose to style the press a "nuisance," and insinuated that the jury might offer some presentment on the subject. The grand jury, however, did not gratify his wishes. His honor's observations became a new text for the now offended press; and, among other unpleasant things, they began to take grave exceptions to his knowledge and application of the law as regarded grand and petit juries. The Herald, in an article headed "The Press a Nuisance," was especially severe in its strictures. A few members of the bar next began to make some feeble movement to soothe their brother on the bench; but their affected indignation only provoked laughter and made matters worse. Judge Parsons thereupon - some days after the obnoxious article had been published, issued an order from his own court to bring before him Mr. Walker, the acknowledged or reputed author of the article in question. Mr. Walker accordingly appeared, and was duly convicted by his honor, - who was plaintiff, judge and jury



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in the case, - of contempt of court, fined five hundred dollars, and ordered to be kept in safe custody until the amount was paid. The offender having declined to pay the fine, refusing to recognize his honor's jurisdiction in and summary settlement of the matter, was forthwith imprisoned for an indefinite time. These circumstances being extensively made known, produced great excitement in the city. One and all of the press were down - to use an expressive vulgarism - upon his honor; and as the people considered that the cause of the press was substantially their own, they resolved to make a "demonstration" on the subject. An "indignation" meeting accordingly was held, as above mentioned, at which resolutions were passed approving of Walker's conduct, and requesting Parsons to resign his judicial situation as no longer fit to hold it. A committee was then formed to transmit these resolutions to the latter. At the same time, the senators and representatives of the district were requested to propose articles of impeachment against the offending judge. The meeting next in a body, - some four thousand strong, - paid a personal visit of condolence and sympathy to Mr. Walker in prison. Meanwhile, the matter was carried by a writ of habeas corpus into the Superior Court, by which Mr. Walker was discharged. It was held that Judge Parsons had abused his position, and that while the ordinary tribunals were open to him, if he considered that Mr. Walker had committed a libel, he had no right to cite and punish summarily that gentleman for any alleged contempt, that might be inferred from the published statements and remarks in a newspaper. The contrary doctrine would be destructive of the freedom of the press, and was opposed to the universally recognized principles of the constitution. This judgment was considered a great popular triumph. In the mean time, the question was farther discussed before the Legislature; and, on the 26th instant, a committee of the Assembly, upon the memorial of Walker, "convinced that Judge Parsons had been guilty of gross tyranny and oppression in the imprisonment of the memorialist," recommended the impeachment of the former. The majority of a select committee, however, afterwards appointed to inquire into the charges against Parsons, having reported that these, "and the testimony given in support of them, do not show sufficient grounds for impeachment," the matter was dropped. At the period of which we write, the tribunals of justice were considered altogether insufficient for those dangerous times, and many of the individuals connected with them as both incapable and corrupt. The public looked chiefly to the press for advice and information as to their rights and duties, and had resolved that it should not be gagged and put down by illegal orders, attachments, fines and imprisonments for imaginary contempts against courts which cannot be reduced much lower than they have reduced themselves." So said the resolutions of the "indignation" meeting of the 9th instant; and this language was generally applauded.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...




[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL



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BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]


 March 10, Monday, 1851: The New-York Evening Post dismissed reports that Italian dictators were concerned that Giuseppe Garibaldi might in New-York be raising an invasion force.

Mr. Barr, a celebrated Scottish falconer, had provided on Hellesdon Brakes near Norwich, England, an exhibition of hawking, for many hundreds of idle persons who had chosen to be in attendance (clearly these would have been persons who self-identified with the governing classes of England, as predators, rather than with the peasantry of England, as prey). The 4 predators Mr. Barr had brought to the field were young and were of the peregrine falcon variety (we are not told whether they were the smaller male or the larger female). He had flown these well-trained predators at pigeons [presumably Columba livia domestica] that were let loose specifically for this purpose and in 2 hours his hawks had brought 24 of them to the ground (we are not told of any who escaped to return to their home dove-loft). “The first two or three were so frightened, that when pursued by the hawk they took refuge among the people, and one of them alighted on the back of a horse, and was taken by hand.” This previous exhibition of gratuitous and casual cruelty having merely whetted the local appetite, on this day on Mr. George Gowing’s land at Trowse Mr. Barr provided a 2d such sporting exhibition.

No, you’re not mistaken — there is never precisely the correct amount of gratuitous cruelty in this world! – It is a quantity with which we are forever tinkering.



**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
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 March 11, Tuesday, 1851: Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi’s opera “Rigoletto,” a melodrama to words of Piave after Hugo, was performed for the 1st time, in Venice’s Teatro La Fenice, directed by its composer. This was a great success and would run for 13 performances.

The Boston Daily Evening Telegraph downplayed warnings that Giuseppe Garibaldi was raising an invasion force to go back and make trouble on the Italian peninsula.


Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote about family matters to Charles Wesley Slack in Waterbury, Vermont.



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 March 12, Wednesday-14, Friday, 1851: A review of Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" appearing in the Gazzetta di Venezia read in part, "Yesterday we were almost overwhelmed by its originality ... originality in music, in the style, even in the form of the pieces; and we did not comprehend it in its entirety.... Never was the eloquence of sound more powerful."

Harvard Observatory Daguerreotyped "a better representation of the Lunar surface than any engraving."

ASTRONOMY
PHOTOGRAPHY



**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
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 March 13, Thursday, 1851: Two new works by Robert Schumann were performed for the first time, in Düsseldorf: Nachtlied op.108 for chorus and orchestra to words of Hebbel, and the overture Die Braut von Messina. The overture was not successful and Schumann's originally warm reception in Düsseldorf was beginning to erode with criticisms of his conducting.

On this day and the following one Nathaniel Hawthorne and his daughter Una Hawthorne visited the Melvilles at their "Arrowhead" farm near Mount Greylock in the north-west corner of Massachusetts. It was raining during the visit, so Nathaniel and Herman Melville wound up philosophizing in the barn with Hawthorne seated on a carpenter's bench. At leavetaking Hawthorne jested that were he to write a report of their discussion, he might parody the theologizing of Henry Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS by entitling his report A WEEK ON A WORKBENCH IN A BARN.

TIMELINE OF A WEEK



**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
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**[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL
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 March 15, Saturday, 1851: The French government enacted a law named after Minister of Education Le comte Frédéric Alfred Pierre de Falloux du Coudray that would bring back Church control over education.

A letter from John Grant (1822-1878), in the gold fields of California, to his sister Caroline Burr Grant (1820-1892) back home in Norfolk, Connecticut and Newark, New Jersey:

Sat. morn. March 15, 1851
 Dear Sister Caroline,
 The enclosed letter from California I received from Avon
 [Connecticut] last eve. I have this moment sent the draft to New



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York to get it accepted. It is not payable till eight days have elapsed. You have I suppose been informed of the facts of the case in general already. Joel suggests that this money be so placed that the brothers can make it available in case of urgent necessity. It appears to me that if we have special occasion to use it, we may as well do so - if not that we had better invest or employ it in the best way we can. I await your directions respecting the past sent to you. I am glad they were able to send something and hope they will be more prosperous in future. I duly received yours of the 20th ult. informing of your plans to return to Conn[ecticut] I suppose you again passed directly by me. Yet I could not see you. Had there been time and had you not represented your plans as definitely fixed I should have made an effort to change them a little. I shall not send this till I hear from N.Y. But if all is right - I will not add more. You may judge thereby. Yours aff[ectionately] Jno. Grant.

According to the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#), the "City Intelligence" of this day was as follows:

DRUGGING AND ROBBERY. - A man named William Clarke, a stranger in the city, in passing along Sansome street, on Thursday, fell in with a man who called himself Captain McIntyre, and went into the drinking house with him, at the corner of Pacific and Sansome streets. He here drank twice, and after taking the second drink, he became insensible, and knew nothing further till he awoke at the Mount Hope House on Montgomery street, yesterday morning, minus \$1400 in gold dust.

Mr. Clarke made affidavit before the Recorder that he believed the money was in the house on the corner of Pacific and Sansome streets. A search warrant was immediately issued, and two officers sent to search the premises. Nothing, however, was found, and a warrant was also issued for the arrest of McIntyre.

SQUATTING, PILE-DRIVING AND LIQUORING. - Yesterday afternoon, a report came up to the Mayor that a row was in progress at the foot of Broadway. It seems that a Captain Bowman had been driving some piles on the government reserve, at the foot of Broadway, and some vessels, which were lying in the harbor, had been hauled up by order of the harbor master, and had been fastened to the piles. Capt. Bowman had ordered the vessels off, or threatened to smash them if they did not go. Mayor Geary and Capt. Casserly, with about twenty-five policemen, went down to quell the riot, but found upon their arrival every thing quiet, the parties having wisely concluded to leave the matter in dispute to the judiciary, instead of the police department; and, moreover, as a sort of a salvo, Capt. Bowman invited the whole police force to liquor, which, strange as it may appear, none refused, and thus the affair was, for the present, amicably settled.

Chamber of Commerce. - The Chamber of Commerce has a session this evening at tho Merchants' Exchange, for the purpose of taking into consideration some of the bills now before the Legislature, and attending to other business of importance.

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.- This talented company will give a representation of Bellini's celebrated opera of "La Somnambula,"

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at the Adelphi Theatre, in Clay street, this evening. After the close of the opera, the grand duett from the opera of "Linda di Chamounix" will be sung in English by Mad. Von Gulpen and Sen. Pellegrini, as will the beautiful ballad "Jeanette and Jeannot," by Mad. Von Gulpin.

THE SUDDEN DEATH. - The name of the man who died so suddenly at the California Exchange, on Thursday, was George Home. He was from Mobile, where he had been living for the last four years; and while he has been in this city has been boarding at the Mount Hope Restaurant.

MRS. KIRBY'S BENEFIT. - Mrs. Kirby takes her farewell benefit tonight, when will be presented "London Assurance," and "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." In the first Mr. Thomas will make his second appearance in this city, as "Sir Harcourt Courtly," Mrs. Kirby as "Lady Gay Spanker." This comedy will be presented in a very superior style, with new and beautiful scenery. In the second piece Mr. Stark plays "Ruy Gomez," which he personates with uncommon power and nice appreciation. Mrs. Kirby's "Dutchess" is in her best style. The bill is therefore an excellent one, and as it is her last appearance but one, her friends will all embrace the opportunity of greeting her on her benefit night.

EXTENSIVE THEFT. - A man named Luz Romano, living in the Green house on Montgomery street, was robbed on Thursday night of one diamond pin, one gold ring, one dozen of silver spoons, one fifty dollar coin, and four hundred dollars in dust. Forty-two dollars in specimens of gold have been recovered, being found in the house.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 16, Sunday, 1851: A concordat between Spain and the Vatican allowed government expropriation of church property under previous liberal regimes in return for state payment of secular clergy and a legalized basis for its operations. The Church also gained control of education and the press.

Charles Wesley Slack wrote from Burlington, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, describing upper Vermont and various events of his lecture tour there.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



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[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 18, Tuesday, 1851: I have been unable to locate any image for the mulatto man of Sandusky, Ohio, George J. Reynolds, carriage maker and conductor on the Underground Railroad. However, here is a newspaper advertisement placed by his business on this day, in the Sandusky Daily Commercial Register:

WANTED at the new Carriage
Shop, a good workman. Cash will be paid
for such workman. Shop on Market street, between
Jackson and Columbus Avenue, where can be found
constant employment. G. J. REYNOLDS.
Sandusky City, March 18, 1851. dif

According to the Daily Herald of Marysville, California:

Snags in Feather River.

All parties are agreed that these obstructions to the navigation of Feather River are a great drawback and injury to the advancement of our city. The immense number of people now in the northern mines must conduce to render Marysville the most important trading place in the whole Sacramento Valley, (we speak advisedly) and it is important, therefore, that she should have the full advantage of every facility that can be given to advance the interests of her mercantile community. So long as the snags remain in the river, none but the smaller and poorer class of boats will come here. The owners of better steamers will not risk them where there is momentary danger of sinking them by running upon these snags. Several disadvantages result. In the first place, the small capacity and few number of boats running to this point cause our merchants serious and delay loss of time in the receipt of their goods. Continual complaints are made that they cannot rely upon receiving their goods in time to supply the constant demand. Again, even if there were a larger number of boats, they are of such an unsafe character that those who man them, will not trust them to cross the Bay of San Francisco; our merchants make their purchases in San Francisco chiefly, yet they are obliged to ship their goods upon steamers which only ply to Sacramento City; here they are obliged to have them landed, and transferred to the smaller steamers. This operation consumes their time, adds on to the cost of transportation, and in many cases, results in damage to the goods by rehandling. How much better would it be for our merchants to get on a boat going direct to San Francisco, and proceed these at once, without being idly delayed, as now, at Sacramento City, all of one night and the greater part of next day; purchase their goods, ship them on a boat coming through to Marysville, get on the boat themselves, and come directly home, without the delay, vexation and trouble of waiting at Sacramento till their goods are reshipped, and then get here, after this loss of time, only to find that some part of their stock, which was particularly wanted, has been left behind, on the levee or store-ships at Sacramento. — Such occurrences have



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not been unfrequent this spring.

Well, all that is necessary for these important reforms, is to have a few [miles?] of pestering snags taken out from Feather River. Boats of greater capacity, greater speed and better accommodations for travelers, will then run direct between San Francisco and Marysville. Is there not public spirit enough in our city to say, "this shall be accomplished?" We think there is, yet it has slumbered most mysteriously, for a year. It was estimated, when this subject was spoken of last summer, that the sum of ten thousand dollars would be sufficient to affect the removal of all the snags, which most of Feather River to its junction with the Yuba; and we understand that a responsible person is ready now to enter into bonds as to clear the channel for that sum, and not to require the money, until the work be concluded. — Suppose that responsible party should guarantee, for a like sum, to fill up Feather River, how long, think you, would it take to raise ten thousand dollars for that purpose? Not long, Phish. We would engage to do it in three quarters of an hour. Yet, here with the full expectation that upon the removal of these snags [?] depends the ability of our city, [?] in the [?] position now in regard to them, that we were a year ago.

Let us now go to work, and rest not till the work be finished. We have been told by merchants, that the steamboat owners, who have made so much money in the river trade, ought to remove the snags. Perhaps they ought to share a portion of the cost. But suppose they will not? Should the merchants for that reason object to forward an object which they all confess would be so advantageous to themselves? The correct light for them to view the matter in, is to estimate the benefit it will be to them, not how much others may be incidentally benefited.

We have no doubt that if the snags were removed, real estate would at once advance and become in demand. All classes would be benefited, and all out to feel it necessary to do something towards the accomplishment of the work. The landholders appreciate the advantage it would be to them, and we know from personal interviews with some of the largest holders, that they are willing to contribute liberally; at the same time it will be necessary that others who are to derive advantages from the accomplishment of the project should unite with them.

We would suggest that a general meeting of all classes of our citizens be called to consider the matter, and a subscription be opened at once.

We shall heartily co-operate in any movement of the people calculated to expedite the undertaking. As to asking the State to do it, or to waiting for action of the General Government, we might as well at once abandon the project altogether, for leaving it in that position would be tantamount to doing so. What is to be done, must be done by a spontaneous movement of the people themselves. Private subscriptions may effect the removal of the snags speedily; leaving it to the government will delay it for years, perhaps forever.

Our Common Council holds its second meeting this evening. It is expected that ordinances for revenue and the better regulation of the city, will be presented.



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LEGISLATIVE DOCUMENTS. - J. Winchester will accept our thanks for the following:

Bill to provide for the incorporation of Colleges and Universities.

Bill to authorize the issue and sale of Land Warrants in this State.

Bill for an act to incorporate the City of Sacramento.

A BIG LUMP. - We were shown, on Saturday, a big lump of gold which was dug on the North Fork of Feather River and which weighs 78 oz. 3 dwt., or *twelve hundred and fifty dollars*. It was brought down by Mr. Harris, the packer, who purchased it from the miner who dug it. It is shaped very much like a human foot, and is very pure gold, unmixed with quartz, or stone of any kind.

Mr. Harris saw, while at the point where this was obtained, another one weighing nearly \$3,000, but had not at the time, money enough to purchase it. He promises to bring it down, on his next trip.

At a recital like this, one feels as if he would be willing to undergo "some" hardship in visiting such diggings.

IMPORTANT ITEMS. - The Pacific News of 13th inst. gravely informs us that "in this country, venison means deer." Gentlemen, we sincerely thank you for this piece of enlightenment -in a horn, -we mean, in an antler.

GENERAL WINCHESTER. - Our friend the General cannot be kept down. He has experienced as many reverses of fortune as almost any man ever did, but he has a spirit that rebounds from adversity and readily places itself for another fight. He is now endeavoring, as will be seen from the following prospectus, to get another start in the field of newspaper enterprise, and we sincerely hope he may succeed. We would rather welcome him, however, freed from party politics.

NEW DEMOCRATIC PAPER. - The undersigned is desirous to associate with himself one or two gentlemen in the establishment at once, of a Democratic Daily Paper, in the city of San Francisco. He has a large invoice of new Printing materials, presses &c. and a complete book binding establishment, with a large amount of binding paper and stock, now daily expected in port.

It is needless to state that the Democratic party require a paper, and can and ought to sustain not only one but many. For it is the true party of progress, reform, of equal rights and responsibility to the people. We are ready to re-embark in this enterprise, heart and soul, devoting to it all the experience we have acquired in over twenty years as a publisher. But we cannot do so single handed. We are ready to show our devotion to Democratic principles by any service we can render in their promulgation and defense, whether in the ranks or in any other position we may be placed.

We retired from the Pacific News from causes of a pecuniary nature, beyond the power of any individual to control; but with a proper amount of capital, and the hearty co-operation of the great Democratic Party, we hesitate not to pledge ourselves, not only to get up a newspaper equal to the best, but to render it also a successful and profitable enterprise.

Any gentleman possessing the requisite ability and experience



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to "bear a hand" in the editorial department, of sterling Democratic faith, and who can command a proper amount of cash capital, will find the present an opportunity not to be disregarded. We have materials now at hand, (exclusive of those to arrive,) which would enable us to issue a paper at five days notice.

Communications, with references, can be addressed to, or a personal interview be had with me at San Jose. — Letters should be forwarded through Berford & Co.'s Express, without delay. What is done should be done quickly. J. WINCHESTER, Mar. 12. Late Editor Pacific News.

MASONIC SOIREE. — A magnificent ball is to be given at the Orleans Hotel in Sacramento City on Thursday evening next, in aid of the fund of the Masons' and Odd Fellows' Hospital in that place. We understand that there are tickets to be had in our city, and we hope there will be a representation of the Masons of Marysville on the occasion, accompanied by ladies. We knew several of the latter who are very anxious to attend, and as this ball will in all probability be the most splendid one ever given in California, we trust they may be gratified.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN HOTEL. "Mine host" Maurice sets a good table, and understands the science of hotel keeping generally. His terms may be found in our advertising columns, his house may be found on Second St., near D, and he individually may ever be found ready to do the honors genteelly for his visitors.

THE MINES. — It is now demonstrated, beyond any doubt whatever that the richest mining section in all California, is on, and in the neighborhood of, Feather and Yuba Rivers. The more this part of the country is prospected, the more apparent does this fact become. Consequently, while the Trinidad and Scott's River diggings at the far north, and the diggings in the San Joaquin district south, are being deserted in disgust, the number of miners in our section of the state is rapidly expanding. New discoveries of rich placers are constantly being made. No man now need take long journeys, involving a loss of weeks, in order to find good diggings. The miners on Feather and Yuba Rivers not only find gold more certainly than those who are prospecting at greater distances, but the average yield to each man, is much larger....



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 19, Wednesday, 1851: Federal Indian Commissioners signed a treaty at Camp Fremont with 6 [California](#) native tribes. They agreed to offer no interference while the United States Army proceeded with its [Mariposa War](#) against the [Ahwahneechee](#) of the Sierra Nevada mountains and the Chowchilla bands of Yokuts natives of the San Joaquin valley.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

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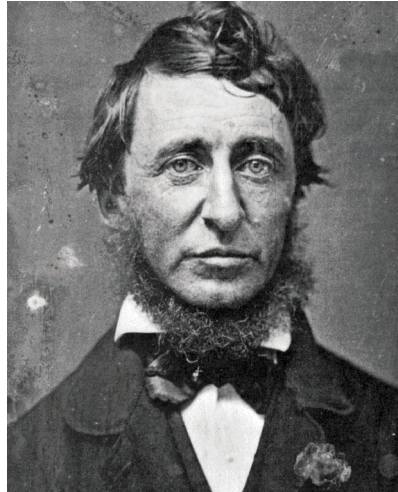
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March 19: The ice in the pond is now soft and will not bear a heavy stone thrown from the bank— It is melted for a rod from the shore. The ground has been bare of snow for some weeks, but yesterday we had a violent N E snow storm which has drifted worse than any the past winter. The spring birds ducks & geese &c had come—but now the spring seems far off. No good ever came of obeying a law which you had discovered.



"No good ever came of obeying a law which you had discovered."

— [Henry Thoreau](#), *JOURNAL*, March 19, 1851



March 20, Thursday, [1851](#): The news, according to the Sacramento, [California Transcript](#):

Meeting of the Settlers.

We observed a poster yesterday calling the settlers to meet on the public square last evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent decision made by Judge Robinson, of the District Court, which was confirmatory of the title of John A. Sutter to the land on which Sacramento is built.

We understand that Messrs. McKune and Montgomery first addressed the meeting. When we arrived, Judge Ralston was speaking. Judge R. reviewed the leading points urged against the title of Sutter, but disclaimed anything discourteous to the Court. He advised all "either to leave the country, or settle on the land without paying for it," because of the want of title in Sutter. — Judge Bullock followed, and urged on the settlers the importance of a distinct party organization. Judge B. then offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, The U.S. Senate refused to ratify the 10th article of the Treaty of Hidalgo, whose object was to compel our government to confirm and inchoate Mexican Grants, within the conceded territory, for the purpose of preventing a monopoly of the wild



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lands, yet our courts have in effect attempted to do what the Senate, more watchful of public interest, refused to do. Whilst we have full confidence in the judiciary department of government, yet we regard it as the aristocratic feature of government, whose action is often at war with the rights of the People, who hold in their hands the forms of correction to be used under the constitution.

RESOLVED, That the published decision lately made by the Superior Court of San Francisco, after deliberate argument and full investigation is in strict accordance with the law of the land, and is entitled to more weight than any off hand uncertain decision, made without argument, by any Judge or Justice of the Peace.

SITE FOR A MILL SEAT. — We alluded the other day to a fine location for a mill seat, and forthwith it excited surprise and afforded an opportunity for an ignorant jest, reminding us of the truth of the adage that those who profess most know least. Yesterday we were called on by a gentleman who has spent several months in looking out for a mill seat but whose efforts have been fruitless. The gentleman had seen our paragraph in regard to the mill seat, and called to make farther inquiries. He regards it as a good opening, and will doubtless have a good mill erected there in the course of a few weeks. The site is within ten miles of Weberville and Placerville, where a good market will always be afforded for his lumber. Good mill seats are not abundant by any means, and we have every confidence that our friend will make a good investment.

Mr. Kells, on the corner of O and 2d streets, is the enterprising gentleman who contemplates the erection of a mill on Clear Creek, Pleasant Valley, and as he has everything ready for its immediate construction, it will not be long before it is in successful operation.

FITZPATRICK ARRESTED. — It will be recollected that this was the name of the person who was inspected by the people of Nevada as being implicated either directly or remotely with the recent firing of that city. It seems that Fitzpatrick left that city on the day of the fire and was followed to the American River, and from there to Marysville. On Monday evening a man entered the back door of a hotel in Marysville, and said to the proprietor — "My name is Fitzpatrick — I am suspected of firing Nevada, and dare not return until the excitement is allayed." He asked for shelter, but his pursuers were close at hand, and he was taken into either their custody or that of officers in Marysville. If he should be taken back to Nevada it was feared that he would be hung, so strong was the popular prejudice, and so deep the indignation of that outraged community.

Stuart, in regard to whose identity there has been such a difference, was taken up to Marysville, to await his trial, being charged with the murder of a man at Foster's Bar, some months ago. The name of the murdered man was Charles Moore, an Englishman. Stuart is under sentence of fourteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary for the assault and attempt on the life of Mr. Janson at San Francisco. The way of the transgressor is hard. Thomas Berdue appears to be his real name, and Stuart only an alias.

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FENCING UP A STREET. - Merchant Street in San Francisco was completely choked up on Saturday morning by the erection of a fence across its intersection with Kearney Street, preventing the passage of teams. This proceeding arises from the fact that the owners of the ground on which the Crescent City House formerly stood, Messrs. DeBoon & Co., sold to the city for the sum of \$25,000 which amount they have not yet received, and the property not having been deeded to the purchasers, they have resumed possession of their ground.

OLDEN TIME RELICS. - In the Council last evening, Dr. Spalding presented a petition numerously signed, asking that all the canvas buildings between Front and Second, and I and J streets be removed, on account of their danger to other buildings, in cases of fire. The City Marshal was instructed to enforce the Ordinance upon the subject forthwith, so there will soon be a decided fall of canvass.

RESIGNATION OF DR. MOORE. - Dr. Moore offered his resignation last evening as a member of the Common Council, which, after some complimentary remarks, by Ald. Berry and Spalding, was accepted. A resolution was also agreed to authorizing the President of the Council to draw a bond for the amount due Ald. Moore for his services in that body.

JAPANESE. - The San Francisco Courier gives an account of a visit to that office of some shipwrecked Japanese. "They are fifteen in number, varying in their respective ages from sixteen to sixty, as we should judge. - Their countenances are very intelligent and animated. They examined the types, presses, and other "curiosities" of a printing office, with evident satisfaction, manifesting much interest in the explanations of their use and operation. "It will be remembered that these unfortunates were picked up at sea, some time since, six hundred miles from the Japanese Islands by the bark *Auckland*, Captain Jennings. - They had started from Nippon, in a junk, for one of the Northern Japanese ports, but encountered a gale. When picked up, their vessel was dismasted, and nearly full of water. The junk was laden with flannels, silks, rice, and ingots of silver."

YESTERDAY. - The sky was clouded the entire day on Wednesday, and several heavy showers of rain fell. In the morning quite a large quantity of hail fell. The entire day was cold, and heavy coats that had been thrown by long since, were bro't into requisition. The rain was much needed, and it will require at least a week's steady rain to be of much service to the grains and seeds that have been sown.

P.S. - The rain still continues up to two o'clock, this morning, and a prospect of a continuance. It will be cheering to the mining, but principally to the farming interest.

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG. - We have heretofore noticed the murder of Mr. Kirk, at the Mountain Gate, near Stockton, by the Indians. At the time Mr. K. was attacked, a Spanish boy was in company, together with Mr. K.'s dog. The boy fled as soon as Mr. Kirk fell wounded, but the faithful dog remained, and though he had been badly wounded in the foot, he was still found watching, twenty-four hours after his master's death, by the two brothers

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of Mr. K. This is another evidence of the attachment of the canine species, and he seemed to understand the situation of his master, as he howled piteously when the two brothers approached.

MORE EXPENSE. — The City Council last evening instructed the Printing Committee to have the Charter, and all Laws, and Ordinances printed. There can be no use in re-printing the old charter, and for the new one, every citizen has an opportunity of getting it any day by paying five cents for a Transcript.

The San Francisco Herald says that a cabbage with twenty-three full formed heads was left at their office by Mr. E.F. Crane. It was cultivated on his farm at the Mission of San Jose. Mr. C. states that in the same field he had a single head weighing forty-five pounds.

The shipwrecked Japanese on going ashore at San Francisco, expressed great surprise at almost every thing they saw. They seemed to be perfectly astounded at the movements of the ocean steamers and the steamboats, as the boats moved about the harbor.

Christopher Allen who was taken up for breaking into Mr. Reynolds ware-house, had his trial in the District Court yesterday, and was sentenced to one year's confinement in the State Prison.

OUR CHARTER. — It will be observed that the amendments which have been made to the City Charter, are substantially those recommended at the People's Meeting at the Orleans House.

We are indebted to Freeman & Co. for San Francisco papers of Tuesday. They contain nothing of importance.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 21, Friday, 1851: [Modern Times](#), an individualistic, anarchistic utopia, was initiated on this day by [Josiah Warren](#) and [Stephen Pearl Andrews](#) on 750 acres of Long Island, New York. The governing ideas were to be those of "individual sovereignty" and "individual responsibility." All settlers were to be left alone to pursue their self-interest as they saw fit, with no resort to coercion. Everything produced by human labor was to be treated as the private property of the persons providing the labor. Exchange would be by an elaborate system of barter. All land transactions among the settlers were to be at cost, with no person ever to hold more than three acres. There would be no need for a police force, or judicial system, or jail, because complete individuality and self-mastery would of course make resort to such expedients forever unnecessary. This community would dissolve in 1857 and the area is now known as Brentwood; almost all the buildings that existed in the early years are long gone.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 22, Saturday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), C.S.S.R. wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.

Ambrose Thomas was elected to Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini's chair at the Institute. [Hector Berlioz](#) came in 3d.

At the [Harvard Observatory](#), [George Phillips Bond](#) succeeded in making a series of Daguerreotype exposures of Jupiter which seemed to him to include a faint suggestion of the planet's belts as visible by the eye directly through the telescope lens. The planet seemed, despite its great distance, to be of approximately the same brightness as the moon — an early indication of a difference in albedo among the various heavenly bodies.

PHOTOGRAPHY
ASTRONOMY



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 23, Sunday, 1851: The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING AND DEATH. — Yesterday about noon, a man named William Warnecker entered the store of Charles Beer & Co., No. 5, Kearny street, and accidentally shot and killed one Theodore Cramer. The facts, as elicited upon the Coroner's inquest, are these: Cramer, who was a clerk of Mr. Beer, was standing behind the counter, when Warnecker entered. A four-barrelled revolving German pistol, belonging to Mr. Beer and which is always kept loaded at the store, was lying upon the counter. Thia Mr. Warnecker picked up, and inquired the price of it. Before Cramer could reply, tin pistol accidentally went off, and the ball passed directly into Cramer's heart. Ho reeled, and exclaimed, "My God, I'm shot; why are you so careless." A number of officers hearing the shot, entered, and just before Cramer died, he said, "My friend has accidentally shot me." He lived about five minutes. Warnecker was nearly crazy, and was taken in charge by the officers. It seems that Warnecker had been here but a few days, and having brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Cramer he had procured a situation for Warnecker in Coombs' Daguerrean Gallery, and Warnecker bad conn yesterday to thank Mr. Cramer for his kindness when the fatal accident occurred. Cramer was a native of Saxony and has been in California about eight mouths, and has a brother in some part of the mines. He was thirty-one years of age. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that he came to his death by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of William Warnecker. This it another melancholy example of the danger of too common a use of fire arms. Too much care cannot be exercised in the manner in which they are disposed, if kept



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at all, or in which they are handled. In this case carelessness has been the cause of death of a man who was in the very prime of his life.

We notice in the Picayune of yesterday, a statement entirely incorrect, and which is calculated to convey an entirely false impression in this matter. The names given are both wrong, and, instead of the name of the man who actually was shot, (Theodore Cramer.) the name of his employer (Mr. Charles Beer) was given as the man who was killed. How much misery might unnecessarily be brought upon the friends of this man, alive and well, as he is, in a foreign land, should they pick up this paper, and see the record of his death.

Beside this the report in the Picayune is very wrong in the inferences it leaves to be drawn upon the guilt or innocence of Warnecker, the prisoner. By its report he appears to have been guilty, while the evidence before the Coroner's jury was as clear as daylight that the shooting was purely accidental, and thus they rendered their verdict.

Moreover the melancholy affair occurred about noon, and the Coroner's inquest was concluded by one o'clock, at least an hour before the Picayune went to press, so there is no earthly excuse for this most lamentable error. The fact is we very much doubt whether the Picayune man exerted himself to a very great degree to learn the truth in the matter, and has thus procured an entirely incorrect statement of the whole proceeding. In matters which affect life and reputation itemizers cannot be too particular in their accounts, and should at least take the trouble of gathering a report that should appear the most plausible and correct.

OUTSIDE STEALING. — Our merchants cannot be too careful in regard to their samples or packages of goods placed on the outside of their stores. Yesterday morning, an ill looking Chilian was brought before his Honor the Recorder, charged with having stolen six cases of cider and ten kegs of coffee from the store of Messrs. Flint & Peabody, on Clark's Point. He had gone to work very systematically about it, and had hired a negro carman to carry the things away. They were already packed and proceeding up street, when one of the proprietors of the establishment levied on them. All the evidence not being available, the case was continued till Monday.

GREAT COUNTRY THIS. — A genius, packing on his back about twelve hundred dollars of specie in a bag, was very much surprised, yesterday, by hearing it jingle over the sidewalk in Montgomery street, as it poured out of a hole in the bag. He went to work, gathering them up in a hurry, and would permit no one to assist him, not having full faith in the honesty of the Californians. He finally got them all picked up, and went on his way rejoicing.

THE JAPANESE BOY. — Among the shipwrecked Japanese who were brought into this harbor by the barque *Auckland*, is a boy about fourteen years of age, named Sako. He is as bright, and intelligent a little fellow as is often found in any nation, and his clear black eyes appear to drink in all he sees in this to him strange world. He is exceedingly polite, and when spoken to by an American makes a very low salaam. We have understood that a gentleman of this city has much desired to retain Sako in his

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service, if he desired to stay. Poor unsophisticated little fellow; the probability is that were he kept here in this civilized country a few months, and rid of his barbarous and heathenish ideas, he would be dealing French monte or throwing chuck-a-luck, on Long wharf. Better let him return, ere he has learned more than the good features of the Americans. He has a long and probably a useful life before him in his own land, and will be the best ambassador to send from here amongst the Japanese.

We learned yesterday that somebody who had gone on board of the *Auckland*, had, probably by mistake, carried away the chart of the coast of Japan, belonging to the natives, and the only one they have. Whoever has it ought to return it immediately.



March 23: For a week past the elm buds have been swollen. The willow catkins have put out. The ice still remains in Walden though it will not bear. Mather Howard saw a large meadow near his house which had risen up. but was prevented from floating away by the bushes.



March 24, Monday, 1851: After this date if any slaves were **manumitted** in **Kentucky** they would be required to leave the state. Also, any free Negroes returning to or coming into Kentucky, if they remained over 30 days, were to be arrested and punished by confinement.

A Piano Trio op.15/1 by Anton Rubinstein was performed for the 1st time, in Bernadaki Hall, St. Petersburg, the composer at the keyboard.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]



March 25, Tuesday, 1851: The Pleyel piano factory in Paris suffered a devastating fire, throwing hundreds of people out of work. A benefit concert for the workers will be organized by Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

La belle voyageuse for female chorus and orchestra by **Hector Berlioz** to words of Gounet after Moore was performed for the 1st time, at Salle Ste.-Cécile, Paris along with the premiere of Berlioz' La menace des Francs for double chorus and orchestra to anonymous words (both were conducted by the composer).

Camping that night, the white men debated what to name a valley they had just discovered in the mountains of **California**. They agreed upon the name that the white men was already using for the tribe they had found there, Yosemite, rather than use the name these natives were using, Ahwahnee.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE




[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL



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BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]

 March 26, Wednesday, 1851: The 1st synagogue in Boston dedicated and paraded its scrolls of the Torah.¹⁴⁰

In San Francisco, California:

An act passed by the Legislature, ceding, for the period of ninety-nine years, all the right and interest which the State of California had in those parts of the city called the Beach and Water Lots, provided that twenty-five per cent. of all moneys thereafter arising in any way from the sale, or other disposition of the said property, should be paid over by the city to the State. The same act confirmed, also for ninety-nine years, all sales that had previously been made, in virtue of General Kearny's grant to the city, by the ayuntamiento, or town or city council, or by any alcalde of the city, the last having been confirmed by the said ayuntamiento, or town or city council, and the deeds of these sales having been duly registered in the proper books of records. This was a very important act, and tended, in some great degree, to ease the minds of legal possessors of city property. Owing to certain late conflicting decisions of different judges, in regard to real estate, considerable doubt had been cast upon the titles to almost every lot of vacant ground within the municipal bounds, and squatters had been thereby mightily encouraged to invade and secure for themselves the first and best unoccupied land they saw. This led to much confusion and even bloodshed among the contending claimants, and retarded for a considerable time the permanent improvement of the city. The "Colton grants," of recent notoriety, likewise increased the general uncertainty in regard to titles. The above-mentioned act of the Legislature was therefore considered a great benefit, coming when it did, in regard to at least the "Beach and Water Lots," about the titles to which there could be no dispute. An act was passed by the Legislature on the 1st of May following, by which the right of the State to these lots was for ever relinquished to the city, provided only that the latter should confirm the grants of all lots within certain specified limits originally made by justices of the peace. As this provision was intended to sanction some of the obnoxious "Colton grants," the common council did not consider it for the interest of the city to accept the State's relinquishment upon such terms, and accordingly the last-mentioned act became inoperative. The boards of aldermen, however, who happened, it might be said, to be somewhat accidentally in office during 1852, attempted to force the provisions of this most obnoxious act upon the citizens, but were successfully opposed by the veto of Mayor Harris and the general cry of public indignation. The act itself was, on the 12th of March, 1852, repealed by the Legislature, just in time

140. There was already a synagogue in Worcester.

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to prevent some of the usual jobbery.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]



March 27, Thursday, 1851: The Mariposa Battalion of about 200 armed white men entered Yosemite Valley.

One of their armed white men, Lafayette Bunnell, would report that although they found well-tended homes and food stores of the Ahwahneechee, and hearth fires that were still smoldering, they sighted only a single human being, an elderly woman who had obviously been left behind only because too frail to run and hide. He would characterize her as “a peculiar, living ethnological curiosity” and recount that he had asked another of the armed white men to “bring something for it to eat.” “This creature exhibited no expression of alarm,” he continued, “and was apparently indifferent to hope or fear, love or hate” (now, isn’t that interesting). The Mariposa Battalion destroyed everything that they were able to locate that might provide human sustenance or shelter. When they would ride back into Yosemite Valley a few months later they would be able to capture 5 males, including 3 of the sons of headman Tenaya. To celebrate this capture the invaders designated a nearby rock formation “The Three Brothers.” They sent off 2 of their captives to carry the news of their capture to headman Tenaya, summoning him for negotiation. Then, before Tenaya was persuaded to appear, they allowed 2 of the sons to wiggle out of their bonds and make a break for it. One of the sons succeeded in escaping while the other was killed. When Tenaya appeared, the white men observed the father’s grief with amusement, for “the reality” was that these native specimens were “graded low down in the scale of humanity.” Bunnell’s report, which he would publish 29 years later while Yosemite tourism was booming, would reveal him as preoccupied with erasing memory of the existing native names for creeks, rivers, waterfalls, and cliffs. He had nothing but contempt for the sort of white man who would wax romantic over such names “in their desire to cater to the taste of those credulous admirers of the Noble Red Man.”

According to Benjamin Madley, the UCLA author of AN AMERICAN GENOCIDE: THE UNITED STATES AND THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN CATASTROPHE, 1846-1873, the cost of this expedition that killed not fewer than 73 natives, to the California government, would be \$259,372.31.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE


Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d’Indy was born in Paris, the 1st child born to Antonin d’Indy, a wealthy aristocrat, and Matilde de Chabrol-Crousol, also of an aristocratic family. Matilde, age 21, would not survive the birth. Antonin d’Indy would marry again in 1855, a union which would produce 3 more children.



March 27. Walden is ²/₃ broken up It will probably be quite open by to-morrow night.

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 March 28, Friday, 1851: The ice on Walden Pond was completely melted:

WALDEN: In 1845 Walden was first completely open on the 1st of April; in '46, the 25th of March; in '47, the 8th of April; in '51, the 28th of March; in '52, the 18th of April; in '53, the 23rd of March; in '54, about the 7th of April.




Orestes Augustus Brownson wrote to the Reverend I. Th. Hecker (Isaac Hecker).

At the assizes in Norfolk, England, Mr. Justice Erle found the accused George Baldry guilty of having struck the deceased Caroline Warnes on the head with a hammer at Thurlton (although he would be sentenced to be hanged, this would be commuted to transportation for life).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 28TH AND MARCH 29TH]

 March 29, Saturday, 1851: *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* was a libel action being tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in Norwich, England. The accused had published in the Norwich Mercury that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury assessed damages of a farthing. On April 5th, a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel would arrive at the conclusion that this trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription would be collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On April 16th a motion would be made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” would be granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was true no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

After the California legislature passed a law during this year prohibiting Hispanics from mining gold, frustrated Chilean and Mexican miners would begin to turn to armed robbery (Chile provided most of the wheat and prostitutes used by Forty-Niners, while the Mexicans still thought of California as their own). While most of the Hispanic robbers' victims were Chinese or Hispanic rather than Anglo, that was not the way that John Rollin Ridge (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, “Yellow Bird”) would bring forward this story in 1854 — and, that is how we would get THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT.

On this day the Marysville, California Herald printed one of John Rollin Ridge's poems, “The Still Small Voice”:

There is a voice more dear to me
Than man or woman's e'er could be—
A “still small voice” that cheers
The woes of these my darker years.

I hear it in the busy crowd,
Distinct, amid confusion loud;
And in the solemn midnight still,
When mem'ries sad my bosom fill.

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I hear it midst the social glee,
A voice unheard by all but me;
And when my sudden trance is seen,
They wondering ask, what can it mean?

The tones of woman once could cheer,
While woman yet to me was dear,
And sweet were all the dreams of youth,
As aught can be that wanteth truth!

How loved in early manhood's prime,
Ambition's clarion notes sublime!
How musical the tempest's roar,
"That lured to dash me on the shore!"

These tones, and more all beautiful,
That did my youthful spirit lull,
Or made my bosom Rapture's throne,
Have passed away, and left me lone.

And now that I can weep no more
The tears that gave relief of yore,
And now, that from my ruined heart
The forms that make me shudder, start;

I gaze above the world around,
And from the deeps of Heaven's profound,
A "still small voice" descends to me—
"Thou'rt sad, but I'll remember thee!"

As burns the life-light in me low,
And throws its ashes o'er my brow,
When all else flies, it speaks to me—
"Thou't doomed, but I'll remember thee!"

Then let my brow grow sadder yet,
And mountain-high still rise regret;
Enough for me the voice that cheers
The woes of these my darker years.

On this night there was an [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 28TH AND MARCH 29TH]



March 30, Sunday, [1851](#): A population census was taken in the United Kingdom. It would conclude that the population had reached 21,000,000, of whom 6,300,000 lived in cities of 20,000 or more in England and Wales, such clusters of citizens accounting for some 35% of the total. [Prideaux John Selby](#) and Lewis Tabitha Mitford appeared in the census in Adderstone House, Lucker Village, Adderstone, Northumberland, England.

It is clear from the content of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal that he has been reading in [Thomas De Quincey](#)'s THE CÆSARS (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1851, one in an extended series of volumes of DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS that would not to be complete for any number of years):

THE CÆSARS



March 30: Spring is already upon us. I see the tortoises or rather I hear them drop from the



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bank into the brooks at my approach— The catkins of the alders have blossomed The pads are springing at the bottom of the water —the Pewee is heard & the lark.

“It is only the squalid savages and degraded boschmen of creation that have their feeble teeth and tiny stings steeped in venom, and so made formidable,” — ants, centipedes, and mosquitoes, spiders, wasps, and scorpions. — Hugh Miller.

To attain to a true relation to one human creature is enough to make a year memorable.
The man for whom law exists —the man of forms, the conservative— is a tame man.

CARRYING OFF SIMS

A recent English writer ([De Quincey](#)), endeavoring to account for the atrocities of Caligula and Nero, their monstrous and anomalous cruelties, and the general servility and corruption which they imply, observes that it is difficult to believe that “the descendants of a people so severe in their habits” as the Romans had been “could thus rapidly “have degenerated and that, “in reality, the citizens of Rome were at this time a new race, brought together from every quarter of the world, but especially from Asia.” A vast “proportion of the ancient citizens had been cut off by the sword,” and such multitudes of emancipated slaves from Asia had been invested with the rights of citizens “that, in a single generation, Rome became almost transmuted into a baser metal.” As [Juvenal](#) complained, “the Orontes ... had mingled its impure waters with those of the Tiber.” And “probably, in the time of Nero, not one man in six was of pure Roman descent.” Instead of such, says another, “came Syrians, Cappadocians, Phrygians, and other enfranchised slaves.” “These in half a century had sunk so low, that Tiberius pronounced her [Rome’s] very senators to be *homines ad servitutem natos*, men born to be slaves.”



March 31, Monday, 1851: A letter was posted from Evansville, Indiana by the [Reverend Nathan Robinson Johnston](#) (1820-1904), a Reformed Presbyterian Covenanter minister, to William Still, that tells us something about early uses of the new and novel [telegraph](#) apparatus of communication at a distance, and also tells us something about the [Underground Railroad](#), and the Fugitive Slave Law, and American [race slavery](#) in general (we know of this letter by virtue of [William Lloyd Still](#)’s [THE UNDERGROUND RAIL ROAD. A RECORD OF FACTS, AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES, LETTERS, &C., NARRATING THE HARDSHIPS HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES AND DEATH STRUGGLES OF THE SLAVES IN THEIR EFFORTS FOR FREEDOM, AS RELATED BY THEMSELVES AND OTHERS, OR WITNESSED BY THE AUTHOR TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDERS, AND MOST LIBERAL AIDERS AND ADVISERS, OF THE ROAD](#), published in 1872):

WM. STILL: *Dear Sir*, — On last Tuesday I mailed a letter to you, written by Seth Concklin. I presume you have received that letter. It gave an account of his rescue of the family of your brother. If that is the last news you have had from them, I have very painful intelligence for you. They passed on from near Princeton, where I saw them and had a lengthy interview with them, up north, I think twenty-three miles above Vincennes, Ind., where they were seized by a party of men, and lodged in jail. [Telegraphic](#) dispatches were sent all through the South. I have since learned that the Marshall of Evansville received a dispatch from Tuscumbia, to look out for them. By some means, he and the master, so says report, went to Vincennes and claimed the fugitives, chained Mr. Concklin and hurried all off. Mr. Concklin wrote to Mr. David Stormon, Princeton, as soon as he was cast into prison, to find bail. So soon as we got the letter and could get off, two of us were about setting off to render all possible aid, when we were told they all had passed, a few hours before, through Princeton, Mr. Concklin in chains. What kind of process was had, if any, I know not. I immediately

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came down to this place, and learned that they had been put on a boat at 3 P.M. I did not arrive until 6. Now all hopes of their recovery are gone. No case ever so enlisted my sympathies. I had seen Mr. Concklin in Cincinnati. I had given him aid and counsel. I happened to see them after they landed in Indiana. I heard Peter and Levin tell their tale of suffering, shed tears of sorrow for them all; but now, since they have fallen a prey to the unmerciful blood-hounds of this state, and have again been dragged back to unrelenting bondage, I am entirely unmanned. And poor Concklin! I fear for him. When he is dragged back to Alabama, I fear they will go far beyond the utmost rigor of the law, and vent their savage cruelty upon him. It is with pain I have to communicate these things. But you may not hear them from him. I could not get to see him or them, as Vincennes is about thirty miles from Princeton, where I was when I heard of the capture.

I take pleasure in stating that, according to the letter he (Concklin) wrote to Mr. D. Stewart, Mr. Concklin did not abandon them, but risked his own liberty to save them. He was not with them when they were taken; but went afterwards to take them out of jail upon a writ of Habeas Corpus, when they seized him too and lodged him in prison.

I write in much haste. If I can learn any more facts of importance, I may write you. If you desire to hear from me again, or if you should learn any thing specific from Mr. Concklin, be pleased to write me at Cincinnati, where I expect to be in a short time. If curious to know your correspondent, I may say I was formerly Editor of the "New Concord Free Press," Ohio. I only add that every case of this kind only tends to make me abhor my (no!) *this* country more and more. It is the Devil's Government, and God will destroy it.

Yours for the slave, N.R. JOHNSTON.

P.S. I broke open this letter to write you some more. The foregoing pages were written at night. I expected to mail it next morning before leaving Evansville; but the boat for which I was waiting came down about three in the morning; so I had to hurry on board, bringing the letter along. As it now is I am not sorry, for coming down, on my way to St. Louis, as far as Paducah, there I learned from a colored man at the wharf that, that same day, in the morning, the master and the family of fugitives arrived off the boat, and had then gone on their journey to Tusculumbia, but that the "white man" (Mr. Concklin) had "got away from them," about twelve miles up the river. It seems he got off the boat some way, near or at Smithland, Ky., a town at the mouth of the Cumberland River. I presume the report is true, and hope he will finally escape, though I was also told that they were in pursuit of him. Would that the others had also escaped. Peter and Levin could have done so, I think, if they had had resolution. One of them rode a horse, he not tied either, behind the coach in which the others were. He followed apparently "contented and happy." From report, they told their master, and even their pursuers, before the master came, that Concklin had decoyed them away, they coming unwillingly. I write on a very unsteady boat.

Yours, N.R. JOHNSTON.

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A report found its way into the papers to the effect that "Miller," the white man arrested in connection with the capture of the family, was found drowned, with his hands and feet in chains and his skull fractured. It proved, as his friends feared, to be Seth Concklin. And in irons, upon the river bank, there is no doubt he was buried.

In this dreadful hour one sad duty still remained to be performed. Up to this moment the two sisters were totally ignorant of their brother's whereabouts. Not the first whisper of his death had reached them. But they must now be made acquainted with all the facts in the case. Accordingly an interview was arranged for a meeting, and the duty of conveying this painful intelligence to one of the sisters, Mrs. Supplee, devolved upon Mr. McKim. And most tenderly and considerately did he perform his mournful task.

Although a woman of nerve, and a true friend to the slave, an earnest worker and a liberal giver in the Female Anti-Slavery Society, for a time she was overwhelmed by the intelligence of her brother's death. As soon as possible, however, through very great effort, she controlled her emotions, and calmly expressed herself as being fully resigned to the awful event. Not a word of complaint had she to make because she had not been apprised of his movements; but said repeatedly, that, had she known ever so much of his intentions, she would have been totally powerless in opposing him if she had felt so disposed, and as an illustration of the true character of the man, from his boyhood up to the day he died for his fellow-man, she related his eventful career, and recalled a number of instances of his heroic and daring deeds for others, sacrificing his time and often periling his life in the cause of those who he considered were suffering gross wrongs and oppression. Hence, she concluded, that it was only natural for him in this case to have taken the steps he did. Now and then overflowing tears would obstruct this deeply thrilling and most remarkable story she was telling of her brother, but her memory seemed quickened by the sadness of the occasion, and she was enabled to recall vividly the chief events connected with his past history. Thus his agency in this movement, which cost him his life, could readily enough be accounted for, and the individuals who listened attentively to the story were prepared to fully appreciate his character, for, prior to offering his services in this mission, he had been a stranger to them.

The following extract, taken from a letter of a subsequent date, in addition to the above letter, throws still further light upon the heart-rending affair, and shows Mr. Johnston's deep sympathy with the sufferers and the oppressed generally -



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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. N.R. JOHNSTON.

My heart bleeds when I think of those poor, hunted and heart-broken fugitives, though a most interesting family, taken back to bondage ten-fold worse than Egyptian. And then poor Concklin! How my heart expanded in love to him, as he told me his adventures, his trials, his toils, his fears and his hopes! After hearing all, and then seeing and communing with the family, now joyful in hopes of soon seeing their husband and father in the land of freedom; now in terror lest the human blood-hounds should be at their heels, I felt as though I could lay down my life in the cause of the oppressed. In that hour or two of intercourse with Peter's family, my heart warmed with love to them. I never saw more interesting young men. They would make Remonds or Douglasses, if they had the same opportunities. While I was with them, I was elated with joy at their escape, and yet, when I heard their tale of woe, especially that of the mother, I could not suppress tears of deepest emotion.

My joy was short-lived. Soon I heard of their capture. The [telegraph](#) had been the means of their being claimed. I could have torn down all the [telegraph](#) wires in the land. It was a strange dispensation of Providence.

On Saturday the sad news of their capture came to my ears. We had resolved to go to their aid on Monday, as the trial was set for Thursday. On Sabbath, I spoke from Psalm xii. 5. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise," saith the Lord: "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at (from them that would enslave) him." When on Monday morning I learned that the fugitives had passed through the place on Sabbath, and Concklin in chains, probably at the very time I was speaking on the subject referred to, my heart sank within me. And even yet, I cannot but exclaim, when I think of it - O, Father! how long ere Thou wilt arise to avenge the wrongs of the poor slave! Indeed, my dear brother, His ways are very mysterious. We have the consolation, however, to know that all is for the best. Our Redeemer does all things well. When He hung upon the cross, His poor broken hearted disciples could not understand the providence; it was a dark time to them; and yet that was an event that was fraught with more joy to the world than any that has occurred or could occur. Let us stand at our post and wait God's time. Let us have on the whole armor of God, and fight for the right, knowing, that though we may fall in battle, the victory will be ours, sooner or later.

* * * * *

May God lead you into all truth, and sustain you in your labors, and fulfill your prayers and hopes. Adieu.

N.R. JOHNSTON.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 31ST]

SPRING 1851

Spring 1851: Lysander Spooner visited New-York, to discover that he had been hopelessly outdistanced by his competitor for recognition Barnabas Bates. He would be informed frankly by Joshua Leavitt that the postal reformers could not understand why they should feel any obligation to someone like him — who had engaged in a business for profit and then failed. Duh.

At the age of 19 Franklin Benjamin Sanborn visited Boston a 2d time.

After a hiatus Henry Thoreau began to work again upon his WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS manuscript (Draft C becoming Draft D).

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

Spring 1851: Brownson's Quarterly Review, No. 1¹⁴¹

CATHOLICISM

- I. *Bushnell on the Trinity*
- II. The Hungarian Rebellion
 - 1. *The Village Notary; a Romance of Hungarian Life*, by Otto Wenckstern
 - 2. *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*, by Theresa Pulszky
 - 3. *The Hungarian Revolution*, by Johann Pragay
 - 4. *Parallels between the Hungarian and British Constitutions*, by J. Toulmin Smith
 - 5. *The Christian Examiner, for May, 1850, Art. VIII*
- III. *The Canon of the Scripture*
- IV. *The Higher Law* [Conscience and the Constitution, with remarks on a recent speech by Hon. Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States on the subject of Slavery.]
- V. *The Decline of Protestantism*
- VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON


141. Refer to Brownson, Orestes A. ESSAYS AND REVIEWS: CHIEFLY ON THEOLOGY, POLITICS, AND SOCIALISM. NY: Arno Press, 1972 [1852], pages 349-67.



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APRIL 1851

 April 1851: George H. Goddard wrote from [San Francisco](#) to his brother Augustus Goddard:

My Dear Augustus,
I shall now, according to my promise of last evening, give you some little description of those places in the Southern Mines where my winter has been passed. You will recollect that when I wrote on the eve of leaving San Francisco on November last, I expected that Dr. Manning would have accompanied me. In this, however, I was at the moment of departure, disappointed and I therefore proceeded alone, taking the Steamer which left this place at 4 o'clock P.M. 15th Nov. I arrived at Stockton by daylight the following morning, and being as you know short of funds I determined to go the nearest diggings to Stockton to try my luck – Fate, however, willed to the contrary. A gentleman who had been a fellow passenger on board the Steamer introduced me to an agent of Col. Fremont, who after much humbug and a delay of 2 days, engaged me to go to Mariposa, the farthest off of the Southern Mines, under the idea that there was to be a geological survey of the estate made, and also that my engineering knowledge would enable them to get their quartz crushing mill at work and the mine in operation. Believing that this would be an opening to a permanent engagement I was induced to go up. Accordingly I put the baggage I had brought up with me, 200 weight, into an ox team that was going to that part of the country and determined to make the journey on foot myself. Stockton, I must tell you, is built on flat marshy land, the plains, in fact and is a dull place, all the houses of wood as at San Francisco. The streets are laid out in squares and wide, and the country here makes no obstacles to the American love of straight lines. The plains in this part are thinly dotted with oak trees, which in the distance gave the country a rather park-like appearance. On the afternoon of Monday 18th November, the wagon left and I started. I had several walking companions and we made about twelve miles the first day, and put up for the night at a miserable tent where they gave us nothing but bad bread, worse ham, miserable coffee, of course without milk although the place is first rate for cattle, however such is the carelessness that nothing is done for comfort. For this fare one dollar was the charge which is the regular charge for a meal throughout the mines. I laid my blankets on a bench and managed to sleep in spite of the fleas which kept up a vigorous attack all night. At daylight we were up and started. The country was now getting more barren and soon we left the oaks altogether and crossed about 18 miles quite barren. Then we approached the Stanislaus River on whose banks the oaks again appeared. By a little after dark we got up to the river and put up for the night.

The following day, after a similar day's journey, still across



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the plains, we arrived at the Tuolumne River and on the fourth day, after a like journey, I arrived at the Merced River where I had to remain as the team here parted company with me. I waited therefore until the third day and then got another team for Mariposa. About six miles after leaving the Merced, one begins to enter the mountains, which during the last day's journey showed well as one approached them. Unfortunately the weather set in wet, which, walking over the soft earth and mud of the hills made it difficult for the wagon to get along. That night we put up at a place called the Texican tent. The country had now become very pretty, fine old oaks thinly scattered particularly around the ravines and streams. The next day's journey led us over an exceedingly high mountain that took us about six hours ascending and from which there was a splendid view over the lower hills and plains down to the rivers of the plain and the coast line of mountains the opposite side. The weather was still rainy, so it was not in perfection when I crossed. The wagon got stuck this day in the road, mired down as they call it, - that is to say the wagon sunk into the mud half way up the wheels and the mules were half buried in their struggle to get it out. I feared it was a gone case with baggage and all, but after a long delay it was got out and the rain falling fast and night approaching and not wishing to sleep out in such weather I walked on ahead of the wagon and about an hour after dark got into a tent kept by a Norwegian and his wife where I remained until morning. The wagon still not coming up, I set off, and got to Aqua Fria about noon where I saw the first of the diggings. The accounts of the miners were not favorable. The rain had stopped them and just that day, being fine, they had set to work again. I hoped to do pretty well, but I saw at once from the ragged condition of the men, the wretched discomfort of their living and habitations, that in spite of their hard work, they had little gold. I got to Mariposa that afternoon, the 25th but was again doomed to disappointment. Colonel Fremont's agent there said the survey was not to take place until the Spring, and the Machine was already put up but not at work. Indeed, after a little examination I found it was totally unfit for what it was intended, too light and of wrong construction. Indeed the Colonel had gotten it at a manufactory on his own judgment and not being an engineer had of course been nicely taken in and had gotten a little model engine instead of a real working one. However, there it was, and getting it out and fixing and all had cost them above \$30,000 and now it would not crush enough quartz to pay the expense of the fire for the boiler! So much for private Gentlemen meddling in things they don't understand.

I afterwards found that this is the American mode, - that a civil engineer is never employed in the first place to give a report of whatever is wanted or to prepare a design, but that the Gentleman always goes to the manufacturer and tells him what he wants and relies on his honesty and knowledge, and this is the principal reason why none of the steam engines put up in this country answer; they are constructed for other circumstances and you might as well take an Arabian horse and put to a coal cart as take a locomotive boiler and engine and apply it for a stationary engine. Machines must be designed for what is wanted

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or they can't be expected to answer.

Well, there was nothing for me to do and so the agent said I would better go to the boarding house and remain until Colonel Fremont arrived who was then expected and in the meantime make some views of the country as the Colonel had once wanted some. So accordingly I employed myself in this manner for nearly six weeks, indeed until a week after Christmas, always waiting the arrival of the Colonel. Finding then that he did not come I set to work digging for a week and got about two dollars of gold in that time altho my expenses were \$14 per week. I then got an order for a colored drawing of the Ava Maria Valley, the next one to Mariposa, with the quartz works of Stockton Aspinwall and Co., which brought me in \$80 but still being in arrears with my board I had to set to work digging again, and as one can't manage alone, I got a partner and we started to Coloraos' digging about five miles from Mariposa where I borrowed an old tent and we set to work in regular miners style of which I will try to give you some description. We got to Colorao in the evening of 7th January and slept in the log cabin of Vincent Haller who was in that expedition of Colonel Fremont's across the Paso del Norte when half the party perished in the snow. He related me all the particulars of that terrible scene; the little cabin, about eight feet square with four of us in it, sitting on trunks and stools 'round a fire in one corner, with all the dirt and mess and discomfort of Californian pigging, for it is no better, made a scene not easily forgotten. Well, after a night's rest we were up by daylight when I and my partner set to and put up our own tent making up places to sleep on just off the ground as it was still wet, snow being on the ground in many places. It took all that day to get things a little to rights. I had with me a six pound pot of preserved beef and so we roasted some coffee and ground it and made some bread from the flour we brought up and this made a meal. There was not fresh meat to be procured as this place was quite in the mountains with only a few tents and cabins about. In the morning we would get up by daylight and boil water after having made a wood fire on the ground outside the tent. Then we made coffee and ate breakfast and went off to work. At noon we returned and took a little bread and preserved meat and then to work again and about five we returned for the day, made supper and, after resting a bit, making bread, grinding coffee, washing plates, and cups and so forth and getting our eyes well smoked over the wood fire, we got to bed before eight. The nights were very cold although the days were generally warm and pleasant. The country at Colorao was much higher in the mountains than Mariposa the latter being in a deep valley.

The scenery there is very pretty as you will say when you see the views I have made. There are magnificent old oaks about and plenty of pines, but at Colorao the oaks are fewer and the pines more plentiful. The rock of the country was all about the same, a talcose slate, with all the allied rocks of that formation, thickly interspersed with quartz veins, some of which had gold in visible specks in the quartz, though generally, there was not any to be seen, though after grinding a little came out, but not in paying quantities. The gold in the ravine and over the surface in many parts, came, there is no question, from these quartz

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veins, the whole soil of the country is the debris of these rocks and the talc slate and of course where the quartz, sand and gravel have gone the gold has followed, tho' being of greater specific gravity, it is lower down and often in the holes and crevices of the bed rock itself – but I cannot now enter into any geological description. I will tell you a little about the digging which I dare say you will be interested in.

In the first place I said the rock of the country is generally talc slate or of that character. On the side of the mountains there is not perhaps about a foot of soil on the rock, but in the valleys, of course, in some places the soil has accumulated to a greater depth, according to the steepness of the hills this varies in different diggings. At Mariposa the depth to the bed rock is on an average four to six feet through of course there are irregularities, holes and crevices that considerably alter this, and then again sometimes the rock stands right out of the ground. At Colorao the rock is generally not above two to three feet from the surface; the gold is generally found on the surface of the bed rock or in the clay and gravel immediately on the rock. If the diggings are three feet deep, one would wash one foot of the soil on the rock; if the diggings are six feet deep, perhaps two feet or even three feet might pay to wash. If the rock lies high in reference to the water level of the adjoining stream, the diggings are usually very poor; the best depth for working is when the bed rock shows at about two feet below the water level, for when much deeper it becomes such heavy work to keep out the water as it filters through the gravel and layers of sand and requires being baled out all the while one is working. Having marked off thirty feet of ground that one fancies may pay, one proceeds to dig up the top soil and stones for about six feet long, 24 ft. wide. After having gotten the hole 2 or 3 feet deep, in all probability one is at the water level of the stream when one digs one end always lower so as to let the water drain to one side and one digger sets at the baling; if the rock is then about a foot or two still deeper one generally takes a pan full of the soil and carefully washes it and if one gets enough gold from that, say from 2 to 5 cents, one throws it all up to wash, but if there is less than 2 cents one digs on and throws it away as it does not pay to wash. At last when one gets to the rock one has to scrape it with a knife, all the little holes and crevices one cleans out, and if the rock is slate one breaks it up about a foot deep so as to get the gold that has lodged between the slates. Very often the water comes in so fast that one cannot keep it under and then of course the gold is lost as it sinks always to the lowest bottom so as the work goes on the gold is always remaining behind. Most of the richest holes in the country are in this position. It would require heavy pumping engines to keep out the water and then of course the water could be gotten out but in all probability there would not be sufficient to pay, for a hole as you may suppose is very soon worked out.

If one end of the hole has appeared richer than the other, one continues on the hole in that direction and endeavors to keep on the rich lead, but this is very difficult now to do, as there are such an infirmity of holes sunk in all directions which, of course, are all full of water that they form wells

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which flood you if you get near them and require extensive draining to be able to do any good with and then at last so much having to be dug over, that has already been washed, to get at the fresh ground, the amount of work exceeds the profit. In sinking these holes in the old beds of the stream one has plenty of difficulties to encounter besides the water. Sometimes large trees have to be cut down and immense roots dug up, with large boulder rocks which have been washed down by former torrents, but oftener the ground is covered with willows like the banks of the stream at Arlvey, only that being a torrent stream, there is little or no alluvial soil it is principally gravel and stones and clay. These willows are very difficult to dig up and occupy of course a long time, and often, after all it is labor in vain. Well, after the dirt for washing has been thrown out one usually washes it in a cradle ... A bucket full of dirt is put into the hopper at a time and when well washed the larger stones are left in the top. One casts one's eye over to see if there are any large lumps of gold and then throws the stones out and puts in another bucket-full and so on. At the mines they generally think that to dig off the top soil, throw up the dirt for washing and wash 100 buckets of it, is an ordinary day's work and the dirt is considered rich when it pays 5 cents to the bucket full on the average, which makes it about \$5 or 1 lb. per day. The average the miners have been making does not amount to more than \$3 (per day?) for the winter. Of course sometimes larger bits of gold turn up, but this is all good luck, and one can't depend on it. If the fine gold pays \$5 a day it is as much as one can expect, but of course it is hard work and a man who has been a laborer all his life can dig and wash more dirt than you or I could. The consequence is everything is inverted (?) in this country - the man who makes the most money is the hardest working laborer while the man of education has nothing but to enter an unequal competition with the laborer and, of course, prove not his equal. Of course, therefore, in a society in which the vulgar play the higher part you cannot expect much refinement and delicacy - indeed it looks like affectation to be different. The love of equality, too, of the Americans is so opposed to our notions they make no distinction in society, and because every man is politically equal they associate together as equals, and if you only heard the way in which Boston and some of the best places in the States are abused for their aristocracy which simply amounts to this, - that a Gentleman does not invite his Cattle driver or laborer to his dinner table, that he prefers the society of his own class, - this is the subject of quarrel between the Democracy and the Wiggs (?) of the States. So of course the latter people are outnumbered by the mass of the people. Then, too, their ideas of equality interfere with their looking to the law as a tribunal of justice and they are so fond of taking the law into their own hands. Indeed, a perfect American must know something of everything, a general smattering of every kind of knowledge, and as he has the highest opinion of himself, he fancies that he is superior in each subject to the person who even may have made that subject the study of his life. He is not only the smartest and quickest in business but he can cook, cut down a tree, open a gold mine, work a steam engine, or sail a ship better than any man, and to his various

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accomplishments, he can do the part of the hangman or the bully. This is a feeling that pervades all the Americans I have seen here, who are from almost all the States of the Union, principally, of course, from the Western States, from New Orleans and New York. Even those, from the best towns, that belong to the shopkeeper class, are the same brags. There is not the division of laborers amongst them that we have in England and of course things are never therefore so well done as you may suppose.

Well, I must now tell you that after working on until January 16th at Colorao and having only dug in all that time about \$12 between us, and being out of provisions, and altogether sick of my partner, who was from New York State and according to his own account could do everything, but who, I soon found, could do nothing but smoke and spit and brag, I determined to return to Mariposa and remain at the boarding house and try and work on my own account without I met a partner I could get on better with.

Well, I set out a claim on Mariposa River but the water was too high and I had to wait until it sunk. I cut ditches and drains and turned the river all by myself and then waited the falling of the water. I had then an order for another drawing, which I did and I made several more sketches of views about the place. I went also to several of the other places in the neighborhood and dug a little, just Prospecting as it is called, but in most places there was too much water to work without a partner.

At last I determined to set in to digging again and got one of the Cornish miners, who came out in the Diana, to join me and an American from New York City, - rather better than most of them, and so we set in to work my claim at Mariposa which I had previously drained in a measure. We worked for about a week and I got about \$16 as my share which just paid the living for the time, and then the two I was working with, being real workmen and of course able to throw up more dirt in a day than I could, got careless and pretended that place would not pay to work and so we gave it up, but I saw they wanted to get rid of me so as to have more to divide between them, which was but natural. Of course I could have kept my claim, but as there was too much water to work it alone I determined to return to San Francisco, and see Colonel Fremont and get some money for the drawings. I was also very anxious to get my letters which were in the post as there is no regular post beyond Stockton. There are expresses that bring up letters once a month but they are private people and very uncertain and charge \$2 per letter and I was too short of money and too uncertain of remaining to give my name to the express.

Well, after having sold off all the baggage I had at Mariposa, I paid my bill. I left on foot for Agua Fria. I sold my things very well. My rifle, pistols, and mattress I sold for \$100, and I thus managed to sell sufficient to pay my expenses and set off to return to San Francisco on foot, carrying blankets and making sketches as I came down. After a day or two spent at Agua Fria, I heard that Col. Fremont had come to Mariposa, so I returned there. I saw him but he had no money and said he did not intend having the survey done, - that the mine would not be in operation and as to my drawings I had made he did not want them, that his

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agent had no authority from him to order them and at any rate the matter must be left over until the return of his agent from the States, which would not be for three months. He was very sorry I should be inconvenienced by it and all the rest, but could do nothing.

Well, I consulted a lawyer who agreed to bring an action against the Colonel for \$200 for the drawings I had done for him, and not to charge me if we failed, but after thinking it all over, I determined not to bring the action as I should have been detained there three weeks and been thus at living expenses all the time without much chance of making money in the meantime, and if I gained the action, expenses would have pretty well taken up all the profits and I should have been out of pocket the drawings which have been admired by everybody and I have been so strongly recommended to publish them in lithography and I have been told that I shall sell enough to make a large sum by them in the States that I determined to keep all I had and not bother about Col. Fremont any more and so I once again started for this place, making several interesting views as I came down. In Bear Valley Col. Hayden made me remain at his place a week and I made views of his works and the quartz run and some others, views from which I can make proper drawings, for, not having drawing paper with me, I could not finish them there. He has given me an order for three drawings for which he is to give me \$125, but as he has no money at present I shall not do them until I see if his works succeeds. I made a sketch map of Bear Valley which altogether brought me in \$25, so here I am, worse off as far as money goes than when I went to the mines.

I may say my rifle, pistols and many other things are ate up but then the winter is not through and I have altogether 25 or 30 sketches on hand from which I can some time sit down and make proper drawings, and then I have now gained experience of the mines and know exactly the tools to take up and how to manage and so I hope I may put this knowledge to profit in my next visit which I purpose making on Monday. Dr. Manning, in whose room I am staying now, has determined to go up with me and there is another gentleman who came out Dr. in the Lady Amburst who is up at Wood's diggings and so we are going to join him, and a party of three of us, boarding ourselves, ought to do something. But as long as I can do something just to give me a little money, I must look to my drawings for my pile, as the Americans say. One thing, however, the country is most healthy the scenery beautiful, and one has no such feeling as one would have in London without a shilling in one's pocket. One has a Bank here, but it is in the bed of the river and the gold must be dug out and not drawn. I think now I have given you a pretty good sketch of what I have been about. We have been all the winter in the seat of the Indian disturbances and have had plenty of false reports and exaggerations, - the unfortunate Indians are shot down like deer by the Americans and because they refused to work for some (?) of them. a man (?) of the name of Savage who had made them work for him and bring him a pound of gold for which he gave them a pound of tobacco -because at last they preferred to live in their old valleys- and went away and left him, he set off after them and has gotten up a large party to go fighting them, till at last there is a regular war carried on. The United



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States Government has sent out two commissioners but they are not much attended to and troops have been gotten together, but as the Americans choose their own officers, instead of choosing a real officer, they have chosen Savage who is now dubbed Major Savage. Poor people they are doomed to be exterminated as they seem unfit to live in any mode but their own, and as that can't continue and they must either set in to work or be hunted down they will soon disappear.

I must now conclude this as I am in the midst of packing up and selling off things previously to going to the mines for another campaign, which I trust will be more successful than the last.

So adieu once more —

Yours affly

George H Goddard

Herman Melville wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne:

Take God out of the dictionary, and you would have Him in the street.

At about this point Henry Thoreau was written to by a “W. Cushing” presumably in Bedford, Massachusetts. This would not have been the high judicial official of that name — so it may well have been the Reverend William Orcutt Cushing, a Unitarian minister and, in a later timeframe, an author of hymns. But we don't know.

O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly.
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

Chorus: Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee. [Chorus]

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe.
How often when trials like sea billows roll
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. [Chorus]

The letter below, without date or place of origin, is signed “*W. Cushing*” and “*Chairman Ex. Com^{tee}.*” (If Thoreau did lecture in Bedford in or around this month, the speculation is that he would likely have read “Economy,” “Cape Cod,” or “Walking.”)

To: HDT

From: W. Cushing

Date: 4/51

{MS torn} *us.*


Will you please give us an answer—and your subject—i[f] you consent to come—by Mr. Charles Bowers,



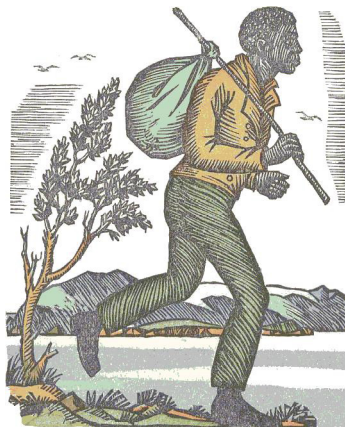
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who is to lecture here tomorrow evening {MS torn}
Respectfully yours
W. Cushing
Chairman Ex. Com^{tee}—
Mr. Henry D. Thoreau
Concord—

 April 1851: In this month and the next, the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) affair would be furnishing [Henry Thoreau](#) with illustrative material for “[SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#)”. That is to say, the variety of kidnappers known as “slave catchers” were in the process of kidnapping a teenage [Boston](#) waiter known to them as “fugitive slave Sims.” [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) would be defending, but unsuccessfully, as such kidnapping was not then a federal crime but instead a federal perpetration.¹⁴²

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



Friend [Seth Concklin](#) had spirited the wife Lavinia and the children of [Peter Still](#) away and they had made it all the way up out of Alabama and out of the South into Indiana — but then at one point Concklin had needed to be away on an errand and, during his absence, the Still family was captured. When he tried to obtain a writ of *habeas corpus* he also was thrown in the Indiana jail. After murdering him, the slave-catchers would restore the black family to its Alabama slavemaster.

The Reverend [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) was summoned from his place of residence in Syracuse, New York to the bedside of his father in Newark, New Jersey:

After his escape, my father learned to read, so that he could enjoy the priceless privilege of searching the Scriptures. Supporting himself by his trade as a house painter, or whatever else offered (as he was a man of untiring industry), he lived in Cumberland County, New Jersey, from 1820 until 1826; in New York city from that year until 1838; and in the city of Newark, New Jersey, from 1838 until May 1851, when he died, at the age of 68.... In April I was summoned to his bedside, where I found him the victim of paralysis. After spending some few days with him, and leaving him very much better, I went to Pennsylvania on business, and returned in about ten days, when he appeared still very comfortable; I then, for a few days, left him. My mother and I knew that another attack was to be feared — another, we knew too well, would prove fatal; but when it would occur was of course beyond our knowledge; but we hoped for the best. My



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father and I talked very freely of his death. He had always maintained that a Christian ought to have his preparation for his departure made, and completed in Christ, before death, so as when death should come he should have nothing to do BUT TO DIE. "That," said my father, "is enough to do at once: let repenting, believing, everything else, be sought at a proper time; let dying alone be done at the dying time." In my last conversation with him he not only maintained, but he felt, the same. Then, he seemed as if he might live a twelvemonth....

142. Under the heading "Pacifist, Thoreau not a" on page 191 of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, a history written by the anti-pacifist Ruth R. Wheeler, the incident of the return of [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) is cited as one of the author's two proof-texts, demonstrating that [Henry Thoreau](#) believed in resisting evil, and was characterized as follows:

Henry Thoreau at this time (April, 1851) expressed himself at length and bitterly in his Journal. He was proud to read that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of CONCORD but when he thought what a short time Foster had lived in Concord, he was ashamed that the Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers, descendants of the men who had fought at the bridge for their liberty, should be celebrating that fight on April 19th while themselves unwilling to do anything to help three million slaves attain their freedom.

But I would have done with comparing ourselves with our ancestors, for I believe that even they, if somewhat braver and less corrupt than we, were not men of so much principle and generosity as to go to war in behalf of another race in their midst. I do not believe that the North will soon come to blows with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to be written in the history of the race at present.

History in 1861 was to show how wrong Thoreau was in this estimate.

The man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the Simms case was, of course, the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#), the [Concord](#) minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah GA in 1851 — not Thoreau. Leaving the Concord church, Foster had become Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was in attendance when Captain [John Brown](#) spoke before a committee about the [Kansas Territory](#) troubles. Almost immediately afterward he quit his Chaplaincy and moved to Kansas, "convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious." 

I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown's company in the next Kansas war; which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.


(Clearly, Wheeler was neither a reader with any capacity to recognize sarcasm nor a writer with any capacity to reserve judgment.)


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 April/May [1851](#): At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:

*It is now as disgraceful to be a Bostonian as it was hitherto a credit.... I met an episcopal clergyman, & allusion being made to Mr Webster's treachery, he replied "Why, do you know I think that the great action of his life?" I opened a paper today in which he pounds on the old strings in a letter to the Washington Birth Day feasters at N.Y. "Liberty! liberty!" Pho! Let Mr Webster for decency's sake shut his lips once & forever on this word. The word **liberty** in the mouth of Mr Webster sounds like the word **love** in the mouth of a courtesan.... What a moment was lost when Judge Lemuel Shaw declined to affirm the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law!*




 April [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 April [1851](#): [Andrew Jackson Downing](#) was invited by [President Millard Fillmore](#) to superintend the work of converting 160 acres of government land in Washington DC near the Capitol building, the White House, and the Smithsonian Institution into gardens and promenades. He set to work on this in full awareness that it was the largest such project ever contemplated in this nation.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

 April 1, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Aaron D. Stevens](#) visited a recruiting depot in [New-York](#) where he met [Major Charles Augustus May](#), who had been a dashing Dragoon hero in the war on [Mexico](#).



circa April 1: "It is only the squalid savages and degraded boschmen of creation that have their feeble teeth & tiny stings steeped in venom, and so made formidable." ants –centipedes, and mosquitos –spiders, wasps, and scorpions– Hugh Miller.

To obtain to a true relation to one human creature is enough to make a year memorable.

The man for whom law exists –the man of forms, the conservative, is a tame man.

A recent English writer (De Quincey) endeavoring to account for the atrocities of [Caligula](#) and [Nero](#) –their monstrous & anomalous cruelties –and the general servility & corruption which they imply– Observes that it is difficult to believe that "the descendents of a people so severe in their habits" as the Romans, "could thus rapidly" have degenerated –that "in reality the citizens of Rome were at this

[Andrew Jackson Downing](#)

["Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project](#)

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time a new race brought together from every quarter of the world, but especially from Asia”
 A vast “proportion of the ancient citizens had been cut off by the sword and such multitudes of emancipated slaves from Asia had been invested with the rights of citizens, “that, in a single generation, Rome became almost transmuted into a baser metal.” As [Juvenal](#) complained– “the Orontes had mingled its impure waters with those of the Tiber.” & “Probably, in the time of Nero, not one man in six was of pure Roman descent.” Instead of such says another “came Syrians, Cappadocians, Phrygians, and other enfranchised slaves” — “these in half a century had sunk so low, that [Tiberius](#) pronounced her (Rome’s) very senators to be *homines ad servitutem natos*, men born to be slaves.”

So one would say, in the absence of particular genealogical evidence, that the vast majority of the inhabitants of the City of Boston –even –those of senatorial dignity –the Curtises– Lunts – Woodbury’s and others –men not descendents of the men of the revolution the Hancocks –Adamses –Otises –but some “syrians Cappadocians & Phrygians,” merely, *homines ad servitutem natos* men born to be slaves

There is such an office if not such a man as the Governor of Massachusetts– What has he been about the last fortnight? He has probably had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake. It seems to me that no such keen satire, no such cutting insult could be offered to that man, as the absence of all inquiry after him in this crisis. It appears to have been forgotten that there was such a man or such an office. Yet no doubt he has been filling the gubernatorial chair all the while.¹⁴³ One Mr Boutwell –so named perchance because he goes about well to suit the prevailing wind

In ’75 2 or 300s of the inhabitants of Concord assembled at one of the bridges with arms in their hands to assert the right of 3 millions to tax themselves, & have a voice in governing themselves– About a week ago the authorities of Boston, having the sympathy of many of the inhabitants of Concord assembled in the grey of the dawn, assisted by a still larger armed force –to send back a perfectly innocent man –and one whom they knew to be innocent into a slavery as complete as the world ever knew Of course it makes not the least difference I wish you to consider this who the man was –whether he was Jesus christ or another– for in as much as ye did it unto the least of these his brethen ye did it unto him Do you think *he* would have stayed here in *liberty* and let the black man go into slavery in his stead? They sent him back I say to live in slavery with other 3 millions mark that –whom the same slave power or slavish power north & south –holds in that condition. 3 millions who do not, like the first mentioned, assert the right to govern themselvs but simply to run away & stay away from their prison-house.

Just a week afterward those inhabitants of this town who especially sympathize with the authorities of Boston in this their deed caused the bells to be rung & the cannons to be fired to celebrate the courage & the love of liberty of those men who assembled at the bridge. As if *those* 3 millions had fought for the right to be free themselves –but to hold in slavery 3 million others

Why gentlemen even consistency though it is much abused is sometimes a virtue.

Every humane & intelligent inhabitant of Concord when he or she heard those bells & those cannon thought not so much of the events of the 19th of April 1775 as of the events of the 12 of April 1851 I wish my townsmen to consider that whatever the human law may be neither an individual nor a nation can ever deliberately commit the least act of injustice without having to pay the penalty for it A government which deliberately enacts injustice –& persists in it! –it will become the laughing stock of the world.

Much as has been said about American slavery, I think that commonly we do not yet realize what slavery is– If I were seriously to propose to congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most would smile at my proposition and if any believed me to be in earnest they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But gentlemen if any of you will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse (would be any worse), than to make him into a slave –than it was then to enact the fugitive-slave law –I shall here accuse him of foolishness –of intellectual incapacity –of making a distinction without a difference.

The one is just as sensible a proposition as the other.

When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last sunday

143. Since this governor’s full name was George Sewall Boutwell, we need to ask whether [Henry Thoreau](#) knew this, and whether he was any relation –or whether Thoreau thought he was any relation– to Ellen Devereux Sewall to whom Thoreau had proposed marriage.

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evening –and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party –and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last & perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling– when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town –was one of doubt & shame –because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town named in such a connexion.

I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot– Why one need not go out of his way to do that– This law lies not at the level of the head or the reason– Its natural habitat is in the dirt. It was bred & has its life only in the dust & mire –on a level with the feet & he who walks with freedom unless with a sort of quibbling & Hindoo mercy he avoids treading on every venomous reptile –will inevitably tread on it & so trample it under foot.

It has come to this that the friends of liberty the friends of the slave have shuddered when they have understood, that his fate has been left to the legal tribunals so called of the country to be decided. The people have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case –the judge may decide this way or that, it is a kind of accident at best– It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. I would not trust the life of my friend to the judges of all the supreme Courts in the world put together –to be sacrificed or saved by precedent– I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people, which would itself be a precedent to posterity– In their vote you would get something worth having at any rate, but in the other case only the trammelled judgment of an individual –of no significance be it which way it will.

I think that recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst –or rather as revealing what are the true sources of justice in any community. It is to some extent fatal to the Courts when the people are compelled to go behind the courts They learn that The courts are made for fair-weather & for very civil cases–

{*One leaf missing*}

let us entertain opinions of our own –let us be a town & not a suburb –as far from Boston in this sense as we were by the old Road which lead through Lexington –a place where tyranny may ever be met with firmness & driven back with defeat to its ships.

Concord has several more bridges left of the same sort which she is taxed to maintain – Can she not raise men to defend them?

As for measures to be adopted among others I would advise abolitionists to make as earnest and vigorous and persevering an assault on the Press, as they have already made and with effect too –on the Church– The Church has decidedly improved within a year or two.– aye even within a fortnight –but the press is almost without exception corrupt. I believe that in this country the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the Church We are not a religious people but we are a nation of politicians we do not much care for –we do not read the Bible –but we do care for & we do read the newspaper– It is a bible which we read every morning & every afternoon standing & sitting –riding & walking– It is a bible which lies on every table & counter which every man carries in his pocket which the mail & thousands of missionaries are continually dispersing– It is the only book which America has printed and is Capable of exerting an almost inconceivable influence for good or for bad. The editor is preacher whom you voluntarily support your tax is commonly one cent –& it costs nothing for pew-hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth– I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent traveller as well as my own convictions when I say that probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as are the editors of the periodical press in *this* country.

Almost without exception the tone of the press is mercenary & servile– The Commonwealth & the Liberator are the only papers as far as I know which make themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice & meanness of the authorities of Boston as lately exhibited. The other journals almost without exception –as the Advertiser the Transcript –the Journal –the Times –Bee –Herald –&c by their manner of referring to & speaking of the Fugitive-slave law or the carrying back of the slave–insult the common sense of the country And they do this for the most part because they think so to secure the approbation of their patrons & also one would think because they are not aware that a sounder sentiment prevails to any extent.

But thank fortune this preacher can be more easily reached by the weapons of the Reformer than

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could the recreant Priest— the *free* men of New England have only to —refrain from purchasing & reading these sheets have only to withhold their cents to kill a score of them at once.

Mahomet made his celestial journey in so short a time that “on his return he was able to prevent the complete overturn of a vase of water, which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.”

When he took refuge in a cave near Mecca being on his flight (Hegira) to Medina. “By the time that the Koreishites [who were close behind] reached the mouth of the cavern, an acacia tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web.”

He said of himself. “I am no king, but the son of a Koreishite woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun.”

He exacted —“a tithe of the productions of the earth, where it was fertilized by brooks & rain; and a twentieth part where its fertility was the result of irrigation.”¹⁴⁴

Holy Qu’ran

April 2, Wednesday, 1851: Phra Nang Klao, known as Siam’s Rama III, died and was succeeded by his half-brother Phra Chom Klao Mongkut, who would reign in Siam for 17 years, into 1868, as Rama IV, opening that country to foreign trade.

Charles Bowers, who was a curator of the Concord Lyceum during the 1850/1851 season, lectured before the Concord Lyceum on the topic of “Shoemakers.”

In the few weeks that the Reverend Daniel Foster was in Concord, Massachusetts before returning to Chester for the birth of his 1st child, an event would occur that would become one of the pivotal moments of his life. Before we get to that event we should read a diary entry that, made on this day just weeks after arriving in Concord, mirrors what had just occurred to him in his church in Chester, where he had been dismissed. Some members of the Concord congregation had already begin to complain that he was preaching about nothing but race slavery. His “double-down” reaction to their objections in Concord presumably reveals how he had reacted to concerns raised by his congregation in Chester.

April 2 1851

I feel a good deal anxious for I learn that some of the people are dissatisfied with my preaching because I make reference so often to slavery. And so I have been trying to prepare sermons for next Sunday in the hopes that they will convince these people of their errors and my truth.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

144. The poet W.H. Auden has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:


THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...


Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
309	Politics and Power	Whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever deliberately commit the least act of injustice without having to pay the penalty for it.



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 April 3, Thursday, 1851: [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#)'s arrest. The United States Commissioner in [Boston](#), [George Ticknor Curtis](#), ordered that that teenage runaway, who had been living and working in Boston, be sent back to his owner in Georgia (who was, possibly, also his father), who in all likelihood would torture him and might well murder him by due process of law.

Sims was a man seriously addicted to his pleasures, a drinker and habitué of the Ann Street bordellos. He had been something of a hard case: he carried a knife, and when arrested had cut Asa Butman pretty severely in the leg.... The abolitionists put it out that Sims had died from the whipping he got when he arrived back in Savannah that spring of 1851. But it wasn't true. 

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

According to Leonard W. Levy's *THE LAW OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW* (Oxford, 1957), it had become

notorious that no fugitive slave had ever been returned from Boston. Webster Whigs were dismayed that the whole state of Massachusetts was known as the cradle of "mad Abolitionism." It had become a matter of pride, not alone in the South, that a fugitive should be seized in Boston and taken back to slavery. Then, on Thursday evening, April 3, 1851—before the excitement of the [Shadrach](#) [[Frederick Jenkins](#)] case had subsided—the city government of Boston was presented with an opportunity to make good on its promises of loyally enforcing the Fugitive Slave Act: Thomas Sims was taken into custody as a fugitive slave belonging to Mr. James Potter, a rice planter of Chatham

The Sunday Boston [Globe](#) for February 9, 1997 featured a review of Gary Collison's book *SHADRACH MINKINS: FROM FUGITIVE SLAVE TO CITIZEN*, with two handsome woodcuts and a photo of an ad for the sale of Shadrach:¹⁴⁵

A man came from Norfolk VA to Boston with documents attesting to the fact that a waiter at Taft's Cornhill Coffee House, Frederick Wilkins AKA [Shadrach](#), was an escaped slave. The Commissioner of the US Circuit Court, George Ticknor Curtis, by politics a "Cotton Whig," issued a warrant for the arrest of said runaway, who was seized as he unsuspectingly served the breakfast of US Deputy Marshall Patrick Riley. After hustling the waiter through back streets to the courthouse, Riley notified City Marshal Francis Tukey and Mayor Bigelow that he had "got a nigger."

Brad Dean summarizes: "In September 1850 the United States Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, which granted slaveholders the right to seize runaway slaves anywhere in the U.S. and carry them back to the South. The first attempt at rendition in February 1851 failed when abolitionists rescued a runaway called

145. So, what was a "Cotton Whig"?—Ronald Bailey, in considering the extended economic impact of the slave economy on industrialization in New England, has proposed that we employ a new term, the "slave(ry) trade," so that we can refer not simply to the trade in slaves, between nations and inside our nation, but to the entire national economy that we built directly or tangentially around slave labor and its produce. This can be, he suggests, a useful shorthand which will remind us of the complex economic linkages wrought by slaveholding. New England textile mill owners and planter interests in the South and the Caribbean maintained a steady commerce of raw goods and finished supplies. The selfinterests of these groups were sometimes so close that the distinction between them broke down; individuals or families could become industrial capitalists as well as plantation owners. Bailey has cited, in detail, economic relationships between New England merchants and Caribbean plantation owners which personalize the economic relationship between northern industry and the slave plantations. Rowland Gibson Hazard, a [Rhode Island](#) manufacturer of negro cloth, was able somehow to support abolitionist principles while also producing products which directly implicated him in, to use Bailey's phrase, the slave(ry) trade. Somehow such people were able to experience a shift in their moral values without fundamentally reassessing the consequences of their own economic activities. As a result, they could embrace antislavery sentiments, but not sufficiently to cease all economic participation in the slave(ry) trade, and not sufficiently to become ardent abolitionists. "Why," Stachiw asks, "didn't they expand their perceptions of moral principles to encompass the full consequences of their actions?" (One explanation that has been proffered is that their opposition to abolitionism drew less from their moral stand against it than from their opposition to what they saw as the threat to their status, as local elites, that was being presented by upstart immediatists.)

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[Shadrach \(Frederick Jenkins\)](#) from his captors in [Boston](#) and sent him on to safety in [Canada](#). Less than two months later, however, another runaway, [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#), was seized in Boston, but on that occasion local, state, and federal troops ensured that Sims's owners were able to carry him back to Georgia. [Henry Thoreau](#) and hundreds of thousands of others in the North were outraged by the Fugitive Slave Law and the Sims rendition, which seemed to them flagrant violations by the federal government of the rights guaranteed to states under the US Constitution. As a consequence of these and similar actions by the federal government, the Nullification movement, which posited that a state had a right to nullify laws mandated by the federal government, garnered more serious attention in the North than it had before been accorded. Two key events immediately preceded and helped set the stage for the meeting sponsored by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on July 4th, 1854. On May 24th, [Anthony Burns](#), a fugitive slave working in a Boston clothing store, was arrested and slated to be shipped back to Virginia. Abolitionists protested at [Faneuil Hall](#), and the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) [of Boston's Vigilance Committee] led a failed attempt to rescue Burns from the Boston jail."



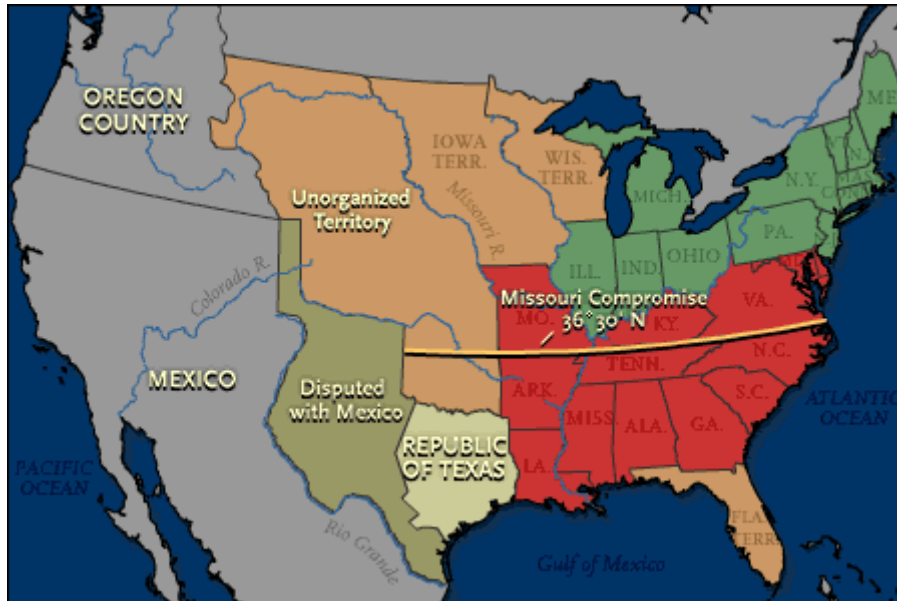
[Anthony Burns](#)

**was given a new suit for the occasion
and was escorted under heavy guard by the militia
to a revenue cutter which returned him to slavery.
(It is estimated that it cost our government some \$100,000
to make him a slave again.)**

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Brad Dean continues: “The second key event was the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which became law on May 30. One provision of the Act was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, an action that removed the explicit prohibition of slavery in the northern reaches of the Louisiana Purchase.



[Thoreau](#) was incensed over the Burns affair. On May 29th, he began a long, scathing journal entry with these two sentences, the second of which would echo again in [“SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS”](#): “These days it is left to one Mr. Loring to say whether a citizen of Massachusetts is a slave or not. Does any one think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring’s decision?”¹⁴⁶ The arrangements by which [Thoreau](#) joined [William Lloyd Garrison](#), [Wendell Phillips](#), and the others on the podium at [Framingham](#) are not known. The absence of his name from announcements of the event suggests that he was a last-minute addition, but we do not know whether he was asked to speak or sought the opportunity. In view of his aroused emotions at the moment and of his apparent difficulty getting Concordians to talk about the North rather than the South, it is certainly possible that the announced rally struck him as an ideal forum to get things off his chest. Minimal time to prepare was not really a problem because on the issue of slavery and Massachusetts his long-stewing thought and rhetoric had already reached the boiling point. Indeed, in writing [SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#), he essentially mined his still fresh journal entries on Burns and earlier passages on the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case.”

Mongkut (Rama IV) replaced Nangklao (Rama III) as King of Krung Thep (Thailand).

[Hector Berlioz](#) wrote in the *Journal des débats*, “Monsieur Gottschalk was one of the few now living who possess all the different elements which make a pianist of sovereign power.”



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 3, Thursday, 1851: [Ralph Middleton Munroe](#) was born in [New-York](#).

146. THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU, ed. Bradford Torrey and [Francis Henry Allen](#), 14 volumes. Boston MA: Houghton, Mifflin, 1906, 6:313.

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[Wendell Phillips estimated the number of police guarding the courthouse at not less than 500. in the courtroom itself, there were 6 guards stationed at the door, and the prisoner was seated with 2 policemen on each side of him and 5 more directly behind him. Only his counsel was being allowed to approach him, and only from the front.]

[While the abolitionist meeting was going on in the Tremont Temple, 3 companies of the local militia were ordered out by the Mayor: the City Guards, the New England Guards, and the Boston Light Guards. Over and above that, there were 250 Federal soldiers on alert at the Charlestown navy yard, with 2 pieces of artillery.]

[Saturday Morning: the guard on the prisoner as he was escorted through the streets was 300 armed men. The brig *Acorn*, of course, mounted cannon and was on the alert to defend itself from assault.]

 April 4, Friday, 1851: In Concord, the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) heard about what was happening to [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) in Boston.




[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



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 April 5, Saturday, 1851: *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in Norwich, England. The accused had published in the Norwich Mercury that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. On this day there was a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription was collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On April 16th a motion would be made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” would be granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was true no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).


Waldo Emerson arrived back on Staten Island and met Lidian at his brother’s home with their son Edward, and they took a steamboat to Norwich, a carriage to Framingham, and a “carry-all” to Concord.

Daniel Foster went into Boston and would be present every day of the trial of Thomas Simms (Sims). His diary indicates how radicalized he was becoming and how ready he would be to act upon his convictions:

April 5, 1851 Concord
Oh my country, how hast thou fallen in this abject hour from
thine elevation of honor into the deepest shame and crime.
I renounce and cast off all allegiance to our wicked government.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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 April 6, Sunday, 1851: Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his JOURNAL INTIME: “Was there ever any one so vulnerable as I? If I were a father how many griefs and vexations, a child might cause me. As a husband I should have a thousand ways of suffering because my happiness demands a thousand conditions I have a heart too easily reached, a too restless imagination; despair is easy to me, and every sensation reverberates again and again within me. What might be, spoils for me what is. What ought to be consumes me with sadness. So the reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary, repel and even terrify me. I have too much imagination, conscience and penetration, and not enough character. The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid.

And yet, at the same time it attracts me; I have need of it. Family life, especially, in all its delightfulness, in all its moral depth, appeals to me almost like a duty. Sometimes I cannot escape from the ideal of it. A companion of my life, of my work, of my thoughts, of my hopes; within, a common worship, toward the world outside, kindness and beneficence; educations to undertake, the thousand and one moral relations which develop round the first, all these ideas intoxicate me sometimes. But I put them aside because every hope is, as it were, an egg whence a serpent may issue instead of a dove, because every joy missed is a stab; because every seed confided to destiny contains an ear of grief which the future may develop.

I am distrustful of myself and of happiness because I know myself. The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possession. Everything which compromises the future or destroys my inner liberty, which enslaves me to things or obliges me to be other than I could and ought to be, all which injures my idea of the perfect man, hurts me mortally, degrades and wounds me in mind, even beforehand. I abhor useless regrets and repentances. The fatality of the consequences which follow upon every human act, the leading idea of dramatic art and the most tragic element of life, arrests me more certainly than the arm of the Commandeur. I only act with regret,



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and almost by force.

To be dependent is to me terrible; but to depend upon what is irreparable, arbitrary and unforeseen, and above all to be so dependent by my fault and through my own error, to give up liberty and hope, to slay sleep and happiness, this would be hell!

All that is necessary, providential, in short, unimputable, I could bear, I think, with some strength of mind. But responsibility mortally envenoms grief; and as an act is essentially voluntary, therefore I act as little as possible.

Last outbreak of a rebellious and deceitful self-will, craving for repose for satisfaction, for independence! is there not some relic of selfishness in such a disinterestedness, such a fear, such idle susceptibility.

I wish to fulfill my duty, but where is it, what is it? Here inclination comes in again and interprets the oracle. And the ultimate question is this: Does duty consist in obeying one's nature, even the best and most spiritual? or in conquering it?

Life, is it essentially the education of the mind and intelligence, or that of the will? And does will show itself in strength or in resignation? If the aim of life is to teach us renunciation, then welcome sickness, hindrances, sufferings of every kind! But if its aim is to produce the perfect man, then one must watch over one's integrity of mind and body. To court trial is to tempt God. At bottom, the God of justice veils from me the God of love. I tremble instead of trusting.

Whenever conscience speaks with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice, it is not yet the voice of God.

Descend still deeper into yourself, until you hear nothing but a clear and undivided voice, a voice which does away with doubt and brings with it persuasion, light and serenity. Happy, says the apostle, are they who are at peace with themselves, and whose heart condemneth them not in the part they take. This inner identity, this unity of conviction, is all the more difficult the more the mind analyzes, discriminates, and foresees. It is difficult, indeed, for liberty to return to the frank unity of instinct.


Alas! we must then re-climb a thousand times the peaks already scaled, and reconquer the points of view already won, we must fight the fight! The human heart, like kings, signs mere truces under a pretence of perpetual peace. The eternal life is eternally to be re-won. Alas, yes! peace itself is a struggle, or rather it is struggle and activity which are the law. We only find rest in effort, as the flame only finds existence in combustion. O Heraclitus! the symbol of happiness is after all the same as that of grief; anxiety and hope, hell and heaven, are equally restless. The altar of Vesta and the sacrifice of Beelzebub burn with the same fire. Ah, yes, there you have life — life double-faced and double-edged. The fire which enlightens is also the fire which consumes; the element of the gods may become that of the accursed."



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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 April 6, Sunday-20, Sunday, 1851: Soon after [Isaac Hecker](#)'s return to the US, he and 10 other members of Father Bernard Hafkenscheid's cadre of revivalists conducted a mission at St. Joseph's Church in Greenwich Village, New York City. The overwhelming success of this mission was, they say, what began the practice of organized and systematic missions for English-speaking [Catholic](#) parishes in the United States.¹⁴⁷ Success has a million children, and soon even Jesuits would be creating such cadres to conduct such missions, but in America it was the [Redemptorists](#) who were there 1stest with the mostest, and [Father Thomas](#) had been right in there with the 1stest.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 7, Monday, 1851: Jennie Persis Garland was born (she would become the 2d wife of [James Kendall Hosmer](#)).

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "Read a part of [Arnold] Ruge's volume "Die Academie" (1848) where the humanism of the neo-Hegelians in politics, religion, and literature is represented by correspondents or articles (Kuno Fischer, Kollach, etc). They recall the philosophist party of the last century, able to dissolve anything by reason and reasoning, but unable to construct anything; for construction rests upon feeling, instinct, and will. One finds them mistaking philosophic consciousness for realizing power, the redemption of the intelligence for the redemption of the heart, that is to say, the part for the whole. These papers make me understand the radical difference between morals and intellectualism. The writers of them wish to supplant religion by philosophy. Man is the principle of their religion, and intellect is the climax of man. Their religion, then, is the religion of intellect. There you have the two worlds: Christianity brings and preaches salvation by the conversion of the will, humanism by the emancipation of the mind. One attacks the heart, the other the brain. Both wish to enable man to reach his ideal. But the ideal differs, if not by its content, at least by the disposition of its content, by the predominance and sovereignty given to this for that inner power. For one, the mind is the organ of the soul; for the other, the soul is an inferior state of the mind; the one wishes to enlighten by making better, the other to make better by enlightening. It is the difference between Socrates and Jesus.

The cardinal question is that of sin. The question of immanence or of dualism is secondary. The trinity, the life to come, paradise and hell, may cease to be dogmas, and spiritual realities, the form and the letter may vanish away, the question of humanity remains: What is it which saves? How can man be led to be truly man? Is the ultimate root of his being responsibility, yes or no? And is doing or knowing the right, acting or thinking, his ultimate end? If science does not produce love it is insufficient. Now all that science gives is the amor intellectualis of Spinoza, light without warmth, a resignation which is contemplative and grandiose, but inhuman, because it is scarcely transmissible and remains a privilege, one of the rarest of all. Moral love places the center of the individual in the center of being. It has at least salvation in principle, the germ of eternal life. To love is virtually to know; to know is not virtually to love; there you have the relation of these two modes of man. The redemption wrought by science or by intellectual love is then inferior to the redemption wrought by will or by moral love. The first may free a man from himself, it may enfranchise him from egotism. The second drives the ego out of itself, makes it active and fruitful. The one is critical, purifying, negative; the other is vivifying, fertilizing, positive. Science, however spiritual and substantial it may be in itself, is still formal relatively to love. Moral force is then the vital point. And this force is only produced by moral force. Like alone

147. What, in the 19th Century, was a "mission" event? Each such event would occupy several days. The core consisted of presence for a series of intensely emotional sermons and the experience was designed to induce a collective religious rejuvenation, coordinated through a series of liturgical events and pious practices. —Does this sound something like today's religious "retreat"? Through a series of such retreats or missions, Father Clarence Walworth would gain renown as an eloquent, fervent sermonizer, Father Augustine F. Hewit would gain renown for clear enunciation of dogma, and [Father Isaac Hecker](#) would gain renown for the effectiveness of his instructional lessons.



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acts upon like. Therefore do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling; do not hope to excite love except by love. Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach for you.

Philosophy, then, to return to the subject, can never replace religion; revolutionaries are not apostles, although the apostles may have been revolutionaries. To save from the outside to the inside — and by the outside I understand also the intelligence relatively to the will — is an error and danger. The negative part of the humanist's work is good; it will strip Christianity of an outer shell, which has become superfluous; but Ruge and Feuerbach cannot save humanity. She must have her saints and her heroes to complete the work of her philosophers. Science is the power of man, and love his strength; man becomes man only by the intelligence, but he is man only by the heart. Knowledge, love, power — there is the complete life."

The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s first sermon as a Methodist circuit-rider.¹⁴⁸

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

VOLUME II

[Herman Melville](#)'s father-in-law Judge [Lemuel Shaw](#) refused to help save from slavery the teenage runaway [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#).

Soon [Waldo Emerson](#) sought consolation in his journal:

It is now as disgraceful to be a Bostonian as it was hitherto a credit.... I met an episcopal clergyman, & allusion being made to Mr Webster's treachery, he replied "Why, do you know I think that the great action of his life?" I opened a paper today in which he pounds on the old strings in a letter to the Washington Birth Day feasters at N.Y. "Liberty! liberty!" Pho! Let Mr Webster for decency's sake shut his lips once & forever on this word. The word **liberty** in the mouth of Mr Webster sounds like the word **love** in the mouth of a courtesan.... What a moment was lost when Judge Lemuel Shaw declined to affirm the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law!

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

A foot-note of the Report of the Senate of Massachusetts on the case would put the matter of responsibility most succinctly:

It would have been impossible for the U.S. marshal thus successfully to have resisted the law of the State, without the assistance of the municipal authorities of Boston, and the countenance and support of a numerous, wealthy, and powerful body of citizens. It was in evidence that 1500 of the most wealthy and respectable citizens —merchants, bankers, and others— volunteered their services to aid the marshal on this occasion.... No watch was kept upon the doings of the marshal, and while the State officers slept, after the moon had gone down, in the darkest hour before daybreak, the accused was taken out

148. Conway's journal for the critical years 1851, 1852, and 1853, never published, is now present on the internet in holograph image at <http://deila.dickinson.edu/cdm4/document.php?CISOROOT=/ownwords&CISOPTR=23390>

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of our jurisdiction by the armed police of the city of Boston.



Moloch in State Street, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)

THE moon has set: while yet the dawn
Breaks cold and gray,
Between the midnight and the morn
Bear off your prey!

On, swift and still! the conscious street
Is panged and stirred;
Tread light! that fall of serried feet
The dead have heard!

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins
Gushed where ye tread;
Lo! through the dusk the martyr-stains
Blush darkly red!

Beneath the slowly waning stars
And whitening day,
What stern and awful presence bars
That sacred way?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
With shame and pain?
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark?
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
With mocking cheer?
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast
Through Moloch's fire,
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain,
Your traffic thrives, where freedom dies,
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day; your harvest, scorn
And hate, is near;



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How think ye freemen, mountain-born,
The tale will hear?

Thank God! our mother State can yet
Her fame retrieve;
To you and to your children let
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,
Make gods of gold;
Let honor, truth, and manliness
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gains of Crime
Are dust and dross;
Its ventures on the waves of time
Foredoomed to loss!

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been;
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men!

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart;
Her olden blood
Through many a free and generous heart
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing yet,
Shall know no check,
Till a free people's foot is set
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.

The long night dies: the welcome gray
Of dawn we see;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free!

Per the diary of [Daniel Foster](#):

April 7 Boston

The courthouse is chained and every entrance is guarded by the police of this city. Courthouse is crowded today to see a new spectacle. A man is tried for claiming to be a man. God deliver us from this damning disgrace and overwhelm the oppressor and his counsel with confusion. It is now 12 o'clock and I am so excited by this affair that I cannot rest a moment.



circa April: When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last Sunday evening –and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party –and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last

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& perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling, –when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town, –was one of doubt & shame –because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town named in such a connexion.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 8, Tuesday, 1851: [Lady Byron](#)'s last interview with Augusta.

The New York and Mississippi Valley Printing [Telegraph](#) Company was founded (this would name-change to "Western Union" in 1856).

Per the diary of [Daniel Foster](#):

April 8 Boston

The attempt will be made to rescue [Sims](#) if he is carried off in open daylight, no matter how many soldiers and police accompany to prevent. I shall be one in the attempt if it is made.



April 9, Wednesday, 1851: [Ticknor, Reed and Fields](#) of [Boston](#) strained and brought forth the initial lot of what would eventuate at about 3,000 octavo volumes of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s [THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES](#) blind-stamped in brown cloth with spines lettered in gilt, housed in cloth boxes.



1832-1834	Allen & Ticknor
1834-1843	William D. Ticknor
1843-1849	William D. Ticknor & Co.
1849-1854	Ticknor, Reed & Fields
1854-1868	Ticknor and Fields
1868-1871	Fields, Osgood & Co.
1871-1878	James R. Osgood & Co.
1878-1880	Houghton, Osgood, & Co.
1880-1908	Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
1908-2007	Houghton Mifflin Company
2007-????	Houghton Mifflin Harcourt



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A group from Taos, New Mexico settled on a portion of the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant, on the Rio Culebra in the San Luis Valley, at a place they would name San Luis de la Culebra — which is now the oldest continuously inhabited location in the state of Colorado.




**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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 April 10, Thursday, 1851: Léon Faucher replaced Alphonse Henri, Comte d'Hautpoul as prime minister of France.


Friend Oliver Johnson, writing in the Pennsylvania Freeman, described the advocates of nonresistance to evil as “godlike men who will suffer any injury but inflict none.” Such a stand is “very rare,” nevertheless these people have appreciated the fact that “violent resistance to oppression does more harm than good.”¹⁴⁹

Under the heading “Pacifist, Thoreau not a” on page 191 of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, a history written by the patriot Ruth R. Wheeler, the Simms incident is cited as one of the author’s two proof-texts, demonstrating that **Henry David Thoreau believed in resisting evil**, and was characterized as follows:

 Henry Thoreau at this time (April, 1851) expressed himself at length and bitterly in his Journal. He was proud to read that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of CONCORD but when he thought what a short time Foster had lived in Concord, he was ashamed that the Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers, descendants of the men who had fought at the bridge for their liberty, should be celebrating that fight on April 19th while themselves unwilling to do anything to help three million slaves attain their freedom.

But I would have done with comparing ourselves with our ancestors, for I believe that even they, if somewhat braver and less corrupt than we, were not men of so much principle and generosity as to go to war in behalf of another race in their midst. I do not believe that the North will soon come to blows with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to be written in the history of the race at present.

History in 1861 was to show how wrong Thoreau was in this estimate.

Clearly, Ruth R. Wheeler was neither a reader with any capacity to recognize sarcasm nor a writer with any capacity to reserve judgment. For if there was a man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the Thomas Simms (Sims) case, it was Daniel Foster, the Concord minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah, Georgia in 1851 — not Henry Thoreau. 

Friend Levi Coffin wrote to Friend William Still:

CINCINNATI, 4TH MO., 10TH, 1851.
FRIEND WM. STILL:—We have sorrowful news from our friend Concklin, through the papers and otherwise. I received a letter a few days ago from a friend near Princeton, Ind., stating that Concklin and the four slaves are in prison in Vincennes, and that their trial would come on in a few days. He states that they rowed seven days and nights in the skiff, and got safe to Harmony, Ind., on the Wabash river, thence to Princeton, and

149. One is led to wonder why the attitude, that doing harm rather than good does more harm than good, is considered by so many of us to be astonishing, controversial, and inane.



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were conveyed to Vincennes by friends, where they were taken. The papers state, that they were all given up to the Marshal of Evansville, Indiana.

We have telegraphed to different points, to try to get some information concerning them, but failed. The last information is published in the Times of yesterday, though quite incorrect in the particulars of the case. Inclosed is the slip containing it. I fear all is over in regard to the freedom of the slaves. If the last account be true, we have some hope that Concklin will escape from those bloody tyrants. I cannot describe my feelings on hearing this sad intelligence. I feel ashamed to own my country. Oh! what shall I say. Surely a God of justice will avenge the wrongs of the oppressed.

Thine for the poor slave,

LEVI COFFIN.

N.B.—If thou hast any information, please write me forthwith.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 11, Friday, 1851: Less than a year after the construction of the Minot's Ledge Light, its keeper John Bennett went ashore leaving assistants Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antoine. That evening Bennett watched a howling gale engulf the area. The lighthouse fog bell tolled continuously, which some suppose may have been Wilson and Antoine attempting to communicate their peril to the shore. Their light went dark around 10PM. The next morning there would be not a trace except for a bottle that would wash ashore:

The lighthouse won't stand over to night.

She shakes 2 feet each way now.

God bless you all.

J.W. + J.A.

When the human remains would be recovered on nearby beaches, Antoine's corpse was mangled but the condition of Wilson's corpse indicated that evidently he had managed to make it ashore in one piece, to succumb there to exhaustion and exposure. A new lighthouse would be erected in 1860.

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Meanwhile, in Boston, [Wendell Phillips](#) was addressing an assembly on [Boston Common](#) about the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case. This image of that amalgamated, which is to say, multi-racial, meeting would appear in [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#) for May 3d, 1851:



MAGAZINE

CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA


[Daniel Foster](#) was in court as the ruling was handed down to return the escaped slave to slavery. He would join with other abolitionists in an all-night vigil outside the jail, using [The Liberator](#) as a headquarters. Just before dawn on April 12th, 300 armed federal soldiers would surround the jail and bring Sims out and move him toward the docks.

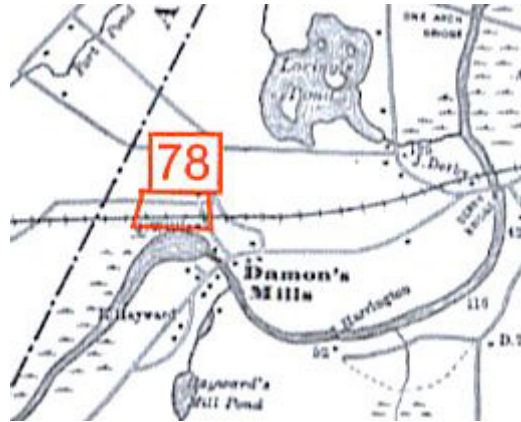


[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

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 April 12, Saturday, 1851: Henry Thoreau surveyed, for Thomas Lord, 29 acres of Factory Village land between Factory Road and Boxboro Road,

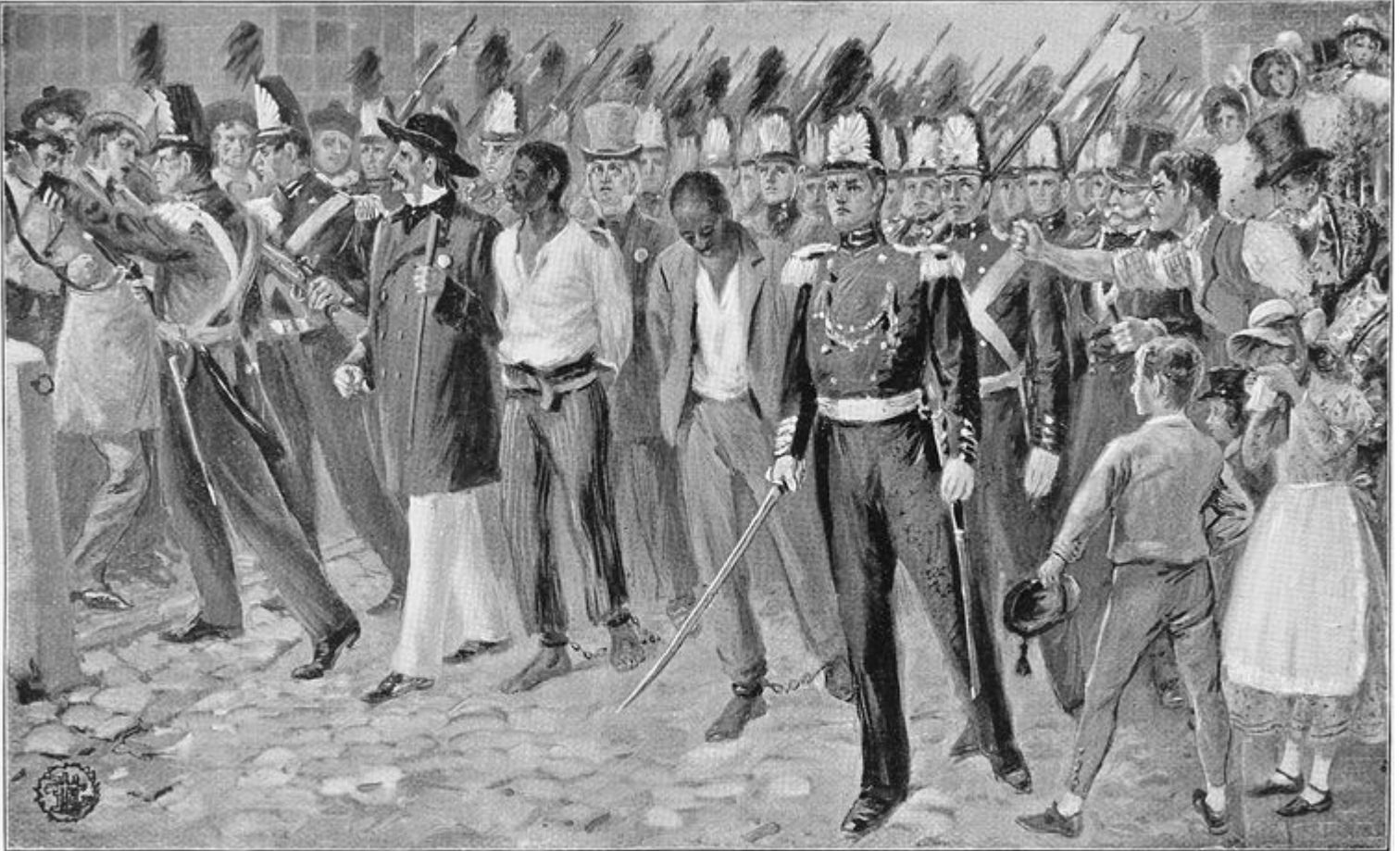


while the Reverend Daniel Foster, temporary minister at the Trinitarian Church in Concord, prayed on Long Wharf, while the young Thomas Simms (Sims) was being marched under very heavy guard to the dock for

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transport aboard the brig *Acorn* back to a slaveholder in Savannah, Georgia.¹⁵⁰



THE RUNAWAY SLAVES, ANTHONY BURNS AND THOMAS SIMS, RETURNED TO SLAVERY—THEIR MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON.

With pinioned arms and manacled feet they marched between files of soldiers to a steamer bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Vast throngs of men and women watched the procession, many weeping as they gazed.

**Brad Dean on
Daniel Foster**

As the brig pulled away Simms cried out to the docks: “And is this Massachusetts liberty?” The sordid affair began to add materials to Thoreau’s journal (J 2:173-85, continuing into May) which eventually would find

150. Daniel’s wife [Dora Foster](#) was for a number of years [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#)’s best friend.

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their way into the lecture "Slavery in Massachusetts."

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS



RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/78.htm



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



circa April 1, 1851: When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last sunday evening –and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party –and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last & perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling, –when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town, –was one of doubt & shame –because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town named in such a connexion.



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"SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS": The Liberator and the Commonwealth were the only papers in Boston, as far as I know, which made themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice and meanness of the authorities of that city, as exhibited in '51. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they thought so to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to any extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character they have won.

But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New England have only to refrain from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchell's Citizen in the cars, and then threw it out the window. But would not his contempt have been more fatally expressed, if he had not bought it? Are they Americans? are they New Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington, and Concord, and Framingham, who read and support the Boston Post, Mail, Journal, Advertiser, Courier, and Times? Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper reader, and may omit to name the worst.

Could slavery suggest a more complete servility than some of these journals exhibit? Is there any dust which their conduct does not lick, and make fouler still with its slime? I do not know whether the Boston Herald is still in existence, but I remember to have seen it about the streets when Simms was carried off. Did it not act its part well – serve its master faithfully? How could it have gone lower on its belly? How can a man stoop lower than he is low? do more than put his extremities in the place of the head he has? than make his head his lower extremity? When I have taken up this paper with my cuffs turned up, I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column. I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the public gutters, a leaf from the gospel of the gambling-house, the grogery and the brothel, harmonizing with the gospel of the Merchants' Exchange.



April 13, Sunday, 1851: On or about this day, Father Isaac Hecker, CSSR wrote to Orestes Augustus Brownson, Esq.

Daniel Foster returned to Concord to pack, to go to be with his very pregnant wife in Chester.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM



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APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]


 April 14, Monday, 1851: Daniel Foster left Concord to be with his very pregnant wife in Chester:

April 14th 1851 Chester

I am at home again with my dear sweet wife. But this is a theme too sacred even for the private pages of a journal. On the pages of my heart, is it not all written in characters unfading? I am now in a quiet retreat in which I can calmly review the exciting scenes through which I passed last week.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**

 April 15, Tuesday, 1851: In San Francisco, California:

Act passed by the Legislature to re-incorporate San Francisco. The limits were enlarged, and the city was thereafter to be bounded as follows:- "On the south, by a line parallel with Clay street, two and a half miles distant, in a southerly direction, from the centre of Portsmouth Square; on the west, by a line parallel with Kearny street, two miles distant, in a westerly direction, from the centre of Portsmouth Square. Its northern and eastern boundaries shall be co-incident with those of the county of San Francisco." As a copy of this act, which is the existing charter of the city, is given in the Appendix, it is unnecessary here to particularize its provisions. Nearly the same variety and number of municipal officers are appointed to be chosen annually under it as under the charter, already noticed, of 1850, and which latter act was declared to be now repealed.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**



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April 16, Wednesday, [1851](#): *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in [Norwich, England](#). The accused had published in the Norwich [Mercury](#) that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. Afterward there had been a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that had arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription had been collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On this day a motion was made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” was granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was accurate no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

Sapho, an opéra by Charles Gounod to words of Augier, was performed for the 1st time, at the Paris Opéra. The audience was generally pleased but this would be a financial failure.

On about this date, [Herman Melville](#) wrote to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

My Dear Hawthorne, — Concerning the young gentleman’s shoes, I desire to say that a pair to fit him, of the desired pattern, cannot be had in all Pittsfield, — a fact which sadly impairs that metropolitan pride I formerly took in the capital of Berkshire. Henceforth Pittsfield must hide its head. However, if a pair of bootees will at all answer, Pittsfield will be very happy to provide them. Pray mention all this to Mrs. Hawthorne, and command me. “The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. One vol. 16mo, pp. 344.” The contents of this book do not belie its rich, clustering, romantic title. With great enjoyment we spent almost an hour in each separate gable. This book is like a fine old chamber, abundantly, but still judiciously, furnished with precisely that sort of furniture best fitted to furnish it. There are rich hangings, wherein are braided scenes from tragedies! There is old china with rare devices, set out on the carved buffet; there are long and indolent lounges to throw yourself upon; there is an admirable sideboard, plentifully stored with good viands; there is a smell as of old wine in the pantry; and finally, in one corner, there is a dark little black-letter volume in golden clasps, entitled “Hawthorne: A Problem” It has delighted us; it has piqued a re-perusal; it has robbed us of a day, and made us a present of a whole year of thoughtfulness; it has bred great exhilaration and exultation with the remembrance that the architect of the Gables resides only six miles off, and not three thousand miles away, in England, say. We think the book, for pleasantness of running interest, surpasses the other works of the author. The curtains are more drawn; the sun comes in more; genialities peep out more. Were we to particularize what most struck us in the deeper passages, we would point out the scene where Clifford, for a moment, would fain throw himself forth from the window to join the procession; or the scene where the judge is left seated in his ancestral chair. Clifford is full of an awful truth throughout. He is conceived in the finest, truest spirit. He is no caricature. He is Clifford. And here we would say that, did circumstances permit, we should like nothing better than to devote an elaborate and careful paper to the full



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consideration and analysis of the purport and significance of what so strongly characterizes all of this author's writings. There is a certain tragic phase of humanity which, in our opinion, was never more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne. We mean the tragicalness of human thought in its own unbiassed, native, and profounder workings. We think that into no recorded mind has the intense feeling of the visable truth ever entered more deeply than into this man's. By visable truth, we mean the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things as they strike the eye of the man who fears them not, though they do their worst to him, - the man who, like Russia or the British Empire, declares himself a sovereign nature (in himself) amid the powers of heaven, hell, and earth. He may perish; but so long as he exists he insists upon treating with all Powers upon an equal basis. If any of those other Powers choose to withhold certain secrets, let them; that does not impair my sovereignty in myself; that does not make me tributary. And perhaps, after all, there is no secret. We incline to think that the Problem of the Universe is like the Freemason's mighty secret, so terrible to all children. It turns out, at last, to consist in a triangle, a mallet, and an apron, - nothing more! We incline to think that God cannot explain His own secrets, and that He would like a little information upon certain points Himself. We mortals astonish Him as much as He us. But it is this Being of the matter; there lies the knot with which we choke ourselves. As soon as you say Me, a God, a Nature, so soon you jump off from your stool and hang from the beam. Yes, that word is the hangman. Take God out of the dictionary, and you would have Him in the street. There is the grand truth about Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says No! in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say yes. For all men who say yes, lie; and all men who say no, - why, they are in the happy condition of judicious, unincumbered travellers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpet-bag, - that is to say, the Ego. Whereas those yes-gentry, they travel with heaps of baggage, and, damn them! they will never get through the Custom House. What's the reason, Mr. Hawthorne, that in the last stages of metaphysics a fellow always falls to swearing so? I could rip an hour. You see, I began with a little criticism extracted for your benefit from the "Pittsfield Secret Review," and here I have landed in Africa. Walk down one of these mornings and see me. No nonsense; come. Remember me to Mrs. Hawthorne and the children. H. Melville. P.S. The marriage of Phoebe with the daguerreotypist is a fine stroke, because of his turning out to be a Maule. If you pass Hepzibah's cent-shop, buy me a Jim Crow (fresh) and send it to me by Ned Higgins.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**




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 April 17, Thursday, [1851](#): The Law School of the University of Albany in Albany, [New York](#) was chartered.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 18, Friday/19, Saturday, [1851](#): [Richard Wagner](#) wrote Franz Liszt asserting that his “long-suppressed resentment against this Jewish business” was “as necessary to me as gall is to the blood.”

[JUDAISM](#)

On this day and the following one [Henry Thoreau](#) was surveying, for [Cyrus Stow](#), the Sudbury Road (Back Road) in which he laid out a new street (Stow Street) and divided the land into new houselots up to the present Hubbard Street:



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- Sudbury Road (Back Road) and Stow Street in which Thoreau lays out the new street (Stow) and divided the land into new houselots up to present Hubbard Street (the invoice for this is now at Middlebury College).



Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it made him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, pages 116-117



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 19, Saturday, [1851](#): The “Davis Guards” formed (a total of 40 men), naming themselves in honor of Captain Isaac Davis of [Acton](#) who had been shot dead on the famous April 19th at the bridge in [Concord](#). [Winthrop E. Faulkner](#) would serve in this unit as a Captain.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would write in [“SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS”](#):

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston



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assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to celebrate their liberty — and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if *those* three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three million others. Now-a-days men wear a fool's cap, and call it a liberty cap. I do not know but there are some, who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could but get one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons, to celebrate **their** liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire; that was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

The joke could be no broader, if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes, and hire the jailers to do the firing and ringing for them, while they enjoyed it through the grating.

This is what I thought about my neighbors.

Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one.

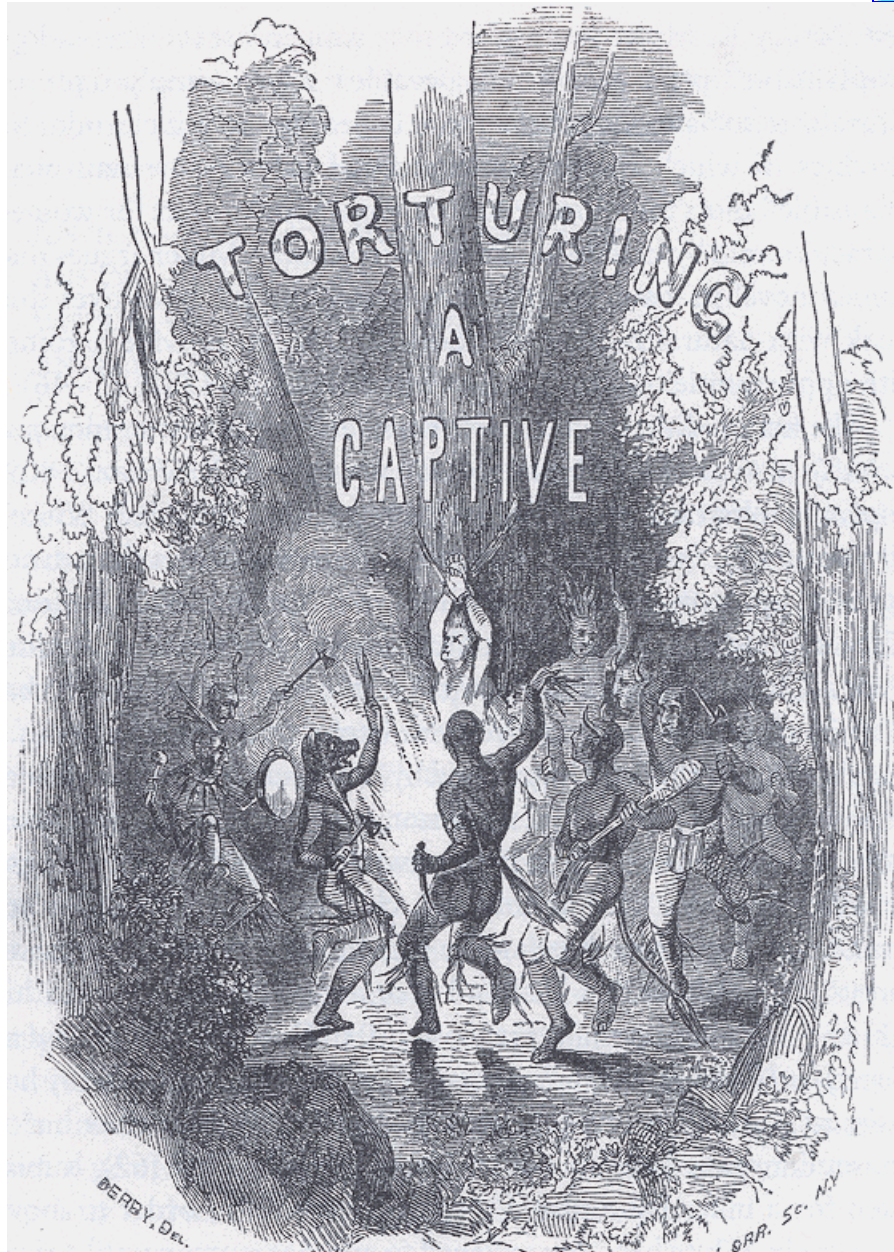
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[THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES](#) was being placed upon bookstore shelves as [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) was being taken from the Savannah, Georgia dock to a Savannah holding cell for negroes, and on the way there publicly [tortured](#) almost to the point of death.¹⁵¹

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

PATRIOTS' DAY



Although [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) had utilized some of the material about Friend [Thomas Maule](#) in the construction of this fiction, the author had divided the biographical material into two Maule figures, a Matthew

151. Note that the slavemaster chose this day for the day of flogging because he was aware that this day was of peculiar patriotic significance in New England. Note also that as of this year of our national history, only a single person who had stood at the North Bridge at Concord on [April 19, 1775](#) to await the Redcoats was still alive: this single person had been the boy who had “played” the militia minutemen to that spot.

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Maule versus a Thomas Maule who had allegedly been the architect of that house possessing seven gables.¹⁵²



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 20, Easter Sunday, 1851: A revolution began in Chile to repeal the constitution drafted in 1833 by Mariano Egaña that had established a one-party presidential polity, and resulted in the rule of Manuel Montt as President.

Meanwhile, in Peru, Ramón Castilla y Marquesado was replaced as President by José Rufino Echenique Benavente.

R.F. Mills, a correspondent on Beaver Island in the newly organized kingdom of the Saints, reported to the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Daily Free Democrat that with the crowning of King James Jesse Strang, the Saints were no longer considering themselves subject to Gentile laws or Gentile authority. During that winter they had established a whipping-post, “insomuch that for misdemeanors men received from 30 to 50 lashes, well laid on the bare back, with blue beeches.” The Saints were boldly avowing that they were no longer going to submit to being called d---d Mormons, or thieves. Some Gentiles had during the late fall and winter “left the Island thro’ fear.” When a Sheriff had arrived with a posse plus “some 30 Indians,” the Prophet had fled to Little Beaver Island, ten miles distant. Pursuing them there, the posse had been able to confiscate from their evacuated camp “many articles of use, among which was one of the King’s boats, the General-in-chief’s big War Cane, blankets, etc.” When the Sheriff had left these islands he had taken with him about 15 prisoners and 20 or 30 witnesses, for trial before Justice O’Malley.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

152. Edward L. Widmer is of the opinion that, just as Melville was parodying Evert Augustus Duyckinck in PIERRE, Hawthorne had “probably re-created” John L. O’Sullivan, “less harshly,” as Holgrave in THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. Widmer also mentions that Thoreau, even though he did publish in O’Sullivan’s The United States Magazine and Democratic Review, was “anything but a Young American.”

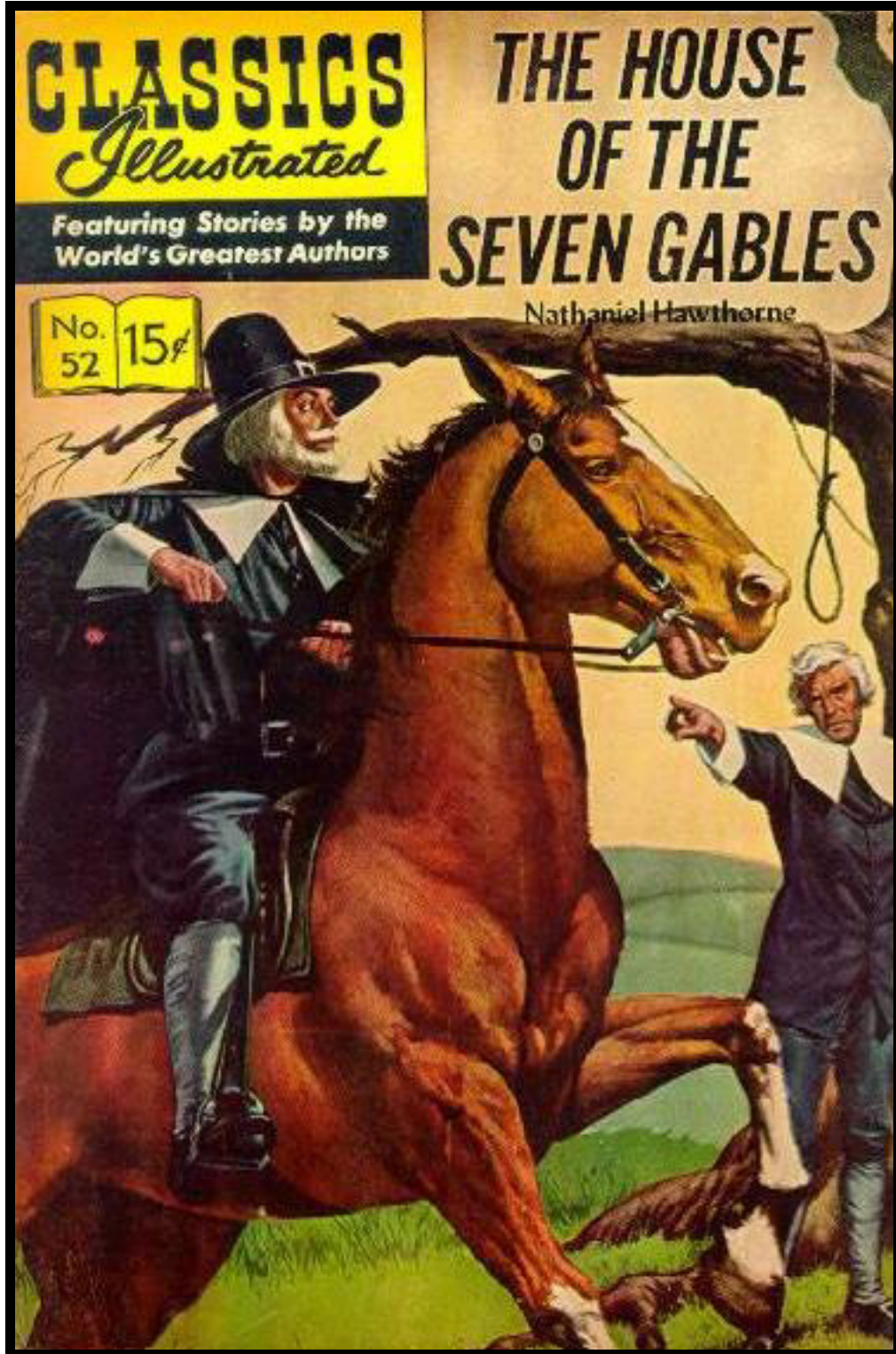
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WHAT?

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 April 21, Monday, 1851: [John Stuart Mill](#) got married with [Harriet Hardy Taylor](#), mother of 3 who had long been estranged from her previous husband before he had died in 1849.

With the sun returning to Arctic skies, Robert John Le Mesurier McClure's *Investigator* searched Banks Island and Victoria Island for the lost ships and crew of [Sir John Franklin](#), and on this day they left a written account on Banks Island (to be found by Vilhjalmur Stefansson in 1917). When the ice in Prince of Wales Strait would break up, McClure would retrace his previous course and then sail up the west coast of Banks Island and enter the strait that today bears his name.

THE FROZEN NORTH

[Henry Thoreau](#) dipped into [Washington Irving](#)'s MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS:

MAHOMET & SUCCESSORS
MAHOMET & SUCCESSORS



[Mahomet](#) made his celestial journey in so short a time that “on his return he was able to prevent the complete overturn of a vase of water, which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.”


When he took refuge in a cave near Mecca, being on his flight (Hegira) to Medina, “by the time that the Koreishites [who were close behind] 2 reached the month of the cavern, an acacia tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web.”

He said of himself, “I am no king, but the son of a Koreishite woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun.” He exacted “a tith of the productions of the earth, where it was fertilized by brooks and rain; and a twentieth part where its fertility was the result of irrigation.”

ISLAM



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 22, Tuesday, 1851: Although [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal for the 16th had mentioned only “a rather cool wind from the northwest,” it turned out that about a hundred of the pines on Fair Haven Hill had been toppled.

WEATHER



April 22. Had Mouse-ear in blossom for a week –observed the crowfoot on the cliff in abundance & the saxifrage


The wind last Wednesday –Ap 16th– blew down a hundred pines on Fair Haven Hill.

Having treated my friend ill, I wished to apologize; But not meeting him I made an apology to myself.

It is not the invitation which I hear, but which I feel, that I obey.

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 April 23, Wednesday, 7PM, 1851: Henry Thoreau delivered a lecture “Walking, or the Wild” for the Concord lyceum, in the vestry of the Unitarian Church.



TIMELINE OF ESSAYS
ECOLOGY

He would read this lecture 10 times, and after his death in 1862 it would appear in The Atlantic Monthly. As part of this piece he quoted his poem “The Old Marlboro Road,” which features Concord’s mulatto 43-year-old son of Thomas Dugans and Kate Dugan as “No other man / Save Elisha Dugan — / O man of wild habits, / Partridges and rabbits, / Who hast no cares / Only to set snares, / Who liv’st all alone, / Close to the bone; / And where life is sweetest / Constantly eatest.”



In this lecture, we note, he quoted from the work of Bishop George Berkeley, someone he is not known to have read, the famous line “Westward the star of empire takes its way.” He may possibly have plucked this one-liner from an article in a magazine some issues of which we know he did read — or he may have studied the good Bishop in his entirety and we simply have never become aware of this.

ROSS/ADAMS COMMENTARY

The Boston police made a sweep of Ann Street, detaining some 160 persons for such offenses as “piping, fiddling, dancing, drinking, and attending crimes.”

The death of 10-year-old Anne Elizabeth “Annie” Darwin, possibly from scarlet fever, possibly from tuberculosis, sent her father Charles Darwin into a depression relieved only by the birth of a new child:

We have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age.... Oh that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly we do still & and shall ever love her dear joyous face.




[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]

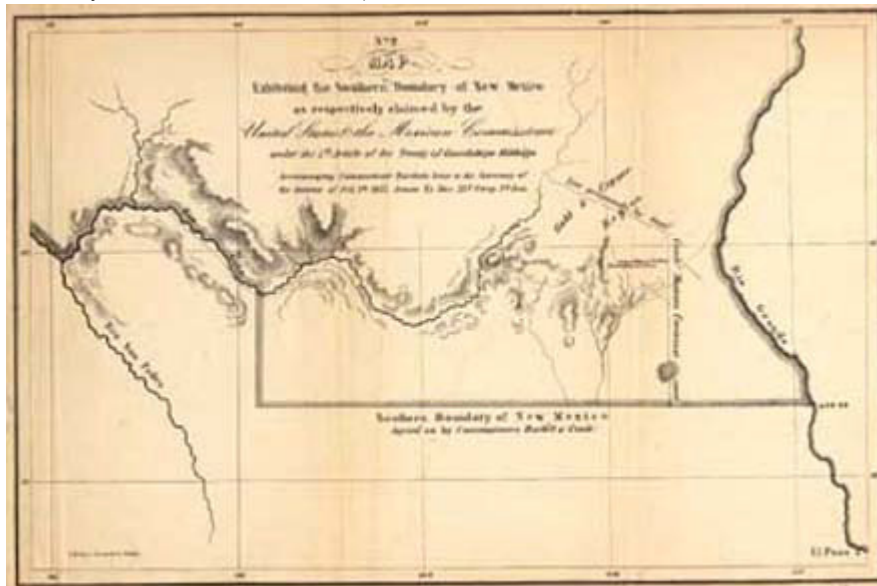
NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE APRIL 23D, 1851 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).

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 April 24, Thursday, 1851: The southern border of Arizona had always been considered to be at the Gila River, because that made such an obvious east/west barrier across the landscape. [John Russell Bartlett](#), for the United States, and Pedro Garcia Conde, for the Republic of [Mexico](#), placed a reference marker designating 32° 22' north latitude atop a small knoll at the confluence of the Gila and Salinas Rivers, west of the modern city of Phoenix, as the initial point for the official survey of the U.S.-Mexico boundary. (This marker is now on the grounds of the Phoenix International Raceway. Although in 1852 the Gadsden Purchase of 30,000,000 acres would relocate the international boundary to the south, this marker would remain the primary reference point for all land surveys in the state of Arizona.)



Doctor Bartlett from Chester Village was called to the [Foster](#) cabin near Chester that evening, and after 24 hours of hard labor, [Dora Foster](#) and [Daniel Foster](#)'s 1st child would appear:

Little [Alice](#) was born in Chester on the 24th of April 1851 in an old brown cottage which lay under one of the green mountain peaks, on the western bank of a clear cold stream. At the time of her birth her parents had lived there about one year. Her grandmother and aunt also for months had been members of the circle which gathered under that old roof.

The "old brown cottage" the father refers to above, and the edifice in which he preached, are now beneath the waters of Littleville Lake near Chester, Massachusetts. [Alice](#) would die on August 27, 1853. The father might have titled this "A Father's Tribute to His Departed Child," but evidently Dora came upon him while he was penning it, for in a different the heading has been altered into "A Parental Tribute to Our Departed Child."



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]



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 April 25, Friday, 1851: [Daniel Foster](#) wrote again in his diary:




April 25 1851 Chester

The long trial is over and our daughter is born. Just as the clock struck nine little Dora was ushered into the world without any disaster to mother or child. Dora's first question was "Is it alive?" This the little one answered by a turn of lusty crying. For 24 hours Dr. Bartlett has been watching this case and has certainly managed it with great skill and delicacy. Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Kelso have also provided cheerful and priceless aid to the end of the protracted trial. Mrs. Day was with us the first night. I don't think Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Kelso could have felt more interest or rendered more generous aid to their own daughters. May God reward them for their kindness.

The Boston Daily Atlas reported, of the *Flying Cloud* under construction (referred to as an extreme clipper, as were many of the ships constructed by Donald McKay, even though her dead rise was only 30 inches) that: "If great length [235 ft.], sharpness of ends, with proportionate breadth [41 ft.] and depth, conduce to speed, the *Flying Cloud* must be uncommonly swift, for in all these she is great. Her length on the keel is 208 feet, on deck 225, and over all, from the knightheads to the taffrail, 235— extreme breadth of beam 41 feet, depth of hold 21½, including 7 feet 8 inches height of between-decks, sea-rise at half floor 20 inches, rounding of sides 6 inches, and sheer about 3 feet." In the early days of the California Gold Rush, it had been taking more than 200 days for a ship to travel around the Horn from New-York to San Francisco, a voyage of more than 16,000 miles. Within 6 weeks of its launch, under the command of Captain Josiah Perkins Cressey, *Flying Cloud* would sail from New-York harbor, round Cape Horn, and make San Francisco in 89 days, 21 hours. In July, during this trip, it would run 284, 374, and 334 nautical miles, a total of 992 nautical miles, over 3 consecutive days (in 1854 the ship would beat its own record by 13 hours, coming into harbor in 89 days and 8 hours).



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]

 April 26, Saturday, 1851: [Henry James, Sr.](#) posted his 6th and concluding letter to the Christian Inquirer, controverting their assertion that "a state of society devoid of moral differences must necessarily be a disorderly state."

António José de Sousa Manuel e Meneses Severim de Noronha, duque de Terceira, marques e conde de Vila-Flor replaced António Bernardo da Costa Cabral, conde de Tomar as Prime Minister of Portugal.

Franz Liszt took over sole direction of the Weimar Hofkapelle.



April 26. The judge whose words seal the fate of a man for the longest time and furthest into eternity is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who from a love of truth and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or *Sentence* concerning him. He it is that *sentences* him. More fatal as affecting his good or ill fame is the utterance of the least inexpugnable truth concerning him, by the humblest individual, than the sentence of the supremest court in the land.

Gathered the May flower & cowslips yesterday –& saw the houstonia violets &c. Saw a Dandelion in blossom



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Are they Americans –are they New Englanders –are they inhabitants of Concord –Buttricks –& Davises and Hosmers by name –who read and support the Boston Herald? Advertiser Traveller Journal –Transcript –&c &c Times Is that the Flag of our Union?

Could slavery suggest a more complete servility? Is there any dust which such conduct does not lick and make fouler still with its slime? Has not the Boston Herald acted its part well served its master faithfully– How could it have gone lower on its belly– How can a man stoop lower than he is low –do more than put his extremities in the place of that head he has. Than make his head his *lower* extremity.

And when I say the Boston Herald I mean the Boston Press with such few & slight exceptions as need not be made

When I have taken up this paper or the Boston times –with my cuffs turned up I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column –I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the public sewers –a leaf from the gospel of the gambling house –the groggery & the brothel –harmonizing with the gospel of the Merchant’s exchange

I do not know but there are some who if they were tied to the whipping post –and could but get one hand free would use it to ring the bells & fire the cannon to celebrate their liberty.

–It reminded me of the Roman Saturnalia on which even the slaves were allowed to take some liberty– So some of you took the liberty to ring & fire –that was the extent of your freedom– and when the sound of the bells died away– your liberty expired– and when the powder was all expended your liberty went off in smoke.

Now a days men wear the fools cap and call it a [liberty-cap](#).

The joke could be no broader if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes. & hire their jailors to do the firing & ringing for them.



April 27, Sunday, [1851](#): The Baroness Therese von Droßdik died in Vienna (it is possible that [Ludwig van Beethoven](#)’s bagatelle “Für Elise,” found among her personal papers, had been dedicated to this pianist).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 27TH AND APRIL 28TH]



April 28, Monday, [1851](#): [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) sailed on the liner *Prometheus* to Nicaragua on a business venture with his friend Francesco Carpanetto.

In the vicinity of Mission Santa Clara de Asis, repeatedly destroyed by flood and by earthquake, alongside the Guadalupe River, a private Jesuit institution of higher learning, Santa Clara College, was chartered (it is now, under the name Santa Clara University, the oldest such operating institution in [California](#)).

In [San Francisco](#):

The first election of municipal officers under the amended city charter took place to-day. Considerable excitement had been manifested by the candidates and their friends, and several torch-light meetings and processions, with other popular demonstrations, had been going on for some time previous. The total number of votes polled was nearly six thousand. The parties elected were as follows: Mayor.—Charles J. Brenham. Recorder.—R.H. Waller. Comptroller.—George A. Hudson. Treasurer.—R.H. Sinton. Marshal.—Robert G. Crozier. Tax Collector.—Thos. D. Greene. City Attorney.—Frank M. Pixley.



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Street Commissioner.—Wm. Divier. Recorder's Clerk.—Jas. G. Pearson. County Judge.—Wm. H. Clark. Public Administrator.—David T. Bagley. City Assessors.—W.C. Norris, George Frank Lemon. Aldermen. E.L. Morgan, C.L. Ross, A.C. Labatt, C.M.K. Paulison, Ralph Dorr. James Grant, George Endicott, William Greene. Assistant Aldermen. Henry A. Meiggs, W.W. Parker, T.H. Selby, W.D. Connell, Jos. Galloway, J.F. Atwill, Jas. Graves, Q.S. Sparks.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 27TH AND APRIL 28TH]



April 29, Tuesday, 1851: New-York's Cooper Union college was granted a charter in which discrimination because of race, religion, or color was forbidden.

In San Francisco, California:

Act passed by the Legislature to fund the debt of the State. Bonds to the extent of \$700,000 to be issued by the treasurer, in lieu of scrip or other obligations of indebtedness held by parties against the State. One-half of the sum mentioned is declared payable in New York upon the first day of March, 1855, and the other half, also in the city named, upon the first day of March, 1861. Interest (payable either in New York or at the office of the treasurer) to run upon the bonds at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. Henceforward all State taxes to be paid only in the legal currency of the United States, or in gold dust at the rate of sixteen dollars an ounce, excepting as mentioned in the act. Various declarations are also made for providing the interest, and as to the formation of a sinking fund to redeem the bonds, for payment of the principal and interest of which are pledged "the faith and credit of the State of California."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Opposite the courthouse grounds, Henry Thoreau helped the County Commissioners plan a series of monuments and burying-ground tracts.

Thoreau wrote to Dr. Thaddeus William Harris¹⁵³ at the Harvard Library:

To: Thaddeus W. Harris
From: HDT
Date: 29 Apr 1851



153. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn reported that "one of Harvard College's natural historians" (we may presume this to have been Dr. Harris, Thoreau's teacher in natural science in his senior year) had remarked to Bronson Alcott that "if Emerson had not spoiled him, Thoreau would have made a good entomologist."



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Concord Ap. 29th 1851

Dear Sir,

I return, herewith,
Young's Chronicles of the
Pilgrims — Hawkins's
Quebec — & Silliman's
Tour of Quebec.

Will you please send
me by the bearer — the
2nd & 3^d vols of the Forest
Trees of North America,
by F. Andrew Michaux, — of
which I have already had
the 1st vol — also
Bigelow's Medical Botany.

Yrs respectfully
Henry D. Thoreau.

BIGELOW

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SR.



April 29: Every man perhaps is inclined to think his own situation singular in relation to Friendship. Our thoughts would imply that other men *have* friends, though we have not. But I do not know of two whom I can speak of as standing in this relation to one another— Each one makes a standing offer to mankind— On such & such terms I will give myself to you —but it is only by a miracle that his terms are ever accepted.

We have to defend ourselves even against those who are nearest to friendship with us.

What a difference it is! —to perform the pilgrimage of life in the society of a mate —and not to have an acquaintance among all the tribes of men!

What signifies the census —this periodical numbering of men— to one who has no friend?

I distinguish between my *actual* and my *real* communication with individuals. I *really* communicate with my friends, and congratulate myself & them on our relation —and rejoice in their presence & society —oftenest when they are personally absent. I remember that not long ago as I laid my head on my pillow for the night I was visited by an inexpressible joy that I was permitted to know & be related to such mortals as I was then related to — & yet no special event

{*One leaf missing*}

that I could think of had occurred to remind me of any with whom I was connected —and by the next noon perchance those essences that had caused me joy would have receded somewhat. I experienced a remarkable gladness in the thought that they existed— Their existence was then blessed to me. Yet such has never been my actual relation to any.


Every one experiences that while his relation to another actually may be one of distrust & disappointment he may still have relations to him ideally & so really — in spite of both He is faintly conscious of a confidence & satisfaction somewhere. & all further intercourse is based on this experience of success,

The very dogs & cats incline to affection in their relation to man. It often happens that a man is more humanely related to a cat or dog than to any human being. What bond is it relates us to any animal we keep in the house but the bond of affection. In a degree we grow to love one another.



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 April 30, Wednesday, 1851: In San Francisco, California:

Act passed by the Legislature establishing a State Marine Hospital at San Francisco; and, on 1st May, another act passed to provide a revenue for the same. As both of these acts were amended in the succeeding session, they will be noticed among the events of 1852.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

1850-1851

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Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, the multiple volumes of Professor Jacob Bigelow's AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY (Boston, 1817-1820).¹⁵⁴



BOTANIZING

- AM. MED. BOTANY, I
- AM. MED. BOTANY, II
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIA
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIB

This resource is now available on CD-ROM: <http://www.octavo.com/collections/projects/bgwamb/>

Having already checked out the 1st volume of Francois André Michaux's THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA ... TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX, Thoreau checked out the 2d and 3d volumes of this work.¹⁵⁵



April 30: What is a chamber to which the sun does not rise in the morning? What is a chamber to which the sun does not set at evening? Such are often the chambers of the mind for the most part

Even the cat which lies on a rug all day –commences to prowl about the fields at night –resumes her

154. Professor Bigelow had, from 1815 to 1827, been the 1st Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts at Harvard College. He would be one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



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ancient forest habits.– the most tenderly bred grimalkin steals forth at night. Watches some bird on its perch for an hour in the furrow like a gun at rest. She catches no cold –it is her nature. Carressed by children & cherished with a saucer of milk.

Even she can erect her back & expand her tail & spit at her enemies like the wild cat of the woods. sweet sylvia

What is the singing of birds, or any natural sound, compared with the voice of one we love.

To one we love we are related as to nature in the spring. Our dreams are mutually intelligible. We take the census, and find that there is one.

Love is a mutual confidence whose foundation no one knows. The one I love surpasses all the laws of nature in sureness– Love is capable of any wisdom

“He that hath love & judgment too
Sees more than any other doe.”...

By our very mutual attraction –& our attraction to all other spheres kept properly asunder. Two planets which are mutually attracted –being at the same time attracted by the sun– presume equipoise & harmony.


Does not the history of chivalry and Knight-errantry suggest or point to another relation to woman than leads to marriage –yet an elevating and all absorbing one –perchance transcending marriage? As yet men know not one another –nor does man know woman.

I am sure that the design of my maker –when he has brought me nearest to woman– was not the propagation of the species –but perchance the development of the affections –and something akin to the maturation of the species. Man is capable of a love of woman quite transcending marriage.

I observe that the New York Herald advertises situations wanted by “respectable young women” by the column– but never– by respectable young men –rather “intelligent” and “smart” ones– from which I infer that the public opinion of New York does not require young men to be respectable in the same sense in which it requires young women to be so.

May it consist with the health of some bodies to be impure?

CAT

155.  [François André Michaux](#). THE NORTH AMERICAN *SYLVA*, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND NOVA SCOTIA. CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY WITH RESPECT TO THEIR USE IN THE ARTS AND THEIR INTRODUCTION INTO COMMERCE; TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX. [Philadelphia](#), 3 volumes, 1817

(This is an amended translation of his 1810-1813 *HISTOIRE DES ARBRES FORESTIERS DE L'AMERIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE*, and contains that work's illustrations.)



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GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

59

What is the singing of birds . . . compared with

ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.

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WALDEN: Many a village Bosc, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualling cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens; -now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the gerbille family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a "winged cat" in one of the farm-houses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont, (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun,) but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house; that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flattened out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her "wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

DOG

CAT

CATS WITH WINGS

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MAY 1851

THE 1ST TUESDAY IN MAY WAS THE ANNUAL "MUSTER DAY," ON WHICH ALL THE ABLEBODIED WHITE MEN OF A TOWN WERE SUPPOSEDLY REQUIRED TO FALL INTO FORMATION, WITH THEIR PERSONAL FIREARMS, TO UNDERGO THEIR ANNUAL DAY OF MILITARY TRAINING AND MILITIA INDOCTRINATION.

➡ May 1851: Spirit-rapping became the craze even in sensible [Concord](#), and was being critiqued not only by [Henry Thoreau](#) but also by [Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar](#):

When Concord was invaded by alleged manifestations of spirits through hitherto sober tables, — "spirits," as Thoreau said, "which no respectable junk bottle would consent to hold for an instant," — the apostles of the new "rat and mouse revelation," as Emerson called it, were Mr. X, a pocketbook-maker of no other distinction, his virtuous but tartly prosaic sister, an anæmic dressmaker and a rude Irish servant-girl who turned her table-



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moving to account in "spring cleaning." A lady, greatly interested in the question of future life, suggested to Judge [Ebenezer Rockwood] Hoar, that after all there might be something in these manifestations. He remarked: "But you will admit, madam, that this treasure -if it be such- is vouchsafed to us in earthen vessels." Some one retorted smartly on the Judge by saying that he "had to reserve all his credulity for the Christian miracles."


SPIRITUALISM

 May 1851: This month's [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#):

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

This issue informed the American public that [Horatio Greenough](#)'s "The Pioneers" sculpture (AKA "The Rescue Group") was nearing completion and would be positioned near the Congress building on Capital Hill.

 The action of the group symbolizes the one unvarying story of the contest between civilized and uncivilized man. The pioneer, standing almost erect, in the pride of conscious superiority, has dashed upon one knee the Indian, whose relaxed form, and cowering face upturned despairingly, express premonitions of the inevitable doom awaiting him, against which all his efforts would be unavailing. The heavy brow, compressed lip, and firm chin of the white man announce him one of a race born to conquer and rule, not so much by mere strength as by undaunted courage and indomitable will.

 May 1851: [Andrew Jackson Downing](#) came to Washington DC and took personal charge of the government land between 7th and 12th Streets. Beside the Mall he would design improvements for the square south of the White House.

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➡ May 1851: [Daniel Webster](#) went to Syracuse, New York and, from a balcony opposite the City Hall, labeled the efforts to block execution of the Fugitive Slave Law inside that monumental pile of stone as “treason, treason, TREASON.” He promised that the Fugitive Slave Law would be enforced in that municipality if the opportunity should present itself, during their next anti-slavery convention (and so it would, during the convention of the New York State [Liberty Party](#).)

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



➡ May 1851: The father of [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) died in Newark, New Jersey at the age of 68:

...he seemed as if he might live a twelvemonth [when I left him]; but eight-and-forty hours from that time, as I sat in the [Rev. \[Amos Gerry\] Beeman](#)'s pulpit, [the Temple Street African Church] in New Haven, after the opening services, while singing the hymn which immediately preceded the sermon, a telegraphic despatch was handed me, announcing my father's death. I begged Mr. Beeman to preach; his own feelings were such, that he could not, and I was obliged to make the effort. No effort ever cost me so much. Have I trespassed upon your time too much by these details? Forgive the fondness of the filial, the bereaved, the fatherless.

➡ May 1851: Dr. Grant of [New-York](#) argued, for the benefit of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Broadway Tabernacle, including [Frederick Douglass](#), that the Negro race was in fact no part of the human family, and as such was incapable of making proper use of the rights, immunities, and privileges which we consider to pertain to all human beings:

RACISM

I regard all the upright demeanour, gentlemanly bearing, Christian character, social progress, and material prosperity, of every coloured man, especially if he be a native of the United States, as, in its kind, anti-slavery labour. The enemies of the Negro deny his capacity for improvement or progress; they say he is deficient in morals, manners, intellect, and character. Upon that assertion they base the American doctrine, proclaimed with all effrontery, that the Negro is neither fit for nor entitled to the rights, immunities and privileges, which the same parties say belong naturally to all men; indeed, some of them go so far as to deny that the Negro belongs to the human family. In May, 1851, Dr. Grant, of New York, argued to this effect, to the manifest delight of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Broadway Tabernacle. True, two coloured gentleman, one of whom was Frederic Douglass, Esq., refuted the abominable theory; but Dr. Grant left, it is to be feared, his impression upon the minds of too many, some of whom wished to

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believe him. A very learned divine in New Haven, Connecticut, declared, to the face of my honoured friend, Rev. S.E. Cornish, that "neither wealth nor education nor RELIGION could fit the Negro to live upon terms of equality with the white man." Another Congregational clergyman of Connecticut told the Writer, in the presence of the Rev. A.G. Beeman, that in his opinion, were Christ living in a house capable of holding two families, he would object to a black family in the adjoining apartments. Mr. Cunard objected to my taking a passage on any other terms - in a British steamer, be it remembered; and Mr. Cunard is an Englishman - than that I should not offend Americans by presenting myself at the cabin table d'hôte. I could number six Americans who left Radley's Hotel, while I was boarding there, because I was expected to eat in the same coffee-room with them, at a separate table, twenty feet distant from them, being ignorant of their presence. In but five of the American States are coloured persons allowed to vote on equal terms with whites. From social and business circles the Negro is entirely excluded -no, not that; he is not admitted- as a rule.

Now, surely, all this is not attributable to the fact that the Americans hold slaves, for the very worst of these things are done by non-slaveholders, in non-slaveholding States; and Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, generally become the bitterest of Negro-haters, within fifteen days of their naturalization - some not waiting so long. Besides, in other slaveholding countries - Dutch Guiana, Brazil, Cuba, &c. - free Negroes are not treated thus, irrespective of character or condition. It is quite true that, as a rule, American slaveholders are the worst and the most cruel, both to their own mulatto children and to other slaves; it is quite true, that nowhere in the world has the Negro so bitter, so relentless enemies, as are the Americans; but it is not because of the existence of slavery, nor of the evil character or the lack of capacity on the part of the Negro. But, whatever is or is not the cause of it, there stands the fact; and this feeling is so universal that one almost regards "American" and "Negro-hater" as synonymous terms.

My opinion is, that much of this difference between the Anglo-Saxon on the one and his brother Anglo-Saxon on the other side of the Atlantic is to be accounted for in the very low origin of early American settlers, and the very deficient cultivation as compared with other nations, to which they have not attained. I venture this opinion upon the following considerations. The early settlers in many parts of America were the very lowest of the English population: the same class will abuse a Negro in England or Ireland now. The New England States were settled by a better class. In those States the Negro is best treated, excepting always the State of Connecticut. The very lowest of all the early settlers of America were the Dutch. These very same Dutch, as you find them now in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, out-American all Americans, save those of Connecticut, in their maltreatment of the free Negro. The middling and better classes of all Europe treat a black gentleman as a gentleman. Then step into the British American colonies, and you will find the lowest classes and those who have but recently arisen therefrom, just what the mass of

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
Yankees are on this matter. Also, the best friends the Negro has in America are persons generally of the superior classes, and of the best origin. These are facts. The conclusion I draw from them may be erroneous, but it is submitted that it may be examined. We expect, generally, that the progress of Christianity in a country will certainly, however gradually, undermine and overthrow customs and usages, superstitions and prejudices, of an unchristian character. That this contempt of the Negro is unchristian, perhaps I shall be excused from stooping to argue. But, alas! pari passu with the spread of what the pulpit renders current as Christianity in my native country, is the growth, diffusion, and perpetuity of hatred to the Negro; indeed, one might be almost tempted to accredit the words of one of the most eloquent of Englishmen, who, more than twenty years ago, described it in few but forcible terms – “the Negro-hating Christianity.” Religion, however, should be substituted for Christianity; for while a religion may be from man, and a religion from such an origin may be capable of hating, Christianity is always from God, and, like him, is love. “He who hateth his brother abideth in darkness.” “Love is the fulfilling of the law.” Surely it is with no pleasure that I say, from experience, deep-wrought conviction, that the oppression and the maltreatment of the hapless descendant of Africa is not merely an ugly excrescence upon American religion – not a blot upon it, not even an anomaly, a contradiction, and an admitted imperfection, a deplored weakness – a lamented form of indwelling, an easily besetting, sin; no, it is a part and parcel of it, a cardinal principle, a sine quâ non, a cherished defended keystone, a corner-stone, of American faith – all the more so as it enters into the practice, the everyday practice, of an overwhelming majority (equal to ninety-nine hundredths) of its professors, lay and clerical, of all denominations; not excepting, too, many of the Quakers! How these people will get on in Heaven, into which sovereign, abounding, divine mercy admits blacks as well as whites, I know not; but Heaven is not the only place to which either whites or blacks will enter after the judgment!

In view of such a conclusion, what is anti-slavery labour? Manifestly the refutation of all this miserable nonsense and heresy – for it is both. How is this to be done? Not alone by lecturing, holding anti-slavery conventions, distributing anti-slavery tracts, maintaining anti-slavery societies, and editing anti-slavery journals, much less by making a trade of these, for certain especial pets and favourites to profit by and in which to live in luxury; but, in connection with these labours, right and necessary in themselves, effective as they must be when properly pursued, the cultivation of all the upward tendencies of the coloured man. I call the expert black cordwainer, blacksmith, or other mechanic or artisan, the teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, or the divine, an anti-slavery labourer; and in his vocation from day to day, with his hoe, hammer, pen, tongue, or lancet, he is living down the base calumnies of his heartless adversaries – he is demonstrating his truth and their falsity: indeed, all the labour which falls short of this – much more, such as does not tend in this direction – must, from the nature of the case and the facts and

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demands of the cause, be defective, lamentably defective, to use no stronger term. I shall be understood, I hope, then, if I include the chief facts of my life, whether in the editorial chair, in the pulpit, on the platform, pleading for this cause or that, in my anti-slavery labours. God helping me wherever I shall be, at home, abroad, on land or sea, in public or private walks, as a man, a Christian, especially as a black man, my labours must be anti-slavery labours, because mine must be an anti-slavery life.

 May 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) completed the verse draft for *Der Junge Siegfried* (YOUNG SIEGFRIED) — later to be called simply SIEGFRIED.

At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:

HISTORY OF RR

*The old woman who was shown the telegraph & the railroad, said,
"Well, God's works are great, but man's works are greater!"*



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➡ May 1851: Frederick Douglass was beginning to obtain funding from the “Liberty Party” (a front for the wealthy, indignant, impatient Gerrit Smith) and renamed his gazette Frederick Douglass’s Paper.¹⁵⁶



Douglass has made an expedient conversion to save his newspaper. The North Star merged with a Syracuse [New York] Liberty [Party] sheet underwritten by Smith to form a new weekly to be called Frederick Douglass’s Paper. Smith and Douglass had wooed each other for months.... The new partners had closed the deal for two years of monthly subsidies shortly before the AAS meeting.




156. It would have been wrong, to have titled this Gerrit Smith’s Paper. That would have exposed, unnecessarily, what was going down; such a name would have been a dead giveaway. As always—we learned this during Watergate—to connect the dots you need to **follow the money**.—But gosh, you’re way ahead of me on this.



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 May 1851: At the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Syracuse, New York, there was a parting of the ways over a tactical issue, between [William Lloyd Garrison](#) and [Frederick Douglass](#). In becoming a family man and the editor of his own antislavery newspaper, Douglass had become a single-issue pragmatist, had ceased making attacks on the congregations and the reverends, and was drifting away from the principled “judge not” shunning of the political process by the nonviolence people (such as consenting neither to vote nor to hold office). Douglass declared that he had changed his mind about the US Constitution. It could be, or could be made into, an antislavery document. People who took another tack were “**practical** enemies of the colored people.” Garrison burst out

“There is roguery somewhere!”

Garrison felt Douglass had sold out, Douglass felt Garrison had impugned his honor. [Abby Kelley Foster](#) said that Douglass had transformed himself into “an enemy” and he accused her of trying to force the “too heavily laden” enslaved black man to bear on his back “the battle of Woman’s Rights.”

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 May 1851: The American Anti-Slavery Society commissioned the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) to evaluate the condition of escaped American slaves in [Canada](#). Upon his return he would estimate the presence of approximately 5,000 in settlements along the border, and report that they had derived mostly from New York and the Midwest.





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May 1851: Burning over the burned-over region, [Sojourner Truth](#) had since February been speaking against slavery across upstate [New York](#). The spirits indeed move in mysterious ways, for while visiting the area she was becoming entranced by table-rappings and communications with the departed.


Carleton Mabee's SOJOURNER TRUTH

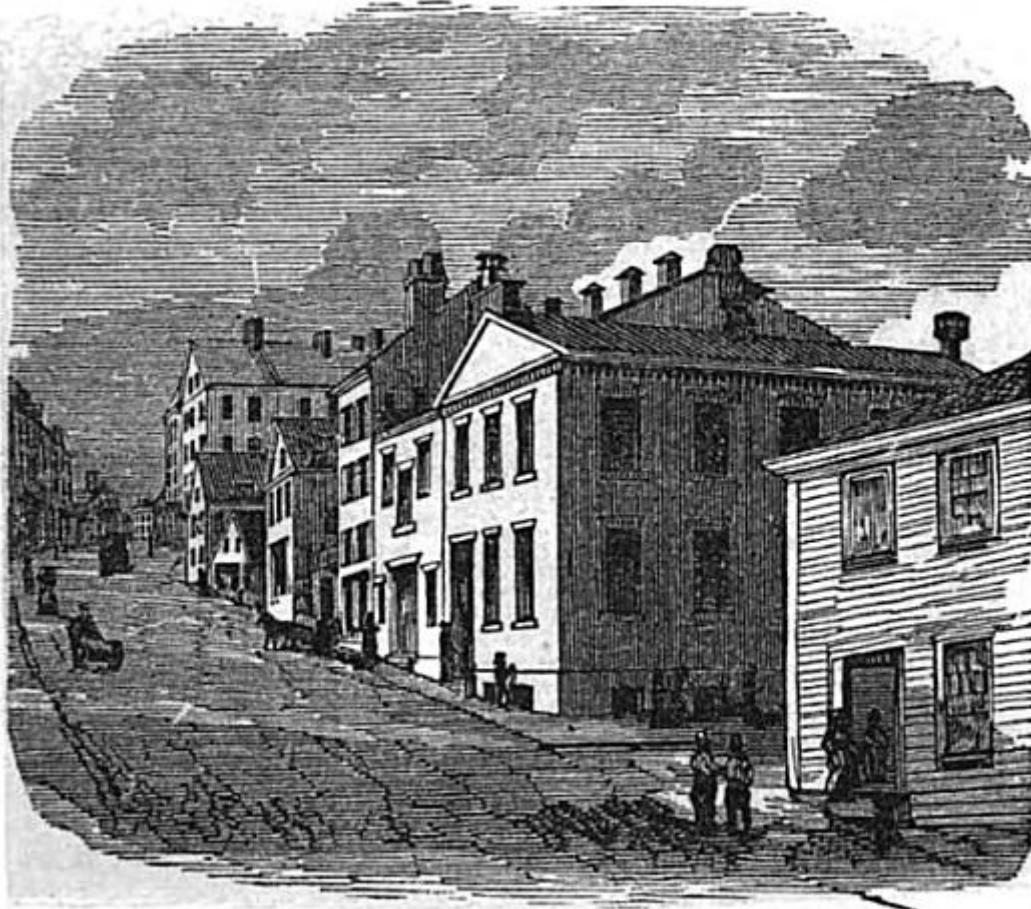
Pages 99-100: In Truth's time, Spiritualists played a role similar to that of "New Age" religionists in the late 1900s. The general public often ridiculed Spiritualists, and conservative churches often attacked them; Seventh Day Adventists, who were strong in Battle Creek, were among those who attacked Spiritualists, claiming they talked not to spirits of the dead but to devils. Some abolitionist-feminists such as [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), [Parker Pillsbury](#), and [Frederick Douglass](#) were skeptical of Spiritualists. Others tended to avoid identifying with them because they did not wish to antagonize the conventional church. But many abolitionist-feminists, including [William Lloyd Garrison](#), [Lucy Stone](#), and [Paulina Wright Davis](#), despite being dubious of certain claims by particular Spiritualists, tended to believe that spiritualism not only reinforced the Christian belief in immortality, but also was a progressive development that went hand in hand with efforts to improve the status of blacks and of women. By the late 1850s most of the Progressive Friends—a movement especially of dissident Quakers in which Truth and many of her friends took part, in Battle Creek, Rochester, and elsewhere—had accepted spiritualism. By the 1860s the intermingling of Progressive Friends and Spiritualists was so pervasive that it was hard to tell them apart.

SPIRITUALISM

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 May 1851: The Massachusetts legislature voted down a school desegregation bill despite the fact that due to parental boycott, at this point enrollment at [Boston](#)'s public all-black [Smith School](#) on Belknap Street stood at 37.



SMITH SCHOOL, BELKNAP STREET.

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Early May 1851: Early in this month Henry Thoreau took sulfuric ether and had all his teeth pulled, replacing them with full dentures.¹⁵⁷

By the rarest coincidence, we have preserved this 1850 photo of Scollay Square very near the Boston Athenæum, taken from a window of a building on Tremont Row. The photo shows No. 19, the office of William Thomas Green Morton, the dentist who had begun 4 years earlier to pioneer the use of ether as an anesthetic:



157. A great deal of research needs to be done, because this was substantially before Nelson Goodyear would develop, in an 1858 timeframe at the earliest, the sort of pinkish vulcanized rubber to which porcelain teeth might be affixed to fabricate a convenient and attractive denture. So, why was it that Thoreau had all his teeth pulled at once? –Were off-the-shelf standard denture prostheses available, and significantly less costly than partial made-to-order prostheses? Wouldn't sacrificing all one's teeth alter one's voice? Wasn't there a risk of shock involved in such a procedure?



WALDEN: The village appeared to me a great news room; and on one side, to support it, as once at Redding & Company's on State Street, they kept nuts and raisins, or salt and meal and other groceries. Some have such a vast appetite for the former commodity, that is, the news, and such sound digestive organs that they can sit forever in public avenues without stirring, and let it simmer and whisper through them like the Etesian winds, or as if inhaling ether, it only producing numbness and insensibility to pain, -otherwise it would often be painful to hear,- without affecting the consciousness. I hardly ever failed, which I rambled through the village, to see a row of such worthies, either sitting on a ladder sunning themselves, with their bodies inclined forward and their eyes glancing along the line this way and that, from time to time, with a voluptuous expression, or else leaning against a barn with their hands in their pockets, like caryatides, as if to prop it up. They, being commonly out of doors, heard whatever was in the wind. These are the coarsest mills, in which all gossip is first rudely digested or cracked up before it is emptied into finer and more delicate hoppers within doors.

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for May 1851 (æet. 33)



May 1, Thursday, 1851: While at his Bologna home entertaining friends, [Gioachino Antonio Rossini](#) was visited by the Austrian governor Count Nobili. As the count entered, Rossini's friends departed, and the composer received his guest alone.

The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations was officially opened in London's Hyde Park by [Queen Victoria](#) (it had been for this that the "Crystal Palace," a sort of immense prefab greenhouse structure, had been erected).

If I had my time again, I would have listened to those who said governments shouldn't try to run big visitor attractions.

– Prime Minister Tony Blair

João Carlos Gregório Domingues Vicente Francisco de Saldanha Oliveira e Daun, duque, marques e conde de Saldanha replaced António José de Sousa Manuel e Meneses Severim de Noronha, duque de Terceira, marques e conde de Vila-Flor as Prime Minister of Portugal.

[Daniel Foster](#), Dora, and their infant daughter Alice left Chester for Concord:

May 1st 1851 Concord
Came today back from my old home in Chester to my present field of toil in this town.

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The opening day for the [Crystal Palace](#), with all 13,000 of its exhibits in place with the exception of those from Russia. There would be some 6,000,000 visitors. A best seller among the tourist throngs would be Tennyson's "In Memoriam."



The nude white marble of the statue "The Greek Slave" by [Hiram Powers](#) was used as the revolving centerpiece of the very extensive exhibits of the United States of America at the exhibition in London (see following screen).

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There's statues bright
 Of marble white
 ...
 And some I think
 That isn't overproper.

The white plaster model from which Powers had worked as he carved this statue in [Italy](#) became the template for a mechanical copying device for the manufacture of many small imitations of the statue, for sale to the general public. Of course there were people who wanted to have a small copy of this statue in their living room, perhaps to make a lamp out of. On one of his models you can still see tiny black dots that had been used as registration marks for this mechanical copying device.

The Powers statue was intended to depict a virginal white female in chains, after she has been forcibly stripped by her greedy Muslim captors, while she is involuntarily displaying all her charms to lecherous Muslim bidders in the slave mart of Constantinople. Bondage! Innocence at risk! Satan triumphant! If there were any Victorian hot buttons [Hiram Powers](#) neglected to stroke, it's not clear what hot buttons those would have been. People stood for hours as this work of art slowly revolved on its pedestal, overwhelmed by the art of this exhibit. The self-righteousness of all this impelled Punch to tweak our tail with a comment on American liberty.



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Exceedingly popular at this English exhibition were the American mass-manufactured square grand pianos, which the visitors were encouraged to play, and American mass-manufactured “six-shooters,” which the visitors were encouraged to fire. And over in that corner over there was a rather diminutive American salesman of American artificial legs, standing in front of his display booth all day, day after day, on his own pair of artificial legs, the left one starting below the knee and the right one starting above the knee, not seeming to be bothered by this at all. Colonel Samuel Colt was in London as visiting American royalty, and had his fifteen minutes of fame before the Parliament, during which he informed the Peers that:

“There is nothing that can not be produced by machinery.”

Oh, Mr. Colt, please pull out your equalizer and squeeze off six rounds of decency!



At the [Crystal Palace](#) Exposition in London, the mass-produced Colt revolver was quite the crowd pleaser. Also, Jacob Sweppes distributed soda water drinks out of metal-capped individual bottles (soda water had been invented by the [Reverend Joseph Priestley](#) several decades earlier, with the idea that fizz-water was going to cure the [yellow fever](#)).

In Boston, the Reverend Professor [Edward Hitchcock](#)’s THE RELIGION OF [GEOLOGY](#) AND ITS CONNECTED SCIENCES (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company). How come Jews don’t have a problem with the creation of the world the way Christians have a problem with the creation of the world, huh? Hey, it’s a story, you have to know how to read a story. A particle in the text of *GENESIS* (“v” meaning “afterward”) reveals that all this hoo-hah our theologians had been going on about for so many centuries –God’s Creation having gone down during precisely one week of seven-count-’em-seven days just a few thousand years ago, that sort of [Archbishop Ussher](#) thingie– had never been anything more than a great bog misunderstanding due to a minor translation error out of the Hebrew. Duh. We just need to learn how to read the OLD TESTAMENT. Actually there is no discord between the lengthy time-series of the modern science of geology and theology properly understood, none whatever:

In the English Bible this particle is usually rendered by the



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copulative conjunction *and*; in the Septuagint, and in Josephus, however, it sometimes has the sense of *but*. And some able commentators are of opinion that it admits of a similar translation in the passage under consideration. The elder Rosenmuller says we might read it thus: "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Afterwards the earth was desolate,*" &c. Or the particle *afterwards* may be placed at the beginning of any of the succeeding verses. Thus, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was desolate, and darkness was upon the face of the waters. *Afterwards* the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters... And if such an interval be allowed, it is all that geology requires to reconcile its facts to revelation.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Act passed by the Legislature, "to authorize the funding of the floating debt of the city of [San Francisco](#), and to provide for the payment of the same." Peculiar circumstances, such as the necessity of grading and improving the public streets, building certain wharves, the purchase of expensive premises for corporate purposes, the monstrous salaries claimed by the boards of aldermen and other municipal authorities, the heavy outlay attending the hospital, fire and police departments, contingent expenses to a very large amount, printing, (-\$41,905 20 for only nineteen months!-) surveying and numberless other charges, had involved the city in an enormous gross amount of indebtedness. By the Comptroller's Report, the total expenditure of the city from the 1st August, 1849, to the 30th November, 1850, was \$1,450,122 57; and in the three following months a further expenditure was created of \$562,617 53. In the space of nineteen months, therefore, the total expenditure was upwards of two millions of dollars. But as neither the property of the city, which had already been sold to a great extent, nor its ordinary revenues, were adequate to defray this immense sum, the municipal authorities had been for a considerable period obliged to issue scrip, in immediate -satisfaction or acknowledgment of the corporation debts. This scrip, as the city got farther involved and could only make payment of its new obligations in the same kind of paper, soon became much depreciated, and was literally in common sale at from fifty to seventy per cent. discount. Meanwhile, nobody would do any business for the city on the same terms as they would for other parties, so long as they were to be paid in this depreciated scrip. The natural consequence was that the municipal officers had just virtually to pay, or rather give their promise to pay, twice or thrice the amounts they would have needed to lay out, if the city had been solvent, with cash in hand to meet all obligations. This circumstance therefore still farther added to the enormous weight of debt. Truly the city seems to have been long considered fair game for every one who had spirit, skill, and corruption enough to prey upon its means. The officials complained that their salaries were paid in depreciated scrip. That was true, and hard enough upon many; but, on the other hand, certain

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leading office-holders made a fine thing of this same depreciation. They contrived to purchase vast quantities of corporation paper at one-third of its nominal value, which they turned over, in their several departments, to the city at par. In various ways they trafficked in this scrip, and always to their own great advantage. The tax collector, for instance, refused to receive scrip in payment of license duties and other city taxes, on one ground or other, that it was not yet due, and the like, while instead of paying into the city treasurer the cash which was actually received, he only handed over his own comparatively worthless paper, purchased with the city's cash for that express purpose. The comptroller and treasurer were likewise parties concerned in this species of speculation. Considerable fortunes were thus gained by sundry officials, who could "finesse," and make money in any state of the corporation exchequer. Doubtless they quietly and gaily said to themselves, as the public thought, that "it was an ill-wind that blew nobody good." In those days-so recent, yet in the history of [San Francisco](#) so virtually remote-jobbing and speculation were rank, and seemed the rule in the city government. Public honesty and conscientious attention to the interests of the community were solitary exceptions. To such an extent did nefarious speculations in city paper prevail among people high in office, that the Legislature was at last compelled to interfere, and declare it a penal offence for any municipal officer to buy scrip or to traffic in it in any manner of way. Meanwhile the scrip was bearing interest at the rate of three per cent. per month! On the 1st day of March, 1851, the total liabilities of the city were \$1,099,557 56. At this time, the whole corporation property, if forced to a public sale, would not have brought one-third of that amount; while, if interest were to continue to run on the debt at the heavy rate just mentioned, the ordinary revenues would have fallen lamentably short of meeting it, after defraying the current expenses. In these circumstances, the act above mentioned was passed by the Legislature. By this act certain commissioners were appointed to manage the proposed "funded debt," who were empowered to issue stock, bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, in lieu of scrip to a similar amount, which might be presented by holders of the same within a specified time. This funded debt was to be redeemed wholly within twenty years, and particular obligations were laid on the city that the sums necessary to be raised to pay the half-yearly interest, and ultimately the principal, should be solely applied to these purposes. Fifty thousand dollars, over and above the amount required to pay the interest on the stock, were to be levied annually, which sum was to be made use of by the commissioners, under certain restrictions, in buying up, and so gradually reducing the amount of the city liabilities. As the stock thus created was considered to be an undoubted security for the amounts it represented, which the old scrip was not, and as the former soon bore a higher market value than such scrip, the holders of the latter generally took occasion to convert their floating into the funded debt. The small amount of scrip never presented for conversion into stock within the specified time, and which was chiefly held by parties at a distance, was

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subsequently paid in full by the city. In 1852, a great financial operation of a similar nature took place, by which the then floating debt of the county of [San Francisco](#) was converted into a seven per cent. stock. This will be more particularly noticed in its chronological order.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



May 1, Thursday, 1851: While he was reacting to the fervor about support for [Lajos Kossuth](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) entered a poem in his journal, and also on page 96 of his Commonplace Book (now in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library):

OSSIAN

THE SPIRIT OF LODIN
I look down from my height on nations,
And they become ashes before me;
Calm is my dwelling in the clouds;
Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.

Thoreau's source for this poem was [Patrick MacGregor](#). A prose version of it had indeed appeared in the 1790 edition by [James Macpherson](#) of THE POEMS OF [OSSIAN](#) in Book I, "Carric-Thura" — but the spelling there had been "Loda" rather than "Lodin":



May 1. Observed the *Nuphar Advena* Yellow Water Lily in blossom Also the *Laurus Benzoin* or Fever Bush Spice wood near Wm Wheeler's in Lincoln —resembling the Witch Hazel. It is remarkable that this aromatic shrub —though it grows by the road side —& does not hide itself may be as it were effectually concealed —though it blossoms every spring— It may be observed only once in many years.

The blossom buds of the peach have expanded just enough to give a slight peach tint to the orchards. In regard to purity, I do not know whether I am much worse or better than my acquaintances. If I confine my thought to myself —I appear —whether by constitution or by education, irrevocably impure, as if I should be shunned by my fellow men, if they knew me better —as if I were of two inconsistent natures —but again when I observe how the mass of men speak of woman and of chastity —with how little love and reverence —I feel that so far I am unaccountably better than they. I think that none of my acquaintances has a greater love and admiration for chastity than I have. Perhaps it is necessary that one should actually stand low himself in order to reverence what is high in others All distant landscapes —seen from hill tops are veritable pictures —which will be found to have no actual existence to him who travels to them— "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." It is the bare *land*-scape without this depth of atmosphere to glass it. The distant river reach seen in the north from the Lincoln Hill, high in the horizon —like the ocean stream flowing round Homer's shield —the rippling waves reflecting the light —is unlike the same seen near at hand. Heaven intervenes between me and the object —by what license do I call it Concord River. It redeems the character of rivers to see them thus— They were worthy then of a place on Homer's shield—

As I looked today from mt Tabor in Lincoln to the Waltham Hill I saw the same deceptive slope — the near hill melting into the further —inseparably indistinguishably —it was one gradual slope from the base of the near hill to the summit of the further one —a succession of copsewoods —but I knew that there intervened a valley 2 or 3 miles wide studded with houses & orchards & drained by a considerable stream. When the shadow of a cloud passed over the nearer hill —I could distinguish its shaded summit against the side of the other.

I had in my mind's eye a silent gray tarn which I had seen the summer before? high up on the side of a *mt* Bald Mt where the half dead spruce trees stood far in the water draped with wreathy mist as with esnea moss —made of dews —where the Mt spirit bathed. Whose bottom was high above the surface of other lakes Spruces whose dead limbs were more in harmony with the mists which draped them.



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The forenoon that I moved to my house—a poor old lame fellow who had formerly frozen his feet—hobbled off the road—came & stood before my door with one hand on each door post looking into the house & asked for a drink of water. I knew that rum or something like it was the only drink he loved but I gave him a dish of warm pond water which was all I had, nevertheless, which to my astonishment he drank, being used to drinking.

Nations! what are nations?— Tartars! and Huns! and Chinamen—like insects they swarm— The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men— It is individuals that populate the world.

THE SPIRIT OF LODIN

“I look down from my height on nations,
And they become ashes before me; — —
Calm is my dwelling in the clouds;
Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.”¹⁵⁸

Man is as singular as god.

There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as—if I think that I can live on vegetable food alone, and to strike at the root of the matter at once I am accustomed to answer such “Yes, I can live on board nails” If they cannot understand that they cannot understand much that I have to say. That cuts the matter short with them.¹⁵⁹ For my own part I am glad to hear of experiments of this kind being tried—as that a young man tried for a fortnight to see if he could live on hard raw corn on the ear—using his tooth for his only mortar— The squirrel tribe tried the same (experiment) and succeeded. The human race is interested in these experiments—though a few old women may be alarmed—who own their thirds in mills.

Khaled would have his weary soldiers vigilant still; apprehending a mid night sally from the enemy “Let no man sleep,” said he, We shall have rest enough after death,”—

Would such an exhortation be understood by Yankee soldiers?

Omar answered the dying Abu Beker “Oh successor to the apostle of God! spare me from this burden. I have no need of the Caliphat.” But the Caliphat has need of you!” replied the dying Abu Beker

“Heraclius had heard of the mean attire of the Caliph Omar, and asked them why, having gained so

158. [Thoreau](#) would later extrapolate from this for his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)”, combining it with an entry made on January 20th, 1852 and an entry made on April 3d, 1853 to form the following:

[Paragraph 78] All summer, and far into the autumn, I unconsciously went by the newspapers and the news, and now I find it was because the morning and the evening were full of news to me. My walks were full of incidents. I attended, not to the affairs of Europe, but to my own affairs in Massachusetts fields. If you chance to live and move and have your being [[ACTS 17:28](#)] in that thin stratum in which the events that make the news transpire,—thinner than the paper on which it is printed,—then these things will fill the world for you; but if you soar above or dive below that plane, you cannot remember nor be reminded of them. Really to see the sun rise or go down every day, so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane forever. Nations! What are nations? Tartars, and Huns, and Chinamen! Like insects, they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world. Any man thinking may say with the Spirit of Lodin,— “I look down from my height on nations, And they become ashes before me; —Calm is my dwelling in the clouds; Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.”

BRAD DEAN'S COMMENTARY

Bradley P. Dean has emended this per the Nantucket [Inquirer](#) summary and the journal source, dropping “perchance” after “autumn” and moving pronouns from 2d to 1st person.



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much wealth by his conquests, he did not go richly clad like other princes? They replied, that he cared not for this world, but for the world to come, and sought favor in the eyes of God alone. "In what kind of a palace does he reside?" asked the emperor. "In a house built of mud" "Who are his attendants?" "Beggars and the poor". "What tapestry does he sit upon?" "Justice and equity". "What is his throne?" "Abstinence and true knowledge" What is his treasure?" "Trust in God" "And who are his guard?" "The bravest of the Unitarians".

It was the custom of Ziyad once governor of Bassora, "wherever he held sway, to order the inhabitants to leave their doors open at night, with merely a hurdle at the entrance to exclude cattle, engaging to replace any thing that should be stolen: and so effective was his police, that no robberies were committed."

Abdallah was "so fixed and immovable in prayer, that a pigeon once perched upon his head mistaking him for a statue."



May 2, Friday, [1851](#): The Sacramento, [California](#) [Daily Union](#) reported:

PRIZE FIGHT. — The [Standard](#) says that one of these exhibitions came off on Tuesday morning in Happy Valley. The combatants were a boatman and a police officer; a difficulty, it seems, had arisen at the polls on Monday last between the two men; the result of which was a bet of \$100 a side, on a pounding match. They met according to agreement, and while sparring away in great style, were suddenly pounced upon by Capt. Meredith of the station-house of the first district. The pugilistic police

159. [Waldo Emerson](#), when he had heard [Thoreau](#) make this remark during June 1840, had supposed it to be a remark about Diet! This statement, which of course has nothing whatever to do with Diet and everything to do with Faith (how could the Reverend Emerson have been so clueless?), would eventually find its way into [WALDEN](#):



[WALDEN](#): There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as, if I think that I can live on vegetable food alone; and to strike at the root of the matter at once, —for the root is faith,— I am accustomed to answer such, that I can live on board nails. If they cannot understand that, they cannot understand much that I have to say. For my part, I am glad to hear of experiments of this kind being tried; as that a young man tried for a fortnight to live on hard, raw corn on the ear, using his teeth for all mortar. The squirrel tribe tried the same and succeeded. The human race is interested in these experiments, though a few old women who are incapacitated for them, or who own their thirds in mills, may be alarmed.

To grasp that this is indeed a remark about Faith, you need only contemplate the following familiar texts:

Isaiah 7:9 — If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.
Habakkuk. 2:4 — Behold, his soul *which* is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith.
Matthew 8:13 — And Jesus said unto the centurion, "Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, *so* be it done unto thee."
Matthew 9:28 — "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" They said unto him, "Yea, Lord."
Matthew 21:21 — "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."
Mark 4:40 — And he said unto them, "Why are you so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"
Mark 10:52 — And Jesus said unto him, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."
Mark 11:22 — And Jesus answering saith unto them, "Have faith in God."



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officer has been suspended.

ESCAPE OF ANOTHER PRISONER. — A member of the chain gang effected his escape yesterday by the assistance of a man who drove a covered wagon to the brick yard where the convicts were at work. After the wagon left it was discovered that one of them was gone. The wagon was pursued and overtaken, but the man could not be found. The wagoner was immediately taken into custody, and is now on board the prison ship. These are all the circumstances we have been enabled to gather, and in view of them, it would not appear harsh to see the gentleman who was so kind hearted as to assist his friend in a distressed situation, continue his goodness and do the work allotted to the lucky hombre, who is now going about "seeking whom he may devour."

NEW THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO. — From the Alta we learn that this new building is nearly completed. It is of sufficient size to accommodate two thousand persons. The projectors of the enterprize are men of capital, and will spare no pains to render the establishment the finest in California. A very popular company is already engaged.

STEAMERS. — The *New World*, *W.G. Hunt*, *H.T. Clay* and *Hartford*, all left within a few minutes of two o'clock yesterday. The speed of the People's and Union lines has never yet been decided satisfactory to all parties, and we suppose never will be. We shall have in consequence to chronicle on account of it many instances of the "quickest trip on record."

WINDS. — From the fact that southerly winds are beginning to prevail, we may consider the summer season as firmly established. We are told by a gentlemen who has resided in this country since 1841, that sail vessels are always able in the summer to make the trip from the Bay to this place in a day or so, and that tow-boats in consequence will not be an actual desideratum until winter. In some instances during the latter season it has required over two months for the passage.

ILLUSTRATION. — A gentleman, who on account of the election times, warm weather, or from an unknown cause, is not a Son of Temperance, addressed some bystanders on the Levee yesterday, after the following style "Men are sometimes like this lepine watch, sirs. You see it looks like a first-rate time piece. Its appearance is decidedly prepossessing. Come up here Mr. Thompson. You hear it ticking in fine order, don't you? Let me put it against your ear. There now. You hear a clickety, rattling ringing, jarring noise inside. That's the way with some folks. At a little distance they appear polished gentlemen, but when brought up right close by intimate acquaintance, you find there's something wrong inside. They have to be regulated every few days by public opinion. Give me a real old patent lever of a man, that's got the right click about him — one that's got good works inside. He don't have to be regulated, but when you look at him, you know you can depend on him." "Same way with good liquor, gentlemen" — but not having time to hear further illustrations, we were debarred the pleasure of hearing the



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closing remarks.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]

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May 3, 11PM Saturday night, 1851: For the 7th time in its 4 years of existence, San Francisco, California was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Over the following 10 hours 2,000 buildings were destroyed (which constituted most of the city). The flames were so bright they could be seen 140 kilometers away, in Monterey.



Henry Thoreau laid out a road for Luther Hosmer, from his house near the road to Sudbury through land owned by James P. Brown to Marlboro Road at Thomas Wheeler's,



while meanwhile, on Boston Common, William Lloyd Garrison spoke against slavery.

View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/65.htm



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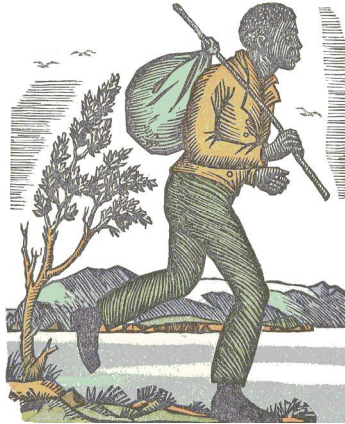
That night [Waldo Emerson](#) delivered “The Fugitive Slave Law” in Concord.

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On April 11th, [Wendell Phillips](#) had addressed a previous assembly on the Common, about the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case. This image of that previous meeting was appearing in this day's first issue of a new Boston magazine created by publisher [Frederick Gleason](#) and editor [Maturin Murray Ballou](#), [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#).¹⁶⁰ Since the important detail that would not have been missed by any of the 19th-Century viewers of this image is that the assembly being depicted was amalgamated, which is to say, multi-racial, the fact that the orator depicted is Phillips rather than Garrison is not by way of comparison of any great

160. Gleason was the publisher of the Boston story paper, [The Flag of Our Union](#). Ballou would purchase the [Pictorial](#) in 1855 and substitute his own name for [Gleason's](#) in the title. In 1859 Ballou would finish and Gleason would return with a 16-page story-paper, [Gleason's Literary Companion](#), which would continue until 1870. In about 1857 Henry Thoreau would copy from the initial offerings of the [Pictorial](#) into his Indian Notebook #10.

CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA

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moment:



RACISM
MAGAZINE



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]



May 4, Sunday, 1851: [Stephen Grover Cleveland](#) became a member of the [Old Stone Church](#) in Clinton, [New York](#) along with his mother Ann Cleveland and siblings, by letter of transfer from the Presbyterian Church of Fayetteville, [New York](#) (the father of the family, the [Reverend Richard Falley Cleveland](#), was otherwise occupied, as district secretary for the [American Home Missionary Society](#)).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

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The anniversary of the second great fire was signalized by the fifth, the ravages of which perhaps exceeded, in gross amount, those of all the fires together that had previously taken place in the city. For eight months the inhabitants had enjoyed comparative immunity from conflagration. Although single houses had caught fire, and been consumed, it was not believed that such a dreadful calamity could come as that which now happened. A considerable number of buildings, which were supposed fire-proof, had been erected in the course of the preceding year, the solid walls of which, it was thought, would afford protection from the indefinite spreading of the flames, when fire should unhappily break out in any particular building. But all calculations and hopes on this subject were mocked and broken. The brick walls that had been so confidently relied upon crumbled in pieces before the furious flames; the thick iron shutters grew red hot and warped, and only increased the danger and insured final destruction to every thing within them. Men went for shelter into these fancied fire-proof brick and iron-bound structures, and when they sought to come forth again, to escape the heated air that was destroying them as by a close fire, they found, O horror! that the metal shutters and doors had expanded by the heat, and could not be opened! So, in these huge, sealed furnaces, several perished miserably. Many more persons lost their lives in other portions of the burned district, partly by the flames, and partly by the tottering walls falling on and crushing them. The fire began a few minutes past eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 3d of May, in a paint, or upholstery store, on the south side of the plaza. As particular care seems to have been observed in this establishment to extinguish all lights and fires, the sad work was likely commenced by an incendiary. The wind blowing strongly from the north-west, the conflagration proceeded in the direction of Kearny street, and soon swept before it all of the houses on some entire blocks. Then the breeze suddenly shifted, and blew from the south, carrying the fire backwards to the north and east. In a few hours the whole business part of the city was one entire mass of flame! The wind that would have been considered high, though no fire had existed, was now raised to a hurricane by the action of the flames, that greedily sucked in the fresh air. The hollows beneath the planked streets were like great blow-pipes, that stirred the fire to fearful activity. Through such strange channels, too, which themselves became as dry and inflammable as tinder, the flames were communicated from street to street, and in an amazingly short time the whole surface, over a wide region, glowed, crackled, and blazed, one immense fiery field. The reflection from the sky of this terrific conflagration was said to have been visible at Monterey, nearly a hundred miles off! where it filled the superstitious and timid with dismay and irrepressible terror. On all sides in the doomed city there was heard the fierce roar, as of many storms, that drowned the shouts of men and the shrieks of women. The firemen plied their engines vigorously, and sent showers of water on the wild flames, that only served to increase their fury. As the solid stream of some lofty cataract is scattered into spray and thin mist long before it reaches the earth in the chasm beneath, so were the jets from the fire-

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engines dissipated into clouds of mere steam which never fell upon or could not extinguish the hot centre of the resistless element. Houses were blown up, but the fire leaped lightly across the gaps, and pursued its terrible course. It ran along the planked streets, and from block to block, almost as if they were but a train of gunpowder. The short space of ten hours, from the commencement of the fire, saw from fifteen hundred to two thousand houses completely ruined. In the end, the absolute want of further fuel to consume was the chief cause of the conflagration ceasing. Eighteen entire squares, with portions of five or six others, were devastated, and, with fewer than twenty exceptions, all the houses and property of every description were totally destroyed. Only five of the brick buildings on Montgomery street escaped destruction, and ten or twelve in other localities. The burned district extended about three-fourths of a mile from north to south, and one-third of a mile from east to west. In this space was comprehended the most valuable part of the city, and where the most precious goods and merchandise were stored. All was destroyed! The damage was moderately estimated at from ten to twelve millions of dollars. In this conflagration some of the old store-ships that had been hauled high upon the beach, and gradually closed in by the streets growing over the bay, were consumed. Of these was the old "Niantic." This vessel had long lain fixed at the corner of Clay and Sansome streets, where the hotel, which bears its name, was afterwards erected. The "Apollo" and "General Harrison" were also burned. Among the incidents of the fire, it may be mentioned that Dewitt & Harrison saved their warehouse by using vinegar in the absence of water, eighty thousand gallons of the former fluid having been employed by them in protecting the building. By breaking up the wharves, and so cutting off the connection with the burning masses, the immense amount of valuable shipping in the harbor was saved, which at one time was in the most imminent peril. [San Francisco](#) had never before suffered so severe a blow, and doubts were entertained by the ignorant that she could possibly recover from its effects. Such doubts were vain. The bay was still there, and the people were also there; the placers of the State were not yet exhausted, and its soil was as fertile and inviting as ever. The frightful calamity, no doubt, would retard the triumphant progress of the city-but only for a time. Sour, pseudo-religious folk on the shores of the Atlantic, might mutter of Sodom and Gomorrah, and prate the idlest nonsense, while envious speculators in cities of [California](#) itself, that would fain rival the glories of its grand port, might preach till doomsday of the continual strong winds that prevailed in the latter place, and which were certain, so they said, among thousands of wooden houses, to fan the veriest spark into a conflagration, again and again. The citizens of [San Francisco](#) were content only to curse and vow vengeance on the incendiaries that kindled the fire, and resolved to be better prepared in future to resist its spreading ravages. After the first short burst of sorrow, the ruined inhabitants, many of whom had been burned out time after time by the successive fires, began again, like the often persecuted spider with its new web, to create still another town and another fortune. While the city lay one vast black and still smoking

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tract, preparations were made to erect new buildings. These were generally at first formed of wood, low in height, limited in extent, and slightly constructed; but, before long, such rough, slim, temporary structures, began to give place to the present magnificent buildings that decorate our streets. But one other great fire was to come.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]



May 5, Monday, 1851: [Gioachino Antonio Rossini](#), after in 1835 winning his petition with the French government for an annuity, had resettled in Bologna, [Italy](#), abandoned both Paris and his wife. After her death he had remarried there. The 1848 Year of Revolution and its aftermath motivated him for safety at this point to leave Bologna never to return (his new base would be Florence, where he would remain until 1855).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]

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May 6, Tuesday, 1851: John Gorrie of Appalachicola, Florida was awarded a patent for his ice making machine.

Nelson Goodyear, a brother of [Charles Goodyear](#), patented “Vulcanite,” a brownish-black moldable substance named after the Roman deity Vulcan presiding over fire and the working of metals. This patent was for a process that heated sulphur, shellac, magnesia, lime, or carbonate or sulfate of magnesia or lime, with caoutchouc. The material could be used in telegraph-wire insulators, replacing glass or asbestos. Here are some examples of hardened-rubber telegraph-line insulators of the sort that was able to patent on this date:

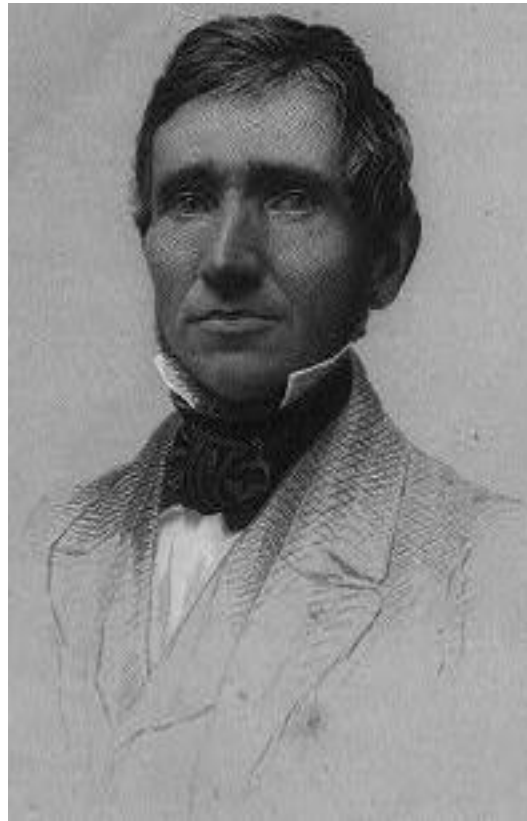
TELEGRAPHY



Thomas W. Evans, an American [dentist](#) practicing in Paris, dentist to Louis Napoleon and one of the 1st to use anesthesia in Europe, would in a much later timeframe see a pair of dentures marked “Goodyear’s Patent” and in anger assert that it had been he who in Paris in 1852 had offered Goodyear the idea of using rubber to make dentures to which teeth of porcelain might be affixed. This dentist would claim to have been experimenting with caoutchouc since 1848 — but clearly, whatever inexpensive set of full dentures the newly toothless [Henry](#)

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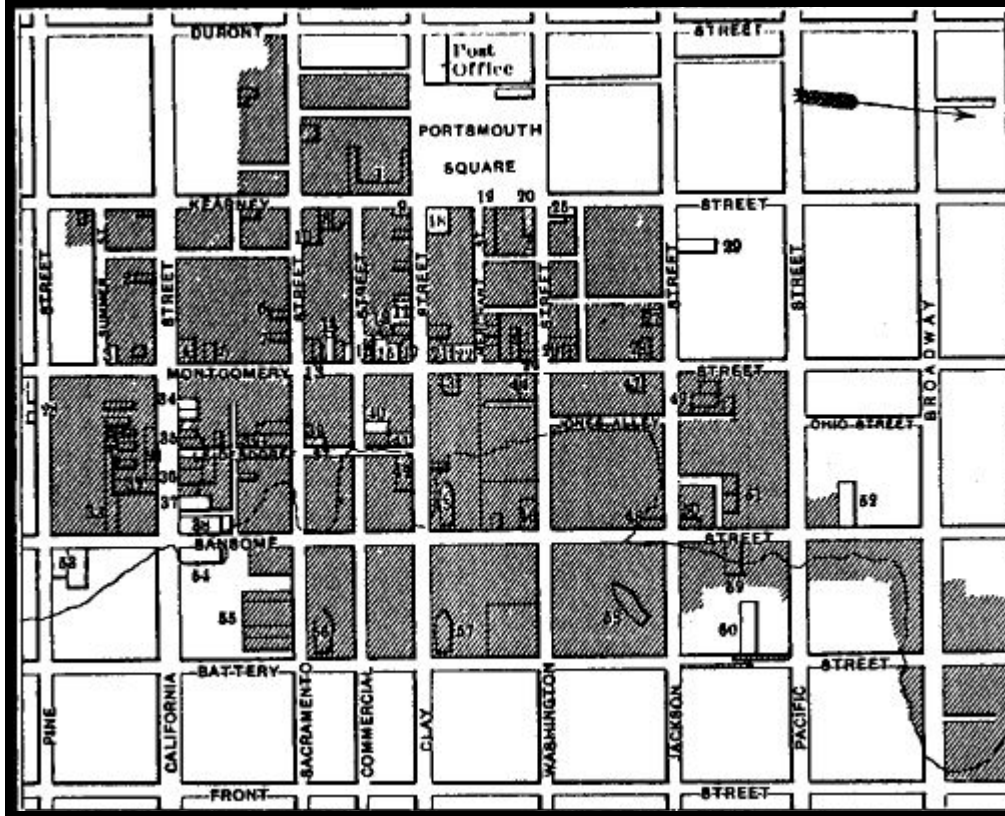
Charles Goodyear

[Thoreau](#) purchased during this year, they could not have been fashioned of such a rubber product. By 1858 Charles Goodyear's brother Nelson had applied for and received amended patents covering both an improved form of vulcanization and the resulting product, which, of course, had hundreds of potential applications. A fitted set of upper and lower Vulcanite dentures with white porcelain teeth could be obtained for about \$30 from a dentist, or an unfitted set from a store for \$8-\$10. There was a technique involving vermilion containing mercury, for turning this material a more attractive pink, although this process was somewhat poisonous. Since the pink facing weakened the material, it was applied only where the gums would be exposed during a smile.

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 May 6, Tuesday, 1851: Three quarters of the buildings of San Francisco, California lay in ashes from its 5th great fire, one that had begun at after 11PM on the night of May 3d in a store on Portsmouth Plaza across from the Post Office. A chamber of commerce would be formed and the city would quickly rebuild (minus the plank streets that had helped spread these flames).

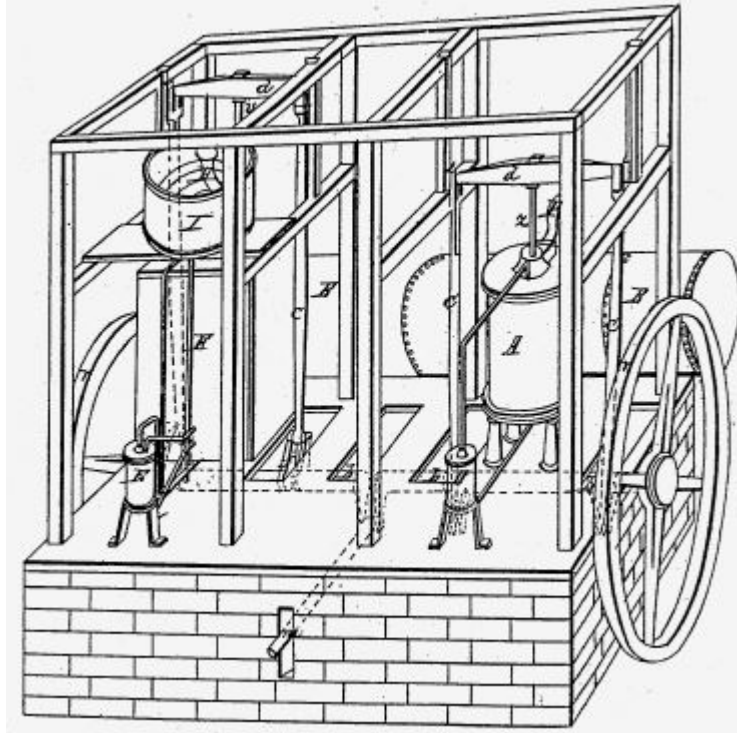


[Dr. John B. Gorrie](#) obtained US Patent #8080 for a refrigeration device intended to relieve the suffering of [yellow fever](#) patients. A pair of double-acting force pumps condensed and rarified air containing a small amount of water vapor. The air ran through a coil immersed in a vat of brine in which the water vapor re-condensed into liquid, cooling the brine to 26° Fahrenheit. Rain water, in oil-coated metal containers immersed

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in the brine, would transform into bricks of [ice](#).



[Linus Yale, Jr.](#), whose ancestors were of the same family as the Elihu Yale who back in the early years of the 18th Century had been the namesake of [Yale College](#), obtained US Patent #8,071 for a spring-less pin tumbler “Yale Magic Infallible Bank Lock” that allowed the owner to change the combination and allowed the key to secure the lock while being hidden away from the exterior of the door by a hardened steel plate covering the keyhole behind it (other patents would follow, such as the June 27, 1865 patents #48,475 and #48,476 for the famous padlock).

In his journal, [Henry Thoreau](#) quoted from Isvara Krisna’s THE [ŚĀNKHYA KĀRIKĀ](#); OR, MEMORIAL VERSES ON THE [ŚĀNKHYA](#) PHILOSOPHY, as translated from the Sanskrit by [Henry Thomas Colebrooke](#).

THE ŚĀNKHYA KĀRIKĀ

(He had found this in [BHĀSHYA](#) OR COMMENTARY OF [GAURAPĀDA](#), a volume he had checked out from [Harvard Library](#), as translated from the Sanskrit and commented upon by [Horace Hayman Wilson](#), that had been prepared by the Oriental Translation Fund at Oxford in 1837.)

COMMENTARY OF GAURAPADA



May 6, Monday [sic]. The Harivansa describes a “substance called *Poroucha*, a spiritual substance known also under the name of Mahat, spirit united to the five elements, soul of beings, now enclosing itself in a body like ours, now returning to the eternal body; it is mysterious wisdom, the perpetual sacrifice made by the virtue of the *Yoga*, the fire which animates animals, shines in the sun, and is mingled with all bodies. Its nature is to be born and to die, to pass from repose to movement. The spirit led astray by the senses, in the midst of the creation of Brahma, engages itself in works and knows birth, as well as death. – – The organs of the senses are its paths, and its work manifests itself in this creation of Brahma. Thought tormented by desires, is like the sea agitated by



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the wind. Brahma has said; the heart filled with strange affections is to be here below purified by wisdom – – Here below even, clothed already as it were in a luminous form, let the spirit, though clogged by the bonds of the body, prepare for itself an abode sure and permanent. – – He who would obtain final emancipation must abstain from every exterior action. The operation which conducts the pious and penitent Brahman to the knowledge of the truth, is all interior, intellectual, mental. They are not ordinary practices which can bring light into the soul.

The Mouni who desires his final emancipation, will have care evening and morning to subdue his senses, to fix his mind on the divine essence, and to transport himself by the force of his soul to the eternal abode of Vichnou. – – Although he may have engaged in works, he does not wear the clog of them, because his soul is not attached to them. A being returns to life in consequence of the affection which he has borne for terrestrial things: he finds himself emancipated, when he has felt only indifference for them. – –

The Richis mingle with nature, which remains strange to their senses. Luminous & brilliant they cover themselves with a humid vapor, under which they seem no more to exist, although existing always, like the thread which is lost and confounded in the woof.

Free in this world, as the birds in the air, disengaged from every kind of chain, – –

Thus the Yogin, absorbed in contemplation, contributes for his part to creation: he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms traverse him without tearing him, and united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes he acts, as animating original matter.

Like some other preachers –I have added my texts –(derived) from the Chineses & Hindoo scriptures –long after my discourse was written.

A commentary on the [Sankhya Karika](#) says “By external knowledge worldly distinction is acquired; by internal knowledge, liberation.”

The [Sankhya Karika](#) says By attainment of perfect knowledge, virtue & the rest become causeless; yet soul remains awhile invested with body, as the potter’s wheel continues whirling from the effect of the impulse previously given to it.”

I rejoice that horses & steers have to *broken* before they can be made the slaves of men –and that men themselves have some wild oats still left to sow before they become submissive members of society– Undoubtedly all men are not equally fit subjects for civilization and because the majority like dogs & sheep are tame by inherited disposition, is no reason why the others should have their natures broken that they may be reduced to the same level– Men are in the main alike, but they were made several in order that might be various– If a low use is to be served one man will do nearly or quite as well as another, if a high one individual excellence is to be regarded. Any man can stop a hole to keep the wind away –but no other man can serve that use which the author of this illustration did.

Confucius says

“The skins of the tiger and the leopard when they are tanned, are as the skins of the dog & the sheep tanned”

But it is not the part of a true culture to tame tigers anymore than it is to make sheep ferocious. It is evident then that tanning skins for shoes and the like is not the best use to which they can be put.

How important is a constant intercourse with nature and the contemplation of natural phenomenon to the preservation of Moral & intellectual health. The discipline of the schools or of business –can never impart such serenity to the mind. The philosopher contemplates human affairs as calmly & from as great a remoteness as he does natural phenomena– The ethical philosopher needs the discipline of the natural philosopher. He approaches the study of mankind with great advantages who is accustomed to the study of nature.–

The Brahman Saradwata, says the Dharma Sacontala, was at first confounded on entering the city – “but now,” says he, “I look on it, as the freeman on the captive, as a man just bathed in pure water, on a man smeared with oil and dust.”

[HARIVANSA](#)

S.-A. LANGLOIS, I
S.-A. LANGLOIS, II





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May 7, Wednesday, [1851](#): Per the Sacramento, [California](#) [Transcript](#):

Electric [Telegraph](#) from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

We may congratulate the inhabitants of California, on the prospects of the important undertaking, to connect Vera Cruz with the City of Mexico by electric telegraph being speedily carried out. We read In "El Siglo Diez y Nueva," of March 3d, published in the City of Mexico, that a ship had arrived at Vera Cruz with the wires on board, and other necessary apparatus for constructing the line. It is supposed, that the telegraph would be in operation by the beginning of this month. When we see the frivolous character, as a general thing, of the proceedings had in the General Congress, we cannot but be surprised that so important a step as the one we allude to, has been so far consummated [*sic*] as it is. But if this movement has been undertaken and carried out, it certainly is not extravagant to look forward to the extension of the line through to Acapulco at no distant period. When this important event takes place, we shall be able to receive news from the States in sixteen days. Surely this is the age of progress, and in no part of the world has it been so strongly shown as in our rising State. Three years since, and six months at least were consumed in transmitting intelligence from the States here. And already we almost see the time reduced to sixteen days. But independently of the speedy transmission of intelligence, we believe that the opening of this line will have a beneficial effect on the intercourse between Mexico and this State. There can be no doubt that the more closely the two countries are connected by the peaceable interchange of commercial relations, the more advantageous it will be for both.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]



May 8, Thursday, [1851](#): [Hector Berlioz](#) crossed the Channel into England as an official French delegate to the Great Exhibition in London.

The Philomathean Society of Danville, Illinois presented an exhibition, *Animus Imperato Corpus* [per a following screen].



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]

EXHIBITION
OF THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
OF DANVILLE, ILL.
On THURSDAY EVENING, May 8th, 1851.

Animus Imperato Corpus.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY,	O. W. COOLEY, Pres.
JOURNAL, Part I.,	W. D. PALMER, Ed.
MUSIC.	
LOVE OF COUNTRY—an Oration,	W. A. MURPHY.
POWER OF THOUGHT,	R. V. CHESLEY.
MUSIC.	
SOCIAL REGENERATION—an Essay,	J. W. MIRES.
POVERTY—an Oration,	C. B. ROLAND.
MUSIC.	
PRINCIPLES—What are they?—Essay, J. S. CATT.	
SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS—a Colloquy, _____	
MUSIC.	
JOURNAL, Part II.,	EDITOR.
OUR UNION—an Oration,	W. H. LAMON.
<i>MUSIC—BENEDICTION.</i>	

 May 9, Friday, 1851: The breach between [Frederick Douglass](#) and [William Lloyd Garrison](#) became an open one, ostensibly focusing upon their differing strategies for bringing about the elimination of human enslavement.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The two boards of aldermen severally held meetings for the first time at the new City Hall, at the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets. The principal business of the meetings was to organize,

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appoint committees, and receive and read a message from the mayor. This latter was an able and interesting document, containing many truly excellent suggestions in regard to the interests of the corporation. Its great length precludes the propriety of its insertion. As the following extract, however, gives a correct statement of the financial condition of the city at this important period of its history, its omission would be inexcusable: "The Reports of the Treasurer and Comptroller are herewith submitted. The financial condition of the city is as follows: Amount on second installment, of sales of water lots, due April 3d, 1850, \$23,049 00 Amount on third installment, due July 3d, 1850, 107,602 00 Amount on fourth installment, due October 3d, 1850, 107,602 00 \$238,253 00. The Report of the Comptroller, up to May 8, 1850, shows the present liabilities of the city, including the purchase of the City Hall, to be \$199,174. Excess over liabilities \$ 39,078 81." In the course of this month, several stringent and useful ordinances were passed by the common council, which endeavored to provide means for the better extinguishing of future fires. One of these ordinances declared that if any person, during a conflagration, should refuse to assist in extinguishing the flames, or in removing goods endangered by the fire to a place of safety, he should be fined in a sum not less than five, and not exceeding one hundred dollars. Another ordinance authorized the mayor to enter into contracts for the digging of Artesian wells, and for the immediate construction of water reservoirs in various parts of the city. Another ordained every householder to furnish six water buckets, to be kept always in readiness for use during the occurrence of future fires. Such ordinances were all excellent in their way, though unfortunately they were somewhat late in being adopted.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]



May 10, Saturday, 1851: Malcolm Montgomery wrote from Syracuse, New York to [William Lloyd Garrison](#) inquiring whether he would assent that the Bible claimed one's "obedience in all particulars," or took some more individualistic approach to scripture. If Garrison held to the latter proposition then he ought not to be able to condemn slaveholders for citing Biblical scripture as a justification for slavery — but as Garrison did consistently condemn slaveholders, he could only find his justification in a higher authority. Montgomery was anxious to receive Garrison's opinion on this subject. Fellowship with slaveholders was quite impossible, even in a "Temperance or Peace Society," since their slaveholding would poison all they do.



May 10. Heard the Snipe [Common Snipe  *Gallinago gallinago*] over the meadows this evening.



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May 11, Sunday, 1851: [Lysander Spooner](#) wrote to George Bradburn that [Barnabas Bates](#) and his supporters in [New-York](#) had “acquaintances and friends in the city to aid them, before my claims were made known. – That seems to be of a piece with all my fortune. –The World seems determined to starve me to death, and I suspect it will succeed in doing so.”

[Friend Levi Coffin](#) wrote to Friend William Still:

CINCINNATI, 5TH MO., 11TH, 1851.

WM. STILL:—Dear Friend—Thy letter of 1st inst., came duly to hand, but not being able to give any further information concerning our friend, Concklin, I thought best to wait a little before I wrote, still hoping to learn something more definite concerning him.

We that became acquainted with Seth Concklin and his hazardous enterprises (here at Cincinnati), who were very few, have felt intense and inexpressible anxiety about them. And particularly about poor Seth, since we heard of his falling into the hands of the tyrants. I fear that he has fallen a victim to their inhuman thirst for blood.

I seriously doubt the rumor, that he had made his escape. I fear that he was sacrificed.

Language would fail to express my feelings; the intense and deep anxiety I felt about them for weeks before I heard of their capture in Indiana, and then it seemed too much to bear. O! my heart almost bleeds when I think of it. The hopes of the dear family all blasted by the wretched blood-hounds in human shape. And poor Seth, after all his toil, and dangerous, shrewd and wise management, and almost unheard of adventures, the many narrow and almost miraculous escapes. Then to be given up to Indianians, to these fiendish tyrants, to be sacrificed. O! Shame, Shame!!

My heart aches, my eyes fill with tears, I cannot write more. I cannot dwell longer on this painful subject now. If you get any intelligence, please inform me. Friend N.R. Johnston, who took so much interest in them, and saw them just before they were taken, has just returned to the city. He is a minister of the Covenanter order. He is truly a lovely man, and his heart is full of the milk of humanity; one of our best Anti-Slavery spirits. I spent last evening with him. He related the whole story to me as he had it from friend Concklin and the mother and children, and then the story of their capture. We wept together. He found thy letter when he got here.

He said he would write the whole history to thee in a few days, as far as he could. He can tell it much better than I can.


Concklin left his carpet sack and clothes here with me, except a shirt or two he took with him. What shall I do with them? For if we do not hear from him soon, we must conclude that he is lost, and the report of his escape all a hoax.

Truly thy friend,

LEVI COFFIN.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 11TH]

 May 12, Monday, 1851: Press censorship was reintroduced in Prussia.

Thoreau made a remark in his journal by which we can estimate the extent of his negativity toward “priests” of religion, such as what [Father Isaac Hecker](#) had made of himself after his persuasion into the [Roman Catholic](#) faith. Somehow to his way of thinking this is not unlike anesthesia:



May 12, Monday: Heard the Golden robin [[Northern Oriole](#) [Icterus galbula](#) ~~Gold Robin~~ or ~~Golden Robin~~] & the Bobolink [[Bobolink](#) [Dolichonyx oryzivorus](#) ~~Rice-bird~~]


But where she has her seat whether in Westport or in Boxboro, not even the assessors know— Inquire perchance of that dusky family on the cross road which is said to have Indian blood in their veins — or perchance where this old cellar hole now grassed over is faintly visible Nature once had her dwelling— Ask the crazy old woman who brings huckleberries to the village, but who lives no body knows where.

If I have got false teeth, I trust that I have not got a false conscience. It is safer to employ the dentist than the priest — to repair the deficiencies of Nature.

By taking the ether the other day I was convinced how far asunder a man could be separated from his senses You are told that it will make you unconscious — but no one can imagine what it is to be unconscious — how far removed from the state of consciousness & all that we call “this world” until he has experienced it. The value of the experiment is that it does give you experience of an interval as between one life and another — A greater space than you ever travelled. you are a sane mind with out organs — groping for organs — which if it did not soon recover its old sense would get new ones — You expand like a seed in the ground. You exist in your roots — like a tree in the winter. If you have an inclination to travel take the ether — you go beyond the furthest star.

It is not necessary for them to take ether who in their sane & waking hours are ever translated by a thought — nor for them to see with their hindheads — who sometimes see from their foreheads — nor listen to the spiritual knockings who attend to the intimations of reason & conscience.

ETHER

 May 13, Tuesday, 1851: The [Daily Alta California](#) had “drunk the Kool-Aid,” and was able to prognosticate with impunity (immunity?) on the manner in which new technology was sure to soon create a convenient route to and from [China](#) by way of [San Francisco](#). My goodness, this was destined to be faster even than a “balloon coach through mid air,” faster even than the most “wind-broken and spavined horses” of the Pony Express!

TELEGRAPHY

HISTORY OF RR

The Short Route to and from China.

The frequent and constantly increasing intercourse between California and China makes the events occurring there of much interest to us here. China is our other home, almost as near as those we have left, with an unbroken highway between it and ourselves. We are midway between the Celestial empire and the eastern states, midway between it and Europe. And if our people’s government and the people themselves are as wise in their action in this matter as they have usually been in others, we shall command the trade in spite of everything which England can do. We only want the Mississippi and Pacific Railroad completed to make this the grand railroad station between western Europe and Eastern Asia.

That this is truth has already been proved. The ship *Celestial*, which made the passage from this port to Shanghae [*sic*] in twenty-eight days, carried to China news only sixty-three days



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from New York. Now when it is recollected that the proposed railroad would diminish the time between this and New York to one half, perhaps to one-fourth its present extent, it needs no great prophetic power to see that England's dispatches will eventually travel to her Pacific colonies via San Francisco, and as a matter of course all travel from the east which calls for dispatch will take the same route. From China home the time will be about the same, currents and winds only making the difference. Goods have been taken to the States from China via San Francisco and Panama in a time but little more than that occupied in carrying the news by the *Celestial*, as above slated. The following, from the New York Herald, shows what can be done:

Among the wonderful importations in the Empire City, arrived yesterday, is a small chest of tea, which has been sixty nine days only from Shanghae to New York. It was thirty-four days en route to San Francisco, and thirty-five to New York. It came by Gregory's express, and is intended for President Fillmore.

The news taken by the *Celestial* was received far in advance of the overland mail. There will therefore be but one way, probably, by which British speed can outstrip us between England and the East. When the grand European project of a railroad from France through Europe and Asia to Hindostan shall have been completed, they may be able to drive their cars over the distance in a space of time almost wonderful. But it will be a long, long time ere that can be effected; and before it shall have arrived, it may be safe to predict that the inventive genius of the age will have perfected other means of transportation and travel as much faster than steam cars as they are ahead of wind-broken and spavined horses. If so, Brother Jonathan will be in with the new invention, take our word for it. Whether in the swift keel by sea, the fierce car by land, or the baloon [*sic*] coach through mid air, the Yankee will not be behind his peers.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 14, Wednesday, 1851: The Erie Railroad opened its 483-mile link between Piedmont, New York near the port of New York and Dunkirk on the Great Lakes. On the celebratory train, President Millard Fillmore and cabinet, and a number of governors, senators, and businessmen, rode along with the Erie board of directors. Secretary of State Daniel Webster insisted on having his rocking-chair lashed on an open flatcar so he could better enjoy the scenery.

The manumission papers of Basil Dorsey were purchased for \$150, 15 years after his escape from slavery in Virginia:

CHATTEL RECORD OF BALTIMORE COUNTY (BILL OF SALE)

Know all men by these presents, That I, Thomas E. Sollers of Frederick County, and State of Maryland, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars lawful money of the United States, in hand paid by George Griscom, of



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the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, Attorney at Law, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged: Have granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, one Mulatto man, named Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, age about forty-three years, a slave for life. (The said Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, as aforesaid, having been born a slave for life of Sabrick Sollers, late of said Frederick County, in the State of Maryland, and raised by the said Sabrick Sollers, and owned by him as such slave for life until the decease of said Sabrick Sollers, after which he became the property, as such slave for life, of the said Thomas B. Sollers, (who is a son and one of the heirs at Law of said Sabrick Sollers, deceased), and is now a fugitive from service from said State of Maryland.)

To Have and To Hold the said described Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, a slave for life as aforesaid to the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns forever, and the said Thomas E. Sollers, for himself, his Heirs, Executors, and Administrators, the said Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise Basil Dorsey, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, against him the said Thomas E. Sollers, his Executors and Administrators, and against all and every other person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal this Fourteenth of May, Eight Hundred and fifty-one, signed, sealed and delivered.

Thomas E. Sollers. (seal.)

In the presence of
 P. Gorsuch.
 STATE OF MARYLAND, }
 CITY OF BALTIMORE, } S.S.

Be it Remembered, That on this fourteenth day of May, 1851 before the Subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for said state and city, appears Thomas E. Sollers and acknowledges the above Instrument of Writing to be his act and deed, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, and also at the same time personally appeared George Griscom and made oath on the Holy Evangelis of Almighty God that the consideration set forth therein is true and bona fide as set forth.

P. GORSUCH.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 15, Thursday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.

In approximately this timeframe, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) and [Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#) were returning to [Concord](#).

[Samuel George Morton](#) died in [Philadelphia](#).

HISTORY OF RR

The 1st train on the Erie Railroad, with [President Millard Fillmore](#) and [Secretary of State Daniel Webster](#) aboard, traveled from [New-York](#) to Dunkirk, connecting that metropolis to the Great Lakes by rail for the 1st time. The *USS Michigan* was part of the celebration at Dunkirk.

Although the discovery of [Australian](#) gold had been made some 3 months earlier, on this day it was proclaimed in a government announcement — and the rush was on.

Alpha Delta Pi sorority, the 1st secret society for women, was founded at Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia.

At the Grand Palace in Bangkok, [Mongkut](#) was crowned as Rama IV, King of Siam.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 16, Friday, 1851: Zerline, ou La corbeille d'oranges, an opéra by Daniel-François-Esprit Auber to words of Scribe, was performed for the initial time, in the Paris Opéra.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) offered a tidbit or two of experience in the Solomon Islands, rendered questionable not only by their account's racism but also by the fact that the vessel remained unnamed, the year of the encounter was unspecified, and the specific island at which this happened was identified only as "Mulante" — which happens not to be the recognizable name of any of these hundreds of islands:

An Incident in Life on the Pacific.

Not many months since, while in a Baltimore brig, seeking a cargo of sea slug among the coral islets to the northward of the Solomon Isles, it became necessary to seek anchorage while the cargo was being procured. Mulante was the nearest and most available, if a good harbor could be found. After some search, a bay was made which promised the requisite security, a whale boat lowered, well manned, and the chief mate sent in to sound and ascertain the channel. While absent, a large canoe came off, manned by about 30 athletic savages who although they made the usual signs of peace, by waving green branches and breaking their arrows over their heads, still in their countenances shew so much of the tiger as to cause no small uneasiness as to the safety of the boats' crew which had been already absent an unusually long time. But as it was early in the day the vessel was pushed boldly in among the shoals, and after another anxious hour the boat was descried returning making signal for anchorage, and reported favorably on the disposition of the natives. Sail was made, and the vessel soon worked into one of the most magnificent bays in the whole world, a harbor

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completely land-locked, and sufficiently capacious for the largest fleet. The hills and valleys covered with luxurious vegetation, the waters abounding with fish and fowl, the pleasant clean looking native huts under the cocoa nut trees, the inner bay being fairly alive with canoes, and pleasantest sight of all to the sailor, a beautiful cascade, the silver water waters leaping from the hills to the beach. Presently, the vessel was brought to, where her guns would cover the watering place, on one side and on the other a beach covered with broken granite, for the bad weather had rendered more ballast desirable. In spite of the favorable report given by the mate, the captain, better used to native character, had seen enough to rouse suspicion. In the many canoes hovering around the vessel, not a woman or a child was to be seen, hardly an old man, all able warriors, and piled high in the head and stern of each canoe were perfect stacks of arrows, those nearest covered with leaves, fruits and vegetables, those farthest without even this disguise. Before even the sails were furled, the boarding nettings were triced up, the springs put on the cable, an extra bag of bullets placed over the grape in the cannonades, three buckshot added to every musket charge, and additional arms placed in the tops; this done, the sails were furled, one only at a time, no more men being sent above the rail than absolutely necessary. The new hands thought these extra precautions, with such a friendly people. The few old hands left on board were all the more content; the bulk of the more experienced had been left behind, with the third mate and trading master, at the trading stations of more friendly groups. But, as no other arms were seen but spears, and bows and arrows, every preparation was made for the cloth-yards: an extra board all round added height to the bulwarks, the awnings so spread as to catch the arrows – unfortunately, the awnings were hung so low as to screen the high trunk aft from the forecastle and the more liable to take fire. With every preparation thus made, signs were given that we were ready for intercourse. The canoes clustered together, and an old chief made a long speech to the new arrival, listened to with manifold, unctious and encored by many a hearty grunt from his followers, much to the amusement of his white hearers. Not to be outdone in politeness, since it appeared to be the custom to have a talk, the white chief with all gravity made a speech in return, to the amount that he was very glad to see King David, as he had been already christened, and that he had not a shadow of doubt that a good washing and a pair of breeches would improve his majesty's health, and certainly the modesty of his appearance. This was received with a hearty laugh from the sailors, and a grunt, perfectly awful, from our visitors, with such a stroking of abdomens, breaking of arrows and waving of branches, with all other peaceful signs, as to show that they at least were abundantly satisfied. The canoes were allowed to approach on the larboard quarter, and a brisk trade opened with beads and iron hoop for vegetables and fruit. Some hundreds of the canoes were wedged in on the quarter and astern, and on that side the boarding net was fairly black with the numbers clinging to it. As night approached the natives were sent off, apparently leaving with much reluctance – the novelty of the vessel, the stores of wealth, the bunches of beads and bundles of iron hoop,

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gold and diamonds in their eyes appeared to be exhaustless. Several things had occurred during this day's interview to cause the captain no little thought. The natives of many of this group of islands are as brave and treacherous in many an encounter with the whalers and traders they have made a fair stand up fight, and in many instances have overcome by sheer force of numbers. The crew was weakened by the different parties out at distant stations, but twenty all told – some of them were new hands and untried. The weather was bad outside – every prospect and the season of the tropical hurricanes, which the vessel needed ballast to encounter safely. Two things were evident – that they were acquainted with white men, by their appreciation of iron hoops and with firearms by their curiosity in regard to them, and that at heart they were hostile, for the women and children were not to be seen. How had this acquaintance been made – had they in some by-gone day made attack on a passing vessel and been repelled, or which has been full often the case – had some reckless seamen provoked attack almost for the pleasure of killing? If an attack was made, would it be for plunder or revenge? If for revenge, they were doubly dangerous. Two hours before day the fastest boat was manned and long before the natives had shook off sleep she was miles to windward of the brig, and as we drifted back towards the vessel every reef and shoal was searched for sea slug and pearl shell, and wherever the shores could be safely approached the hills were with a glass closely scanned for sandal wood, but all unsuccessfully. But as the sun got over the hills the human hive began to swarm and many a long war canoe lay in the track of the boat back. The value of a whale boat for such service is great; with sail set the boat can be steered by trimming and in case of attack the men all below the gunwale are completely screened from arrows, at the same time can use the short boat guns to good advantage. Each canoe as we passed fell into our wake, and as we opened the brig's broadside – the mate seeing our danger had swung her nearly across the current – the boat had a train of canoes like the tail of a comet. But what to the old hands seemed ominous, the natives almost silent instead of clatter like the tongues of Babel with which they usually greet their white visitors. This experiment clearly showed that we must by some means induce the natives to bring us the ballast we required, and that our supply of water had better not be increased here, as with such feeling on their part, it would be more than likely poisoned – an experiment these kinkey-headed gentry of the New Hebrides have tried on more than one navigator. The morning trade opened with another speech from King David, and a still longer one from what we took to be the master of ceremonies, whom the sailors christened as Jim Crow. About noon a few women and children made their appearance; vegetables were brought off in plenty, and a move made in regard to ballast. We made them comprehend our wants and were promised plenty on the morrow. The women and children vanished about three, and the men were sent on shore. This day several of those who appeared the leaders were shown over the vessel and treated with every kindness. The next morning the natives were about at day-break – but more of them; many appeared to have come from a distance; the canoes were larger and better formed. There being quite a number of women and children in the

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canoes, no particular suspicion was aroused; in fact, they were somewhat allayed. All the early part of the day they brought ballast, and in such quantities that after sufficient was on board still many canoes remained loaded. The canoes, with their high crescent-shaped and carved heads and sterns, inlaid with pearl shell, decked off with red tassels made from the stained bark of the paper mulberry and the feathers of the scarlet parroquet, were crowded to their utmost capacity. Their beautiful paddles, of a dark wood, like ebony, but more light and elastic, inset with pearl shell and quaintly carved, we had in vain endeavored to induce them to part with: by-and-bye one of the owners of an indifferent paddle was induced, by a string of blue beads and a piece of iron hoop, to let it change ownership. This was laid on deck, where they could see it; presently the trade in paddles became brisk; some 15 or 20 were bought and piled with the other. Just after noon the crew were getting dinner, their arms beside them; five of the natives who had been permitted to pass the ballast out of the canoes were at the entrance-port. Just previous we had noticed the departure of the women and children. Weary with watching, the captain ordered the second mate and steward, the only persons aft, to send the natives away, and unfortunately at the same moment laid aside his cutlass and belt of pistols which had been worn during the day. In an instant the boarding nets opened as if by magic, and the quarter deck fairly swarmed with natives, the foremost making straight for the captain, getting between him and his arms, except a boarding pike which he had fortunately kept in hand. The second mate snatched a cutlass and then commenced a strife for life, or captivity worse than death. The same magic that opened the boarding nettings seemed to supply every man with a short iron wood club, like a sword – an ugly weapon in a hand-to-hand fight. The pile of paddles were put to the use the scoundrels intended when they sold them, and a shower of ballast stones made us soon aware they could serve two purposes. The first lunge with the boarding pike most unceremoniously to the hilt into a stalwart darkey, who hung on to it manfully fairly disarmed the captain. One jumped for life and he reached the muskets abaft the wheel. At the moment the cutlass of the second mate broke over a noddle harder than ever Spurzheim dreamed of; the steward was affectionately hugged from behind by one wretch, while others were pounding and dragging him to the rail. All depended on the death of the chief. A careful aim and the savage took his death leap. The next went bowling overboard with a broken shoulder, a third was shot, his arms regained and away opened one slash at the fellow holding the steward, just as he had reached the rail, and our captain was again among his crew, already brought by the mate in line across the deck. A hedge fence of muskets and boarding pikes sweeping all before them. All this had occurred in a few short moments; the awnings had hid the high quarter deck from the crew, they had heard the rush, but until the first musket shots were not aware of the danger. "Hold your fire and drive them aft." One jolly crack, and the fight was all our own. Over they went, dragging the dead and dying with them. Crack went the cannonade from the quarter deck, scattering death through the very thickest of them, a perfect hail of bullets. Then they learned the use of that black object

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which had for days, with its gaping muzzle, been carefully turned down upon them. A pull at the spring, and the broadside bore. "Keep cool - good sight - hurrah, and give it to them." More fearful still was the destruction. The canoes riddled deep with ballast, sunk - the very numbers clogged them. The living cargo, scrambling to the others, capsized them; the guns were jerked in and out like play things, but every shot told. The long gun on the forecastle made fearful work with the outsiders, and presently they were flying with all their strength, but not fast enough for grape, and many a cannibal who thought himself safe, was reached by rifle bullet. But soon they were getting out of reach. "Down boats and finish them." Away dashed the boats, the larger canoes turned again to fight - a round shot sent them flying again. The hatchet and boarding pike settled those overtaken, while, cut off from the land and from assistance, a black wave of wrecked canoes and human beings drifted out to sea, and the fight was over. Now for congratulations at the narrow escape from being barbecued, and to take care of the wounded - many slightly, none dangerously - captain, second mate and steward, who had the brunt of it, faring worst. King David went to the sharks, but Jim Crow, who had been all day going from ship to shore, and was at the bottom of the mischief, our Kentucky man never forgave himself for missing. He always swore he dodged the shot by diving. On examination the mystery of the boarding netting was explained; the meshes had been carefully cut with sharp shells at the extreme limit: they were allowed to hold to it; these cut places had been held together in their hands, so that they escaped all attention, making them seem complete. All along the rail, under the extra bulwark boards, the short clubs were found, which must have been placed there singly as the look-out on the top was engaged elsewhere, and the captain's back turned in his walk. In the height of the fight, after they were driven off deck, the quarter deck awning took fire: a slight dash settled this at first a source of no little danger. Soon all damages were repaired, the watch set, and all quiet; but all night long the wailings of the women could be heard. True, we had not been merciful, but we felt that the punishment though severe, was just. The next two days passed quietly; occasionally, with the glass, a native could be seen reconnoitering. The monsoon still blew fiercely, and we enjoyed the quiet harbor. On the third day occasionally a canoe might be seen in the distance, but always at top speed; from the cross-trees with a glass, over a low point, a large number of canoes were soon mustering; toward night a strong force made their appearance, coming down gallantly until within range of our swivel gun, a hint from which sent them flying back again. Soon after the weather moderated, and we were again under way, but we had yet to bid adieu to our hospitable friends, and running close in off their principal village they soon found even on shore they were not out of reach of our long sixes. This time, if not before, they were fairly astonished; limping, howling and yelling, they fled to the mountains. This was short work, but soon another peril was in store for us. Inside the beautiful harbor, under the lee of the mountains, it appeared to have moderated; but we were hardly outside the heads before we were jumping in a short sea, and the monsoon down on us in

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all its violence. A nice time we had of it, our guns all adrift, hatches not battened, shoals under our lee, and a press of canvas out. For two hours, under close reefed topsails and whole courses the gallant little vessel fairly jumped through the green seas. In that time the shoals were well on her quarter, the sea more regular; eased with a reef in her courses, the little craft, with her head to the N.E soon left far behind the dark skinned savages of Treachery Bay.



May 16, Friday: Heard the whipporwill [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] this evening. A splendid full moon tonight.¹⁶¹

Walked from 6¹/₂ to 10 pm. Lay on a rock near a meadow which had absorbed and retained much heat, so that I would warm my back on it, it being a cold night.

I found that the side of a sand hill was cold on the surface—but warm 2 or 3 inches beneath.

If there is a more splendid moonlight than usual only the belated traveller observes it— When I am outside on the outskirts of the town—enjoying the still majesty of the moon I am wont to think that all men are aware of this miracle—that they too are silently worshipping this manifestation of divinity elsewhere—but when I go into the house I am undeceived, they are absorbed in chequers or chess or novel, though they may have been advertised of the brightness through the shutters.

Talk of demonstrating the rotation of the earth on its axis—see the moon rise, or the sun!

In the moonlight night what intervals are created—! The rising moon is related to the near pine tree which rises above the forest—& we get a juster notion of distance. The moon is only somewhat further off & to one side. There may be only three objects—myself—a pine tree & the moon nearly equidistant.

The moonlight reveals the beauty of trees. By day it is so light & in this climate so cold commonly that we do not perceive their shade. We do not know when we are beneath them.

According to Michaux the canoe Birch *Betula Papyracea* ceases below the 43° of lat.

Sections of the wood from just below the 1st ramification are used to inlay mahogany—in these parts It is brought from Maine for fuel.

Common White Birch *B. Populifolia* not found S of Virginia

— Its epidermis incapable of being divided like the canoe Birch & the European White.

The common alder *Alnus serrulata* blooms in January.

The Locust *Robinia Pseudo-acacia* was one of the earliest trees introduced into Europe from America—(by one Robin about 1601) now extensively propagated in Eng—France & Germany.

used for trunnels—to the exclusion of all others in the mid & S states— Instead of decaying acquire hardness with time.



May 17, Saturday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco offered:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE CITY HOSPITAL. — About 2 o'clock yesterday morning one of the stewards of the City Hospital discovered fire on the premises. The fire had been kindled in an outhouse belonging to the hospital, and situated in its immediate rear, which has been used as a kind of lumber room or storehouse, where cots, mattresses and other articles belonging to the hospital, not in present use, were kept. A lamp had been placed beneath a cot in this house and a number of straw mattresses had been placed over it so as to feed the criminal flame. When discovered the fire had burned through the thin plank wall of the house and

161. Actually the moon was already in decline, as it had been full on the 13th.



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was blazing up brightly. This attempt to fire the city seems now to be of nightly occurrence, and it becomes property holders to watch their buildings with the utmost vigilance. Had the hospital building taken fire it is built of such materials that but few of the suffering inmates could possibly have escaped. A most frightful and heart rending loss of life would have occurred.

A ROW. — George Wilson. George Johnson, J.J. Holland, and W. James, were arrested at the White Swan drinking house on Pacific street, charged with an assault. A man who recently arrived in town, and who was not fully acquainted with that interesting portion of Pacific street between Dupont and Stockton, stepped into the White Swan, and those who have been named soon drew him into a conversation in which the word Sidney was used, and they immediately pounced upon him. He was severely cut about the face, apparently with some sharp instrument. The house in which this occurred has been recently complained of to the proper authorities, and will no doubt be closed in a short time.

ROBBERY. — Yesterday a complaint was made to Capt. Ray, of the second district, stating that on the night before the complainant had been knocked down on Pacific wharf, and robbed of \$600. The complainant belongs to the steamer *New World*, and after her arrival night before last he came up into the city, and on his return about midnight the assault and robbery were committed upon him. He was attacked by several persons, and his face was badly cut, and was rendered senseless for several hours.

THE ABDUCTION CASE. — Wise and Angeles were yesterday placed upon their trial, charged with abducting Miss Sophia Anderson, known to many as Miss Edwin of the Jenny Lind Theatre. It appears from the evidence of Miss Sophia that she had frequently taken occasion to speak to young Wise, who was a boarder in her mother's house, about the cruelty with which she was treated by her step-father, and also expressed a strong desire to him to return to the English colonies, where her reputed father lived. On the strength of these appeals young Wise and his companion acted. The case was not concluded when the Court adjourned last evening.

COMPLIMENTARY. — We have received the proceedings of a meeting held on board the steamer *Ohio*, on the 15th inst. during her passage up. The resolutions of the meeting speak in the highest terms of the worth and skill of Capt. Haley and his fellow officers, and warmly commend to the traveling public the good qualities of the steamer *Ohio*. The crowded state of our columns renders it impossible to publish the proceedings.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 17TH]

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May 18, Sunday, 1851: [Franz Schubert](#)'s male vocal quartet *Naturgenuss* D.422 to words of Matthisson was performed for the initial time, in Vienna.



May 18, Sunday: Ladies slipper almost fully blossomed. The log of a Canoe birch on Fair Haven cut down the last winter –more than a foot in diameter at the stump. One foot in diameter at 10 ft from the ground. I observed that all parts of the epidermis exposed to the air & light were white –but the inner surfaces freshly exposed were a buff or Salmon color. Sinclair says that in winter it is white throughout. But this was cut before the sap flowed?!! Was there any sap in the log? I counted about 50 rings. The shrub oaks are now blossoming. The scarlet tanagers are come The oak leaves of all colors are just expanding –& are more beautiful than most flowers. The hickory buds are almost leaves. The landscape has a new life & light infused into it. The deciduous trees are springing to countenance the pines which are evergreen. It seems to take but one summer day to fetch the summer in. The turning point between winter & summer is reached. The birds are in full blast. There is a peculiar freshness about the landscape –you scent the fragrance of new leaves –of hickory & sassafras &c. And to the eye the forest presents the tenderest green

The blooming of the apple trees is becoming general.

I think that I have made out two kinds of poplar– The *populus tremuloides* or American aspen –& the *p. grandidentata* or Large Am. aspen. whose young leaves are downy.

[Michaux](#) says that the locust begins to convert its sap into perfect wood from the 3d year: which is not done by the oak, the chestnut, the beech and the elm till after the tenth or the fifteenth year.

He quotes the saying “The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.”¹⁶²

The elder [Michaux](#) found the Balsam Poplar *P. Balsamifera* very abundant on lake St John and the Saguenay R where it is 80 feet high & 3 ft in diametr. This, however, is distinct from the *P. Candicans* Heart-leaved B. P which [M](#) finds here abouts though never in the woods, & does not know where it came from.

He praises the Lombardy poplar because, its limbs being compressed about the trunk it does not interfere with the walls of a house nor obstruct the windows

No wood equal to our black ash for oars. so pliant & elastic & strong 2nd only to hickory for handspikes used also for chair bottoms & middles

The French call the Nettle tree *bois inconnu*.

Our white elm *Ulmus Americana* “the most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone

The *Pinus Mitis* –yellow pine or spruce pine –or short-leaved pine– A 2 leaved pine widely diffused –but not found northward beyond certain districts of Connecticut & Massachusetts.– In New Jersey 50 or 60 ft high & 15 to 18 inch in diam. –sometimes 3 leaves on fresh shoots –smallest of pine-cones –seeds cast first year. very excellent wood –for houses –masts decks yards beams & cabins.– next in durability to the Long-Leaved Pine.– called at Liverpool New York Pine.– Its regular branches make it to be called Spruce pine sometimes.

Pinus Australis or Long-leaved Pine an invaluable tree –called (Yellow pine –Pitch p. & Broom P. where it grows) in the North –Southern P and red p. in Eng Georgia Pitch p. First appears at Norfolk Virginia thence stretches 600 miles SW 60 or 70 ft high by 15 to 18 inch –leaves a foot long 3 in a sheath –negroes use them for brooms– Being stronger more compact and durable because the resin is equally distributed –and also fine grained & susceptible of a bright polish, it is preferred to every othe pine

In naval architecture most esteemed of all pines –keels –beams –side planks trunnels –&c for decks preferred to yellow pine. –& flooring houses. Sold for more at Liverpool than any other P.

Moreover it supplies nearly all the resinous matter used & exported.– others which contain much pitch are more dispersed. At present (1819) this business is confined to [North Carolina](#)

[M.](#) says the branches of resinous trees consist almost wholly of *wood*, of which the organization is even more perfect than in the body of the tree. They use dead wood for the tar &c. in which it has accumulated.

Says the vic. of Brunswick Me & Burlington Vt. are the most N limits of the Pitch pine or *P. rigida*. (I saw what I should have called a P. pine at Montmorency)

White Pine *P. strobus* most abundant bet. 43d & 47th degrees 180 ft by 7-⁸/₁₂ the largest. “The loftiest and most valuable” of the productions of the N.A. forest

162. “He” is Aug. L Hillhouse who writes the account of the olive at the request of [Michaux](#).



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The black spruce is called *Epinette noire* & *Epinette à la bière* in Canada. From its strength best substitute for oak and larch. Used *here* for rafters & preferred to hemlock.– tougher than white Pine but more liable to crack.

The White spruce *Abies alba* called *Epinette Blanche* in Canada –not so large as the last & wood inferior.

Hemlock Spruce *Abies Canadensis* called *Pérusse* in Canada– In Maine Vermont & upper N Hampshire = $\frac{3}{4}$ of the evergreen woods –the rest being Black spruce. Belongs to cold regions, begins to appear about Hudson's Bay. Its fibre makes the circuit of stocks 15 to 20 inch in diam. in ascending 5 or 6 feet– Old trees have their circles separated and the boards are *shaky*. Decays rapidly when exposed to the air. It is firmer though coarser than the white pine –affords tighter hold to nails. Used in Maine for threshing floors –resisting indentation –most common use sheathing of houses to be covered with clapboards.– used for laths

White cedar *Cupressus Thyoides* –“The perfect wood resists the succession of dryness & moisture longer than that of any other species” hence for shingles

Larch *Larix Americana* –in Canada –*Epinette rouge*. *Tamarack* by the Dutch Male aments appear before the leaves –wood superior to any pine or spruce in strength & durability. used in Maine for knees.

Cedar of Lebanon *Larix cedrus* largest & most majestic of resinous trees of the old world and one of the finest veg. productions of the globe.

Cedar island in Lake Champ. –North. limit of red cedar *Juniperus virginiana*. Eastward not beyond Wiscasset. seeds mature at begin of fall & *sown at once* –shoot next spring. Gin made from them.

Arbor vitae *Thuja Occidentalis* the only species of *Thuja* in the New World Lake St John in Canada its N limit abounds between $48^{\circ} 50'$ & 45° . The posts last 35 or 40 yrs, & the rails 60 or 3 or 4 times as long as those of any other species. In North N E states the best for fences –last longer in clay than sand.

The superiority of mahogany in the fineness of its grain & its hardness which make it susceptible of a brilliant polish. Native trees in north states used in cabinet making are Black –Yellow –& canoe birches –Red-flowering curled maple –birds eye do –wild cherry & sumac.

The circle of peck & other measures made at Hingham –of Black Red or Grey oak –are “always of a dull blue color –produced by the gallic acid of the wood acting upon the iron vessel in which it is boiled.”

White-ash used for sieve rims –rake heads & handles –scythe handles pullies &c. –rake teeth of the Mockernut Hickory.

In New York & Philadelphia “the price [of wood for fuel] nearly equals & sometimes exceeds that of the best wood in Paris, though this immense capital annually requires more than 300,000 cords, and is surrounded to the distance of 300 miles by cultivated plains.” said in book of 1819.



May 19, Monday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco offered:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

DOWN THE COAST. – The popular steamship *Ohio*, Capt. Robert Haley, will leave the wharf at the foot of Broadway, this afternoon at 5 o'clock, for San Diego and the intermediate ports. A trip to the rich Southern country at this season of the year, when everything is smiling with greenness, will repay for time and expense.

GREAT AUCTION SALE. – Messrs. Middleton and Smiley have a great auction sale to-day, at 10 o'clock, at their sales room, comer of Sacramento and Sansome sts. consisting of boots, shoes, hats, and a variety of clothing.

RESTAURANTS. – There is one interesting amusement and occupation,



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in which people may engage, in spite of fires and floods, and that is the occupation of eating. The late fire entirely destroyed the larger portion of the restaurants located in the heart of the city, and upon which thousands were dependant in a certain sense for their daily bread, mutton chops, cutlets, steaks, crabs, and other edibles. In two weeks, however, they have nearly all risen again in their old locations, and are now in full operation, fulfilling their pious mission of feeding the hungry souls who, working through the dirt and dust of our streets, love to steal awhile away from their earthly cares and sorrows, and seating themselves at a bountifully supplied table, forget the fire, crowd and dust, in the enjoyment of a good dinner or breakfast.

NIGHT BIRDS. — It is a fact too well known and authenticated that there are in this city a large number of villians who prowl about at night in the more unfrequented parts of the city for the purpose of knocking down and robbing passers by. A gentleman of our acquaintance in passing up Pacific street on Saturday evening about 9 o'clock was followed by one of these scoundrels, who approaching too near, the gentleman drew a pistol, when the rascal made tracks. Persons should be careful in traveling the unfrequented, unlighted streets at night, and it does seem as though the only protection for a man is a good pistol to use in case of necessity. We hope that our new police organization may distinguish themselves by ferreting out some of these precious birds.

THE RAIN. — In a short and purely confidential conversation yesterday, with "the oldest inhabitant," we were informed by that venerable and respected individual, that rain at this season had not been known in this portion of California, for many years before yesterday. This goes towards showing that the Universal Yankee nation in their progress have done something toward changing the character even of the climate in which they have planted themselves. The rain will be of incalculable benefit to the farmers and gardeners in this vicinity, coming as it did in the half way between seed time and harvest.

LARCENY. — A Mexican boy named Antonio Bassalia, was arrested yesterday by Constable Elleard, charged with having stolen at the late fire, and secreted a trunk of clothing belonging to Mr. Elleard.

THEATRE. — Messrs. Bingham and Johns open this evening at the building known as the Theatre of Arts, in Jackson street.

SALE OF LUMBER. — Benjamin Kendig will sell to-day, at the California Exchange, at 12 o'clock, a large quantity of lumber at auction.

IMPORTANT ARREST. — A man named Charles McNair was arrested yesterday by officer McKensie suspected of being one of the parties engaged in the robbery of Charles Heynes on Friday night at a house on Broadway where Mr. Haynes slept. Mr. Haynes recognizes him as one of the men who followed him in the street. Mr Haynes is a respectable citizen of Stockton, who came down here on Thursday to purchase some goods, and states that he was

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drugged and robbed of about \$1500; his pockets having been cut out while he was asleep. If the rascals engaged in this affair can be identified, they should meet with a severe punishment.

CORONER'S INQUEST. — An inquest was held, yesterday, upon the body of a child who was killed in Pacific street, on Saturday by the falling of some timbers. Not being able to find the Coroner, we could not learn the particulars. As Coroner's inquests are matters of interest to the public, we would suggest to Coroner Gallagher that he should keep a record book at his office, in which the name and particulars connected with the deceased person should be recorded, so that they can be properly stated. The lack of some such arrangement as this often causes confusion and mistake.

WHIG CONVENTION. — The following is a list of the delegates elected from this county on Saturday, to the Whig Nominating Convention: C.M. Elleard, J.L. Van Bokelin, John Wilson, J.N. Thorne, A. Brooks, T.B. Russum, A.J. Ellis, Geo. Endicott, P.W. Sheppard, Geo. M. Garwood. There was a very close run between W.W. Sheppard and Mr. Garwood, the former lacking six votes of being elected.

ARRESTS. — The police force made a number of arrests yesterday. Emanuel Leon, for having goods in his possession supposed to be stolen; a German, for firing off a pistol on Long Wharf; Lawrence Parmell, for spurring his steed with too great rapidity through the public streets; and Joseph Chinn, for imbibing too freely of liquors either virrous [*sic*], spirituous or malt, and thereby "kicking up a muss generally." The smiling faces of these gentry will be confronted with the smiling face of his Honor the Recorder, this morning, who will mete out to them the measure of punishment that each may deserve.

VOLUNTARY POLICE MEETING. — At a meeting of the citizens of the Fifth and Seventh Wards, held on Saturday evening, May 17th, 1851, at the California Engine House, for the purpose of taking measures for the better protection of property, and of forming a night patrol, Geo. Lewis Cooke, Esq. was called to the chair, and Wm. Browne, Esq. was appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was then explained by Geo. Endicott, Esq., and on motion a committee was appointed by the chair, to report the best plan for organizing a patrol, and of carrying out its objects. This committee in its report, advised that the officers of the voluntary' patrol should consist of a chief, first and second assistants, and foreman to each square, and further recommended the appointment of a committee of three to draft rules for the government of the same. The election of a Chief and two Assistants was then had, which resulted in the choice of P. W. Macondraj Esq., as Chief, and Cpts. Garwood and Graham as Assistants. On motion it was unanimously resolved, that the patrol limits extend along the southerly side of Sacramento street to Kearny, along the easterly side of Kearny to Mission and Howard streets, or so far as may be discretionary with the Chief, thence taking the water line of First and Battery streets to Sacramento street. The following committee were appointed to draft rules and to report at the meeting on Monday evening, the 19th inst— Messrs. Endicott, Haskell, Gorham, and



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George L Cooke.

On motion, it was resolved, that a voluntary patrol should proceed immediately to duty, and serve until the organization of the patrol was completed by the Chief and Assistants. It was further resolved that the Secretary publish the proceedings of the meeting in the Alia, Pacific Xeirt, and Herald, and request the attendance of all citizens interested in the protection of their lives and property, at an adjourned meeting to be held at the same place on Monday evening, the 19th inst., at 8 o'clock. By order Geo. Lewis Cook, Chairman William Browne, Secretary.

A DESERVED REBUKE. — Our readers may recollect (says the N. O. Picayune,) that the neighbors of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, a few days since held a meeting, at which they voted the fugitive slave law unconstitutional. Fanatics, Free Soilers and all have taken this matter as an evidence that Mr. Webster must be wrong in his understanding of the law, and that his neighbors are right, whereat Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, administers the following well merited rebuke:

The profound constitutional lawyers that composed the mass meeting in Marshfield, very probably look upon their decision as a matter of tremendous importance. Their fellow-citizen, Daniel Webster, entertains a very different opinion, but as he has never examined the constitution with that terrible profundity which the cobblers, tailors, carpenters, blacksmiths, fishermen, &c. &c. &c., who are his neighbors, have employed, their decision may have vast weight with him. We wonder how many of those wise men who have voted with the majority, ever read the much-abused instrument of whose meaning they assume to be adequate judges?

What will come next? — This city has had — has indeed been made, by fever, the California fever. It has had a touch of the cholera. It has had five roastings by fire. After the last one the question was asked by many, "what will come next?" Some said nothing but a flood or an earthquake could be considered a rarity. The earthquake came upon the heels of the conflagration, but took pity on our desolation and passed on, only grumbling that the fire had not left enough for it to destroy to make it an object. Whether we are to have the flood, the only stranger now left, can not be said just now, but the rain which commenced yesterday morning and continued all day and night, came as unexpectedly as those which first wet the old Ark. What next, is now the question. We know of nothing possible after these events which can surprise us.

ASSIGNMENT. — By a notice in our advertising columns it will be perceived that Mr. Wells has made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, to Messrs. Edwin R. Wells and James P. Flint. The reasons alleged are his continued ill health and the destruction of his books and papers by the fire.




May 19, Monday: Found the arum triphyllum & the nodding trillium or wake Robin in Conant's swamp. An ash also in bloom there —& the sassafras quite striking —Also the Fringed Polygala by Conantum wood. Sinclair says the hornbeam is called swamp beech in Vermont.



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 May 20, Tuesday, 1851: At the “little Red House” in Lenox, Massachusetts, [Rose Hawthorne](#) was born to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) and [Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#).

At least subsequent to this period, it seems likely that Nathaniel and Sophia no longer had sexual intercourse, as Nathaniel has been characterized by one of his contemporaries as deficient “in the power or the will to show his love. He is the most undemonstrative person I ever knew, without any exception. It is quite impossible for me to imagine his bestowing the slightest caress upon Mrs. Hawthorne.” Sophia once commented about her husband that he “hates to be touched more than anyone I ever knew.” Presumably the Hawthornes gave up sexual intercourse for purposes of contraception, or perhaps because they found solitary or mutual [masturbation](#) to be more congenial, or perhaps, in Nathaniel’s case, because he preferred to have sex with prostitutes, a social practice of the times which Hawthorne referred to as “his illegitimate embraces,” rather than go to the trouble of arranging “blissful interviews” with his wife.¹⁶³ Hawthorne was bothered by the presence of children, and after the birth of Rose would speak bitterly of the parent’s “duty to sacrifice all the green margin of our lives to these children” towards which he never felt the slightest “natural partiality”:

[T]hey have to prove their claim to all the affection they get; and I believe I could love other people’s children better than mine, if I felt they deserved it more.

[Henry Thoreau](#) had been reading in the 1850 major revision of [Professor Asa Gray’s THE BOTANICAL TEXT-BOOK: AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENTIFIC BOTANY, BOTH STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC. FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE STUDENTS. THIRD EDITION, REWRITTEN AND ENLARGED, ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD](#) (not the one in his personal library, which is the 1853 edition), and taking copious notes, and making the most careful extrapolations:



May 20, Tuesday: There is no doubt a perfect analogy between the life of the human being and that of the vegetable—both of the body & the mind.

The botanist, Gray, says—

“The organs of plants are of two sorts: –1. those of *Vegetation*, which are concerned in growth, –by which the plant takes in the aerial and earthy matters on which it lives, and elaborates them into the materials of its own organized substance; 2. those of *Fructification or Reproduction*, which are concerned in the propagation of the species.”

So is it with the human being— I am concerned first to come to my *Growth* intellectually & morally; (and physically, of course, as a means to this, for the body is the symbol of the soul) and, then to bear my *Fruit* –do my *Work* –*Propagate* my kind, not only physically but *morally* –not only in body but in mind.

“The organs of vegetation are the *Root, Stem, & Leaves*. The *Stem* is the axis and original basis of the plant.”

“The first point of the stem preëxists in the embryo (*i.e.* in the rudimentary plantlet contained within the seed): it is here called the radicle.” Such is the rudiment of mind –already partially developed – more than a bud but pale –having never been exposed to the light –& slumbering coiled up –packed away in the seed –unfolded (consider the still pale –rudimentary infantine radicle-like thoughts of some students, which who knows what they might expand to if they should ever come to the light & air. –if they do not become rancid & perish in the seed. It is not every seed that will survive a thousand years.– Other thoughts further developed –but yet pale & languid –like shoots grown in a

163. I doubt that we will ever know which of our male literary subjects of this period followed the exceedingly prevalent custom, of paying regular visits to houses of [PROSTITUTION](#) for what was commonly considered to be a needed and healthy “physical relief.” It would be a great error to suppose that these males of the pre-Victorian era were sexually “repressed” simply because they lived in a world which was divided into totally separate cultural, high-class, and carnal, low-class realms, a world in which the range of recorded discourse was entirely confined within the realm of culture and in which the range of “earthy” or “street” dialog was entirely excluded from that recorded realm.

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cellar.)

“The plant – – develops from the first in two opposite directions, viz. upwards [to expand in the light & air] to produce & continue the stem (or *ascending axis*), and downwards [avoiding the light] to form the root, (or *descending axis*. The former is ordinarily or in great part aerial, the latter subterranean.”

So the mind develops from the first in two opposite directions –upwards to expand in the light & air; & downwards avoiding the light to form the root. One half is aerial the other subterranean. The mind is not well balanced & firmly planted like the oak which has not as much root as branch –whose roots like those of the white pine are slight and near the surface. One half of the mind's development must still be root –in the embryonic state –in the womb of nature –more unborn than at first. For each successive new idea or bud –a new rootlet in the earth. The growing man penetrates yet deeper by his roots into the womb of things. The infant is comparatively near the surface. just covered from the light– But the man sends down a tap root to the centre of things.

The mere logician the mere reasoner who weaves his arguments as a tree its branches in the sky – not being equally developed in the roots, is overthrown by the first wind.

As with the roots of the Plant so with the roots of the Mind– The branches & branchlets of the root “are mere repetitions for the purpose of multiplying the absorbing points, which are chiefly the growing or newly formed extremities, sometimes termed *spongelets*. It bears no other organs.”

So this organ of the mind's development the *Root*, bears no organs but spongelets or absorbing points. Annuals which perish root & all the first season –especially have slender & thread-like fibrous roots. But biennials are particularly characterised by distended fleshy roots containing starch –a stock for future growth –to be consumed during their second or flowering season –as carrots radishes –turnips. Perennials frequently have many thickened roots clustered together –tuberous or palmate roots – fasciculated or clustered as in the Dahlia, Paeony &c

Roots may spring from any part of the stem under favorable circumstances “that is to say in darkness & moisture, as when covered by the soil or resting on its surface.”

I.E. the most clear & ethereal ideas (Antaeus like) readily ally themselves to the earth –to the primal womb of things– They put forth roots as soon as branches they are eager to be *soiled* No thought soars so high that it sunders these apron strings of its mother. The thought that comes to light –that pierces the Empyrean on the other side is wombed & rooted in darkness –a moist & fertile darkness –its roots in Hades like the tree of life.

No idea is so soaring but it will readily put forth roots –wherever there is an air & light seeking bud about to expand it may become in the earth a darkness seeking root. even swallows & birds of paradise *can* walk on the ground.

To quote the sentence from Gray –entire

“Roots not only spring from the root-end of the primary stem in germination, but also from any subsequent part of the stem under favorable circumstances, that is to say, in darkness & moisture, as when covered by the soil or resting on its surface.”

No thought but is connected as strictly as a flower, with the earth– The mind flashes not so far on one side –but its rootlets its spongelets find their way instantly on the other side into a moist darkness. uterine –a low bottom in the heavens even miasma-exhaling to such immigrants as are not acclimated. A cloud is uplifted to sustain its roots. Imbossed in clouds as in a chariot the mind drives through the boundless fields of space.– Even there is the dwelling of Indra.

I might have quote the following with the last –of roots

“They may even strike in the open air and light, as is seen in the copious aerial rootlets by which the Ivy, the Poison Ivy, and the Trumpet Creeper climb and adhere to the trunks of trees or other bodies; and also in Epiphytes or Air-plants, of most warm regions, which have no connection whatever with the soil, but germinate & grow high in air on the trunks or branches of trees, &.; as well as in some terrestrial plants, such as the Banian and Mangrove, that send off aerial roots from their trunks or branches, which finally reach the ground”

So if our light & air seeking tendencies extend too widely for our original root or stem we must send downward new roots to ally us to the earth.

Also there are parasitic plants which have their roots in the branches or roots of other trees as the mistletoe –the Beech drops &c There are minds which so have their roots in other minds as in the womb of nature– If indeed most are not such?!



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May 20, Tuesday, 1851: Henry C. Wright wrote an open letter to the Woman's Rights Convention that was to be held shortly in Akron, Ohio:

FLUSHING, Long Island, May 20, 1851.

TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Dear Friends;—

* * *

The effort being made by yourselves and others to secure to woman her rights as a human being, and her true position in reference to the customs and institutions of society, ought to be, and ere long will be, regarded as one of the most important movements of the age. It involves all that is pure, elevating and endearing in domestic life; all that is lovely, good and great in social life; all that is useful and enduring in religious and social institutions. The abolition of intemperance, war, slavery, and all the individual and social wrongs of mankind, and the regeneration and redemption of the race from the physical, intellectual, social and moral evils that now crush it, must be associated with this movement. I see not how any being, whose destiny is linked with that of human-kind, can treat this subject lightly, or remain indifferent to it.

Man and Woman cannot be separated in their destiny. Where woman goes, man must go; where man goes, woman must go; as the one rises or sinks in intelligence, in wisdom and virtue, so must the other rise or fall.

* * *

Man cannot be saved without the aid of woman; woman cannot be saved without the aid of man. United in love, in counsel and effort, progress in wisdom and goodness, towards the heavenly and divine, is certain; disunited in affection, in interest, in plans or in their execution, degradation and ruin must follow. This should be settled as a fixed fact in the minds of all who take part in this movement.

* * *

Whatever right of property or person, of government or religion; in the family, in the market, in the church, the court, the cabinet, legislative hall, or in the public assembly, belongs to man, belongs also to woman. In arranging and conducting the affairs of life in regard to our domestic, pecuniary, social, religious and civil concerns, this fact is denied or disregarded. To enlighten the understanding and consciences of men, and to arouse their moral nature in regard to this great law of our being, should be one great aim of all who are interested in this enterprise. In asserting your Humanity, you assert the fact that whatever right belongs to one human being, belongs to each and every one, without regard to sex, complexion, condition, caste or country. Woman is a human being; and it is a self-evident truth that whatever right belongs to man by virtue of his membership in the human family, belongs to her by the same tenure. This truth is not to be reasoned about; it is self-evident. No power in the universe can have the right to put woman in a position of subjection to man, or man in subjection to woman. As regards their relations to each other, they are equals; and neither can justly be held responsible, as



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subject to any power but the Divine. It is not right or expedient to submit this question to the contingency of a discussion, for you could not submit it if the decision were against you. Why appeal to a tribunal at all, whose decision, in this matter you have determined not to abide by, if it is against you? To do so would be neither dignified nor honest.

Dear friends, permit me to remind you not to be disheartened though few join you. There are tens of thousands interested in this movement who have not courage to become a part of it. Be more anxious to plant yourselves on the rock of eternal truth, and to abide there, than to increase your numbers. Truth goes not by numbers, but is instinct with divine life, and it must triumph.

* * *

May truth, in regard to the rights and position of woman, and to her connexion with the true development and destiny of our nature, be your aim, and uncompromising fidelity to that truth, your endeavor.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. WRIGHT



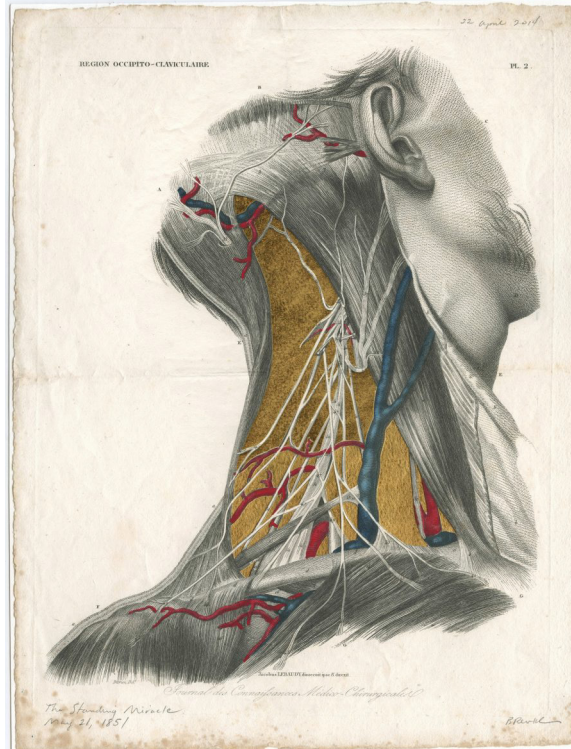
May 21, Wednesday, 1851: Lt. Matthew Fontaine Maury of the US Naval Observatory sent his cousin, Lt. William Lewis Herndon and Lt. Lardner Gibbon, both of whom worked at the observatory, to explore the Valley of the Amazon region to Brazil and the Atlantic Ocean, while gathering as much information as possible for trade and slavery in any of those areas. The Negro was a problem! Maury detested race slavery and was hoping that the area might serve as a “safety valve” in American politics, by allowing the Southern white slavemasters to dispose of their obligations by “selling them South” to slave plantations in Brazil, or at least to relocate their plantations to that more distant and therefore less newsworthy locale. “Imagine,” Maury wrote to a cousin, “waking up some day and finding our country free of slavery!” His reasoning was that since the negrero vessels were bringing fresh crops of slaves across the Atlantic to Brazil from the coast of Africa all the time anyhow, if Americans could sell those who were already slaves in the United States south to Brazil then this would not only mean less slavery locally, or in time perhaps no slavery in as many areas of the United States as possible, but would also cut down somewhat on the demand for fresh recruitments of slaves from Africa. Oh, he was such a benign and practical white man! Can’t you see how he was wracking his brain for a good enough way to get rid of people?

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The expedition in question would begin at Lima, Peru with the two lieutenants and five other men, 4,366 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. To get to the valley of the Amazon their parties would need first to pass over the Cordilleras, via a pass that rose to an altitude of 16,199 feet.

Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, "I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary, — that in this strange, outlandish world, so barren, so prosaic, fit not to live in but merely to pass through, that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man, the crowning fact, the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant, there is somewhat to cheer us. I think that the standing miracle to man is man," [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art:



Per the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

PARK'S BAR. — We learn from the Marysville [Herald](#), that the miners on this bar are making from eight to ten dollars per day. — They expect to work in the bed of the river in a few days, as the water is rapidly falling.

THE DESPERADOES OK SAN FRANCISCO. — By a private communication received from the Bay, we learn that a gang of rascals have been endeavoring for a number of nights past, to fire those portions of the city which were saved by the almost superhuman exertions of the firemen during the last great conflagration. These fiendish miscreants, whose appetite for destruction and revenge is not yet appeased, have now transferred their field of operations from the upper section of the city, to the buildings left in the vicinity of the wharves. Night before last as our correspondent writes, "the best pump in the vicinity of Jones' Hotel was filled with stones, and the perpetrators of the dastardly act could not be found."

The citizens both of San Francisco, and Sacramento, must be on the alert, and never falter or flag in their efforts to arrest

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these pests of society, and consign them to that ignominious punishment which they all so richly deserve.

If these renegades, the vilest outcasts which ever infected any society, are permitted to run riot through the State, devastating our cities, murdering and robbing our civilians, grossly insulting females, and by every means seeking to undermine the foundations of all law and order, the most disastrous and deplorable results will assuredly follow, and if they do not effect one irretrievable ruin, we shall still be disgraced in the eyes of the whole world, and be pointed to as an example of a people, living under good laws, but who are incapable of enforcing them.

THE TEHAMA. — This theatre was crowded last evening; and in the thrilling drama of Robert Macaire the various actors sustained well their different parts. We have never been more pleased with the acting of Mr. Campbell. His conception of the character of Macaire is correct, and his voice and gesture were appropriate. Mrs. Kirby as Marie, carried out well those devotional traits of character which belong to the softer sex.

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC ORGAN. — We notice among our exchanges the San Joaquin Republican, a neat and well conducted sheet, published in Stockton. The articles penned are not as inflammatory as might have been expected since the recent conflagration. We wish this new aspirant for public favor every success, except that of the political measures it advocates.



May 21, Wednesday: Yesterday I made out the black and the white Ashes— A double male White ash in Miles' swamp and 2 black ashes with sessile leaflets— A female White ash near RR — in Stows land. The White Ashes by Mr Pritchards have no blossoms, at least as yet

If I am right the *black* ash is improperly so called from the color of its bark being lighter than the white— Though it answers to the description in other respects even to the elder-like odor of the leaves, I should like still to see a description of the Yellow Ash which grows in Maine.

The day before yesterday I found the male sassafras in abundance but no female.

The leaves of my new pine on Merriams or Pine Hill are of intermediate length between those of the Yellow Pine & the Norway Pine— I can find no cone to distinguish the tree by. But as the leaves are *semi cylindrical & not hollowed* I think it must be the red or Norway Pine —though it does not look very red —& is *spruce!* answering perhaps to the description of the Yellow Pine which is sometimes called Spruce Pine.

To day examined the flowers of the *Nemopanthus Canadensis* —a genus of a single species says Emerson— It bears the beautiful crimson velvety berry of the swamps —& is what I have heard called the cornel. Common name Wild Holly.

I have heard now within a few days that peculiar dreaming sound of the frogs which belongs to the summer —their midsummer nights dream.

Only that thought & that expression are good which are musical.

I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary. That in this strange outlandish world —so barren so prosaic —fit not to live in but merely to pass through. that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man the crowning fact —the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God, if there is a *just* man.

It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so —many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea & vision of the divine ourselves but we have brothers, it seems who have this idea also—

Methinks my neighbor is better than I; and his thought is better than mine— There is a representative of the divinity on earth —of all things fair & noble are to be expected. We have the



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material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man –behind the paling –yonder come rain or shine –hope or doubt –there dwells a man. an actual being who can sympathize with our sublimest thoughts.

The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious & cheering –hinting to us of a remote future –of possibilities untold –but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.

The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, & he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth– He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer & visionary –leaping across the swamp to his fellow what was his joy & consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens –he too had dreamed the same dreams

From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact

I think that the existence of man in nature is the divinest and most startling of all facts– It is a fact which few have realized.

I can go to my neighbors & meet on ground as elevated as we could expect to meet upon if we were now in heaven.

“And we live,

We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure colourless intelligence
Which dwells in Heaven, & the dead Hadëan shades.”

I do not think that man can –understand the *importance* of man’s existence –its bearing on the other phenomena of life untill it shall become a remembrance to him the survivor that such a being or such a race once existed on the earth. Imagine yourself alone in the world a musing wondering reflecting spirit *lost* in thought– And imagine thereafter the creation of man! Man made in the image of God! Looking into a book on dentistry the other day I observed a list of authors who had written on this subject. There were Ran & Tan and Yungerman –& I was impressed by the fact that there was nothing in a name– It was as if they had been named by the child’s rigmarole of lery ichery van tittle tol tan &c– I saw in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth –and to each one its own herdsman had affixed some barbarous name or sound or syllables, in his own dialect –so in a thousand languages– Their names were seen to be as meaningless exactly as bose or Tray the names of dogs. Men get named no better.

We seem to be distinct ourselves, never repeated –& yet we bear no names which express a proportionate distinctness –they are quite accidental.– Take away their names & you leave men a wild herd distinguished only by their individual qualities.

It is as if you were to give names in the Caffre dialect to the individuals in a herd of spring-bocks –or Gnus

We have but few patronymics –but few Christian names in proportion to the number of us. Is it that men ceased to be original when genuine & original names ceased to be given. Have we not enough character to establish a new patronymic

Methinks it would be some advantage to philosophy if men were *named* merely in the gross as they are known. It would only be necessary to know the genus & perchance the species & variety –to know the individual.

I will not allow *mere names* to make distinctions for me but still see men in herds for all *them*. A familiar name cannot make a man less strange to me. It may be given to a savage who retains in secret his own wild title earned in the woods. I see that this neighbor who wears the familiar epithet of William or Edwin takes it off with his jacket –it does not adhere to him when asleep or when in anger –or aroused by any passion or inspiration– I seem to hear pronounced by some of his kin at such a time his original wild name in some jaw breaking or else melodious tongue– As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them.

Our names are as cheap as the names given to dogs– We know what are dogs names– We know what are men’s names. Some times it would be significant and truer –it would lead to generalization –it would avoid exaggeration –to say *There was a man* who said or did –instead of designating him by some familiar, but perchance delusive name.

We hardly believe that every private soldier in a Roman army had a name of his own

It is interesting to see how the names of famous men are repeated. even of great poets & philosophers. The poet is not know today even by his neighbors to be more than a common man–

He is perchance the butt of many The proud farmer looks down –& boorishly ignores him but



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perchance in course of time the poet will have so succeeded –that some of the farmer’s posterity – though equally boorish with their ancestor will bear the poets name. The boor names his boy Homer & so succumbs unknowingly to the bard’s victorious fame– Anything so fine as poetic genius he cannot more directly recognize. The unpoetic farmer names his child Homer.
You have a wild savage in you –and a savage name is perchance somewhere recorded as yours.¹⁶⁴



May 22, Thursday, 1851: Ascribe to the Lord for chorus and organ by Samuel Sebastian Wesley to words of the Bible was performed for the initial time, in Winchester Cathedral, the composer at the keyboard.

As part of the [Mariposa War](#), [Ahwahneechees](#) were captured at Lake Tenaija (named for their chief) and obliged to accept reservation life.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

At a public reception in Buffalo, [Daniel Webster](#) was among the orators:

Fellow-Citizens of the City of Buffalo,–I am very glad to see you; I meet you with pleasure. It is not the first time that I have been in Buffalo, and I have always come to it with gratification. It is at a great distance from my own home. I am thankful that circumstances have enabled me to be here again, and I regret that untoward events deprived me of the pleasure of being with you when your distinguished fellow-citizen, the President of the United States, visited you, and received from you, as he deserved, not only a respectful, but a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. The President of the United States has been a resident among you for more than half his life. He has represented you in the State and national councils. You know him and all his relations, both public and private, and it would be bad taste in me to say any thing of him, except that I wish to say, with emphasis, that, since my connection with him in the administration of the government of the United States, I have fully concurred with him in all his great and leading measures. This might be inferred from the fact that I have been one of his ordinary advisers. But I do not wish to let it rest on that presumption; I wish to declare that the principles of the President, as set forth in his annual message, his letters, and all documents and opinions which have proceeded from him, or been issued by his authority, in regard to the great question of the times,–all these principles are my principles; and if he is wrong in them, I am, and always shall be.

164. Thoreau would later copy into his early lecture :

[Paragraph 24] Work is cheap, but thought and character are rare. And is it not significant, that after all the farmer will perhaps name his son — Homer, or Milton?¹

1. Bradley P. Dean emended the manuscript copy-text by punctuating with a question mark.

BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY

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Gentlemen, it has been suggested to me that it would be agreeable to the citizens of Buffalo, and their neighbors in the county of Erie, that I should state to you my opinions, whatever may be their value, on the present condition of the country, its prospects, its hopes, and its dangers; and, fellow-citizens, I intend to do that, this day, and this hour, as far as my strength will permit.

Gentlemen, believe me, I know where I am. I know to whom I am speaking. I know for whom I am speaking. I know that I am here in this singularly prosperous and powerful section of the United States, Western New York, and I know the character of the men who inhabit Western New York. I know they are sons of liberty, one and all; that they sucked in liberty with their mothers' milk; inherited it with their blood; that it is the subject of their daily contemplation and watchful thought. They are men of unusual equality of condition, for a million and a half of people. There are thousands of men around us, and here before us, who till their own soil with their own hands; and others who earn their own livelihood by their own labor in the workshops and other places of industry; and they are independent, in principle and in condition, having neither slaves nor masters, and not intending to have either. These are the men who constitute, to a great extent, the people of Western New York. But the school-house, I know, is among them. Education is among them. They read, and write, and think. Here, too, are women, educated, refined, and intelligent; and here are men who know the history of their country, and the laws of their country, and the institutions of their country; and men, lovers of liberty always, and yet lovers of liberty under the Constitution of the country, and who mean to maintain that Constitution with all their strength. I hope these observations will satisfy you that I know where I am, under what responsibility I speak, and before whom I appear; and I have no desire that any word I shall say this day shall be withholden from you, or your children, or your neighbors, or the whole world; for I speak before you and before my country, and, if it be not too solemn to say so, before the great Author of all things.

Gentlemen, there is but one question in this country now; or, if there be others, they are but secondary, or so subordinate that they are all absorbed in that great and leading question; and that is neither more nor less than this: Can we preserve the union of the States, not by coercion, not by military power, not by angry controversies,—but can we of this generation, you and I, your friends and my friends,—can we so preserve the union of these States, by such administration of the powers of the Constitution as shall give content and satisfaction to all who live under it, and draw us together, not by military power, but by the silken cords of mutual, fraternal, patriotic affection? That is the question, and no other. Gentlemen, I believe in party distinctions. I am a party man. There are questions belonging to party in which I take an interest, and there are opinions entertained by other parties which I repudiate; but what of all that? If a house be divided against itself, it will fall, and crush everybody in it. We must see that we maintain the government which is over us. We must see that we uphold the Constitution, and we must do so without regard to party.

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Now how did this question arise? The question is for ever misstated. I dare say, if you know much of me, or of my course of public conduct, for the last fourteen months, you have heard of my attending Union meetings, and of my fervent admonitions at Union meetings. Well, what was the object of those meetings? What was their purpose? The object and purpose have been designedly or thoughtlessly misrepresented. I had an invitation, some time since, to attend a Union meeting in the county of Westchester; I could not go, but wrote a letter. Well, some wise man of the East said he did not think it was very necessary to hold Union meetings in Westchester. He did not think there were many disunionists about Tarrytown! And so in many parts of the country, there is a total misapprehension of the purpose and object of these Union meetings. Every one knows, that there is not a county, or a city, or a hamlet in the State of New York, that is ready to go out of the Union, but only some small bodies of fanatics. There is no man so insane in the State, not fit for a lunatic asylum, as to wish it. But that is not the point. We all know that every man and every neighborhood, and all corporations, in the State of New York, except those I have mentioned, are attached to the Union, and have no idea of withdrawing from it. But that is not, I repeat, the point. The question, fellow-citizens, (and I put it to you now as the real question,) the question is, Whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York, and of all the States, will so adhere to the Constitution, will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument, that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your brethren to remain in it, and help to perpetuate it? That is the question. Will you concur in measures necessary to maintain the Union, or will you oppose such measures? That is the whole point of the case. There are thirty or forty members of Congress from New York; you have your proportion in the United States Senate. We have many members of Congress from New England. Will they maintain the laws that are passed for the administration of the Constitution, and respect the rights of the South, so that the Union may be held together; and not only so that we may not go out of it ourselves, which we are not inclined to do, but so that, by maintaining the rights of others, they may also remain in the Union? Now, Gentlemen, permit me to say, that I speak of no concessions. If the South wish any concession from me, they will not get it; not a hair's breadth of it. If they come to my house for it, they will not find it, and the door will be shut; I concede nothing. But I say that I will maintain for them, as I will maintain for you, to the utmost of my power, and in the face of all danger, their rights under the Constitution, and your rights under the Constitution. And I shall never be found to falter in one or the other. It is obvious to every one, and we all know it, that the origin of the great disturbance which agitates the country is the existence of slavery in some of the States; but we must meet the subject; we must consider it; we must deal with it earnestly, honestly, and justly. From the mouth of the St. John's to the confines of Florida, there existed, in 1775, thirteen colonies of English origin, planted at different times, and coming from different parts of England, bringing with them various habits, and establishing, each for

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itself, institutions entirely different from the institutions which they left, and in many cases from each other. But they were all of English origin. The English language was theirs, Shakespeare and Milton were theirs, the common law of England was theirs, and the Christian religion was theirs; and these things held them together by the force of a common character. The aggressions of the parent state compelled them to assert their independence. They declared independence, and that immortal act, pronounced on the 4th of July, 1776, made them independent.

That was an act of union by the United States in Congress assembled. But this act of itself did nothing to establish over them a general government. They had a Congress. They had Articles of Confederation to prosecute the war. But thus far they were still, essentially, separate and independent each of the other. They had entered into a simple confederacy, and nothing more. No State was bound by what it did not itself agree to, or what was done according to the provisions of the confederation. That was the state of things, Gentlemen, at that time. The war went on; victory crowned the American arms; our independence was acknowledged. The States were then united together under a confederacy of very limited powers. It could levy no taxes. It could not enforce its own decrees. It was a confederacy, instead of a united government. Experience showed that this was insufficient and inefficient. Accordingly, beginning as far back almost as the close of the war, measures were taken for the formation of a united government, a government in the strict sense of the term, a government that could pass laws binding on the individual citizens of all the States, and which could enforce those laws by its executive powers, having them interpreted by a judicial power belonging to the government itself, and yet a government strictly limited in its nature. Well, Gentlemen, this led to the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and that instrument was framed on the idea of a limited government. It proposed to leave, and did leave, the different domestic institutions of the several States to themselves. It did not propose consolidation. It did not propose that the laws of Virginia should be the laws of New York, or that the laws of New York should be the laws of Massachusetts. It proposed only that, for certain purposes and to a certain extent, there should be a united government, and that that government should have the power of executing its own laws. All the rest was left to the several States.

We now come, Gentlemen, to the very point of the case. At that time slavery existed in the Southern States, entailed upon them in the time of the supremacy of British laws over us. There it was. It was obnoxious to the Middle and Eastern States, and honestly and seriously disliked, as the records of the country will show, by the Southern States themselves. Now, how was it to be dealt with? Were the Northern and Middle States to exclude from the government those States of the South which had produced a Washington, a Laurens, and other distinguished patriots, who had so truly served, and so greatly honored, the whole country? Were they to be excluded from the new government because they tolerated the institution of slavery? Your fathers and my fathers did not think so. They did not see that it would be of the least advantage to the slaves of the Southern States, to cut

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off the South from all connection with the North. Their views of humanity led to no such result; and of course, when the Constitution was framed and established, and adopted by you, here in New York, and by New England, it contained an express provision of security to the persons who lived in the Southern States, in regard to fugitives who owed them service; that is to say, it was stipulated that the fugitive from service or labor should be restored to his master or owner if he escaped into a free State. Well, that had been the history of the country from its first settlement. It was a matter of common practice to return fugitives before the Constitution was formed. Fugitive slaves from Virginia to Massachusetts were restored by the people of Massachusetts. At that day there was a great system of apprenticeship at the North, and many apprentices at the North, taking advantage of circumstances, and of vessels sailing to the South, thereby escaped; and they were restored on proper claim and proof. That led to a clear, express, and well-defined provision in the Constitution of the country on the subject. Now I am aware that all these things are well known; that they have been stated a thousand times; but in these days of perpetual discontent and misrepresentation, to state things a thousand times is not enough; for there are persons whose consciences, it would seem, lead them to consider it their duty to deny, misrepresent, falsify, and cover up truths.

Now these are words of the Constitution, fellow-citizens, which I have taken the pains to transcribe therefrom, so that he who runs may read:—

“NO PERSON HELD TO SERVICE OR LABOR IN ONE STATE, UNDER THE LAWS THEREOF, ESCAPING INTO ANOTHER, SHALL, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ANY LAW OR REGULATION THEREIN, BE DISCHARGED FROM SUCH SERVICE OR LABOR, BUT SHALL BE DELIVERED UP ON CLAIM OF THE PARTY TO WHOM SUCH SERVICE OR LABOR MAY BE DUE.”

Is there any mistake about that? Is there any forty-shilling attorney here to make a question of it? No. I will not disgrace my profession by supposing such a thing. There is not, in or out of an attorney's office in the county of Erie, or elsewhere, one who could raise a doubt, or a particle of a doubt, about the meaning of this provision of the Constitution. He may act as witnesses do, sometimes, on the stand. He may wriggle, and twist, and say he cannot tell, or cannot remember. I have seen many such efforts in my time, on the part of witnesses, to falsify and deny the truth. But there is no man who can read these words of the Constitution of the United States, and say they are not clear and imperative. “No person,” the Constitution says, “held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.” Why, you may be told by forty conventions in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in New York, or elsewhere, that, if a colored man comes here, he comes as a freeman; that is a *non sequitur*. It is not so. If he comes as a fugitive from labor, the Constitution says he is not a freeman, and that he shall be delivered up to those who are entitled to



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his service.

Gentlemen, that is the Constitution of the United States. Do we, or do we not, mean to conform to it, and to execute that part of the Constitution as well as the rest of it? I believe there are before me here members of Congress. I suppose there may be here members of the State legislature, or executive officers under the State government. I suppose there may be judicial magistrates of New York, executive officers, assessors, supervisors, justices of the peace, and constables before me. Allow me to say, Gentlemen, that there is not, that there cannot be, any one of these officers in this assemblage, or elsewhere, who has not, according to the form of the usual obligation, bound himself by a solemn oath to support the Constitution. They have taken their oaths on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, or by uplifted hand, as the case may be, or by a solemn affirmation, as is the practice in some cases; but among all of them there is not a man who holds, nor is there any man who can hold, any office in the gift of the United States, or of this State, or of any other State, who does not bind himself, by the solemn obligation of an oath, to support the Constitution of the United States. Well, is he to tamper with that? Is he to palter? Gentlemen, our political duties are as much matters of conscience as any other duties; our sacred domestic ties, our most endearing social relations, are no more the subjects for conscientious consideration and conscientious discharge, than the duties we enter upon under the Constitution of the United States. The bonds of political brotherhood, which hold us together from Maine to Georgia, rest upon the same principles of obligation as those of domestic and social life.

Now, Gentlemen, that is the plain story of the Constitution of the United States, on the question of slavery. I contend, and have always contended, that, after the adoption of the Constitution, any measure of the government calculated to bring more slave territory into the United States was beyond the power of the Constitution, and against its provisions. That is my opinion, and it always has been my opinion. It was inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, or thought to be so, in Mr. Jefferson's time, to attach Louisiana to the United States. A treaty with France was made for that purpose. Mr. Jefferson's opinion at that moment was, that an alteration of the Constitution was necessary to enable it to be done. In consequence of considerations to which I need not now refer, that opinion was abandoned, and Louisiana was admitted by law, without any provision in, or alteration of, the Constitution. At that time I was too young to hold any office, or take any share in the political affairs of the country. Louisiana was admitted as a slave State, and became entitled to her representation in Congress on the principle of a mixed basis. Florida was afterwards admitted. Then, too, I was out of Congress. I had formerly been a member, but had ceased to be so. I had nothing to do with the Florida treaty, or the admission of Florida. My opinion remains unchanged, that it was not within the original scope or design of the Constitution to admit new States out of foreign territory; and, for one, whatever may be said at the Syracuse Convention, or at any other assemblage of insane persons, I never would consent, and never have consented,

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that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the old thirteen States had at the time of the formation of the Union. Never, never! The man cannot show his face to me, and say he can prove that I ever departed from that doctrine. He would sneak away, and slink away, or hire a mercenary press to cry out, What an apostate from liberty Daniel Webster has become! But he knows himself to be a hypocrite and a falsifier. But, Gentlemen, I was in public life when the proposition to annex Texas to the United States was brought forward. You know that the revolution in Texas, which separated that country from Mexico, occurred in the year 1835 or 1836. I saw then, and I do not know that it required any particular foresight, that it would be the very next thing to bring Texas, which was designed to be a slave-holding State, into this Union. I did not wait. I sought an occasion to proclaim my utter aversion to any such measure, and I determined to resist it with all my strength to the last. On this subject, Gentlemen, you will bear with me, if I now repeat, in the presence of this assembly, what I have before spoken elsewhere. I was in this city in the year 1837, and, some time before I left New York on that excursion from which I returned to this place, my friends in New York were kind enough to offer me a public dinner as a testimony of their regard. I went out of my way, in a speech delivered in Niblo's Saloon, on that occasion, for the purpose of showing that I anticipated the attempt to annex Texas as a slave territory, and said it should be opposed by me to the last extremity. Well, there was the press all around me,—the Whig press and the Democratic press. Some spoke in terms commendatory enough of my speech, but all agreed that I took pains to step out of my way to denounce in advance the annexation of Texas as slave territory to the United States. I said on that occasion:—

“Gentlemen, we all see that, by whomsoever possessed, Texas is likely to be a slave-holding country; and I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do any thing that shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slave-holding States to the Union. When I say that I regard slavery in itself as a great moral, social, and political evil, I only use language which has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slave-holding States. I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. We have slavery already amongst us. The Constitution found it in the Union; it recognized it, and gave it solemn guaranties. To the full extent of these guaranties we are all bound, in honor, in justice, and by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution in favor of the slave-holding States which are already in the Union ought to be fulfilled, and, so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled, in the fulness of their spirit and to the exactness of their letter. Slavery, as it exists in the States, is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves; they have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power over it. I shall concur, therefore, in no act, no measure, no menace, no indication of purpose, which shall interfere or

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threaten to interfere with the exclusive authority of the several States over the subject of slavery as it exists within their respective limits. All this appears to me to be matter of plain and imperative duty. But when we come to speak of admitting new States, the subject assumes an entirely different aspect. Our rights and our duties are then both different. The free States, and all the States, are then at liberty to accept or to reject. When it is proposed to bring new members into this political partnership, the old members have a right to say on what terms such new partners are to come in, and what they are to bring along with them. In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring into the Union a new, vastly extensive, and slave-holding country, large enough for half a dozen or a dozen States. In my opinion they ought not to consent to it."

Gentlemen, I was mistaken; Congress did consent to the bringing in of Texas. They did consent, and I was a false prophet. Your own State consented, and the majority of the representatives of New York consented. I went into Congress before the final consummation of the deed, and there I fought, holding up both my hands, and urging, with a voice stronger than it now is, my remonstrances against the whole of it. But you would have it so, and you did have it so. Nay, Gentlemen, I will tell the truth, whether it shames the Devil or not. Persons who have aspired high as lovers of liberty, as eminent lovers of the Wilmot Proviso, as eminent Free Soil men, and who have mounted over our heads, and trodden us down as if we were mere slaves, insisting that they are the only true lovers of liberty, they are the men, the very men, that brought Texas into this Union. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I declare it before you, this day. Look to the journals. Without the consent of New York, Texas would not have come into the Union, either under the original resolutions or afterwards. But New York voted for the measure. The two Senators from New York voted for it, and decided the question; and you may thank them for the glory, the renown, and the happiness of having five or six slave States added to the Union. Do not blame me for it. Let them answer who did the deed, and who are now proclaiming themselves the champions of liberty, crying up their Free Soil creed, and using it for selfish and deceptive purposes. They were the persons who aided in bringing in Texas. It was all fairly told to you, both beforehand and afterwards. You heard Moses and the prophets, but if one had risen from the dead, such was your devotion to that policy, at that time, you would not have listened to him for a moment. I do not, of course, speak of the persons now here before me, but of the general political tone in New York, and especially of those who are now Free Soil apostles. Well, all that I do not complain of; but I will not now, or hereafter, before the country, or the world, consent to be numbered among those who introduced new slave power into the Union. I did all in my power to prevent it.

Then, again, Gentlemen, the Mexican war broke out. Vast territory was acquired, and the peace was made; and, much as I disliked the war, I disliked the peace more, because it brought

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in these territories. I wished for peace indeed, but I desired to strike out the grant of territory on the one side, and the payment of the \$12,000,000 on the other. That territory was unknown to me; I could not tell what its character might be. The plan came from the South. I knew that certain Southern gentlemen wished the acquisition of California, New Mexico, and Utah, as a means of extending slave power and slave population. Foreseeing a sectional controversy, and, as I conceived, seeing how much it would distract the Union, I voted against the treaty with Mexico. I voted against the acquisition. I wanted none of her territory, neither California, New Mexico, nor Utah. They were rather ultra-American, as I thought. They were far from us, and I saw that they might lead to a political conflict, and I voted against them all, against the treaty and against the peace, rather than have the territories. Seeing that it would be an occasion of dispute, that by the controversy the whole Union would be agitated, Messrs. Berrien, Badger, and other respectable and distinguished men of the South, voted against the acquisition, and the treaty which secured it; and if the men of the North had voted the same way, we should have been spared all the difficulties that have grown out of it. We should have had peace without the territories.

Now there is no sort of doubt, Gentlemen, that there were some persons in the South who supposed that California, if it came into the Union at all, would come in as a slave State. You know the extraordinary events which immediately occurred, and the impulse given to emigration by the discovery of gold. You know that crowds of Northern people immediately rushed to California, and that an African slave could no more live there among them, than he could live on the top of Mount Hecla. Of necessity it became a free State, and that, no doubt, was a source of much disappointment to the South. And then there were New Mexico and Utah; what was to be done with them? Why, Gentlemen, from the best investigation I had given to the subject, and the reflection I had devoted to it, I was of the opinion that the mountains of New Mexico and Utah could no more sustain American slavery than the snows of Canada. I saw it was impossible. I thought so then; it is quite evident now. Therefore, when it was proposed in Congress to apply the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and Utah, it appeared to me just as absurd as to apply it here in Western New York. I saw that the snow-capped hills, the eternal mountains, and the climate of those countries would never support slavery. No man could carry a slave there with any expectation of profit. It could not be done; and as the South regarded the Proviso as merely a source of irritation, and as designed by some to irritate, I thought it unwise to apply it to New Mexico or Utah. I voted accordingly, and who doubts now the correctness of that vote? The law admitting those territories passed without any proviso. Is there a slave, or will there ever be one, in either of those territories? Why, there is not a man in the United States so stupid as not to see, at this moment, that such a thing was wholly unnecessary, and that it was only calculated to irritate and to offend. I am not one who is disposed to create irritation, or give offence among brethren, or to break up fraternal friendship, without cause. The question was accordingly left legally open, whether slavery

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should or should not go to New Mexico or Utah. There is no slavery there, it is utterly impracticable that it should be introduced into such a region, and utterly ridiculous to suppose that it could exist there. No one, who does not mean to deceive, will now pretend it can exist there.

Well, Gentlemen, we have a race of agitators all over the country; some connected with the press, some, I am sorry to say, belonging to the learned professions. They agitate; their livelihood consists in agitating; their freehold, their copyhold, their capital, their all in all, depend on the excitement of the public mind. The events now briefly alluded to were going on at the commencement of the year 1850. There were two great questions before the public. There was the question of the Texan boundary, and of a government for Utah and New Mexico, which I consider as one question; and there was the question of making a provision for the restoration of fugitive slaves. On these subjects, I have something to say. Texas, as you know, established her independence of Mexico by her revolution and the battle of San Jacinto, which made her a sovereign power. I have already stated to you what I then anticipated from the movement, namely, that she would ask to come into the Union as a slave State. We admitted her in 1845, and we admitted her as a slave State. We admitted her also with an undefined boundary; remember that. She claimed by conquest the whole of that territory commonly called New Mexico, east of the Rio Grande. She claimed also those limits which her constitution had declared and marked out as the proper limits of Texas. This was her claim, and when she was admitted into the United States, the United States did not define her territory. They admitted her as she was. We took her as she defined her own limits, and with the power of making four additional slave States. I say "we," but I do not mean that I was one; I mean the United States admitted her.

What, then, was the state of things in 1850? There was Texas claiming all, or a great part, of that which the United States had acquired from Mexico as New Mexico. She claimed that it belonged to her by conquest and by her admission into the United States, and she was ready to maintain her claim by force of arms. Nor was this all. A man must be ignorant of the history of the country who does not know, that, at the commencement of 1850, there was great agitation throughout the whole South. Who does not know that six or seven of the largest States of the South had already taken measures looking toward [secession](#); were preparing for disunion in some way? They concurred apparently, at least some of them, with Texas, while Texas was prepared or preparing to enforce her rights by force of arms. Troops were enlisted by her, and many thousand persons in the South disaffected towards the Union, or desirous of breaking it up, were ready to make common cause with Texas; to join her ranks, and see what they could make in a war to establish the right of Texas to New Mexico. The public mind was disturbed. A considerable part of the South was disaffected towards the Union, and in a condition to adopt any course that should be violent and destructive.

What then was to be done, as far as Texas was concerned? Allow me to say, Gentlemen, there are two sorts of foresight. There

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is a military foresight, which sees what will be the result of an appeal to arms; and there is also a statesmanlike foresight, which looks not to the result of battles and carnage, but to the results of political disturbances, the violence of faction carried into military operations, and the horrors attendant on civil war. I never had a doubt, that, if the administration of General Taylor had gone to war, and had sent troops into New Mexico, the Texan forces would have been subdued in a week. The power on one side was far superior to all the power on the other. But what then? What if Texan troops, assisted by thousands of volunteers from the disaffected States, had gone to New Mexico, and had been defeated and turned back? Would that have settled the boundary question? Now, Gentlemen, I wish I had ten thousand voices. I wish I could draw around me the whole people of the United States, and I wish I could make them all hear what I now declare on my conscience as my solemn belief, before the Power who sits on high, and who will judge you and me hereafter, that, if this Texan controversy had not been settled by Congress in the manner it was, by the so-called adjustment measures, civil war would have ensued; blood, American blood, would have been shed; and who can tell what would have been the consequences? Gentlemen, in an honorable war, if a foreign foe invade us, if our rights are threatened, if it be necessary to defend them by arms, I am not afraid of blood. And if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me by ties of relationship who are young, and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their blood. But I cannot express the horror I feel at the shedding of blood in a controversy between one of these States and the government of the United States, because I see in it a total and entire disruption of all those ties that make us a great and happy people. Gentlemen, this was the great question, the leading question, at the commencement of the year 1850.

Then there was the other matter, and that was the Fugitive Slave Law. Let me say a word about that. Under the provisions of the Constitution, during Washington's administration, in the year 1793, there was passed, by general consent, a law for the restoration of fugitive slaves. Hardly any one opposed it at that period; it was thought to be necessary, in order to carry the Constitution into effect; the great men of New England and New York all concurred in it. It passed, and answered all the purposes expected from it, till about the year 1841 or 1842, when the States interfered to make enactments in opposition to it. The act of Congress said that State magistrates might execute the duties of the law. Some of the States passed enactments imposing a penalty on any State officers who exercised authority under the law, or assisted in its execution; others denied the use of their jails to carry the law into effect; and, in general, at the commencement of the year 1850, it had become absolutely indispensable that Congress should pass some law for the execution of this provision of the Constitution, or else give up that provision entirely. That was the question. I was in Congress when it was brought forward. I was for a proper law. I had, indeed, proposed a different law; I was of opinion that a summary trial by a jury might be had, which would satisfy the people of the North, and produce no harm

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to those who claimed the service of fugitives; but I left the Senate, and went to another station, before any law was passed. The law of 1850 passed. Now I undertake, as a lawyer, and on my professional character, to say to you, and to all, that the law of 1850 is decidedly more favorable to the fugitive than General Washington's law of 1793; and I will tell you why. In the first place, the present law places the power in much higher hands; in the hands of independent judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, and District Courts, and of commissioners who are appointed to office for their legal learning. Every fugitive is brought before a tribunal of high character, of eminent ability, of respectable station. In the second place, when a claimant comes from Virginia to New York, to say that one A or one B has run away, or is a fugitive from service or labor, he brings with him a record of the court of the county from which he comes, and that record must be sworn to before a magistrate, and certified by the county clerk, and bear an official seal. The affidavit must state that A or B had departed under such and such circumstances, and had gone to another State; and that record under seal is, by the Constitution of the United States, entitled to full credit in every State. Well, the claimant or his agent comes here, and he presents to you the seal of the court in Virginia, affixed to a record of his declaration, that A or B had escaped from service. He must then prove that the fugitive is here. He brings a witness; he is asked if this is the man, and he proves it; or, in nine cases out of ten, the fact would be admitted by the fugitive himself.

Such is the present law; and, much opposed and maligned as it is, it is more favorable to the fugitive slave than the law enacted during Washington's administration, in 1793, which was sanctioned by the North as well as by the South. The present violent opposition has sprung up in modern times. From whom does this clamor come? Why, look at the proceedings of the antislavery conventions; look at their resolutions. Do you find among those persons who oppose this Fugitive Slave Law any admission whatever, that any law ought to be passed to carry into effect the solemn stipulations of the Constitution? Tell me any such case; tell me if any resolution was adopted by the convention at Syracuse favorable to the carrying out of the Constitution. Not one! The fact is, Gentlemen, they oppose the constitutional provision; they oppose the whole! Not a man of them admits that there ought to be any law on the subject. They deny, altogether, that the provisions of the Constitution ought to be carried into effect. Look at the proceedings of the antislavery conventions in Ohio, Massachusetts, and at Syracuse, in the State of New York. What do they say? "That, so help them God, no colored man shall be sent from the State of New York back to his master in Virginia!" Do not they say that? And, to the fulfilment of that they "pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Their sacred honor! They pledge their sacred honor to violate the Constitution; they pledge their sacred honor to commit treason against the laws of their country!

I have already stated, Gentlemen, what your observation of these things must have taught you. I will only recur to the subject for a moment, for the purpose of persuading you, as public men

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and private men, as good men and patriotic men, that you ought, to the extent of your ability and influence, to see to it that such laws are established and maintained as shall keep you, and the South, and the West, and all the country, together, on the terms of the Constitution. I say, that what is demanded of us is to fulfil our constitutional duties, and to do for the South what the South has a right to demand.

Gentlemen, I have been some time before the public. My character is known, my life is before the country. I profess to love liberty as much as any man living; but I profess to love American liberty, that liberty which is secured to the country by the government under which we live; and I have no great opinion of that other and higher liberty which disregards the restraints of law and of the Constitution. I hold the Constitution of the United States to be the bulwark, the only bulwark, of our liberties and of our national character, I do not mean that you should become slaves under the Constitution. That is not American liberty. That is not the liberty of the Union for which our fathers fought, that liberty which has given us a right to be known and respected all over the world. I mean only to say, that I am for constitutional liberty. It is enough for me to be as free as the Constitution of the country makes me.

Now, Gentlemen, let me say, that, as much as I respect the character of the people of Western New York, as much as I wish to retain their good opinion, if I should ever hereafter be placed in any situation in public life, let me tell you now that you must not expect from me the slightest variation, even of a hair's breadth, from the Constitution of the United States. I am a Northern man. I was born at the North, educated at the North, have lived all my days at the North. I know five hundred Northern men to one Southern man. My sympathies, all my sympathies, my love of liberty for all mankind, of every color, are the same as yours. My affections and hopes in that respect are exactly like yours. I wish to see all men free, all men happy. I have few personal associations out of the Northern States. My people are your people. And yet I am told sometimes that I am not a friend of liberty, because I am not a Free Soil man. What am I? What was I ever? What shall I be hereafter, if I could sacrifice, for any consideration, that love of American liberty which has glowed in my breast since my infancy, and which, I hope, will never leave me till I expire?

Gentlemen, I regret that slavery exists in the Southern States; but it is clear and certain that Congress has no power over it. It may be, however, that, in the dispensations of Providence, some remedy for this evil may occur, or may be hoped for hereafter. But, in the mean time, I hold to the Constitution of the United States, and you need never expect from me, under any circumstances, that I shall falter from it; that I shall be otherwise than frank and decisive. I would not part with my character as a man of firmness and decision, and honor and principle, for all that the world possesses. You will find me true to the North, because all my sympathies are with the North. My affections, my children, my hopes, my everything, are with the North. But when I stand up before my country, as one appointed to administer the Constitution of the country, by the blessing of God I will be just.



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Gentlemen, I expect to be libelled and abused. Yes, libelled and abused. But it does not disturb me. I have not lost a night's rest for a great many years from any such cause. I have some talent for sleeping. And why should I not expect to be libelled? Is not the Constitution of the United States libelled and abused? Do not some people call it a covenant with hell? Is not Washington libelled and abused? Is he not called a bloodhound on the track of the African negro? Are not our fathers libelled and abused by their own children? And ungrateful children they are. How, then, shall I escape? I do not expect to escape; but, knowing these things, I impute no bad motive to any men of character and fair standing. The great settlement measures of the last Congress are laws. Many respectable men, representatives from your own State and from other States, did not concur in them. I do not impute any bad motive to them. I am ready to believe they are Americans all. They may not have thought these laws necessary; or they may have thought that they would be enacted without their concurrence. Let all that pass away. If they are now men who will stand by what is done, and stand up for their country, and say that, as these laws were passed by a majority of the whole country, we must stand by them and live by them, I will respect them all as friends.

Now, Gentlemen, allow me to ask of you, What do you think would have been the condition of the country, at this time, if these laws had not been passed by the last Congress? if the question of the Texas boundary had not been settled? if New Mexico and Utah had been left as desert-places, and no government had been provided for them? And if the other great object to which State laws had opposed so many obstacles, the restoration of fugitives, had not been provided for, I ask, what would have been the state of this country now? You men of Erie County, you men of New York, I conjure you to go home to-night and meditate on this subject. What would have been the state of this country, now, at this moment, if these laws had not been passed? I have given my opinion that we should have had a civil war. I refer it to you, therefore, for your consideration; meditate on it; do not be carried away by any abstract notions or metaphysical ideas; think practically on the great question, What would have been the condition of the United States at this moment, if we had not settled these agitating questions? I repeat, in my opinion, there would have been a civil war.

Gentlemen, will you allow me, for a moment, to advert to myself? I have been a long time in public life; of course, not many years remain to me. At the commencement of 1850, I looked anxiously at the condition of the country, and I thought the inevitable consequence of leaving the existing controversies unadjusted would be civil war. I saw danger in leaving Utah and New Mexico without any government, a prey to the power of Texas. I saw the condition of things arising from the interference of some of the States in defeating the operation of the Constitution in respect to the restoration of fugitive slaves. I saw these things, and I made up my mind to encounter whatever might betide me in the attempt to avert the impending catastrophe. And allow me to add something which is not entirely unworthy of notice. A member of the House of Representatives told me that he had prepared a list of one hundred and forty speeches which had been made in Congress

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on the slavery question. "That is a very large number, my friend," I said; "but how is that?" "Why," said he, "a Northern man gets up and speaks with considerable power and fluency until the Speaker's hammer knocks him down. Then gets up a Southern man, and he speaks with more warmth. He is nearer the sun, and he comes out with the greater fervor against the North. He speaks his hour, and is in turn knocked down. And so it has gone on, until I have got one hundred and forty speeches on my list." "Well," said I, "where are they, and what are they?" "If the speaker," said he, "was a Northern man, he held forth against slavery; and if he was from the South, he abused the North; and all these speeches were sent by the members to their own localities, where they served only to aggravate the local irritation already existing. No man reads both sides. The other side of the argument is not heard; and the speeches sent from Washington in such prodigious numbers, instead of tending to conciliation, do but increase, in both sections of the Union, an excitement already of the most dangerous character."

Gentlemen, in this state of things, I saw that something must be done. It was impossible to look with indifference on a danger of so formidable a character. I am a Massachusetts man, and I bore in mind what Massachusetts has ever been to the Constitution and the Union. I felt the importance of the duty which devolved upon one to whom she had so long confided the trust of representing her in either house of Congress. As I honored her, and respected her, I felt that I was serving her in my endeavors to promote the welfare of the whole country.

And now suppose, Gentlemen, that, on the occasion in question, I had taken a different course. If I may allude so particularly to an individual so insignificant as myself, suppose that, on the 7th of March, 1850, instead of making a speech that would, so far as my power went, reconcile the country, I had joined in the general clamor of the Antislavery party. Suppose I had said, "I will have nothing to do with any accommodation; we will admit no compromise; we will let Texas invade New Mexico; we will leave New Mexico and Utah to take care of themselves; we will plant ourselves on the Wilmot Proviso, let the consequences be what they may." Now, Gentlemen, I do not mean to say that great consequences would have followed from such a course on my part; but suppose I had taken such a course. How could I be blamed for it? Was I not a Northern man? Did I not know Massachusetts feelings and prejudices? But what of that? I am an American. I was made a whole man, and I did not mean to make myself half a one. I felt that I had a duty to perform to my country, to my own reputation; for I flattered myself that a service of forty years had given me some character, on which I had a right to repose for my justification in the performance of a duty attended with some degree of local unpopularity. I thought it my duty to pursue this course, and I did not care what was to be the consequence. I felt it was my duty, in a very alarming crisis, to come out; to go for my country, and my whole country; and to exert any power I had to keep that country together. I cared for nothing, I was afraid of nothing, but I meant to do my duty. Duty performed makes a man happy; duty neglected makes a man unhappy. I therefore, in the face of all discouragements and all dangers, was ready to go forth and do what I thought my

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country, your country, demanded of me. And, Gentlemen, allow me to say here to-day, that if the fate of John Rogers had stared me in the face, if I had seen the stake, if I had heard the fagots already crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform. I would have become a martyr to save that country.

And now, Gentlemen, farewell. Live and be happy. Live like patriots, live like Americans. Live in the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings which your fathers prepared for you; and if any thing that I may do hereafter should be inconsistent, in the slightest degree, with the opinions and principles which I have this day submitted to you, then discard me for ever from your recollection.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 22D]



May 23, Friday, 1851: Promenade-Quadrille op.98 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

[Henry Thoreau](#) began his search for the wild American crabapple tree, which became important to him both horticulturally and as a real symbol of the aboriginal American wildness that would serve to contrast with his own imported and feral wildness. The “MX” and “Emerson” in the journal quotations which follow are the standard abbreviations for:

- [François André Michaux](#)'s THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND NOVA SCOTIA,... TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES.... TRANS FROM THE FRENCH OF F. ANDREW MICHAUX.... (Paris: C. D'Hautel, 1819).
- [George Barrell Emerson](#)'s A REPORT ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS GROWING NATURALLY IN THE FORESTS OF MASSACHUSETTS. PUBLISHED AGREEABLY TO AN ORDER OF THE LEGISLATURE, BY THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE ZOOLOGICAL AND [BOTANICAL](#) SURVEY OF THE STATE (Boston: Dutton and Wentworth, 1846).



May 23: Friday. And wilder still there grows elsewhere I hear a native and aboriginal crab apple *Malus* as [MX](#) or as Emerson has it *Pyrus Coronaria* in southern states and also *Angustifolia* in the middle states.— Whose young leaves “have a a bitter & slightly aromatic taste” [MX](#). —whose beautiful flowers perfume the air to a great distance. “The apples – – are small, green & intensely acid, and very odoriferous. Some farmers make cider of them, which is said to be excellent: they make very fine sweet-meats also, by the addition of a large quantity of sugar.” [MX](#) Celebrated for “the beauty of its flowers, and for the sweetness of its perfume.” [MX](#)

[MX](#) says that the wild apple of Europe has yielded to cultivation nearly 300 species in France alone. Emerson says referring to Loudon “in 1836, the catalogue & the gardens of the London Horticultural Society, contained upwards of 1400 distinct sorts, and new ones are every year added.”

But here are species which they have not in their catalogue –not to mention the varieties which the crab might yield to cultivation.

This genus so kind to the human race the *malus* or *pyrus* –Rosaceae the family or others say Pomaceae. Its flowers are perhaps the most beautiful of any tree. I am frequently compelled to turn & linger by some more than usually beautiful ^{2/3} expanded blossoms– If such were not so common –its fame would be loud as well as wide. Its most copious & delicious blossoms.



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But our wild apple is wild perchance like myself who belong not to the aboriginal race here –but have strayed into the woods from the cultivated stock –where the birds where winged thoughts or agents have planted or are planting me. Even these at length furnish hardy stocks for the orchard. You might call one *M. oculata*. another *M. Iridis* –*M. cum parvuli daemone oculis* or imp-eyed. Blue-jay apple –or *M. Corvi Cristati*. wood-dell apple –*M. Silvestrivallis*. Field-dell apple *M. Campestri-vallis* Meadow apple *M. pratensis*. Rock meadow apple *saxopratisensis* Partridge or Grouse apple or bud– Apple of the Hesperides *malum Hesperidum*. Woodside ap. Wood apple *M. silvatica* The Truant’s ap. *m. cessatoris*. Saunterer’s ap. *M. erroneis vel Vagabundi* The way side ap. *M. trivialis*. Beauty of the air *Decus Aeris* –December eating– Frozen thawed –*gelato soluta* or *gelataregelata*– The Concord Appl *M. Concordiensis*. The brindled apple Wine of New England. *M. vinosa* The Chickaree apple. The Green Apple *M. viridis*.– The dysentery or cholera morbus apple Distantly related things are strangely near in fact Perchance this window seat in which we sit discoursing Transcendentalism –with only Germany & Greece –stretching behind our minds –was made so deep because this was a few years ago a garrison house –with thick log walls bullet proof –behind which men sat to escape the wild red man’s bullet. & the arrow & the Tomahawk. & bullets fired by Indians are now buried in its walls. Pythagoras seems near compared with them.



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May 24, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) did some sort of surveying work at the West Center schoolhouse in Concord.



The government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts began to slightly encourage the formation of town public libraries. [Thoreau](#) would report:

WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music -philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.



PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

PETER ABÉLARD

During this year, Concord would in fact create its 1st public library (this Town Library would never have a building of its own, but would occupy space in the Court House and in the new Town House on Monument Square).

On this night there was a low and diffuse [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



May 24. Saturday. Our most glorious experiences are a kind of regret. Our regret is so sublime that we may mistake it for triumph. It is the painful, plaintively sad surprise of our Genius remembering our past lives and contemplating what is possible. It is remarkable that men commonly never refer to, never hint at, any crowning experiences when the common laws of their being were unsettled and the divine and eternal laws prevailed in them. Their lives are not revolutionary; they never recognize any other than the local and temporal authorities. It is a regret so divine and inspiring, so genuine, based on so true and distinct a contrast, that it surpasses our proudest boasts and the fairest expectations.

My most sacred and memorable life is commonly on awaking in the morning. I frequently awake with an atmosphere about me as if my unremembered dreams had been divine, as if my spirit had journeyed to its native place, and, in the act of reëntering its native body, had diffused an elysian fragrance around.

The Genius says: "Ah! That is what you were! That is what you may yet be!" It is glorious for us to be able to regret even such an existence.

A sane and growing man revolutionizes every day. What institutions of man can survive a morning experience? A single night's sleep, if we have indeed slumbered and forgotten anything and grown in our sleep, puts them behind us like the river Lethe. It is no unusual thing for him to see the kingdoms of this world pass away.

It is an interesting inquiry to seek for the medicines which will cure our ills in the plants which grow around us. At first we are not disposed to believe that man and plants are so intimately related. Very few plants have been medically examined. And yet this is the extent of most men's botany; and it is more extensive than would at first be supposed. The botanist is startled by some countryman's familiarity with an obscure plant to him rare and strange. He, who has been an observer for some years, knows not what it is, but the unobserving countryman, who sees nothing but what is thrust upon him, or the old woman who rarely goes out of the house, shows an easy familiarity with it and can call it by name.

I am struck by the fact that, though any important individual experience is rare, though it is so rare that the individual is conscious of a relation to his maker transcending time and space and earth, though any knowledge of, or communication from, "Providence" is the rarest thing in the world, yet men very easily, regarding themselves in the gross, speak of carrying out the designs of Providence as nations. How often the Saxon man talks of carrying out the designs of Providence, as if he had some knowledge of Providence and His designs. Men allow themselves to associate Providence and designs of Providence with their dull, prosaic, every-day thoughts of things. That language is usurped by the stalest and deadest prose, which can only report the most choice poetic experience. This "Providence" is the stalest jest in the universe. The office-boy sweeps out his office "by the leave of Providence."

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 May 25, Sunday, 1851: This was 's 48th birthday.



On some date just a bit earlier than this Sunday (we are not able to be exact about this date), Emerson had spoken in Cambridge before an audience of [Harvard College](#) authorities and students that was hostile because it knew Emerson had declared himself opposed to slavery: “The hisses, shouts, and cat-calls made it impossible for Mr. Emerson to go on. Through all this there never was a finer spectacle of dignity and composure than he presented. He stood with perfect quietness until the hubbub was over, and then went on with the next word. It was as if nothing had happened: there was no repetition, no allusion to what had been going on, no sign that he was moved, and I cannot describe with what added weight the next words fell.”

Perhaps it would have helped Emerson’s reputation, had he explained to this crowd that the reason why he was against slavery was that he did not feel there should be any place at all in American society for the black race. That although he had decided to be against enslaving them, he had not removed them from the category “not-us.” That, in effect, his good white audience ought not to distrust him for he was still as racist as he had always been. Emerson entered the following explanation in his journal sometime during May or June:

The absence of moral feeling in the whiteman is the very calamity I deplore. The captivity of a thousand negroes is nothing to me.

(Perhaps the above will help to explain why a stone racist like [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) would so adore this essayist.)

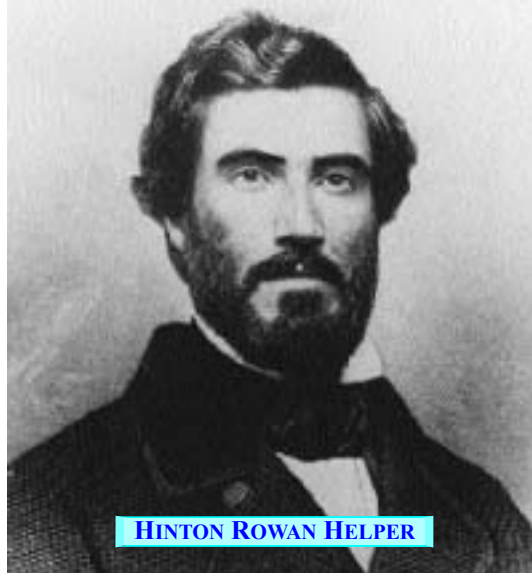
During this same period, he also made an entry indicating that he was distancing himself from the American public, on account of his morals, which were higher than theirs, higher even than the morals of the American leaders whose counsel was being found more acceptable than was his own counsel:

Webster truly represents the American people just as they are, with their vast material interests, materialized intellect, & low morals.

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The Emerson-worshiper [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) arrived full of golden expectation in San Francisco after a four-month seasick trip aboard the *Stag Hound* around the Horn. However, he would soon discover that to obtain the gold of [California](#) required “a greater sacrifice of moral and physical wealth than a single exchange of it afterwards can possibly restore.”



HINTON ROWAN HELPER



May 21, Wednesday: Yesterday I made out the black and the white Ashes— A double male White ash in Miles' swamp and 2 black ashes with sessile leaflets— A female White ash near RR — in Stows land. The White Ashes by Mr Pritchards have no blossoms, at least as yet

If I am right the *black* ash is improperly so called from the color of its bark being lighter than the white— Though it answers to the description in other respects even to the elder-like odor of the leaves, I should like still to see a description of the Yellow Ash which grows in Maine.

The day before yesterday I found the male sassafras in abundance but no female.

The leaves of my new pine on Merriams or Pine Hill are of intermediate length between those of the Yellow Pine & the Norway Pine— I can find no cone to distinguish the tree by. But as the leaves are *semi cylindrical* & not *hollowed* I think it must be the red or Norway Pine —though it does not look very red —& is *spruce!* answering perhaps to the description of the Yellow Pine which is sometimes called Spruce Pine.

To day examined the flowers of the *Nemopanthus Canadensis* —a genus of a single species says Emerson— It bears the beautiful crimson velvety berry of the swamps —& is what I have heard called the cornel. Common name Wild Holly.

I have heard now within a few days that peculiar dreaming sound of the frogs which belongs to the summer —their midsummer nights dream.

Only that thought & that expression are good which are musical.

I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary. That in this strange outlandish world —so barren so prosaic —fit not to live in but merely to pass through. that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man the crowning fact —the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God, if there is a *just* man.

It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so —many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea & vision of the divine ourselves but we have brothers, it seems who have this idea also—

Methinks my neighbor is better than I; and his thought is better than mine— There is a representative of the divinity on earth —of all things fair & noble are to be expected. We have the material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man —behind the paling —yonder come rain or shine —hope or doubt —there dwells a man. an actual being who can sympathize with



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our sublimest thoughts.

The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious & cheering –hinting to us of a remote future –of possibilities untold –but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.

The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, & he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth– He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer & visionary –leaping across the swamp to his fellow what was his joy & consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens –he too had dreamed the same dreams

From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact

I think that the existence of man in nature is the divinest and most startling of all facts– It is a fact which few have realized.

I can go to my neighbors & meet on ground as elevated as we could expect to meet upon if we were now in heaven.

“And we live,

We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure colourless intelligence
Which dwells in Heaven, & the dead Hadëan shades.”

I do not think that man can –understand the *importance* of man’s existence –its bearing on the other phenomena of life until it shall become a remembrance to him the survivor that such a being or such a race once existed on the earth. Imagine yourself alone in the world a musing wondering reflecting spirit *lost* in thought– And imagine thereafter the creation of man! Man made in the image of God! Looking into a book on dentistry the other day I observed a list of authors who had written on this subject. There were Ran & Tan and Yungerman –& I was impressed by the fact that there was nothing in a name– It was as if they had been named by the child’s rigmarole of Iery ichery van tittle tol tan &c– I saw in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth –and to each one its own herdsman had affixed some barbarous name or sound or syllables, in his own dialect –so in a thousand languages– Their names were seen to be as meaningless exactly as bosc or Tray the names of dogs. Men get named no better.

We seem to be distinct ourselves, never repeated –& yet we bear no names which express a proportionate distinctness –they are quite accidental.– Take away their names & you leave men a wild herd distinguished only by their individual qualities.

It is as if you were to give names in the Caffre dialect to the individuals in a herd of spring-bocks – or Gnus

We have but few patronymics –but few Christian names in proportion to the number of us. Is it that men ceased to be original when genuine & original names ceased to be given. Have we not enough character to establish a new patronymic

Methinks it would be some advantage to philosophy if men were *named* merely in the gross as they are known. It would only be necessary to know the genus & perchance the species & variety –to know the individual.

I will not allow *mere names* to make distinctions for me but still see men in herds for all *them*. A familiar name cannot make a man less strange to me. It may be given to a savage who retains in secret his own wild title earned in the woods. I see that this neighbor who wears the familiar epithet of William or Edwin takes it off with his jacket –it does not adhere to him when asleep or when in anger –or aroused by any passion or inspiration– I seem to hear pronounced by some of his kin at such a time his original wild name in some jaw breaking or else melodious tongue– As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them.

Our names are as cheap as the names given to dogs– We know what are dogs names– We know what are men’s names. Some times it would be significant and truer –it would lead to generalization –it would avoid exaggeration –to say *There was a man* who said or did –instead of designating him by some familiar, but perchance delusive name.

We hardly believe that every private soldier in a Roman army had a name of his own


It is interesting to see how the names of famous men are repeated. even of great poets & philosophers. The poet is not know today even by his neighbors to be more than a common man–

He is perchance the butt of many The proud farmer looks down –& boorishly ignores him but perchance in course of time the poet will have so succeeded –that some of the farmer’s posterity – though equally boorish with their ancestor will bear the poets name. The boor names his boy Homer

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& so succumbs unknowingly to the bard's victorious fame— Anything so fine as poetic genius he cannot more directly recognize. The unpoetic farmer names his child Homer. You have a wild savage in you —and a savage name is perchance somewhere recorded as yours.¹⁶⁵

 May 26, Monday, 1851: Four people were killed and dozens wounded as a [nativist](#) mob attacked German immigrants in Hoboken, New Jersey during Pentecost celebrations.

At the American [Unitarian](#) Association's spring convention in Boston, known as the Berry Street Conference, the [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) introduced a resolution in condemnation of [Daniel Webster](#), [President Millard Fillmore](#), [Edward Everett](#), [Samuel A. Eliot](#), the Reverend Professor [Jared Sparks](#), the [Reverend Ezra Stiles Gannett](#), and even the president of the AUS, the [Reverend Orville Dewey](#) as accomplices to the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Law. May charged that Gannett was acting in a manner "utterly subversive of Christian morality and of all true allegiance to God."¹⁶⁶ (Although the initial vote on this day was 72 to 27 to refuse to consider such a resolution, the convention would find that it had not heard the last of it.)

Meanwhile, in England, Unitarianism was doing very well, and thank you for asking:

English Unitarians

1830	200
1851	50,000

The [Transcript](#) had been keeping an eye on the more daring ladies:

The Turkish Dress. On Saturday afternoon, says the [Boston] [Times](#), a young lady of 18, daughter of a well-known West End citizen, made her appearance on Cambridge Street, accompanied with her father, dressed in a round hat, short dress, fitting tightly, and pink satin trousers.... The same young lady was out yesterday afternoon, for a walk around the Common and upon the Neck.... The "Bee" says the daughter of Dr. Hanson, of this city, appeared in the Bloomer suit at a convention at South Reading

165. Thoreau would later copy into his early lecture :

[Paragraph 24] Work is cheap, but thought and character are rare. And is it not significant, that after all the farmer will perhaps name his son — Homer, or Milton?¹

1. Bradley P. Dean emended the manuscript copy-text by punctuating with a question mark.

**BRAD DEAN'S
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166. The force of such an accusation can be felt if you reflect that this divine here being criticized was a teacher of the new crops of Unitarian reverends, at the [Harvard Divinity School](#).

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last week.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 26TH]



May 27, Tuesday, 1851: At the Berry Street Conference in Boston, the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) reintroduced the resolution he had offered at the American Unitarian Association's meeting on the previous day, in condemnation of Webster, Millard Filmore, Edward Everett, Samuel A. Eliot, Jared Sparks, Gannett, and Orville Dewey as "traffickers IN HUMAN FLESH." A struggle began over whether to consider such a resolution.



May 27: I saw an organ grinder this morning before a rich man's house –thrilling the street



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with harmony –loosening the very paving stones & tearing the routine of life to rags & tatters–
When the lady of the house shoved up a window & in a semi-philanthropic tone inquired if he wanted anything to eat– But he very properly it seemed to me kept on grinding & paid no attention to her question –feeding her ears with melody unasked for– So the world shove up its window and interrogates the poet –& sets him to gauging ale casks, in return– It seemed to me that the music suggested that the recompense should be as fine as the gift– – It would be much nobler to enjoy the music though you paid no money for it –than to presume always a beggarly relation
It is after all perhaps the best instrumental music that we have.¹⁶⁷

167. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this for his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)”, combining it with an entry made on August 7, 1853 and an entry made on July 24, 1852 to form the following:

[Paragraph 34] The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned **money merely** is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet-laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine [from 1630 to 1790 the reigning British monarch annually bestowed a butt of canary wine on the poet laureate]; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct.

**BRAD DEAN'S
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➡ May 28, Wednesday, 1851: During this day and the following one, Sojourner Truth would be speaking at the Women's Rights Convention in Akron, Ohio, saying that women, the spiritual descendants of the Eve who had with her temptation turned the world upside down, should be given a chance to set the world "right side up." The likelihood, however, is that she did not deliver anything like the "Ar'n't I a Woman" peroration attributed to her in the May 2, 1863 edition of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. by Frances D. Gage:

☰ Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or give me any best place"; and, raising herself to her full height, and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And Ar'n't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm," and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing its tremendous muscular power. "I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me - and Ar'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man (when I could get it), and bear de lash as well - and Ar'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chillen, and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard - and Ar'n't I a woman?"



In actuality the published contemporary account that comes the closest to reporting what Truth said that day was the report of the Salem Anti-Slavery Bugle which merely indicated that Truth, after saying that she had "plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed," asked once the question "Can any man do more than that?"



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One of the most unique and interesting speeches of the Convention was made by Sojourner Truth, an emancipated slave. It is impossible to transfer it to paper, or convey any adequate idea of the effect it produced upon the audience. Those only can appreciate it who saw her powerful form, her whole-souled, earnest gesture, and listened to her strong and truthful tones. She came forward to the platform and addressing the President said with great simplicity:

May I say a few words?

Receiving an affirmative answer, she proceeded;

I want to say a few words about this matter. I am a woman's rights [sic]. I have as much muscle as any man, and can do as much work as any man. I have plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed, and can any man do more than that? I have heard much about the sexes being equal; I can carry as much as any man, and can eat as much too, if I can get it. I am as strong as any man that is now. As for intellect, all I can say is, if woman have a pint and man a quart – why can't she have her little pint full? You need not be afraid to give us our rights for fear we will take too much – for we won't take more than our pint'll hold. The poor men seem to be all in confusion and don't know what to do. Why children, if you have woman's rights give it to her and you will feel better. You will have your own rights, and they won't be so much trouble.

I can't read, but I can hear. I have heard the Bible and have learned that Eve caused man to sin. Well if woman upset the world, do give her a chance to set it right side up again. The lady has spoken about Jesus, how he never spurned woman from him, and she was right. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha came to him with faith and love and besought him to raise their brother. And Jesus wept – and Lazarus came forth. And how came Jesus into the world? Through God who created him and woman who bore him. Man, where is your part?

But the women are coming up blessed be God and a few of the men are coming up with them. But man is in a tight place, the poor slave is on him, woman is on him, and he is surely between a hawk and a buzzard.

Contrasting Gage's allegations with 27 other descriptions of the convention which had been published soon afterward has indicated to the historian that Gage's take on the convention was either constructed after the fact



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or else entirely idiosyncratic, and can be relied upon in none of its unique details. In particular Gage's account is suspect when she makes her inferences as to the states of mind of others present on that occasion:

Carleton Mabee's SOJOURNER TRUTH

Page 69: In her report, Gage took pains to portray the atmosphere of the woman's rights convention at which Truth spoke. Woman's rights, Gage wrote, was a "wondrously unpopular cause." The leaders of the woman's movement at the convention were "staggering under the weight of disapprobation already laid upon them," and so "many of them" were "almost thrown into panics" [*sic*] on the first day of the convention when they saw Truth, "a tall, gaunt black woman in a gray dress and white turban," enter the crowded church where the meeting was held, and "walk with the air of a queen up the aisle." Repeatedly "trembling" women asked Gage not to let Truth speak because it would "ruin us" to "have our cause mixed up with abolition and niggers." On the second day, according to Gage, opponents of women's rights, especially bombastic clergymen, "were seeming to get the better of us." When Gage finally let Truth speak, "some of the tender-skinned friends" of the cause were "on the point of losing dignity," and the atmosphere of the convention was "mobbish" and "betokened a storm."

Pages 80-81: When we compare Gage's 1863 report of Truth's speech with available reports written in 1851 soon after the event, the comparison suggests that we should heed Gage's own warning that she had "given but a faint sketch" of Truth's speech. The comparison suggests that, unless evidence to the contrary turns up, important parts of Gage's report regarding the atmosphere of the convention, the contents of Truth's speech, and the effect of the speech on the convention should be considered false. The comparison suggests that Gage, the poet, intended to present the symbolic truth of Truth's words more than the literal truth; that Gage, the novelist, imagining that Harriet Beecher Stowe was looking over her shoulder, felt pressed to make Truth's story more compelling than it was; that Gage, the passionate advocate of blacks' and women's rights, embellished her report to strengthen the causes she favored, imposing her own ideas and expression on what Truth said. Disappointing as it may be, the comparison makes it unlikely that Truth asked the thrilling question, "Ar'n't I a woman?", the principal words by which Truth is known today. ... When Truth's biographers, following Gage, say that she turned the convention around from opposing to favoring women's rights, we have to suspect that they may be telling us more what Gage wanted us to believe than what really happened. When recent writers on women's and blacks' history claim that white women advocating women's rights were hostile to black women's participation in the women's movement, and they base their claims especially on Gage's account of the supposed hostility to Truth at Akron, we have to wonder whether they are distorting history. Unless evidence to the contrary turns up, we have to regard Gage's account of Truth's asking the "Ar'n't I a woman?" question as folklore, like the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It may be suitable for telling to children, but not for serious understanding of Sojourner Truth and her times.

Truth herself never mentioned having encountered any hostility at this convention. Her comments were on the order of "I sold a good many books at the Convention" and "they gave me so many kind invitations I hardly knew which to accept of first." None of the 27 contemporary published accounts mentioned any hissing or other hostility. None of these contemporarily published accounts attempted to tar the Women's Rights cause with the brush of Anti-Slavery or with that of equality of the races.¹⁶⁸

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The custom-house, at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, having been destroyed by the fire of the 4th instant, another building was speedily fitted up for the same purposes at the corner of Kearny and Washington streets. The treasure, amounting to upwards of a million of dollars, had been preserved in a large safe (which had escaped damage from the fire) in the old building. To-day the removal of this treasure to the new custom-house took place; and the manner of doing so created some little excitement and much laughter in the town, from the excessive care and military display which the collector thought fit to adopt on the occasion. Some thirty gigantic, thick-



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bearded fellows, who were armed with carbines, revolvers and sabres, surrounded the cars containing the specie, while the Honorable T. Butler King stood aloft on a pile of ruins with a huge "Colt" in one hand and a bludgeon in the other, marshaling his men and money "the way that they should go." The extraordinary procession proceeded slowly along Montgomery street to the new custom-house, Mr. King, marching, like a proud drum-major, at the head of his miniature grand army. The people, meanwhile, looked on with astonishment, and with some grief, that their city should be considered so lawless and wicked a place as to require so formidable a force even to guard millions of treasure in broad daylight, and along one or two of the principal streets, where there were continually present thousands of the most respectable inhabitants. But immediately the farcical nature of the whole exhibition struck the most phlegmatic, and peals of laughter and cries of ironical applause accompanied the brave defenders of "Uncle Sam's" interests to the end of their perilous march. It was felt that there was but one thing wanted to make the show complete-half-a-dozen great guns from the presidio. In the absence of other matters of local importance, this bloodless achievement formed the subject of a humorous song, composed by a young man of the town, and which he sang in one or more of the public saloons, on many occasions, "with much applause." The thing had a run, and served to fill

168. Donna Haraway has commented, in regard to this magnificent trademark peroration attributed to Truth, that it had been "remembered" long after the "fact" by a white with no credentials to record an Afro-American English verbal performance, and that the result of this transcription was



a white abolitionist's imagined idiolect of The Slave, the supposedly archetypal black plantation slave of the South, ...the falsely specific, imagined language that represented the "universal" language of slaves to the literate abolitionist public.

It is this, Haraway offers, which



is the language that has come down to us as Sojourner Truth's "authentic" words. This counterfeit language, undifferentiated into the many Englishes spoken in the New World, reminds us of a hostile notion of difference, one that sneaks the masterful unmarked categories in through the back door in the **guise** of the specific, which is made to be not disruptive or deconstructive, but typical. The undifferentiated black slave could figure for a humanist abolitionist discourse, and its descendants on the walls of women's studies offices, an ideal type, a victim (hero), a kind of plot space for the abolitionists' actions, a special human, not one that could bind up the whole people through her unremitting figuring of critical difference - that is, not an unruly agent preaching her own unique gospel of displacement as the ground of connection.



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the clever author's purse. He had a large number of copies lithographed, on which was a caricature print of the procession, and these he disposed of at a dollar apiece. In a single night he sold five hundred copies at this rate. As the tune to which the song was set was a popular and easy one, soon the town rang with the story of "The King's Campaign." But besides this effusion, there immediately appeared innumerable paragraphs, squibs, jests, good sayings in social circles and the public journals. It is one of the penalties which people must pay for their superiority in place over their neighbors that their actions are pretty severely criticized, and, when occasion serves, ridiculed. It was so here "with a will," and to Collector King's great mortification. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." But kings and collectors have potent remedies for the many evils that beset them. Frank Ball, the writer of the song in question, was shortly afterwards sent for by the collector, and favored with a private interview. Ordinary men might have "beat about the bush," or employed a friend in the little transaction which followed; but the Hon. T. Butler King, with the same dauntless face which he showed on occasion of the treasure removal, bluntly began conversation with the anxious poet, by asking whether he would not like to have a desirable post in the customs. Mr. Ball, gasping with surprise, mumbled, "Yes, surely." "Then, Sir, it is yours," said the collector, gravely. In gratitude Mr. Ball could do no less than stop singing his famous song, which was doubtless what his honorable and doughty chief expected. Cerberus was sopped. This anecdote would be incomplete unless we told that certain underlings attached to the custom-house, struck with a new light, began forthwith to chant the obnoxious stanzas. Unluckily they had mistaken the game, for the fact reaching the ears of the collector, one of them, caught in the act, was instantly, though quietly, dismissed from the service. It was a pretty illustration of the fable of 'The Man, the Spaniel, and the Ass.'" There are so many serious matters - murders, suicides, larcenies, grand and petty burglaries, assaults, fires, and the dismal-like in these "Annals," that we are glad, and so too may the reader be, to have an opportunity such as this of introducing a facetious subject, which once delighted the San Franciscans. We, therefore, give an illustration of the caricature above alluded to, and the song itself: THE KING'S CAMPAIGN; OR REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS. "Come, listen a minute, a song I'll sing, Which I rather calculate will bring Much glory, and all that sort of thing, On the head of our brave Collector King. Ri tu di ni, Ri tui di znt, Ri tzi di nut di na. "Our well-beloved President This famous politician sent, Though I guess we could our money have spent Without aid from the general government. Ri tuz di nuit, c. "In process of time this hero bold Had collected lots of silver and gold, Which he stuck away in a spacious hole, Except what little his officers stole. Ri tu di inu, ifc. "But there came a terrible fire one night, Which put his place inn an awful plight, And 'twould have been a heart-rending sight, If the money had not been all right. Ri tu di nu, 4 c. Then he put his officers on the ground, And told'em the specie vault to surround, And if any' Sydney Cove' came round, To pick up a cudgel and knock him down. Ri tuz di nit, 4 c. But the money had

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to be moved away, So he summoned his fighting men one day, And fixed'em all in marching array, Like a lot of mules hitched on to a dray. Ri tu di ni, <c. "Then he mounted a brick and made a speech, And unto them this way did preach, Oh, feller-sogers, I beseech You to keep this cash from the people's reach. Ri tu di nut, .c. 'For,' said he, 'tis well convinced I am, That the people's honesty's all a sham, And that no one here is worth a d-n, But the officers of Uncle Sam.' Ri tuz di nu, fc. "Then he drew his revolver, and told 'em to start, But be sure to keep their eyes on the cart, And not to be at all faint of heart, But to tread right up, and try to look smart. Ri tu di nui, <c. "Then each man grasped his sword and gun, The babies squalled and the women run, And all agreed that the King was one Of the greatest warriors under the sun. Ri tt di na, Ri tu di n u, Ri tu di nu di na." They were a wild, perverse race, the San Franciscans in those days, taking much delight in whatever mortified the "city fathers." They are immoderately fond of fun and devilment still; and any thing of a peculiar spicy nature, -from a simple fall in the mud, or the kissing of a pretty girl, up to the five thousand dollar bribe of a senator, or a municipal papa, or grand-papa being caught lurking about the premises of a jealous married man, flies like lightning, or their own great fires over the whole city. The people live so much together in hotels and boarding-houses, they meet so frequently for talk and drink (in vino veritas) at bars and billiard-rooms, that every piece of scandal or matter of public interest is sure to ooze out and be discussed in all its bearings. A dozen daily papers by hint, innuendo, broad allusion, and description, considerably assist the promulgation and spreading of idle tales. Hence, they often assumed an importance which other communities may think they scarcely deserve. The year of which we write, 1851, had a full share of such local and temporary facetice, some of which may appear worthy of record, if it were only to illustrate the times. The affairs of the aldermen's salaries and the curious medal business were both prolific subjects for jesting and outrageous merriment. Dr. D. G-. Robinson, a proprietor of the Dramatic Museum, gained considerable popularity by a series of doggerel, c random rhymes" which he gave on his own stage, in which almost every municipal man of mark was hit off, and sometimes pretty hardly too. So highly were these verses relished, and so much favor did the author gain thereby with the people, that Dr. Robinson was triumphantly returned as alderman to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the first board. He was afterwards seriously named as likely to be the most popular candidate for the mayoralty in 1852. Such rewards do the generous citizens bestow upon those who amuse them. Dr. Robinson's rhymes were subsequently collected into a small printed pamphlet, which will no doubt possess much interest to such as still relish the gossip and scandal of the day. It would be out of place to give here any characteristic quotations from the work. People look back already with surprise to the favorable notoriety which these songs gained for their author, and more especially to the elevated position to which they were the means of raising him. We have narrated the absurd affair of the removal of the treasure, and given the relative song, only because they were reckoned rather important events of the time, and concerning

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which there was much public merriment for a long period afterwards. The parties interested can now well afford to laugh heartily at the whole business. These things, also, form one illustration of the state of society and "life" in [San Francisco](#) at the date of their occurrence.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



May 28: The trees now begin to shade the streets. When the sun gets high in the sky the trees give shade. With oppressive heats come refreshing shadows. The butter cups spot the churchyard.

DOPERS



May 29, Thursday, [1851](#): [Batavia, New York](#)'s 1st businessman and postmaster, James Brisbane, died.

The [Worcester Spy](#) was keeping its eye peeled for the more daring ladies:

The New Costume.

The first Bloomer made its appearance in our city yesterday.



SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY



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At the Berry Street Conference in Boston, debate began over the Reverend May's resolution condemning [Daniel Webster](#), [Millard Fillmore](#), [Edward Everett](#), [Samuel A. Eliot](#), the Reverend Professor [Jared Sparks](#), the Reverend [Ezra Stiles Gannett](#), and the Reverend [Orville Dewey](#) as "traffickers IN HUMAN FLESH." May charged that Gannett was acting in a manner "utterly subversive of Christian morality and of all true allegiance to God." The question became how much the Federal Union was worth, compared with for instance the Laws of God. The Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) rose to assert that if and when [George Ticknor Curtis](#), a member of the Reverend Gannett's Unitarian assembly and an officer charged with local administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, came to his parsonage to take a black fugitive from slavery into custody, he would defend not only with an open Bible but with the sword, the brace of pistols, and the musket which his father had carried at Lexington Green on [April 19, 1775](#). He was, he declared, no "foolish nonresistant," and one wonders whether he would have had that "open Bible" open to one or another of the same Old Testament passages that would be firmly underlined, while in prison awaiting execution, by Captain [John Brown](#) in 1859. This controversy would not be over until 1853, and when it was concluded, it was concluded by instructions to Unitarian ministers that the debate over slavery was driving away potential converts to Unitarianism, and that therefore they should avoid discussion of the peculiar institution of slavery, avoid discussion of Webster, and avoid discussion of the merits of the Fugitive Slave Law — and that those unable to avoid such discussion would be find themselves no longer recognized as Unitarian ministers.

At the Woman's Rights Convention in Akron, [Ohio](#), the letter of May 20th from [Henry C. Wright](#) was read:

FLUSHING, Long Island, May 20, 1851.
TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Dear Friends;—

* * *

The effort being made by yourselves and others to secure to woman her rights as a human being, and her true position in reference to the customs and institutions of society, ought to be, and ere long will be, regarded as one of the most important movements of the age. It involves all that is pure, elevating and endearing in domestic life; all that is lovely, good and great in social life; all that is useful and enduring in religious and social institutions. The abolition of intemperance, war, slavery, and all the individual and social wrongs of mankind, and the regeneration and redemption of the race from the physical, intellectual, social and moral evils that now crush it, must be associated with this movement. I see not how any being, whose destiny is linked with that of human-kind, can treat this subject lightly, or remain indifferent to it.

Man and Woman cannot be separated in their destiny. Where woman goes, man must go; where man goes, woman must go; as the one rises or sinks in intelligence, in wisdom and virtue, so must the other rise or fall.

* * *

Man cannot be saved without the aid of woman; woman cannot be saved without the aid of man. United in love, in counsel and effort, progress in wisdom and goodness, towards the heavenly and divine, is certain; disunited in affection, in interest, in plans or in their execution, degradation and ruin must follow. This should be settled as a fixed fact in the minds of all who take part in this movement.

* * *

Whatever right of property or person, of government or religion; in the family, in the market, in the church, the court, the cabinet, legislative hall, or in the public assembly, belongs to man, belongs also to woman. In arranging and conducting the



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affairs of life in regard to our domestic, pecuniary, social, religious and civil concerns, this fact is denied or disregarded. To enlighten the understanding and consciences of men, and to arouse their moral nature in regard to this great law of our being, should be one great aim of all who are interested in this enterprise. In asserting your Humanity, you assert the fact that whatever right belongs to one human being, belongs to each and every one, without regard to sex, complexion, condition, caste or country. Woman is a human being; and it is a self-evident truth that whatever right belongs to man by virtue of his membership in the human family, belongs to her by the same tenure. This truth is not to be reasoned about; it is self-evident. No power in the universe can have the right to put woman in a position of subjection to man, or man in subjection to woman. As regards their relations to each other, they are equals; and neither can justly be held responsible, as subject to any power but the Divine. It is not right or expedient to submit this question to the contingency of a discussion, for you could not submit it if the decision were against you. Why appeal to a tribunal at all, whose decision, in this matter you have determined not to abide by, if it is against you? To do so would be neither dignified nor honest.

Dear friends, permit me to remind you not to be disheartened though few join you. There are tens of thousands interested in this movement who have not courage to become a part of it. Be more anxious to plant yourselves on the rock of eternal truth, and to abide there, than to increase your numbers. Truth goes not by numbers, but is instinct with divine life, and it must triumph.

* * *

May truth, in regard to the rights and position of woman, and to her connexion with the true development and destiny of our nature, be your aim, and uncompromising fidelity to that truth, your endeavor.

Yours truly,
HENRY C. WRIGHT

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1851: In this year the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia ruled that although “the killing of a negro” could not be considered a felony, if the murder victim in question had been during his or her life a piece of property, then of course such an act wasn’t an all-right-never-mind, because it would constitute **an actionable deprivation of property rights:**

If from the beginning of the 18th Century in Anglo-America the term “negro” meant slave, except when explicitly modified by the word “free,” so under English law the term “hibernicus,” Latin for “Irishman,” was the legal term for “unfree.” If African-Americans were obliged to guard closely any document they might have attesting their freedom, so in Ireland, at the beginning of the 14th Century, letters patent, attesting to a person’s Englishness, were cherished by those who might fall under suspicion of trying to “pass.” If under Anglo-American slavery “the rape of a female slave was not a crime, but a mere trespass on the master’s property,” so in 1278 two Anglo-Normans brought into court and charged with raping Margaret O’Rorke were found not guilty because “the said Margaret is an Irishwoman.” If a law enacted in Virginia in 1723 provided that “manslaughter of a slave is not punishable,” so under Anglo-Norman law it sufficed for acquittal to show that the victim in a killing was Irish. Anglo-Norman priests granted absolution on the grounds that it was “no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog or any other brute.” If the Georgia Supreme Court ruled in 1851 that “the killing of a negro” was not a felony, but upheld an award of damages to the owner of an African-American bond-laborer murdered by another “white” man, so an English court freed Robert Walsh, an Anglo-Norman charged with killing John Mac Gilmore, because the victim was “a mere Irishman and not of free blood,” it being stipulated that “when the master of the said John shall ask damages for the slaying, he [Walsh] will be ready to answer him as the law may require.” If in 1884 the United States Supreme Court, citing much precedent authority, including the Dred Scott decision, declared that Indians were legally like immigrants, and therefore not citizens except by process of individual naturalization, so for more than four centuries, until 1613, the Irish were regarded by English law as foreigners in their own land. If the testimony of even free African-Americans was inadmissible, so in Anglo-Norman Ireland native Irish of the free classes were deprived of legal defense against English abuse because they were not “admitted to English law,” and hence had no rights that an Englishman was bound to respect.”



May 29: It is evident that the virtues of plants are almost completely unknown to us— And we esteem the few with which we are better acquainted unreasonably above the many which are comparatively unknown to us. Bigelow says —“It is a subject of some curiosity to consider, if the knowledge of the present Materia Medica were by any means to be lost, how many of the same articles would again rise into notice and use. Doubtless a variety of new substances would develop unexpected powers, while perhaps the poppy would be shunned as a deleterious plant, and the cinchona might grow unmolested upon the mountains of Quito.”

BIGELOW

Sawyer regards Nux vomica among the most valuable.

BIGELOW

B. says 1817 “We have yet to discover our anodynes & our emetics, although we abound in bitters, astringents, aromatics, and demulcents. In the present state of our knowledge we could not well dispense with opium and ipicacuanha, yet a great number of foreign drugs, such as gentian, columbo,

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chamomile, kino, catechu, cascarilla, canella, &c. for which we pay a large annual tax to other countries, might in all probability be superceded by the indigenous products of our own. It is certainly better that our own country people should have the benefit of collecting such articles, than that we should pay for them to the Moors of Africa, or the Indians of Brazil.”

The Thorn apple *Datura stramonium* (Apple of Peru –Devil’s Apple –Jamestown Weed) “emigrates with great facility, and often springs up in the ballast of ships, and in earth carried from one country to another.” It secretes itself in the hold of vessels –& migrates –it is a sort of cosmopolitan weed – a roving weed –what adventures– What historian knows when first it came into a country!

He quotes Beverly’s Hist. of Virginia as saying that some soldiers in the days of Bacon’s rebellion – having eaten some of this plant –which was boiled for salad by mistake –were made natural fools & buffoons by it for 11 days, without injury to their bodies??

The root of a biennial or perennial will accumulate the virtues of the plant more than any other part. B says that Pursh states that the sweetscented Golden Rod *Solidago odora* “has for some time (i.e. before 1817] been an article of exportation to China, where it fetches a high price.” And yet it is known to very few New Englanders.

BIGELOW

“No botanist, says B. even if in danger of starving in a wilderness, would indulge his hunger on a root or fruit taken from an unknown plant of the natural order *Luridae*, of the *Multisiliquae*, or the *umbelliferous aquatics*. On the contrary he would not feel a moment’s hesitation in regard to any of the *Gramina*, the fruit of the *Pomaceae*, and several other natural families of plants, which are known to be uniformly innocent in their effects”

BIGELOW

The aromatic flavor of the Checquer Berry is also perceived in the *Gaultheria hispidula*; in *Spiraea ulmaria* and the root of *Spiraea lobata* –and in the birches.

GINSENG

He says Ginseng, Spigelia, Snake-root, &c. form considerable articles of exportation.

The odor of [Skunk cabbage](#) is perceived in some N.A. currants –as *Ribes rigens* of MX on high mts–

At one time the Indians above Quebec & Montreal were so taken up with searching for Ginseng that they could not be hired for any other purpose. It is said that both the Chinese & the Indians named this plant from its resemblance to the figure of a man

The Indians used the bark of *Dirca palustris* or Leather Wood for their cordage. It was after the long continued search of many generations that these qualities were discovered.

BIGELOW

Of Tobacco, *Nicotiana Tabacum*, B. says after speaking of its poisonous qualities “Yet the first person who had courage & patience enough to persevere in its use, until habit had overcome his original disgust, eventually found in it a pleasing sedative, a soother of care, and a material addition to the pleasures of life. Its use, which originated among savages, has spread into every civilized country; it has made its way against the declamations of the learned, and the prohibitions of civil & religious authority, and it now gives rise to an extensive branch of agriculture, or of commerce, in every part of the globe.”

Soon after its introduction into Europe –“The rich indulged in it as a luxury of the highest kind; and the poor gave themselves up to it, as a solace for the miseries of life.”

Several varieties are cultivated.

BIGELOW

In return for many foreign weeds we have sent abroad, says B. “The *Erigeron Canadense* & the

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prolific families of Ambrosia & Amaranthus.”



“The Indians were acquainted with the med. properties of more than one species of Euphorbia”

Night shade is called bitter sweet.

Poke also called Garget

V root of Arum Triphyllum –Dragon Root or Ind. turnip

V Gold Thread Coptis trifolia

V sanguinaria Canadensis or Blood Root

V Conium Maculatum Hemlock

V Cicuta maculata Am. Hemlock

V Asarum Canadense Wild Ginger snake root–colt’s foot–

V Hyoscyamus Niger Henbane

V sweetscented Golden rod

V Panax quinquefolium Ginseng.

V Polygala Senega Seneca snake root

V veratrum viride Am. Hellebore

V Dirca palustris Leather Wood.

GINSENG

I noticed the button bush May 25th around an elevated pond or mudhole –its leaves just beginning to expand– This slight amount of green contrasted with its –dark craggly naked looking stem & branches –as if subsiding waters had left them bare –looked Dantesque –& infernal. It is not a handsome bush at this season it is so slow to put out its leaves & hide its naked & unsightly stems. The Andromeda ligustrina is late to leave out.

malus excelsa –amara –florida –palustris –gratissima –ramosa –spinosa ferruginea –aromatica –

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aurea –rubigenosa –odorata –tristis –officinalis!! herbacea –vulgaris –aestivalis –autumnalis riparia –odora –versicolor –communis –farinosa –super septa pendens malus sepium virum Nov. Angliae –succosa saepe formicis preoccupata –vermiculosa aut verminosa –aut a vermibus corrupta vel erosa –Malus semper virens et viridis viridis –cholera –morbifera or dysenterifera –(M. sylvestrispaludosa –excelsa et ramosa superne –difficilis conscendere (aut adoeperere), fructus difficillimus stringere –parvus et amara.) Picis perforata or perterebata –rupestris –agrestis –arvensis –Assabettia –Railroad apple –Musketaquidensis –dew apple rorifera. The apple whose fruit we tasted in our youth which grows passim et nusquam,– Our own particular apple malus numquam legata vel stricta. (Malus cujus fructum ineunte aetate gustavi quae passim et nusquam viget) cortice muscosâ Malus viae-ferreae



May 29, Thursday, 1851 / July 25, 1851: Walking along the beach of Hog Island near Boston, “one summer day,” Thoreau was concerned not only for the remorselessness of the manner in which the land was being nibbled away by the ocean waves, but also by the profuseness of the wild [Datura](#) blooming along the beach. He proposed that the locals should combine these two symbols for two attributes of wildness and use this as a device for their shields. The shield should show a ripple symbolizing “a wave passing over them” and a [thornapple](#) “springing from its edge.” *Datura*, “not an innocent plant,” he pointed out, produces a “mental alienation of long duration” without particular injury to the body.

Richard Bridgman's DARK THOREAU

...let us try to understand what Thoreau might have felt about the conjunction of a benign wave passing over and a harmless narcotic. It was he after all who developed the symbolism, for his original journal entry had confined itself to observing that the wave and the thorn-apple were each physically characteristic of the locale. Thoreau also noted here in CAPE COD that some islands were being eaten away voraciously while still others were being created. New shores were being “fancifully arranged,” so that on Hog Island “everything seemed to be gently lapsing into futurity.” Generalized, then, the components of the proposed heraldic device were: a passive yielding to nature’s constructive energies, even if done, paradoxically, at the cost of destruction, coupled with a period of narcotic release in which men cavorted in innocent lewdness. One must decide whether to entertain some such interpretation or to concede the incoherence of two pages of Thoreau’s published work.

DOPERS



May 30, Friday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#) reported items of “city intelligence.”

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK? – A witness in the Recorder's Court yesterday morning stated upon his oath that he considered a man drunk “only when he could not move.”

MONEY. – Some two years ago in this goodly city, money was about the most valueless article that a man could have in his possession. Everything was then at its highest rates. A beesteak [sic], cup of coffee, and a roll for breakfast cost three dollars, and he who had the hardihood to eat eggs paid two dollars apiece for them. A pair of boots cost two ounces, and it became almost proverbial that if a man looked at another he was charged an ounce for the operation. Money then was plenty as the sands which lie upon the beach near Rincon Point. Gold dust came pouring down in the launches and schooners which ran upon the Sacramento river in large quantities, and everybody in



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San Francisco seemed to have plenty of it. The big lumps of gold, as well as thousands of dollars of coined money were exhibited upon the monte tables located in the old Parker House and City Hotel, and the constant jingling of dollars, chiming in with the scraping of a fiddle, was the music which continually struck the ears of the passers by - and daily and nightly hundreds and thousands of dollars were then bet on the turn of a single card. About this time the Yankees began to pour into San Francisco, to invest in corner lots and speculate in wooden gingerbread, frame houses and the like. Prices gradually came down until they have arrived at something like a proper standing, and money, which was then throw about so recklessly, has now come to be regarded as an article of considerable importance, useful at least to carry in small quantities in each end of a purse so to prevent the rings from slipping off. Money has become of value, and the comforts and luxuries of life can be purchased with it here as elsewhere.

EMPTY BOTTLES. - The quantity of empty bottles, "old soldiers" or "dead marines," as they are facetiously termed, lying about the city, is absolutely alarming. It was to have been hoped that the fire, if it had done no other good, would have rid our city of these sad specimens, these "chips" by which may be known the workmen. Indeed the fire did consume and melt up many bottles, but the piles are fast growing up again on the sides and in the rears, of the various drinking saloons of our city.

AN IMPORTANT CASE. - Our readers will recollect the case of Charles F. Haynes, the man who was drugged and robbed of some sixteen hundred dollars a few weeks since. Yesterday, a young man named George C. Dines was examined before the Recorder upon the charge of having been engaged in the affair. Dines was brought down from Sacramento by Capt. McKenzie, of the Police, on Wednesday night. Haynes swore positively that he was the man whom he had met in the El Dorado on the night in question, and that he had there pulled out his purse, which Dines had seen. He further swore that Dines went with him to the house where he slept, stopping to drink on the way, and that he slept in the bed next to him; and that when he awoke, Dines was gone, and that he had not seen him since. Under all these circumstances, the Recorder held him to bail in the sum of \$5000. The money has not yet been recovered.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE. - The new Custom House at the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, will be opened and ready for business to-day. The furniture and fixtures were all placed in yesterday. This was done without any military display, the community having been sufficiently awed by the previous day's arrangement.

STEALING A GOAT. - John Scott, an odd fish, was brought before his Honor the Recorder, yesterday, charged with having stolen a watch from a man where he boarded. John came into the box looking excessively seedy, his hands shaking continually, as though he were on the very best terms and wished to shake hands with the whole world. The evidence progressed, and John was getting along very well, when he was charged also with having asked a room mate for a "chaw tobacker," as the witness expressed it, and

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that in taking it out of his pocket, he had either accidentally or otherwise, taken also a gold watch chain, valued at a hundred dollars. Poor John began to sweat under this new charge, when the same witness also accused him of having stolen a larged [*sic*] sized black billy goat, the property of a gentleman engaged in the honorable occupation of making and vending ginger pop. John was non-plussed, and when called upon for a statement, first acknowledged the goat, or, as he called him, "Mr. Goat," when giving an account of the capture of the animal, but said it was all a joke, and finally acknowledged having taken the watch and spouted [*sic*] it, which he said was an innocent amusement, in which he had previously indulged several times. John's counsel, Col. James introduced a special plea to the effect, that John was laboring under an attack of "the man-with-a-poker," and therefore not accountable, a supposition which his appearance plainly supported, and so his Honor discharged him.

OMNIBUSES. - There are now lying on Cunningham's Wharf, two large and beautifully furnished omnibuses, rigged in New York style and looking as though they were ready to go "right up" in a few minutes. They belong to the "Gold-Seeker's Line," and are intended to run, we understand, between here and the Mission.

HORSE STEALING. - Three Mexican hombres were sent to the station house yesterday, committed by R.T. Ridley, Esq., Judge of the Plains, at the Mission, charged with stealing horses.

WHIG RATIFICATION MEETING. - The whig meeting for the purpose of giving ratification to the recent nominations of the Convention, was held last evening at the Merchants' Exchange, and addressed by a number of speakers.

A CASE OR DRINK. - A man named J.M. King was brought into the Station House last night, about 10 o'clock, by officer Cox, charged with having been drunk and disorderly and assaulting the officer on Long wharf. Mr. King was highly indignant at being thus picked up, and very politely requested of the police officer who went to show him his quarters in the depths below, that he would do him the favor to accommodate him with a "private room."

ARRIVAL OF THE ANTELOPE. - The Pacific Mail Co.'s steamship *Antelope*, Capt. Nicholson, arrived yesterday morning at an early hour, from Panama via Mazatlan and San Diego. She left Panama on the 15th ult., but on the 4th inst., when in lat. 27 28 N., long. 114 51 W., the arch of her furnace gave way, rendering the engine useless. She was compelled to put into Mazatlan in consequence, to repair the damage done to her boiler. On the 14th of May, having repaired damages, she left Mazatlan and experienced a succession of severe N.W. gales, and finally had to put into San Diego for coal, whence she sailed on the 25th. A steerage passenger, named Joseph Ghei, died of dysentery on board and was buried at San Diego. Another passenger, named William Valesch, was left at the same port sick with fever contracted upon the Isthmus. The *Antelope* brought up 200 passengers, among whom were several ladies.

REMOVAL OF THE FUNDS. - The removal of the funds, noticed in the papers, from the ruins of the old Custom House to the present,

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has caused considerable amusement to the lovers of a good thing. Squibs, epigrams, paragraphs, items, leaders, have all had a hit at the process, and at last it has been caricatured and lithographed. The thing is very good, as got up, representing the procession, the armament, swords, pistols, battle axes, cannons, marines, carts, mules, the populace kept at bay, and various other grotesque representations. It is entitled, "Ye Kinge and ye Commons, or ye manners and *Customes* of California – a new farce, lately enacted, May 28, 1851."

WELLS' BUILDING. – This splendid building which was so completely gutted at the late fire, and reduced to such a condition that it was considered highly dangerous, is undergoing the most thorough renovation. At one time we entertained the same opinion as many others, that the walls should be razed to the ground by order of the authorities, but now take a different view of the matter, since we are convinced not only by ocular demonstration but by the opinion of experienced builders that the repairs are of such a character as to render it perfectly safe and substantial and as near fire-proof as any building can be made.

BERFORD & Co. – The *Marysville Herald*, in speaking of the above as agents of the opposition line of steamers, "Brother Jonathan" and "North American," pays deservedly a high compliment to Mr. James C. Hackett, of that firm. We cordially endorse what the *Herald* says of him – "they could not have a more energetic man than Mr. Hackett, or one better qualified to please the public." But the *Herald* is mistaken in saying that he is agent for the line in San Francisco. The firm has the line's agency on the Atlantic side, but not on the Pacific. We hope they may be made so upon the arrival of the steamer.

THE DEBT OF SACRAMENTO. – We learn from the *Transcript* that the debt of Sacramento City amounts to about \$380,000, with an interest of \$13,400 accruing monthly.



May 30, Friday: There was a Concord man once who had a fox hound named Burgoyne – he called him Bugīne. A good name

DOG



May 31, Saturday, 1851: Für solchen König Blut und Leben, a song for chorus and orchestra by Giacomo Meyerbeer to words of Rellstab, inserted into the composer's opera *Ein Feldlager in Schlesien* on the day of the unveiling of Christian Daniel Rauch's monument to Friedrich the Great, was performed for the 1st time, in Berlin. Meyerbeer and Rauch were called to King Friedrich Wilhelm's box after the performance and highly praised by the monarch.



[Henry Thoreau](#) delivered "Walking" at [Worcester](#).

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS



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“WALKING”: When looking over a list of men’s names in a foreign language, as of military officers or of authors who have written on a particular subject, I am reminded once more that there is nothing in a name. The name Menschikoff, for instance, has nothing in it to my ears more human than a whisker, and it may belong to a rat. As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them. It is as if they had been named by the child’s rigmorole – *Iery-wiery ichery van, tittle-tol-tan*. I see in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth, and to each the herdsman has affixed some barbarous sound in his own dialect. The names of men are of course as cheap and meaningless as **Bose** and **Tray**, the names of dogs.

DOG



May 31: *Pedestrium solatium in apricis locis. –nodosa*

JUNE 1851



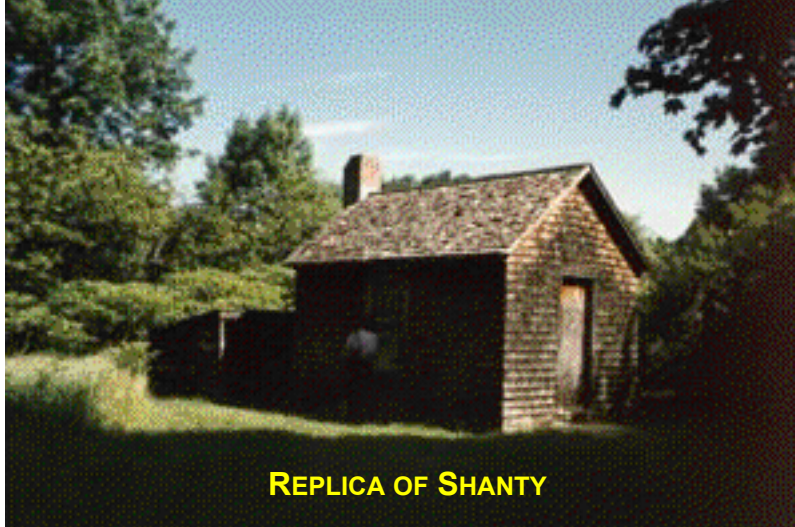
June 1851: This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

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➡ June 1851: In the 6th volume of The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. Devoted to Horticulture, Landscape Gardening, Rural Architecture, Botany, Pomology, Entomology, Rural Economy, &c Andrew Jackson Downing had an article entitled “A Few Words on Our Progress in Building.” Would Henry Thoreau ever consult this as a source for his architectural remarks in WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS?



REPLICA OF SHANTY

EMERSON'S SHANTY

OUR PROGRESS IN BUILDING

➡ June 1851: At this point a 9th British edition of Robert Chambers's anonymous 1844 VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION was necessary. There was something inordinately attractive about this anonymous author's scientific theorizing. For an example, consider that in speaking of the assumption “that the human race is one,” the author was offering after a general analysis that:

The Negro alone is here unaccounted for; and of that race it may fairly be said, that it is the one most likely to have an independent origin, seeing that it is a type so peculiar in an inveterate black colour, and so mean in development. But it is not necessary to presume such an origin for it, as much good argument might be employed to shew that it is only a deteriorated offshoot of the general stock.

Please bear in mind that the above racist sentiment is **not** the reason why the book needed to be an entirely anonymous one! The above racist sentiment is **not** the reason why all communications with the publisher needed to be conducted by the use of a prearranged code, with prior agreement that all business communications would be immediately burned! The above racist sentiment was **not** the reason why all manuscripts needed to be copied into a hand other than the author's hand, to ensure total anonymity, before conveyal to the publisher for typesetting! No, not at all. The above racist sentiment was considered at the time to be entirely innocuous.

The reason for all this intense secrecy was that the book was sensitive for other — for religious reasons.

➡ June 1851: Hinton Rowan Helper, ever a believer in “lawn order,” participated in a California-frontier lynch mob that hanged a pair of men who were by popular acclamation being suspected of having robbed a 2d man. “Such proceedings as these,” he would comment in a manner very typical of him, “produced order throughout the state.”

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→ June 1851: Henry Thoreau studied Charles Darwin's voyage and his remarks about the skin color of Pacific Islanders, and acquired a new attitude toward desirable skin colors for Americans.



Charles Darwin, 1849



Pacific Islander, 1963

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I
VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II



“WALKING”: A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man – a denizen of the woods. “The pale white man!” I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says “A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener’s art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields.”

Ben Jonson exclaims,–

“How near to good is what is fair!”

So I would say–

How near to good is what is wild!

Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN

BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

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In radical contrast with the attitude that had been espoused by [Ben Jonson](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) acquired the attitude that olive was a suitable color for Americans. He became persuaded that the future belonged to a stronger, duskier, wilder sort of mingled-race United States citizen, a sort which would be the result of racial blending.¹⁶⁹ He became an advocate of what in his era was being horrifically characterized as “amalgamation.” From [Frederick Douglass](#) to Obama Nation!



The skins of our great-great-great-grandchildren, in Concord, Massachusetts, should have a dusky suntanned hue, not merely from outdoor exposure but also by virtue of their heredity. Not for America, this Old World attitude that what the good deserve is the fair — in the New World, our attitude needs to become that it will be good for us to become dusky! This will be what will render us truly alive, Thoreau would venture in his lecture [“WALKING”](#).



June 1851: [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#) began lecturing in New-York, the 1st woman to lecture on the lyceum circuit, and by fall would have several engagements in New England.

FEMINISM

When she would come to Concord, [Henry Thoreau](#) would be rather disappointed at the way this feminist was carrying herself. It would seem to him that the lecturer was in effect playing all the angles, her mouth asking for equal treatment while her deportment was presuming the sort of male fawning that passes in this world for gentlemanliness — a sort of male fawning that he in particular found peculiarly obnoxious.¹⁷⁰


169. Note that there is nothing whatever to be found about hybrid vigor in the Darwin texts that Thoreau was studying in the 1850s. Darwin would not begin to publish about such a topic for at least another two decades, in his *THE EFFECTS OF CROSS- AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM* (London: John Murray, 1876). Therefore, in dismissing the “whiteness is next to Godliness” attitude of Jonson to create here a 19th-Century prototype for the “black is beautiful” attitude, Thoreau was not so much learning from Darwin as thinking at least alongside this scientist or perhaps in advance of him.

170. It is interesting to note that when another feminist lecturer would arrive in Concord later — Caroline Dall, the wife of a college chum of his — he would not at all experience this sort of personal difficulty, but would be instead engaged and intrigued.

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Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for June 1851 (æf. 33)

 June 1, Sunday, 1851: In official endorsement of the powerful [temperance movement](#), the State of Maine was the first state to prohibit [alcohol](#) (although 13 other states would follow, by 1865 this 1st wave of [prohibition](#) would have receded).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 1ST AND 2D]

 June 2, Monday, 1851: Passage of the 1st state-wide prohibition law in the United States, by the State of [Maine](#).

Castle & Cooke (now "Dole") was founded in [Hawaii](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) found a boundary line "near ground tangent" for Mrs. Barber.

[Thoreau](#) went to Boston and conversed with [John Downes](#), who was connected with the Coast Survey and was printing tables for Astronomical Geodesic & other uses. Downes would have been visiting Boston at the time, not living there. "He tells me that he once saw the common sucker in numbers piling up stones as big as his fist. (like the piles which I have seen) taking them up or moving them with their mouths."

On his way, Thoreau stopped by Cambridge to check out, from [Harvard Library](#), [François André Michaux](#)'s *VOYAGE À L'OUEST DES MONTS ALLÉGHANYS DANS LES ÉTATS DE L'OHIO, DU KENTUCKY ET DU TENNESSÉE, ET RETOUR A CHARLESTON* (1804).



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"
— [Emily Dickinson](#)




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 1ST AND 2D]





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 June 3, Tuesday, 1851: American baseball had been around at least since 1846, but on this day the New-York Knickerbocker baseball team was the 1st to wear uniforms, which including baggy blue pants and straw hats. These uniformed players would not receive pay until 1864, they would not be wearing gloves until 1875, and they would not play an electrically lighted game until 1883.

SPORTS

In San Francisco, California:

For some time back the attempts of incendiaries to fire the city seem to be increasing. Cases of this nature are occurring daily, where the suspicious circumstances are evident, but where unfortunately the really guilty party cannot be detected. It is extremely difficult to discover criminals in the very act of committing arson. Incendiaries do their deeds only in dark and secret corners, and if interrupted, they have always ready a dozen trifling excuses for their appearance and behavior. The train and the slow match can be laid almost any where unobserved, while the "foul fiend" quietly steals away in safety. The inhabitants had got nervously sensitive to the slightest alarm of fire, and were greatly enraged against the presumed incendiaries. This day one Benjamin Lewis underwent a primary examination on the charge of arson. As the evidence was being taken, the Recorder's Court began to fill, and much excitement to spread among the people. At this time, a cry of "fire" was raised, and great confusion took place in the court-room, people rushing desperately out and in to learn particulars. This was a false alarm. It was believed to be only a ruse to enable the prisoner's friends to rescue him from the hands of justice. The latter was therefore removed for safety to another place. Meanwhile, some three or four thousand persons had collected outside of the building, who began to get furious, continually uttering loud cries of "Lynch the villain Hang the fire-raising wretch! Bring him out-no mercy-no law delays! Hang him-hang him!" Colonel Stevenson harangued the crowd in strong language, encouraging the violent feelings that had been excited against the prisoner. Mayor Brenham endeavored to calm the enraged multitude. Loud calls were at length made for "Brannan," to which that gentleman quickly responded, and advised that the prisoner should be given in charge to the "volunteer police," which had been recently formed. A motion to this effect was put and unanimously carried. But when the prisoner was looked for, it was found that the regular police had meanwhile carried him out of the way-nobody knew, or would tell where. Perforce the crowd was obliged to be satisfied, and late in the afternoon it gradually dispersed. This is one instance of the scenes of popular excitement which were now of frequent occurrence in the city. Repeated losses by fire, and the terrible array of unpunished, undetected, triumphant crime, were turning the inhabitants absolutely savage against the supposed criminals. Matters were coming fast to a head, which was immediately to ripen into the "Vigilance Committee." All these popular "demonstrations" were ineffectual in deterring the "'Sydney coves," and those of a like character, from the commission of

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the most reckless, wanton, and flagrant outrages. Incendiary attempts were now remarked almost daily. Not only the desire for plunder, but malice against individuals, and an unnatural lust for general destruction, seemed to inspire the villains. In regard to the particular case of Lewis, it may be mentioned that the grand jury found a true bill against him for arson. Twice shortly afterwards was he brought before the District Criminal Court for trial, and on each occasion his counsel found a "flaw" in the indictment, which quashed the proceedings. These delays and defects in the law were working the suffering people up to madness. This is only one case, but it may be taken as a fair specimen of the general inefficiency of the judicial officers and tribunals in punishing crime. The grand juries were continually making formal complaints that their presentments were disregarded, and that criminals were somehow never convicted and punished, while generally their trials were so long delayed that the prisoners either escaped from confinement, or the essential witnesses in the case had gone nobody knew whither; and so the prosecutions failed. [San Francisco](#) was truly in a desperate condition at this period of its history. Though few arrests were made in proportion to the number of offenses actually committed, yet it may be mentioned, that, to take one instance, on Monday morning, the 9th June of this year, there were thirty-six cases before the Recorder's Criminal Court from one district alone (the second), out of the eight composing the city. "Of the whole," we quote from a journal of the time, "six were for drunkenness, six for fighting, six for larceny, three for stabbing, one for burglary, four for fast riding, four for assaulting officers, three for keeping disorderly houses, one for an attempt at robbery," &c. Yet the previous day, Sunday, on which these offenses had been committed, had been remarked by the press as having been unusually quiet and decently observed-without any noise or crime worth noticing. Of this date an ordinance was passed by the council boards, and approved of by the mayor, granting to Mr. Arzo D. Merrifield and his assigns, the privilege of introducing fresh water by pipes into the city. It had happened at the various fires that the numerous public water reservoirs were either wholly or partially empty; and great difficulty was at all times experienced in filling them. This reason, as well as the desire to have an abundant supply of pure, fresh water for household purposes, had long led parties to consider the best means of bringing it into the city by pipes from a distance. Various schemes were talked of among the public, and discussed in the journals. The plan of Mr. Merrifield to bring water from a small lagoon, called the "Mountain Lake," situated about four miles west of the plaza, and which was well supplied by springs, was at length approved of by the common council, and under the ordinance noticed the projector became entitled to certain privileges for the term of twenty-five years, upon condition of his plans being carried into effect. Mr. Merrifield, his associates and assigns, were authorized to break open the streets, and lay down water-pipes in the same, upon properly filling up and replacing the openings. The quantity of water to be provided in a general reservoir, and the amount of discharge by pipes, were both fixed; while provision was made for the amount of rates to be

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paid by the citizens using the water, which rates were to be adjusted by a board of commissioners to be chosen annually by the common council. At the end of twenty-five years, from and after the 1st day of January, 1853, the entire water-works were to be deeded to the city, in consideration of the privileges and benefits that might accrue to the projector and his assigns and associates during the said term of years. The corporate authorities were also to be entitled to the gratuitous use of the water for the purpose of extinguishing fires, and for hospital and other purposes. In terms of this act, Mr. Merrifield granted a bond for fifty thousand dollars that the works should be completed on or before the 1st of January, 1853. The gentleman named having conveyed his privileges to a joint-stock company, called the "Mountain Lake Water Company," another ordinance was, of date 14th of July, 1852, passed and approved of, whereby the former one was amended to the following effect, viz.: That the new company should only be entitled to the privileges granted by the first ordinance for the term of twenty years:-that the board of commissioners to fix the rates payable by those who used the water should be chosen, three by the common council, and two by the Mountain Lake Water Company, under the regulations specified in the ordinance:-that the term within which the works should be completed should be extended to the 1st of January, 1854, provided the Water Company should expend fifty thousand dollars on the works within six months of the date of the ordinance, and at least a similar sum every six months thereafter until the said last mentioned date:-that the privileges granted to the said Water Company should be exclusive for the term of five years after 1st of January, 1853;-and, lastly, that the said ordinance should expire at such time after the 1st day of January, 1855, as the said Water Company should refuse, or be unable, to supply the city, at such elevation as the common council should fix, "one million of gallons of pure and wholesome fresh water during every twenty-four hours."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 June 3, Tuesday, 1851: The 1st mention of Theophilus Brown, whom Henry Thoreau had met in April 1849 in Worcester, in Thoreau's journal:



June 3, Tuesday, 1851: Lectured in Worcester last Saturday -& walked to As or

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Hasnebumskit Hill in Paxton the next day. Said to be the highest land in Worcester County except Wachusett

Met Mr. Blake –[Brown](#) –Chamberlin –Hinsdale –Miss Butman? Wyman –Conant.

Returned to Boston yesterday –conversed with John Downes –who is connected with the Coast Survey –is printing tables for Astronomical Geodesic & other uses. He tells me that he once saw the common sucker in numbers piling up stones as big as his fist. (like the piles which I have seen) taking them up or moving them with their mouths.

Dr. Harris suggests that the Mt Cranberry which I saw at Ktaadn was the *Vaccinium Vitis-idea* cowberry because it was edible & not the Uva Ursi –or bear berry – which we have in Concord.

Saw the *Uvularia perfoliata* perfoliate bellwort in Worcester near the hill –an abundance of Mt Laurel on the hills now budded to blossom & the fresh lighter growth contrasting with the dark green An abundance of very large chequer berries or partridge berries as Bigelow calls them on Hasnebumskit –sugar maples about there. A very extensive view but the western view not so much wilder as I expected. See Barre about 15 miles off & Rutland &c &c Not so much forest as in our neighborhood –high swelling hills –but less shade for the walker– The hills are green –the soil springer & it is written that water is more easily obtained on the hills than in the valleys.– Saw a Scotch fir the pine so valued for tar & naval uses in the North of Europe.

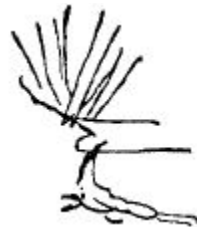
Mr Chamberlin told me that there was no corporation in Worcester except the banks (which I suspect may not be literally true) & hence their freedom & independence. I think it likely there is a gas company to light the streets at least.

John Mactaggart finds the ice thickest not in the largest lakes in Canada nor in the smallest where the surrounding forests melt it.

He says that the surveyor of the Boundary line between England & US on the Columbia River saw pine trees which would require 16 feet in the blade to a cross cut saw to do anything with them.

I examined today a large swamp white oak in Hubbards Meadow which was blown down by the same storm which destroyed the Light House.

At 5 feet from the ground it was $9\frac{3}{4}$ feet in circumference The first branch at $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet from ground –and it held the first diameter up to 23 feet from the ground. Its whole height measured on the ground was 80 feet. & its breadth about 66 ft. The roots on one side were turned up with the soil on them – making an object very conspicuous a great distance off, the highest part being 18 feet from the ground –and 14 ft above centre of trunk. The roots which were small and thickly interlaced were from 3 to 9 inches beneath the surface (in other trees I saw them level with the surface) and thence extended 15 to 18 inches in depth (*i.e.* to this depth they occupied the ground) They were broken off at about 11 feet from the centre of the trunk –and were there on an average one inch in diameter, the largest being 3 inches in diam. The longest root was broken off at 20 feet from the centre, and was there $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter The tree was rotten within. The lower side of the soil (what was originally the lower) which clothed the roots for 9 feet from the centre of the tree, was white & clayey to appearance –& a sparrow was sitting on 3 eggs within the mass. Directly under where the massive trunk had stood and within a foot of the surface you could apparently strike in a spade & meet with no obstruction



–to a free cultivation. There was no tap root to be seen. The roots were encircled with dark nubby rings. The tree which still had a portion of its roots in the ground & held to them by a sliver on the leeward side was alive and had leaved out though on many branches the leaves were shrivelled again.

Quercus bicolor of Big. *Q. Prinus discolor* MX.f.

I observed the grass waving to day for the first time –the swift Camilla on it– It might have been noticed before– You might have seen it now for a week past on grain fields.

Clover has blossomed

BIGELOW

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I noticed the Indigo weed a week or two ago pushing up like asparagus. Methinks it must be the small Andromeda? that the dull red mass of leaves in the swamp mixed perchance with the Rhodora—with its dry fruit like appendages as well as the *Andromeda paniculata* else called *ligustrina* & the clethra— It was the Golden Senecio *Senecio aureus* which I plucked a week ago in a meadow in Wayland The earliest methinks of the aster and autumnal looking yellow flowers. Its bruised stems enchanted me with their indescribable sweet odor—like I cannot think what The *Phaseolus vulgaris* includes several kinds of bush beans of which those I raised were one.

THE BEANFIELD



June 4, Wednesday, 1851: At the Mormon missionary station at Wailuku on the island of Maui, H.K. KaLeohano, a member of the Hawaiian nobility, came to the house that the evangelist George Quayle Cannon was stopping in and they ate together. He had told his brother Maiola, a deacon in the church, that he considered it a duty to provide this missionary with food (he was aware of how poorly the Reverend had been faring). Poi and fish or meat were the common food but were expensive and poi needed to be obtained at a considerable distance (the missionary preferred the poi to Irish potatoes). The minister had been striving to learn the native language, so conversations were important. The Reverend Cannon had heard no news from any of his brethren up to this time. He would be informed that Mr. Jonathan (Ionatana) Hawaii Napela had been discharged from his office of Luna Kanawai (Judge) as a beer-drinker. Mr. Jonathan Smith Green had initiated a petition signed by his members, to have this beer-drinker removed. Since the avowed causes of dissatisfaction had begun earlier, the Reverend Cannon could not infer that his having been friendly with the beer-drinker had had any particular effect— except perhaps to bring the matter to a head a little sooner.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 4TH AND 5TH]



June 5, Thursday, 1851: Raymond, ou Le secret de la reine, an opéra comique by Ambrose Thomas to words of Rosier and de Leuven, was performed for the initial time, at the Théâtre Favart, Paris.

The Washington DC abolitionist weekly The National Era paid Harriet Beecher Stowe \$300 to begin a 40-installment serial of chapters of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY (this would be appearing over the following 10 months, beginning with the issue of June 8th).

At 9PM there was a strong aurora borealis, with streamers, above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 4TH AND 5TH]



June 6, Friday, 1851: In his journal, Henry Thoreau made reference to Jean-Pierre-Guillaume Pauthier's *CONFUCIUS ET MENCIAUS. LES QUATRE LIVRES DE PHILOSOPHIE MORAL ET POLITIQUE DE LA CHINE, TRADUITS DU CHINOIS, PAR M.G. PAUTHIER* (Paris, Charpentier, Libraire-Éditeur, 29, Rue de Seine. 1841).

CONFUCIUS ET MENCIAUS

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June 6, Friday: Gathered last night the strong –rank penetrating scented Angelica Under the head of the *Cicuta maculata* or American Hemlock –“It is a rule sanctioned by the observations of medical botanists, that umbelliferous plants, which grow in or about the water, are of a poisonous nature.” [Bigelow, AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY, volume I] He does not say that the Angelica is poisonous but I suppose that it is. It has such a rank offensive & killing odor as make me think of the ingredients of the witchs cauldron It did not leave my hands, which had carried it, long after I had washed them– A strong –penetrating –lasting & sickening odor. Gathered tonight the *Cicuta maculata* American Hemlock –the veins of the leafets ending in the notches & the root fasciculated.

BIGELOW

Big. says “The leaves of the *Solidago odora* have a delightfully fragrant odor, partaking of that of anise and sassafras, but different from either.” [Bigelow, AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY, volume I]



June 7, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) was studying a round-the-world voyage of observation made by a person then known as a thinker on general geological topics, [Charles Robert Darwin](#).



June 7. My practicalness is not to be trusted to the last. To be sure, I go upon my legs for the most part, but being hard pushed & dogged by a superficial common sense which is bound to near objects by beaten paths –I am off the handle as the phrase is –I begin to be transcendental and show where my heart is. I am like those Guinea fowl which [Charles Darwin](#) saw at the Cape de Verd Islands– He says “They avoided us like partridges on a rainy day in September, running with their heads cocked up; and if pursued, they readily took to the wing.” Keep your distance, do not infringe on the interval between us, and I will pick up lime & lay real terrestrial eggs for you, & let you know by cackling when I have done it.

When I have been asked to speak at a temperance meeting my answer has been –I am too transcendental to serve you in your way– They would fain confine me to the rum sellers & rum drinkers of whom I am not one, and whom I know little about.

It is a certain faery land where we live –you may walk out in any direction over the earth’s surface –lifting your horizon –and every where your path –climbing the convexity of the globe leads you between heaven & earth– –not away from the light of the sun & stars –& the habitations of men. I wonder that I even get 5 miles on my way –the walk is so crowded with events –& phenomena. How many questions there are which I have not put to the inhabitants!

But how far can you carry *your* practicalness –how far does your knowledge really extend– When I have read in deeds only a hundred years old the words “to enjoy & possess –he and his assigns, *forever*” I have seen how shortsighted is the sense which conducts from day to day. When I read the epitaphs of those who died a century ago they seem deader even than they expected.

A days seems proportionally a long part of your “forever & a day.”

There are few so temperate & chaste that they can afford to remind us even at table that they have a palate & a stomach.

We believe that the possibility of the future far exceeds the accomplishment of the past. We review the past with the commonsense –but we anticipate the future with transcendental senses. In our sanest moments we find ourselves naturally expecting far greater changes than any which we have experienced within the period of distinct memory –only to be paralleled by experiences which are forgotten– Perchance there are revolutions which create an interval impassable to the memory.

With reference to the near past we all occupy the region of common sense, but in the prospect of the future we are, by instinct, transcendentalists.


We affirm that all things are possible but only these things have been to our knowledge. I do not even infer the future *from what I know of the past*. I am hardly better acquainted with the past than with the future. What is new to the individual may be familiar to the experience of his race. It must be rare indeed that the experience of the individual transcends that of his race. It will be perceived that there are two kinds of change –that of the race & that of the individual within the limits of the former–

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One of those gentle straight down rainy days –when the rain begins by spotting the cultivated fields as if shaken from a pepper box –a fishing day –when I see one neighbor after another –having donned his oil cloth suit walking or riding past with a fish-pole –having struck work –a day & an employment to make philosophers of them all.

When introduced to high life I cannot help perceiving how it is as a thing jumped at –and I find that I do not get on in my enjoyment of the fine arts which adorn it –because my attention is wholly occupied with the jump, remembering that the greatest genuine leap on record –, due to human muscles alone, is that of certain wandering Arabs who cleared 25 ft on level ground. The first question which I am tempted to put to the proprietor of this great impropriety –is – “Who boosts you?” Are you one of the 99 who fail or the 100th who succeeds?¹⁷¹



WALDEN: When I consider how our houses are built and paid for, or not paid for, and their internal economy managed and sustained, I wonder that the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantel-piece, and let him through into the cellar, to some solid and honest though earthy foundation. I cannot but perceive that this so called rich and refined life is a thing jumped at, and I do not get on in the enjoyment of the fine arts which adorn it, my attention being wholly occupied with the jump; for I remember that the greatest genuine leap, due to human muscles alone, on record, is that of certain wandering Arabs, who are said to have cleared twenty-five feet on level ground. Without factitious support, man is sure to come to earth again beyond that distance. The first question which I am tempted to put to the proprietor of such great impropriety is, Who bolsters you? Are you one of the ninety-seven who fail? or of the three who succeed? Answer me these questions, and then perhaps I may look at your bawbles and find them ornamental. The cart before the horse is neither beautiful nor useful. Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation; now, a taste for the beautiful is most cultivated out of doors, where there is no house and no housekeeper.



June 8, Sunday, 1851: [Emily Dickinson](#)'s 1st letter to her brother [Austin Dickinson](#), teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End.

[Hector Berlioz](#) got into the annual Charity Children's service in St. Paul's, London on a pass from the organist, John Goss. He pretended to be a member of the chorus and proceeded to the organ loft. He was given a surplice and a bass part. He was overwhelmed by the experience!

171. The record for the running long jump set at the 656BCE Olympic Games by Chionis of Sparta (likely using *halteres* hand weights) was 23 feet and 1.7 inches. The record is currently held by Michael Anthony Powell of the USA, who on August 30, 1991 at the World Championships in Athletics in Tokyo reached 29 feet and 4.25 inches. Thoreau would work this material into his Walden manuscript, where the point would become that we witness people as they struggle mightily to achieve a rich and refined life for themselves, an existence that Thoreau personally would find boring and pointless, suggesting that it may be more enjoyable to watch others struggle to attain such a rich and refined existence, than to oneself endure that.

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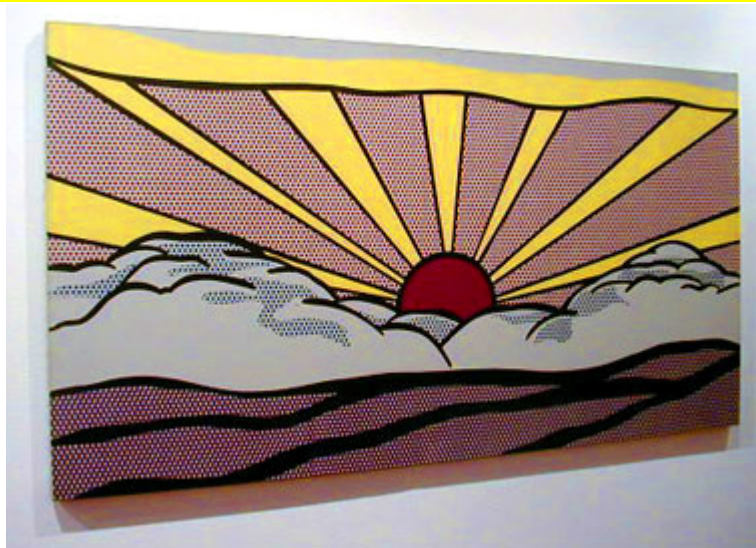
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From this day until April 1, 1852, [UNCLE TOM'S CABIN](#), OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING was being published in 3 installments in a [Washington DC](#) antislavery weekly, [The National Era](#). It is instructive to compare and contrast the "There is more day to dawn" trope from the last page in WALDEN, which would not be written until 1853-1854,



WALDEN: I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN



"JOHN" (BULL)

"JONATHAN"

REVEREND GEORGE RIPLEY

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with the “another and better day is dawning” trope seen on the first page of this enormously popular book. In the case of [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#), what was being offered was a day and era, new and improved but nevertheless “commensurable” with the present day and era. In the case of [Henry Thoreau](#), what would be offered would be specifically the crossing of a boundary, specifically not of the same order or realm with any previous dawning. When light arrives which puts out our eyes, it is a different order of illumination, one which would seem presently as darkness to us. We note that what Stowe was offering in her book on freedom and fairness amounted to mere [future-worship](#), a version of providentialism in theology and of consequentialism in ethics, a hopefulness which proceeded psychologically out of a present lack and longing and operated by way of the pathos of [ressentiment](#),¹⁷² whereas what Thoreau would be countering with would be a celebration of plenitude.



It is also interesting to compare the attitude taken toward the law, in Chapter IX of this novel, with the attitude published by Thoreau on [May 14, 1849](#) in his “Resistance to Civil Government” contribution to [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody](#)’s AESTHETIC PAPERS, paragraph 18 “machinery of government” and “break the law,” where Senator John Bird of Ohio discusses, with Mrs. Bird, a law forbidding the giving of food or water to escaping slaves. The wife exclaims:

You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It’s a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I’ll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I **shall** have a chance, I do!

[Harriet Beecher Stowe](#)’s [UNCLE TOM’S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING](#).

[The National Era](#), June 8, 1851 to April 1, 1852



June 8, Sunday: In F.A. Michaux *i.e.* the younger Michaux’s Voyage A l’ouest des Monts Alléghany – 1802 printed at Paris 1808

He says the common inquiry in the newly settled west was “From what part of the world have you

172. As proof of this, consider the verse of the hymn “Jerusalem, My Happy Home” that [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#) tacked into [John Newton](#)’s 1772 hymn “Amazing Grace”:

When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise
Than when we first begun!

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come? As if these vast and fertile regions would naturally be the point of union and the common country of all the inhabitants of the globe”

The current of the Ohio is so swift in the spring that it is not necessary to row –indeed rowing would do more harm than good, since it would tend to turn to the ark out of the current onto to some isle or sand bar –where it would be entangled amid floating trees– This has determined the form of the bateaux –which are not the best calculated for swiftness but to obey the current. They are from 15 to 50 feet long by 10 to 12 & 15 with square ends & a roof of boards like a house at one end– The sides are about 4¹/₂ feet above the water “I was alone on the shore of the Monongahela, when I perceived, for the first time, in the distance, five or six of these bateaux which were descending this river. I could not conceive what those great square boxes were which abandoned to the current, presented alternately their ends, their sides, & even their angles As they came nearer I heard a confused noise but without distinguishing anything, on account of the elevation of the sides. It was only on ascending the bank of the river that I perceived, in these bateaux, many families carrying with them their horses, cows, poultry, dismounted carts, plows, harnesses, beds, agricultural implements, in short all that constitute the moveables of a household & the carrying on of a farm” But he was obliged to paddle his log canoe “sans cesse” because of the sluggishness of the current of the Ohio in April 1802

A Vermonter told him that the expense of clearing land in his state was always defrayed by the potash obtained from the ashes of the trees which were burnt –and sometimes people took land to clear on condition that they should have what potash they could make.

After travelling more than 3000 miles in North America –he says that no part is to be compared for the “force végétative des forêts” to the region of the Ohio between Wheeling & Marietta. 36 miles above the last place he measured a plane tree on the bank of the Ohio which at four feet from the ground was 47 in circ. It is true it was “renflé d’une manière prodigieuse” Tulip & plane trees his father had said attained the greatest diameter of NA Trees.

[Ginseng](#) was then the only “territorial” production of Kentucky which would pay the expense of transportation by land to Philadelphia. They collected it from spring to the first frosts.

PHILADELPHIA

Even hunters carried for this purpose, beside their guns, a bag & a little “pioche” From 25 to 30 “milliers pesant” were then transported annually & this commerce was on the increase. Some transported it themselves from Kentucky to [China](#) *i.e.* without selling it the merchants of the seaboard– Traders in Kentucky gave 20 to 24 “sous” the pound for it.

They habituated their wild hogs to return to the house from time to time by distributing corn for them once or twice a week– So I read that in Buenos Ayres they collect the horses into the corral twice a week to keep them tame in a degree

Gathered the first strawberries to day.

Observed on Fair Haven a tall Pitch Pine, such as some call Yellow P– very smooth yellowish & destitute of branches to a great height. The outer & darker colored bark appeared to have scaled off leaving a fresh & smooth surface –at the ground all round the tree I saw what appeared to be the edges of the old surface scales extending to two inches more in thickness. The bark was divided into large smooth plates 1 to 2 feet long & 4 to 6 inches wide.

I noticed that the cellular portion of the bark of the canoe birch log, from which I stripped the epidermis a week or two ago –was turned a complete brick red color very striking to behold –& reminding me of the red man –and all strong natural things –the color of our blood somewhat. — under the epidermis it was still a sort of buff The different colors of the various parts of this bark, at various times, fresh or stale are extremely agreeable to my eye

I found the White Pine top full of staminate blossom buds not yet fully grown or expanded.– with a rich red tint like a tree full of fruit –but I could find no pistillate blossom–

The fugacious petalled cistus –& the pink –& the lupines of various tints are seen together.

Our outside garments which are often thin & fanciful & merely for show –are our epidermis – hanging loose & fantastic like that of the Yellow birch –which may be cast off without harm our thicker & more essential garments are our cellular integument when this is removed the tree is said to be girdled & dies– Our shirt is the liber or true bark. beneath which is found the alburnum or sap wood –while the heart in old stocks is commonly rotten or has disappeared. As if we grew like trees, and were of the exogenous kind.

[Version published in 1906: “Our outside garments, which are often thin and merely for show, are



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our epidermis, hanging loose and fantastic like that of the yellow birch, which may be cast off without harm, stripped off here and there without fatal injury; sometimes called cuticle and false skin. The vital principle wholly wanting in it; partakes not of the life of the plant. Our thicker and more essential garments are our cellular integument. This is removed, the tree is said to be girdled and dies. Our shirt is the cortex, liber, or true bark, beneath which is found the alburnum or sapwood, while the heart in old stocks is commonly rotten or has disappeared. As if we grew like trees, and were of the exogenous kind.”

In 1852, in his 4th version of [WALDEN](#), Thoreau would write:

Usually, we don garment after garment as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis or false skin, which partakes not of the life of the plant, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; our shirts are our liber or true bark, which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the last. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly & preparedly, that if an enemy take the city, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought five dollars, which will last as many years, (for example, the one I have on), thick pantaloons for 2 dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar & a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two & a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost, where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit of his own earning, there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?

This eventually would appear in [WALDEN](#):




[WALDEN](#): We don garment after garment, as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis or false skin, which partakes not of our life, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; but our shirts are our liber or true bark which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the shirt. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly and preparedly, that, if an enemy take the town, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought for five dollars, which will last as many years, thick pantaloons for two dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar and a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two and a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost, where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit, **of his own earning**, there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?



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THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO “INSTANT” HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

 June 9, Monday, [1851](#): Steht auf und empfängt mit Feiergesang for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by Giacomo Meyerbeer to words of Kopisch was performed for the initial time, in honor of the sculptor Christian Rauch who created the monument unveiled May 31st, 1851. The composer Meyerbeer conducted his composition.

The [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance was formed.



June 9. James Wood Senior told me today that Asa? Melvins father told him that he had seen alewives caught (many of them) in the meadow which we were crossing on the west of Bateman's Pond, where now there is no stream, and though it is wet you can walk every where —also are shad— He thinks that a great part of the meadow once belonged to the pond. Gathered the *Linnæa borealis*

 June 10, Tuesday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) presented an abundance of “City Intelligence”:

A GOOD WITNESS. — Yesterday morning, during the examination of a man named Burns, who keeps a groggery on Clark's Point, Barns desired that a witness might be introduced to prove his good character as well as the character of the house. the witness came forward and was sworn, and very formally commenced his statement, saying that he knew Mr. Burns, bad known him for some two years, and knew that he kept a house which was the resort



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of the worst Sydney thieves in town. Barns being thus taken by surprise, allowed the witness to withdraw without any further interrogation.

CLOSING HOUSES. — There were a number of cases before his Honor, of men brought up for violating the city ordinance in regard to closing bar-rooms and gaming-houses at midnight. The penalty of the ordinance was imposed, and the Recorder stated that in all cases of complaints he should issue citations and fine the parties if found guilty of the violation. His Honor will be very apt to have his hands full, as it is the practice of nearly every drinking and gaming house in the city to keep open long after the hour provided for in the ordinance, and many of the larger ones never close their doors.

RECORDER'S COURT. — His Honor's ten o'clock levee was more fully attended yesterday morning than for any previous day within our recollection, there being no less than thirty-six cases. Black eyes, broken heads and noses lined the dock. Nineteen of the prisoners were arrested in the third district, under the charge of Capt. Harding, and the remainder in the other two districts. There were one or two singular cases which should demand a thorough investigation. One of them was that of a man named McClure, who was arrested under the following circumstances: In company with a friend, he was passing along Broadway on Sunday night, when they entered a groggery, in which soon afterwards, a row was created. McClure was severely beaten, and his friend robbed of a watch. The officer who made the arrest, entered the house, which is one of notoriously bad reputation, and instead of arresting the men engaged in the row, took the party who had been beaten, he having been given in the officer's charge by the rioters themselves, confined him in the station house, and kept him there till morning, when he was of course discharged.

There was a queer case of a German who was arrested as a case of drunk, and, upon his examination, being asked if he spoke English, said "Yes," when the Recorder, in his plain earnest style, proceeded to question him. "Where do you belong?" said the Recorder. "Do n't know," replied the Dutchman. "But where do you work?" "Yes sir," was the answer. "Do you understand me?" again asked his Honor. "Never wash tere in mine life," answered the stolid German, when the Recorder, relaxing the muscles of his face into a sort of smile, called for an interpreter, who conducted the remainder of the case. The Recorder's Court is a place for rich scenes, and an idle hour may be whiled away there very agreeably.

THE THREE BALLS. — This mysterious symbol, this sign of the residence of that venerable individual who dispenses his favors so generously and impartially, "My Uncle," has been raised over an establishment in Kearny street.

THE JENNY LIND. — This new theatre, together with the whole house of Mr. T. Maguire, upon the Plaza, will be opened on Thursday evening. The theatre is a neat little place, and will answer a very good purpose until the magnificent one to be erected on the next lot is finished. On the ground floor is the saloon containing four fine billiard tables, and below is a spacious room containing six splendid bowling alleys. Altogether, this



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house will be one of the finest in San Francisco.

RUMORED GOLD DISCOVERY. — There was a report in circulation through the city yesterday, that a vein of gold bearing quartz had been discovered in the vicinity of the heads, on the other side, and that the parties who discovered it are about proceeding there with machinery for the purpose of working it. We have not seen any specimens, of which it is said there are several in the city, but we have seen a man who has seen another that has, and he says they are very rich. If this discovery be true the idea of the golden gate will be no fiction, and it may be found that the gate, bars, hinges, latch-string and all are, if not exactly gold themselves, resting on a solid bed of it.

CARELESSNESS. — Yesterday afternoon, a man stopped at the stand of a Frenchman who sells knives and fancy articles at the corner of Dupont and Pacific streets, and was examining a pistol which was among a number of others and exposed for sale. Wishing to try the lock, he placed a cap on the nipple and blazed away. The pistol proved to have been loaded, and the ball passed directly through the casement of a window in the Polka. Fortunately, however, no one was injured.

A WHALE ASHORE. — A fine whale was driven ashore a few days since, on the long beach outside the Heads, and those who came to California to see the elephant and have failed in the operation, had better compromise and go over and see the whale.

FIRE BELL. — Tho California Engine Co. No. 4, will raise to day a new bell, which they have just purchased The bell was purchased and will be raised by subscription of the company, and will not cost the city a dollar. This action is highly creditable to the company.

DOWN THE COAST. — The popular steamer *Ohio*, Robert Haley, commander, will leave for San Diego and the intermediate ports, this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

DECENCIES AND INDECENCIES OF THE PRESS. — Under the above head the New York Herald reads a quiet lecture to its contemporaries, from which they might learn a useful lesson and correct their taste and courtesy. We copy it, hoping that if any press in California shall ever be tempted to indulge in choice expressions similar to those quoted by the Herald, they may look into them as into a mirror, and seeing their deformity avoid their perpetration. The press falls far, very far, short of its mission when it becomes the vehicle of personal bickerings, slander, malice, or abuse of any kind. It should speak the truth fearlessly and fairly, as gentlemen address each other. The obligation of courtesy is not a whit less, nay, it is far greater upon those who conduct it, than that which is demanded between man and man in the ordinary business and intercourse of life. Says the Herald:

We find much said in our cotemporary [*sic*] journals of Wall street, every now and then, about the indecent and unrespectable conduct of the press, and about the position some newspapers hold as organs of public opinion. Occasionally some of these contemporaries, who would pass for prudes three or four days in the week, out Herod Herod; and even some of the moral journals,



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as they style themselves, "tear a passion to tatters." The socialist journal, in replying some time ago to the editor of an evening paper, emphatically exclaimed, "You lie, villain, you lie!" Some other newspapers are equally refined in their expressions. One Wall street editor calls another a "knave" and a "tool" – and the other retaliates, with sixpenny dignity, that his assailant is a desperado and "convict." Weed denominates a city editor as "human hyena," and he is called "a dog fiend" by another expressive journal in Wall street.

We have never made pretensions to excel "the world and the rest of mankind," as President Taylor would have said, in prudish expressions; but we can say that never, since the Herald was first published, have we used against our contemporaries such language as defiles the respectable journals, which should never be classed with those "notorious" for their spirit, industry, and talent. We generally propose to do our duty with as direct a reference to the purity of the atmosphere, and the season of the year as we can command, and never use any instruments to effect our object which may not be necessary to the case in hand. Certainly, we should be sorry to see, even by accident, in our columns, any such violations of decency and decorum as we see every now and then in journals which flatter themselves that they are "respectable."

ROBBERY AT CAMP SECO. – We are indebted to Reynolds & Co.'s Sonora Express for the following communication, for which they will please accept our thanks:

Sonora, June 8th, 1851.

Messrs. Editors – A most daring robbery was perpetrated at Camp Seco last evening. Some five Americans, or white men and Mexicans, entered the store of Mardes, Lippincott & Co., Camp Seco, armed to the teeth. The inmates were all asleep, when, upon a slight noise, they awoke and were astonished to see a man standing over each of them, with a Colt's revolver cocked to their heads, threatening to blow their brains out at the least attempt of alarm. They then demanded their revolvers, and took the safe, weighing some two hundred pounds, containing several thousand dollars, and left. The inmates, as soon as possible after they had gone broke the door down, which the robbers had fastened with an axe, and alarmed the camp. Men soon started out in pursuit, and followed them so closely they had to leave the safe and flee, not having time to break it open. The same men were at the house the day before, and pawned a revolver, which they redeemed a short time after, purposely, it is supposed, to ascertain where the money was kept. Their description I have been unable to get, but will inform you at the first opportunity.

JOANNA BAILLIE. – The Baltimore American; in noticing the death of this gifted woman, remarks:– She is known to the literary world by her works – still more known by the recorded testimony of distinguished contemporaries, who held her in high and respectful estimation. With the most prominent of the literary men of Great Britain she was upon terms of friendly intercourse and meritorious as her writings undoubtedly are she derives her strongest claims to distinction from the profound inspiration with which she inspired such men as Wordsworth and Walter Scott. Her literary pursuits do not seem to have drawn her in any way

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from the femininity which marked her womanly character, and which led her to prefer a life of retirement to one of excitement on the arena of fame, where she could always have been a "celebrity."



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 10TH]



June 11, Wednesday, 1851: In San Francisco, California, John Jenkins had been "arrested" by a group of citizens who had caught him in the act of stealing a safe and had turned him over to a newly formed Committee of Vigilance. In the span of about 6 hours this Committee of Vigilance "tried" him, condemned him, and tightened the noose about his neck.

The "Vigilance Committee" is at last formed, and in good working order. They hanged at two o'clock this morning upon the plaza one Jenkins, for stealing a safe. For the particulars of the trial and execution, we refer the reader to a subsequent chapter, where also will be found an account of the other doings of this celebrated association.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Henry Thoreau continued reading in Charles Darwin's journal of his voyage around the world aboard HMS Beagle:



VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II



When Darwin left England for his round-the-world voyage in 1831, he carried with him a departure gift: Volume I of Lyell's PRINCIPLES, published in its first edition the previous year. Before reaching the Cape Verde Islands, he had already been swept into Lyell's orbit. Thrilled, he preordered copies of

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Volumes II and III for pickup in ports of call as they were published. So influential was Lyell's thinking during the voyage that Darwin dedicated his JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES to him with this comment: "The chief part of whatever scientific merit this journal and the other works of the author may possess, have been derived from studying the well-known and admirable PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY." This dedication may have jumped out at Thoreau when he read it in 1851, because he, himself, had been smitten by Lyell's great book in 1840, eleven years earlier.



JONAS POTTER

June 11, Wednesday: Last night—a beautiful summer night not too warm moon not quite full¹⁷³—after 2 or 3 rainy days. Walked to Fair Haven by RR returning by Potter's pasture & Sudbury Road. I feared at first that there would be too much white light—like the pale remains of day light—and not a yellow gloomy dreamier light—that it would be like a candle light by day but when I got away from the town & deeper into the night, it was better. I hear whipporwills & see a few fire flies in the meadow

I saw by the shadows cast by the inequalities of the clayey sand-bank in the Deep Cut, that it was necessary to see objects by moon light—as well as sunlight—to get a complete notion of them— This bank had looked much more flat by day when the light was stronger, but now the heavy shadows revealed its prominences. The prominences are light made more remarkable by the dark shadows which they cast.

When I rose out of the deep Cut into the old Pigeon place field, I rose into a warmer stratum of air it being lighter. It told of the day, of sunny noon tide hours, an air in which work had been done—which men had breathed. It still remembered the sunny banks—of the laborer wiping his brow—of the bee humming amid flowers—the hum of insects Here is a puff of warmer air which has taken its station on the hills which has come up from the sultry plains of noon

I hear the nighthawks uttering their squeaking notes high in the air now at nine o'clock PM—and occasionally what I do not remember to have heard so late—their booming note. It sounds more as if under a cope than by day—the sound is not so fugacious going off to be lost amid the spheres but is echoed hollowly to earth—making the low roof of heaven vibrate—a sound is more confused & dissipated by day.

The whipporwill suggests how wide asunder the woods & the town— Its note is very rarely heard by those who live on the street, and then it is thought to be of ill omen—only the dwellers on the outskirts of the village—hear it occasionally— It sometimes comes into their yards— But go into the woods in a warm night at this season—and it is the prevailing sound— I hear now 5 or 6 at once— It is no more of ill omen therefore here than the night & the moonlight are. It is a bird not only of the woods but of the night side of the woods. New beings have usurped the air we breathe—rounding nature filling her crevices with sound— To sleep where you may hear the whipporwill in your dreams.

I hear from this upland from which I see Wachusett by day—a wagon crossing one of the bridges— I have no doubt that in some places to-night I could hear every carriage which crossed a bridge over the river within the limits of concord—for in such an hour & atmosphere the sense of hearing is wonderfully assisted & asserts a new dignity—and become the Hearalls of the story— The late traveller cannot drive his horse across the distant bridge but this still & resonant atmosphere tells the tale to my ear. Circumstances are very favorable to the transmission of such a sound— In the first place planks so placed & struck like a bell swung near the earth emit a very resonant & penetrating sound—add that the bell is in this instance hung over water, and that the night air, not only on account of its stillness, but perhaps on account of its density—is more favorable to the transmission of sound. If the whole town were a raised planked floor—what a din there would be!

I hear some whipporwills on hills—others in thick wooded vales—which ring hollow & cavernous—like an apartment or cellar with their note.— as when I hear the working of some artisan from within an apartment.

I now descend round the corner of the grain field—through the pitch-pine wood in to a lower field, more inclosed by woods—and find my self in a colder damp & misty atmosphere, with much dew on

173. The moon would be full on the night of the 12th.

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the grass— I seem to be nearer to the origin of things— There is something creative & primal in the cool mist—this dewy mist does not fail to suggest music to me—unaccountably—fertility the origin of things— An atmosphere which has forgotten the sun—where the ancient principle of moisture prevails.

The woodland paths are never seen to such advantage as in a moonlight night so embowered—still opening before you almost against expectation as you walk—you are so completely in the woods & yet your feet meet no obstacles. It is as if it were not a path but an open winding passage through the bushes which your feet find.

Now I go by the spring and when I have risen to the same level as before find myself in the warm stratum again

—The woods are about as destitute of inhabitants at night as the streets in both there will be some night walkers— Their are but few wild creatures to seek their prey. The greater part of its inhabitants have retired to rest.

Ah that life that I have known! How hard it is to remember what is most memorable! We remember how we itched, not how our hearts beat. I can sometimes recall to mind the quality the immortality of my youthful life—but in memory is the only relation to it.

The very cows have now left their pastures & are driven home to their yards—I meet no creature in the fields.

I hear the night singing bird █ breaking out as in his dreams, made so from the first for some mysterious reason.¹⁷⁴

Our spiritual side takes a more distinct form like our shadow which we see accompanying us

I do not know but I feel less vigor at night—my legs will not carry me so far—as if the night were less favorable to muscular exertion—weakened us somewhat as darkness turns plants pale—but perhaps my experience is to be referred to being already exhausted by the day and I have never tried the experiment fairly. It was so hot summer before last that the Irish laborers on the RR worked by night instead of day for a while—several of them having been killed by the heat & cold water. I do not know but they did as much work as ever by day. Yet methinks nature would not smile on such labors. Only the Hunter's & Harvest moons are famous—but I think that each full moon deserves to be & has its own character well marked.— One might be called the midsummer night moon

The wind & water are still awake at night you are sure to hear what wind there is stirring. The wind blows—the river flows without resting— There lies Fair Haven lake undistinguishable from fallen sky.

The pines seem forever foreign; at least to the civilized man—not only their aspect but their scent— & their turpentine.

So still & moderate is the night—no scream is heard whether of fear or joy—no great comedy nor tragedy is being enacted. The chirping of crickets is the most universal if not the loudest sound.

There is no French revolution in Nature.— no excess— She is warmer or colder by a degree or two. By night no flowers—at least no variety of colors— The pinks are no longer pink—they only shine faintly reflecting more light Instead of flowers under foot stars over head.¹⁷⁵

My shadow has the distinctness of a 2nd person—a certain black companion bordering on the imp—and I ask “Who is this?” Which I see dodging behind me as I am about to sit down on a rock

No one to my knowledge has observed the minute differences in the seasons— Hardly two nights are alike— The rocks do not feel warm tonight for the air is warmest—nor does the sand particularly. A Book of the seasons—each page of which should be written in its own season & out of doors or in its own locality wherever it may be—

When you get into the road though far from the town & feel the sand under your feet—it is as if you had reached your own gravel-walk—you no longer hear the whipporwill nor regard your shadow—for here you expect a fellow traveller— You catch yourself walking merely The road leads your steps & thoughts alike to the town— You see only the path & your thoughts wander from the objects which are presented to your senses— You are no longer in place.

In [Charles Darwins](#) Voyage of a Naturalist round the World—commenced in 1831— He gave to Ehrenberg some of an impalpably fine dust which filled the air at sea near the Cape de Verd Islands & he found it to consist in great part of “infusoria with siliceous shields, and of the siliceous tissue of plants”—found in this 67 dif organic forms.— The infusoria with 2 exceptions inhabitants of fresh water. Vessels have even run on shore owing to the obscurity. Is seen a thousand miles from Africa—



174. This appears to be Thoreau's first mention of the mysterious night warbler.

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Darwin found particles of stone above a thousandth of an inch square. Speaking of St. Paul's Rocks Lat 58' N Long. 29° 15' W— "Not a a single plant, not even a lichen, grows on this islet; yet it is inhabited by several insects & spiders. The following list completes, I believe, the terrestrial fauna: a fly (Olfersia) living on the booby, and a tick which must have come here as a parasite on the birds; a small brown moth, belonging to a genus that feeds on feathers; a beetle (Quedius), and a woodlouse from beneath the dung; and lastly numerous spiders, which I suppose prey on these small attendants and scavengers of the waterfowl. The often-repeated description of the stately palm and other noble tropical plants, then birds, and lastly man, taking possession of the coral islets as soon as formed, in the Pacific, is probably not quite correct; I fear it destroys the poetry of this story, that feather & dirt-feeding and parasitic insects and spiders should be the first inhabitants of newly formed oceanic land."

At Bahia or San Salvador Brazil took shelter under a tree "so thick that it would never have been penetrated by common English rain" but not so there.

of A partridge [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus**?] near the mouth of the Plata— "A man on horse back, by riding round & round in a circle, or rather in a spire, so as to approach closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases."— refers to Hearne's Journey, p.383 for "In Arctic North America the Indians catch the Varying Hare by walking spirally round & round it, when on its form: the middle of the day is reckoned the best time, when the sun is high, and the shadow of the hunter not very long"

In the same place

"General Rosas is also a perfect horseman—an accomplishment of no small consequence in a country where an assembled army elected its general by the following trial: A troop of unbroken horses being driven into a corral, were let out through a gateway, above which was a cross-bar: it was agreed whoever should drop from the bar on one of these wild animals, as it rushed out, and should be able, without saddle or bridle, not only to ride it, but also to bring it back to the door of the corral, should be their general. The person who succeeded was accordingly elected, and doubtless made a general fit for such an army. This extraordinary feat has also been performed by Rosas."

Speaks of the Gaucho sharpening his knife on the back of the armadillo before he kills him.

Alcide d'Orbigny—from 1825 to 33 in S. Am. now (1846) publishing the results on a scale which places him 2d to **Humboldt** among S. Am. travellers.

Hail in Buenos Ayres as large as small apples—killed 13 deer beside ostriches—which last also it

175. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:

*So still and moderate is the night!
No scream is heard, whether of fear or joy.
No great comedy nor tragedy is being enacted.
The chirping of crickets is the most universal,
If not the loudest, sound.
There is no French Revolution in Nature,
No excess.
She is warmer or colder by a degree or two.*

*By night no flowers,
At least no variety of colors.
The pinks are no longer pink;
They only shine faintly,
Reflecting more light.
Instead of flowers underfoot,
Stars overhead.*

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blinded. –&c &c Dr Malcomson told him of hail in India in 1831 which “much injured the cattle” Stones flat one ten inches in circumference. passed through windows making round holes. A difference in the country about Monte Video & somewhere else attributed to the manuring & grazing of the cattle. refers to Atwater as saying that the same thing is observed in the prairies of N. America “where coarse grass, between five and six feet high, when grazed by cattle, changes into common pasture land” V Atwater’s words in Sill. N. A. Journ. V. 1. p 117

I would like to read Azara’s Voyage Speaks of the fennel & the cardoon (*Cynara cardunculus*) introduced from Europe, now very common in those parts of S. America. The latter occurs now on both sides the Cordillera, across the Continent. In Banda Oriental alone “very many (probably several hundred) square miles are covered by one mass of these prickly plants, and are impenetrable by man or beast. Over the undulating plains, where these great beds occur, nothing else can now live. – – I doubt whether any case is on record of an invasion on so grand a scale of one plant over the aborigines.”

Horses first landed at the La Plata in 1535 Now these, with cattle & sheep have altered the whole aspect of the country vegetation &c.– “The wild pig in some parts probably replaces the peccari; packs of wild dogs may be heard howling on the wooded banks of the less frequented streams; and the common cat, altered into a large and fierce animal, inhabits rocky hills.”

At sea eye being 6 ft above level horizon is $2\frac{4}{5}$ miles dist. “In like manner, the more level the plain, the more nearly does the horizon approach within these narrow limits; and this, in my opinion, entirely destroys that grandeur which one would have imagined that a vast level plain would have possessed.”

Darwin found a tooth of a *native horse* contemporary with the mastodon –on the Pampas of Buenos Ayres –though he says there is good evidence against any horse living in America at the time of Columbus– He speaks of their remains being common in N America. Owen has found Darwin’s tooth similar to one Lyell brought from the U States –but unlike any other fossil or living & named this American horse *equus curvidens* –from a slight but peculiar curvature in it.

The great table land of Southern Mexico makes the division between N & S America with ref. to the migration of animals

Quotes Capt. Owen’s Surveying voyage for saying that at the town of Benguela on the west coast of Africa in a time of great drought a number of elephants entered in a body to possess themselves of the wells, after a desperate conflict & the loss of one man the inhabitants –3000 –drove them off. During a great drought in India says Dr Malcomson, “a hare drank out of a vessel held by the adjutant of the regiment.”

The Guanacos wild llama –& other animals of this genus –have the habit of dropping their dung from day to day in the same heap– The Peruvian Indians use it for fuel and are thus aided in collecting it. Rowing up a stream which takes its rise in a mountain you meet at last with pebbles which have been washed down from it when many miles distant. I love to think of this kind of introduction to it.

The only quadruped native to the Falkland Islands is a large wolf-like fox. As far as he is aware, “there is no other instance in any part of the world of so small a mass of broken land, distant from a continent, possessing so large an aboriginal quadruped peculiar to itself.”

In the Falkland Isles where other fuel is scarce they frequently cook their beef with the bones from which the meat has been scraped

Also They have “a green little bush about the size of common heath, which has the useful property of burning while fresh & green.”

Saw a cormorant play with its fishy prey as a cat with a mouse, 8 times let it go & dive after it again. Seminal propagation produces a more original individual than that by buds layers & grafts.

Some inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego having got some putrid whale’s blubber in time of famine “an old man cut off thin slices and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence.” This was the only evidence of any religious worship among them. It suggests that even the animals may have something divine in them & akin to revelation. Some inspiration, allying them to man as to God.

“Nor is it easy to teach them our superiority except by striking a fatal blow. Like wild beasts they do not appear to compare numbers; for each individual, if attacked, instead of retiring, will endeavor to dash your brains out with a stone, as certainly as a tiger under similar circumstances would tear you.”

“We were well clothed, and though sitting close to the fire, were far from too warm; yet these naked savages, though further off, were observed, to our great surprise, to be streaming with perspiration



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at undergoing such a roasting.”

Ehrenberg examined some of the white paint with which the Fuegians daub themselves –and found it to be composed of infusoria, including 14 polygastrica, and 4 phytolitharia, inhabitants of fresh water –all old & known forms!!

Again of the Fuegians “Simple circumstances –such as the beauty of scarlet cloth or blue beads, the absence of women, our care in washing ourselves –excited their admiration far more than any grand or complicated object, such as our ship. Bougainville has well remarked concerning these people, that they treat the “chef-d’oeuvres de l’industrie humaine, comme ils traitent les loix de la nature, et ses phénomènes.”

He was informed of a tribe of foot-Indians now changing into horse-Indians –apparently in Patagonia.

“With the exception of a few berries, chiefly of a dwarf arbutus, the natives (i.e. of T. del-Fuego) eat no Vegetable food besides this fungus.” [Cyttaria Darwinii] the “only country where a cryptogamic plant affords a staple article of food.”

No reptiles in T. del Fuego nor in Falkland Islands.

Describes a species of kelp there –Macrocystis pyrifera– “I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. – – A few [stems] taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which, in the inland channels, they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person.” Capt. Cook thought that some of it grew to the length of 360 ft “The beds of this sea-weed even when not of great breadth,” says D. “make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbor, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.”

Number of living creatures of all orders whose existence seems to depend on the kelp –a volume might be written on them. If a forest were destroyed anywhere so many species would not perish as if this weed were –& with the fish would go many birds & larger marine animals, and hence the Fuegian himself perchance.

Tree-ferns in [Van Diemen’s Land](#) (Lat 45°) 6 feet in circ.

Missionaries encountered icebergs in Patagonia in lat. corresponding to the Lake of Geneva, in a season corresponding to June in Europe. In Europe –the most southern glacier which comes down to the sea is on coast of Norway lat 67° 20° or 1230 nearer the pole.

erratic boulders not observed in the inter tropical parts of the world.– due to ice-bergs or glaciers.

Under Soil perpetually frozen in N. A. in 56° at 3 feet in Siberia in 62° at 12 to 15 ft

In an excursion from Valparaiso to the base of the Andes– “We unsaddled our horses near the spring and prepared to pass the night. The evening was fine, and the atmosphere so clear, that the masts of the vessels at anchor in the bay of Valparaiso, although no less than 26 geographical miles distant, could be distinguished clearly as little black streaks.”

Anson had been surprised at the distance at which his vessels were discovered from the coast without knowing the reason –the great height of the land and the transparency of the air.

Floating islands from 4 to 6 ft thick in lake Tagua-tagua in central Chile –blown about.



June 12, Thursday, [1851](#): [Victor Hugo](#) was fined and imprisoned for writing against [capital punishment](#) (well, thank God, at least the French government didn’t chop off his head — which would have perhaps amounted to “overkill”).



June 12, Thursday: Listen to music religiously as if it were the last strain you might hear. There would be this advantage in travelling in your own country even in your own neighborhood, that you would be so thoroughly prepared to understand what you saw– You would make fewer traveller’s mistakes. Is not he hospitable who entertains thoughts?



June 13, Friday, 1851: Idyllen op.95, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

Professor Robert M. Thorson argues, on his page 131, that between “Walden I” and “Walden II” (which is to say, between versions A, B, and C of the “Walden; or, Life in the Woods” manuscript created during 1846-1849, and versions D, E, F, and G, created during 1852-1854), was shifting from “science light” to “science heavy” under the influence of his reading of [Charles Darwin](#)’s journal of his travels around the world on HMS *Beagle*. Why has this not been noticed prior to the 2013 publication of WALDEN’S SHORE: HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCIENCE? –Because, it seems, the commentators have been scientifically biased — “biased by their biophilia: emphasizing the prefix ‘eco,’ rather than the prefix ‘geo.’” Henceforth, for Thoreau, “Depth, not breadth, would be his goal” (page 132). The break comes precisely with the moonlight walk Thoreau took south from the village of Concord along the railroad tracks:

“As I entered the deep cut I was affected by beholding the first faint reflection of genuine & unmixed moonlight on the eastern sand bank while the horizon yet red with day was tinging the western side—
 What an interval –between those two lights! The light of the moon in what age of the world does that fall upon the earth? The moon light –was as the earliest & dewy morning light & the daylight tinge reminded me much more of the night.– There were the old & new dynasties opposed contrasted –and an interval between which time could not span.– Then is night when the daylight yields to the night light It suggested an interval a distance not recognized in history. Nations have flourished in that light.”

This was the period, according to Professor Thorson, during which Thoreau was becoming fully cognizant of “the depth of geological time.”

“Within a month, and aided by deep snow, Thoreau finally arrived at an explanation that had the potential to account for all these odd features: [quoting from the journal for February 3, 1852] ‘It looks as if the snow and all of the arctic world, travelling like a glacier, had crept down southward and overwhelmed and buried New England.’”

Inspired by something that [Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “I saw a distant river by moon light making no noise, yet flowing as by day — still to the sea, like melted silver reflecting the moon light,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art (on a following screen).



June 13. Walked to Walden last night (moon not quite full) by rail-road & upland wood path, returning by Wayland Road. Last full moon¹⁷⁶ the elms had not leaved out, cast no heavy shadows & their outlines were less striking & rich in the streets at night. (I noticed a night before night before last from Fair Haven how valuable was some water by moonlight like the river & Fair Haven pond though far away –reflecting the light with a faint glimmering sheen, as in the spring of the year The water shines with an inward light like a heaven on earth. The silent depth & serenity & majesty of water –strange that men should distinguish gold & diamonds –when these precious elements are so common. I saw a distant river by moon light making no noise, yet flowing as by day – still to the sea, like melted silver reflecting the moon light – far away it lay encircling the earth How far away it may look in the night and even from a low hill how miles away down in the valley! As far off off as Paradise and the delectable country! There is a certain glory attends on water by night. By it the heavens are related to the earth– Undistinguishable from a sky beneath you–
 And I forgot to say that after I reach the road by Potters barns –or further by potters Brook –I saw

176. The previous full moon had been on May 13th.

HDT

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the moon sudden reflected full from a pool– A puddle from which you may see the moon reflected

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–& the earth dissolved under your feet.



The magical moon with attendant stars suddenly looking up with mild lustre from a window in the dark earth.

I observed also the same night a halo about my shadow in the moon light, which I referred to the accidentally lighter color of the surrounding surface, I transferred my shadow to the darkest patches of grass & saw the halo there equally. It serves to make the outlines of the shadow more distinct.) But now for last night –A few fireflies in the meadow– Do they shine though invisibly by day? –is there candle lighted by day?

It is not night fall till the whippoorwills [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] begin to sing.–

As I entered the deep cut I was affected by beholding the first faint reflection of genuine & unmixed moonlight on the eastern sand bank while the horizon yet red with day was tinging the western side–

What an interval –between those two lights! The light of the moon in what age of the world does that fall upon the earth? The moon light –was as the earliest & dewy morning light & the daylight tinge reminded me much more of the night.– There were the old & new dynasties opposed contrasted –and an interval between which time could not span.– Then is night when the daylight yields to the night light It suggested an interval a distance not recognized in history. Nations have flourished in that light.

When I had climbed the sand bank on the left –I felt the warmer current or stratum of air on my cheek like a blast from a furnace.

The white stems of the pines which reflected the weak light –standing thick & close together while their lower branches were gone, reminded me that the pines are only larger grasses which rise to a chaffy head –& we the insects that crawl between them.¹⁷⁷ They are particularly grass-like.

How long do the gales retain the heat of the sun! I find them retreated high up the sides of hills, especially on open fields or cleared places. Does perchance any of this pregnant air survive the dews of night?– Can any of it be found remembering the sun of yesterday even in the morning hours. Does perchance some puff some blast survive the night on elevated clearings surrounded by the forest?

The bull-frog belongs to summer The different frogs mark the seasons pretty well– The peeping

177. William M. White's version of the journal entry is:

*The white stems of the pines,
Which reflected the weak light, standing thick and close together
While their lower branches were gone,
Reminded me that the pines are only larger grasses
Which rise to a chaffy head,
And we the insects that crawl between them.*



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hyla—the dreaming frog & the bull frog—I believe that all may be heard at last occasionally together. I heard partridges [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus**] drumming to night as late as 9 o'clock—
What singularly—space penetrating & filling sound—! why am I never nearer to its source!

We do not commonly live our life out & full—we do not fill all our pores with our blood—we do not inspire & expire fully & entirely enough so that the wave the comber of each inspiration shall break upon our extremest shores—rolling till it meets the sand which bounds us—& the sound of the surf come back to us. Might not a bellows assist us to breathe. That our breathing should create a wind in a calm day. We do not live but a quarter part of our life—why do we not let on the flood—raise the gates—& set all our wheels in motion— He that hath ears to hear let him hear. Employ your senses. The newspapers tell us of news not to be named even with that in its own kind which an observing man can pick up in a solitary walk.— as if it gained some importance & dignity by its publicness. Do we need to be advertised each day that such is still the routine of life?¹⁷⁸ The tree-toad's too is a summer sound.

I hear just as the night sets in faint notes from time to time from some sparrow? falling asleep. A vesper hymn— And later in the woods the chuckling rattling sound of some unseen bird on the near trees.

The Night hawk booms wide awake.

By moonlight we see not distinctly even the surface of the earth—but our daylight experience supplies us with confidence.

As I approached the pond down hubbard's path (after coming out of the woods into a warmer air) I saw the shimmering of the moon on its surface—and in the near now flooded cove the water-bugs darting circling about made streaks or curves of light. The moon's inverted pyramid of shimmering light commenced about 20 rods off—like so much micaceous sand— But I was startled to see midway

178. Later [Thoreau](#) would use this in his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:

[Paragraph 75] The news-papers tell us news not to be named even with that of its own kind, which an observing man can pick up on a solitary walk. As if it gained any importance and dignity by its publicness! Or do we need to be advertised each day that such is the

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

We may well note that when a current authority, Professor Thomas C. Leonard, associate dean of the Graduate School of Journalism at UC-Berkeley, went to deliver a paper on "News at the Hearth: A Drama of Reading in Nineteenth-Century America" at a conference on "Iconography and the Culture of the Book" at the American Antiquarian Society, June 14-15, 1991, and desired to quickly characterize [Thoreau](#)'s advice to "the Americans Thoreau worried about" in regard to their democratic (demographic?) practice of the regular perusal of newspapers in order then to pass quickly on to more serious issues, and desired to stand and deliver this cheap characterization and slight treatment in a "humorously" demeaning manner—merely to dismiss Thoreau's advice as unworthy of serious consideration and as therefore appropriately received by a public that "did not take this advice"—in the opening paragraph of his peroration he chose not the above advice which Thoreau had repeated and published, advice which had in fact been made available to lyceum audiences and reading publics (and certainly not the radically hostile analysis which Thoreau had made on April Fool's Day of this year of 1851, that "the press is almost without exception corrupt. ... Almost without exception the tone of the press is mercenary & servile ... the **free** men of New England have only to—refrain from purchasing & reading these sheets"), but instead another passage, a passage from the JOURNAL which was of course unavailable, as follows:

'Do not read the newspapers,' Henry David Thoreau said, 'if you chance to live and move and have your being in that thin stratum in which the events which make the news transpire—thinner than the paper on which it is printed,—then these things will fill the world for you....' Circulation figures show that Americans did not take this advice. But what evidence is there for the psychological impact of news in print? One way to study the Americans Thoreau worried about is to look at pictures of people burying their heads in the news.

And, having thus exhausted what Thoreau had to offer, the good journalism professor moved on to the important matter he had at hand, a fascinatingly inconclusive and uninteresting reading of old portraits of people reading newspapers.

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in the dark water a bright flame like more than phosphorescent light crowning the crests of the wavelets which at first I mistook for fire flies & and thought even of cucullos [the *cucuyo*, a West Indian firefly]– It had the appearance of a pure smokeless flame ¹/₂ dozen inches long issuing from the water & bending flickeringly along its surface– I thought of St Elmo's lights & the like –but coming near to the shore of the pond itself –these flames increased & I saw that it was so many broken reflections of the moon's disk, though one would have said they were of an intenser light than the moon herself –from contrast with the surrounding water they were– Standing up close to the shore & nearer the rippled surface I saw the reflections of the moon sliding down the watery concave like so many lustrous burnished coins poured from a bag –with inexhaustible lavishness –& the lambent flames on the surface were much multiplied seeming to slide along a few inches with each wave before they were extinguished –& I saw how farther & farther off they gradually merged in the general sheen which in fact was made up of a myriad little mirrors reflecting the disk of the moon – with equal brightness to an eye rightly placed. The pyramid or sheaf of light which we see springing from near where we stand only –in fact is the outline of that portion of the shimmering surface which an eye takes in –to myriad eyes suitably placed, the whole surface of the pond would be seen to shimmer, or rather it would be seen as the waves turned up their mirrors to be covered with those bright flame like reflections of the moon's disk like a myriad candles every where issuing from the waves –i.e. if there were as many eyes as angles presented by the waves –and these reflections are dispersed in all directions into the atmosphere flooding it with light– No wonder that water reveals itself so far by night –even further in many states of the atmosphere than by day. (I thought it first it some unusual phosphorescence. In some positions these flames were star like points brighter than the brightest stars. Suddenly a flame would show itself in a near and dark space precisely like some inflammable gass on the surface. As if an inflammable gass made its way up from the bottom.

I heard my old musical –simple-noted owl. The sound of the *dreaming* frogs prevails over the others. Occasionally a bull-frog near me made a obscene noise a sound like an eructation near me. I think they must be imbodied eructations. They suggest flatulency.

The pond is higher than ever –so as to hinder fishermen –& I could hardly get to the true shore here on account of the bushes

I pushed out in a boat a little & heard the chopping of the waves under its bow. And on the bottom I saw the moving reflections of the shining waves –faint streaks of light revealing the shadows of the waves or the opaqueness of the water–

As I climbed the hill again toward my old beanfield –I listened to the ancient familiar immortal dear cricket sound under all others –hearing at first some distinct chirps –but when these ceased –I was aware of the general earth song which my hearing had not heard amid which these were only taller flowers in a bed –and I wondered if behind or beneath this there was not some other chant yet more universal. Why do we not hear when this begins in the spring? & when it ceases in the fall! –or is it too gradual.

After I have got into the road I have no thought to record –all the way home– The walk is comparatively barren. The leafy elm sprays seem to droop more by night!?



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GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

wanted meaningful prose. He went to Thoreau's journal as to a medicine cabinet and opened the second volume at random.

As I climbed the hill again toward my old bean-field, I listened to the ancient, familiar, immortal, dear cricket sound under all others, hearing at first some distinct chirps; but when these ceased I was aware of the general earth-song, and I wondered if behind or beneath this there was not some other chant yet more universal.

Ah, that was speech. that was English speech.

Mary was not at home to complain to. Warmed by the tonic of Thoreau's language, Homer got back in his car and drove to the parking lot at Walden Pond. Striding across the road into the woods, he found his way to the place that had once been the beanfield. It was covered now by the successors of the trees Thoreau had planted when he left the pond.

ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.

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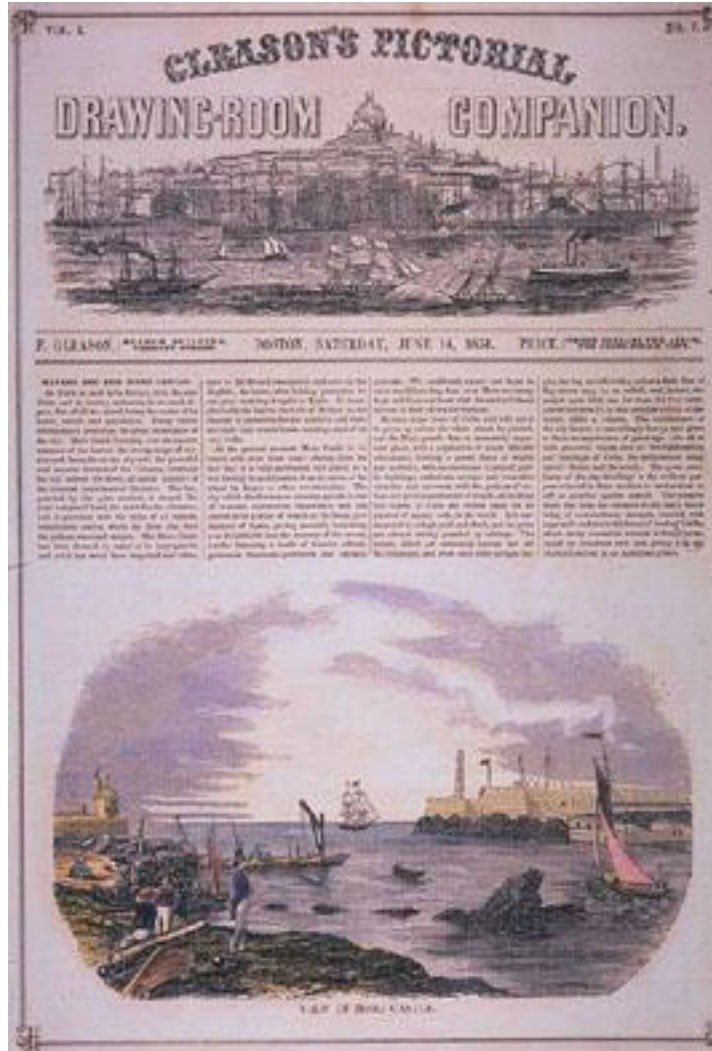
Homer leaned against one of them and listened. Above him he heard the creaking of the trunk, the wind in the leaves making a sound like the sea. There was no birdsong, no thrilling unfamiliar note that might be a wood thrush. But the crickets were making their midsummer chant, their strong mutual pulse, all in the same rhythm. It was older than he was, older than Thoreau, older than Walden Pond, older perhaps than the great chunk of ice that had hollowed out the basin and filled it with water. In the broad sweep of geologic time, the small human turbulences afflicting these few square miles of Massachusetts were nothing. Someday all the people shouting so angrily at each other in the woods around the pond would be gone. But the crickets would still be there, singing their earth-song, telling of antediluvian and everlasting things, praising the brightness of the moon, the light of the stars, the survival of insects.

ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58

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June 14, Saturday, 1851: [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#) published a nicely colorized picture of Morro Castle in the harbor of [Havana, Cuba](#):



CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA

Herrmann-Polka op.91 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[John James Babson](#) got married a 2d time, with Lydia Ann Mason, daughter of Alpheus Mason (the couple would produce a son, [John James Babson](#)).

The Hudson River railroad was extended north as far as Hudson.

HISTORY OF RR

[Charley Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Sackets Harbor, New York to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, describing his trip to New-York and then north and west.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

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Scarcely had the citizens time to breathe after their recent exertions at the fire of the 4th of May, and the labors which followed in erecting new buildings in room of those destroyed, when again the terrible cry of fire rang in their ears. This was the third conflagration to which the city had been subjected, and its ravages exceeded even those of the two previous great fires united, being estimated at nearly five millions' worth of property. These successive losses would surely have broken the spirit of any people but Americans, and for a time indeed sank even theirs. But in proportion to the unusual depression was the almost immediate reaction, and the ruined citizens began forthwith to lay the foundations of new fortunes instead of those so cruelly destroyed. The fire, which arose from some defect in the chimney of the house where it broke out, began about eight o'clock in the morning, in a bakery, which was in a small wooden back building, between Sacramento and Clay streets, and in the rear of the Merchants' Hotel. The wind was high at the time, and the flames soon spread on all sides. In a few hours, the whole space situated between Clay, California and Kearny streets, down to the edge of the water, was one mass of flame; and, with few exceptions, all the buildings and goods lying within these extensive bounds, were totally consumed. The individual losses were very severe; and these occurring so shortly after the two preceding great fires, had the effect of reducing many citizens, previously wealthy, to poverty. But as the spider, whose web is again and again destroyed, will continue to spin new ones while an atom of material or a spark of life remains in its body, so did the inhabitants set themselves industriously to work to rear new houses and a new town. In the space of a few weeks the burned districts were covered over with other buildings, many of which were erected of far more substantial materials than before. Sad experience had taught the people that although the cost of fire-proof, brick structures was much greater at first than the old wooden ones, yet in the end, they were cheaper and better. From this time forward, we therefore begin to notice, that the street architecture gradually assumed a new and grander appearance. This was one good consequence of the repeated fires; while another was the immediate formation and organization of numerous hook and ladder, engine and hose companies. Many municipal ordinances regarding these companies and the establishment and completion of wells and reservoirs in various parts of the city, were likewise the result of these successive disasters. During all this month, the community was kept in a state of excessive excitement, arising from certain extraordinary proceedings on the part of the Common Council. The members had not been long in office, when they nearly unanimously passed an ordinance providing for the payment of certain salaries to themselves and the chief municipal officers. The mayor, recorder, and some others, were to be paid annually the sum of ten thousand dollars, while the sixteen principal and assistant aldermen were each to receive six thousand. The salaries of the municipal officials were perhaps not more than were necessary at the period, since these gentlemen had really much work to do, while all their time was supposed to be passed in the service of the city; but it was considered by the citizens generally, that to bestow six

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thousand dollars a year upon sixteen private persons, for only two evening meetings in each week, was extravagant and ridiculous. As one of the speakers at a subsequent public meeting said, people in foreign countries, when they heard of such a thing, would be apt to call it "a California lie." More especially the proposed aldermanic allowance seemed monstrous and unjust, from the fact that the city was then much embarrassed in pecuniary affairs, and that certain most obnoxious and heavy taxes were proposed to be laid upon the inhabitants. Many public meetings of the citizens were held on the subject, at which resolutions strongly condemnatory of the council's proceedings were passed. One of these meetings took place on the plaza on the evening of the 5th of June, and was the largest that had ever assembled in [San Francisco](#) for any purpose. From three to four thousand people attended. General John Wilson was appointed president. After some introductory discussion, several resolutions were adopted by acclamation, the essence of which was this, - that we "instruct our mayor and common council to abandon the scheme of high salaries, and to remodel the schedule of oppressive taxation, as shadowed forth by their recent action; and unless they are willing to do so, to resign and give place to more patriotic and efficient men." A committee of twenty-five were then appointed to wait on the council and present a copy of the resolutions, and to request an answer to the same. The gentlemen composing the committee were Messrs. Wilson, Folsom, Crane, Post, Stoutenburg, Howard, Cooke, Kelly, Yale, Syme, Retan, Robinson, Courson, Robertson, Duubar, Leonard, Minor, Parcells, Osborne, Wells, Duff, Parlon, Wakeman and Meacham. The committee named, accordingly, through their chairman, Captain J. L. Folsom, presented the resolutions to the council. These the aldermen, who appeared determined to carry matters through with a high hand, received very coldly, and ordered them to lie indefinitely on the table. This not being deemed a sufficient answer by the committee, another "mass" and "indignation meeting" was called by them for the evening of 12th June; which was held on the plaza and was very numerously attended. Again General Wilson filled the chair. The report of the committee having been read, and the supposed "insolence of office" duly animadverted upon, the meeting, considering the "disrespect and insult" which their former representatives had met with, unanimously reappointed them as a committee, with power to increase their number to five hundred, and instructed them again to present the old resolutions to the council in such form as they should think fit. The committee thus fortified, afterwards chose the additional members, and fixed the evening of the 14th, when they should all march in procession to the place of meeting of the common council, and there again submit the "sovereign will" of the people to the aldermen, and require their prompt obedience to the same. On that day the great conflagration just noticed took place; and farther action on the subject of the high salaries and obnoxious taxation ordinances was indefinitely postponed. Popular excitement took a new direction in consequence of the fire; and, excepting in the columns of the Herald newspaper, and among a few testy individuals, little more was said on the matter till some months afterwards, when the question was revived. The previous

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meetings, however, had the effect of causing the obnoxious license ordinance to be withdrawn for a time. In the end, the salaries of both the municipal officers and the common council were reduced, the latter being ultimately fixed at four thousand dollars. It is due to Col. Geary, mayor of the city, to observe, that from the beginning he opposed the payment of salaries to the members of the Boards of Aldermen, and at last vetoed the bill allowing them four thousand dollars each. His message, on returning the ordinance, unapproved, was a highly creditable document. After declaring that the ordinance in question was in direct opposition to the wishes of the people, whose will had been made known to the aldermen in the most emphatic manner, which he averred it was the duty of the latter to obey, he uses the following language: "Another view which presents itself with great force to my mind, in interpreting the executive right to arrest the ordinance in question, is that of expediency. With great unanimity a financial measure has been adopted to provide for the immediate payment of the city's indebtedness, by means of a loan of half a million of dollars. It is of the greatest importance to the interests of the city, that that measure should be made to succeed at the earliest possible moment. In my deliberate judgment its success would be injuriously impeded, if not entirely defeated, by associating with the proposition for a loan, an ordinance to appropriate so large a proportion of the amount demanded as sixty-four thousand dollars, to the payment of a class of officers whose services are usually rendered without any other remuneration than the honor conferred by their fellow-citizens, and their participation in the general good which it is their province and duty to promote. It could not fail to weaken our public credit to show a purpose to use it for the payment of salaries never contemplated by the people, especially in view of the admitted necessity for the practice of the most rigid economy, in order to complete by means of all the resources and credit we possess the public works in progress or in contemplation. With scarcely a dollar in the public treasury-without the means of discharging even the interest falling due for the scrip already issued-the city credit impaired, and general bankruptcy staring us in the face, retrenchment should be the order of the day, rather than the opening up of new modes of making enormous and heretofore unknown expenditures." This act of the mayor was universally and heartily applauded by the people, and received the highest commendation of the entire press; while, on the other hand, it received the severest censures of the aldermen themselves, who not only passed the ordinance by a legal number of votes despite the mayor's veto, but for a long time refused to grant a salary to his honor. The sudden and angry burst of popular feeling on this subject led, the following year, to a provision in the new charter, then granted by the Legislature to the city, which declared that henceforward the members of the Common Council should not be entitled to any compensation for their services.

JULY 1st.-From the shipping lists published in the daily newspapers, it appears that about this time there were five hundred and twenty-six vessels lying in the port, the greater number of which were ships and barques, the remainder being brigs and schooners.- Besides these, there were at least one

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hundred large square-rigged vessels lying at Benicia, Sacramento, and Stockton. Long before this time many of the old seamen who had deserted their ships had returned from the mines, and there was no difficulty in procuring crews for departing vessels, upon paying them the ordinary high wages of the time. JULY 4th.—Another grand celebration of independence-day. This was particularly distinguished by the erection on the plaza of a magnificent flagstaff, or liberty-pole, which Messrs. S. Coffin and W. W. Chapman, on behalf of the citizens of Portland, Oregon, had presented to the citizens of [San Francisco](#), and which was received by the mayor, Col. J.W. Geary. The length of this pole is one hundred and eleven feet. It is one foot in diameter at the bottom, tapering regularly to about three inches at the other end, and is as straight as an arrow. This is perhaps the longest and most faultlessly straight pole that is known, although the presenters apologized that no longer one had been sent, on account of the inconvenience of shipping a stick of larger dimensions. The old pole which used to stand on the plaza from Mexican days, and upon which the first American flag was hoisted, had been removed on the 7th of June preceding, and was erected in front of the custom-house, at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. The custom-house, occupied by Col. James Collier, then collector of the port, was a new four-story brick building, and the most imposing edifice in the city. It was destroyed by fire on the 4th of May, 1851, as was also the old liberty-pole.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



June 14, Saturday: Full moon last night. Set out on a walk to Conantum at 7 pm. A serene evening—the sun going down behind clouds, a few white or slightly shaded piles of clouds floating in the eastern sky—but a broad clear mellow cope left for the moon to rise into— An evening for poets to describe. Met a man driving home his cow from pasture and stopping to chat with his neighbor.—

Then a boy who had set down his pail in the road to stone a bird most perseveringly—whom I heard afterward behind me telling his pail to be quiet in a tone of assumed anger because it squeaked under his arm.— As I proceed along the back Road I hear the lark still singing in the meadow. & the bobolink—& the Goldrobin on the elms & the swallows twittering about the barns. A small bird chasing a crow high in the air who is going home at night All nature is in an expectant attitude—

Before Goodwin's House—at the opening of the Sudbury Road The swallows are diving at a tortoise shell cat who curvets & frisks rather awkwardly as if she did not know whether to be scared or not— And now having proceeded a little way down this Road, the sun having buried himself in the low cloud in the west and hung out his crimson curtains How quietly we entertain the possibility of joy—of—re creation, of light into our souls—we should be more excited at the pulling of a tooth. I hear while sitting by the wall the sound of the stake driver¹⁷⁹ at a distance—like that made by a man pumping in a neighboring farm yard—watering his cattle—or like chopping wood before his door on a frosty morning—& I can imagine him driving a stake in a meadow— The pumper— I immediately went in search of the bird—but after going $\frac{1}{3}$ a mile it did not sound much nearer—and the two parts of the sound did not appear to proceed from the same place— What is the peculiarity of these sounds which penetrates so far on the keynote of nature. At last I got near to the brook in the meadow behind Hubbard's wood, but I could not tell if were further or nearer than that— When I got within half a dozen rods of the brook it ceased—and I heard it no more— I suppose that I scared it. As before I was further off than I thought—so now I was nearer than I thought. It is not easy to understand how so small a creature can make so loud a sound by merely sucking in or throwing out water—with pump-like lungs— As yet no moon but downy piles of cloud scattered here and there in the expectant sky.

JOHN GOODWIN

CAT

179. The "stake driver" is the American Bittern [[Botaurus lentiginosus](#)].

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Saw a blue flag blossom in the meadow while waiting for the stake driver.

It was a sound as of gulping water.

Where my path crosses the brook in the meadow there is a singularly sweet scent in the heavy air bathing the brakes where the brakes grow— The fragrance of the earth —as if the dew were a distillation of the fragrant essences of nature. When I reach the road The farmer going home from town invites me to ride in his high-set wagon —not thinking why I walk —nor can I shortly explain—

He remarks on the coolness of the weather. The angelica is budded a handsome luxuriant plant. And now my senses are captivated again by a sweet fragrance as I enter the embowered willow causeway —and I know not if it be from a particular plant or all to together—Sweet-scented vernal grass —or sweet briar— Now the sun is fairly gone —& I hear the dreaming frog & the whipporwill [*Caprimulgus vociferus*] from some darker wood. It is not far from 8. & the cuckoo. The song-sparrows sing quite briskly among the willows —as if it were spring again —& the blackbirds harsher note resounds over the meadow, and the veery's comes up from the wood. Fishes are dimpling the surface of the river —seizing the insects which alight —a solitary fisherman in his boat inhabits the scene. As I rise the hill beyond the bridge, I found myself in a cool fragrant dewey up country mountain morning air —a new region— (When I had issued from the willows onto the bridge it was like coming out of night into twilight the river reflected so much light) The moon was now seen rising over fair haven & at the same time reflected in the river —pale & white like a silvery cloud —barred with a cloud not promising how it will shine anon Now I meet an acquaintance coming from a remote field in his hay-rigging with a jag of wood —who reins up to show me how large a wood chuck he has killed, which he found eating his clover. But now he must drive on, for behind comes a boy taking up the whole road with a huge roller drawn by a horse —which goes lumbering & bouncing along —getting out of the way of night, and making such a noise as if it had the contents of a tinker shop in its bowels —& rolls the whole road like a newly sown grain field.

In conants orchard I hear the faint cricket-like song of a sparrow —saying its vespers —as if it were a link between the cricket & the bird— The robin sings now though the moon shines silverly —and the veery jingles its trille

I hear the fresh & refreshing sound of falling water —as I have heard it in new Hampshire— It is a sound we do not commonly hear.

I see that the white weed is in blossom which as I had not walked by day for some time I had not seen before.

How moderate —deliberate is nature —how gradually the shades of night gather & deepen giving man ample leisure to bid farewell to day —conclude his day's affairs & prepare for slumber.— The twilight seems out of proportion to the length of the day— Perchance it saves our eyes. Now for some hours the farmers have been getting home.

Since the alarm about mad dogs a couple of years ago —there are comparatively few left to bark at the traveller & bay the moon.

All nature is abandoned to me.

You feel yourself your body your legs more at night —for there is less beside to be distinctly known —& hence perhaps you think yourself more tired than you are.— I see indistinctly oxen asleep in the fields —silent in majestic slumber —like the sphinx —statuesque Egyptian reclining. What solid rest —how their heads are supported! A sparrow or a cricket makes more noise. From conants summit I hear as many as 15 whipporwills —or whip-or-I-will's at once —the succeeding cluck —sounding strangely foreign like a hewer at work elsewhere.

The moon is accumulating yellow light & triumphing over the clouds —but still the west is suffused here & there with a slight red tinge —marking the path of the day. Though inexperienced ones might call it night, it is not yet— Dark heavy clouds lie along the western horizon exhibiting the forms of animals and men —while the moon is behind a cloud. Why do we detect these forms so readily —? Whales or giants reclining busts of heroes —Michael Angelic. There is the gallery of statuary the picture gallery of man —not a board upon an Italian's head but these dark figures along the horizon. The board some Titan carries on his head— What firm & heavy outlines for such soft & light material!

How sweet & encouraging it is to hear the sound of some artificial music from the midst of woods or from the top of a hill at night —borne on the breeze from some distant farm house —the human voice or a flute— That is a civilization one can endure —worth having— I could go about the world listening for the strains of music. Men use this gift but sparingly methinks. What should we think of a bird

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which had the gift of song but sang but used it only once in a dozen years! like the tree which blossoms only once in a century. Now the daw bug comes humming by the first I have heard this year. In 3 month It will be the harvest moon –I cannot easily believe it. Why not call this the Traveller's Moon? It would be as true to call the last (the May) the Planter's moon as it is to call Septembers the Harvest moon– For the farmers use one about as little as the other. Perhaps this is the Whippoorwill's Moon. The bull-frog now which I have not heard before this evening –it is nearly 9– They are much less common & their note more intermittent than that of the dreamers. I scared up a bird on a *low* bush –perchance on its nest– It is rare that you you start them at night from such places.

Peabody says that the Night Hawk retires to rest about the time the whipporwill begins its song– The whipporwill begins now at 7^{1/2} I hear the Night Hawk after 9 o'clock. He says it flies low in the evening –but it also flies high as it must needs do to make the booming sound.

I hear the lowing of cows occasionally –& the barking of dogs. The Pond by moonlight which may make the object in a walk, suggests little to be said– Where there was only one firefly in a dozen rods –I hastily ran to one –which had crawled up to the top of a grass head & exhibited its light –& Instantly another sailed in to it showing its light also –but my presence made them extinguish their lights –the latter retreated & the former –crawled slowly down the stem. It appeared to me That the first was a female who thus revealed her place to the male who was also making known his neighborhood as he hovered about –both showing their lights that they might come together It was like a mistress who had climbed to the turrets of her castle & exhibited there a blazing taper for a signal –while her lover had displayed his light on the plain. If perchance she might have any lovers abroad.

Not much before 10 o'clock does the moonlight night begin. When man is asleep & day fairly forgotten –then is the beauty of moon light seen over lonely pastures –where cattle are silently feeding. Then let me walk in a diversified country –of hill and dale with heavy woods one side –& copses & scattered trees & bushes enough –to give me shadows– Returning a mist is on the river. The river is taken into the womb of nature again.

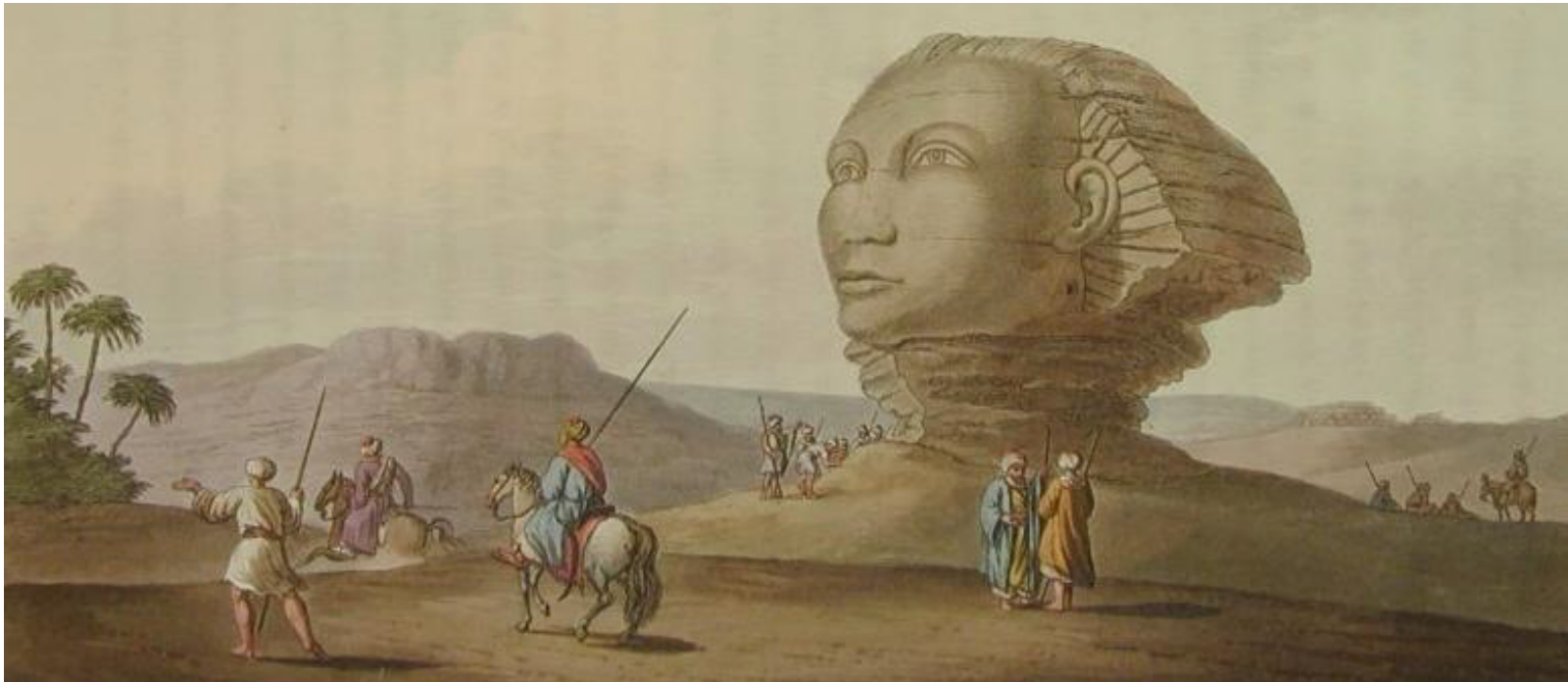
Now is the clover month –but haying is not yet begun.


Evening

Went to Nawshawtuct by North branch –overtaken by a slight shower The same increased fragrance from the ground sweet fern &c as in the night –& for the like reason probably.

The houstonias still blossom freshly as I believe they continue to do all summer –. The Fever root in blossom –pictured in B's Med. Bot. *Triosteum perfoliatum* near the top of Hill under the wall looks somewhat like a milkweed. The *viburnum dentatum* very regularly toothed just ready to blossom sometimes called arrow wood.

Nature seems not have designed that man should be much abroad by night and in the moon proportioned the light fitly. By the faintness & rareness of the light compared with that of the sun she expresses her intention with regard to him



 June 15, Sunday, 1851: Serialization of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING by Harriet Beecher Stowe had begun in the National Era of Washington DC.

From the red farmhouse in the Berkshires Hills, Nathaniel Hawthorne revealed engagingly in a letter to a Salem correspondent the most deep-seated and disturbing racism it is possible for us now to imagine:

I have not, as you suggest, the slightest sympathy for the slaves; or, at least, not half as much as for the laboring whites, who, I believe, are ten times worse off than the Southern negroes.¹⁸⁰



June 15. Darwin still

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I
VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II



Finds run away sailors on the Chonos Archipelago who he thought “had kept a very good reckoning of time” having lost only 4 days in 15 months
Near same place on the islands of the Archipelago –he found wild potatoe the tallest 4 ft high –tubers generally small –but one 2 inch in Diam. “resembled in every respect and had the same smell as English potatoes; but when boiled they shrunk much, & were watery & insipid, without any bitter taste.”

Speaking of the surf on the coast of Chiloe –“I was assured that, after a heavy gale, the roar can be

180. Refer to Richard Klayman’s article “What Should We Make of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Racism?” on the History News Network for August 24th, 2009: <http://hnn.us/articles/97175.html>

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heard at night even at Castro, a distance of no less than twenty-one sea miles, across a hilly and wooded country.”

Subsidence & elevation of the W Coast of S America & of the Cordilleras “Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist, that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of this earth.”

Would like to see Sir Francis Head’s ? travels in S America –Pampas perhaps

Also Chamber’s Sea Levels

“ Travels of Spix & Von Martius

It is said that hydrophobia was first known in S. America in 1803

At the Galapagos the tortoises going to any place travel night & day & so get there sooner than would be expected –about 8 miles in 2 or 3 days– He rode on their backs.

The productions of the Galapagos Archipelago from 5 to 600 miles from America –are still of the American type.– “It was most striking to be surrounded by new birds, new reptiles, new shells, new insects, new plants, and yet, by innumerable trifling details of structure, and even by the tones of voice & plumage of the birds, to have the temperate plains of Patagonia, or the hot, dry deserts of Northern Chile, vividly brought before my eyes.”

What is most singular –not only are the plants &c to a great extent peculiar to these islands, but each for the most part has its own kinds. though they are within sight of each other.

Birds so tame there they can be killed with a stick. *I* would suggest that from having dealt so long with the inoffensive & slow moulded tortoise they have not yet inquired an instinctive fear of man who is a new comer.

Methinks tortoises lizzards &c for wild creatures are remarkable for the nearness to which man approaches them & handles them as logs –coldblooded lumpish forms of life –only taking care not to step into their mouths. An aligator has been known to have come out of the mud like a mud volcano where was now the floor of a native’s hut.

“The common dock is widely disseminated, [in New Zealand] and will, I fear, forever remain a proof of the rascality of an Englishman, who sold the seeds for those of the tobacco plant.”

The New Hollanders a little higher in the scale of civilization than the Fuegians.

Puzzled by a “well rounded fragment of greenstone, rather larger than a man’s head” which a captain had found on a small coral circle or atoll near Keeling Island “where every other particle of matter is calcareous.” about 600 miles from Summatra D agrees with Kotzebue (V Kotzebue) who states that “the inhabitants of the Radack Archipelago, a group of lagoon-islands in the midst of the Pacific, obtained stones for sharpening their instruments by searching the roots of trees which are cast upon the beach.” –and “laws have been established that such stones belong to the chief, and a punishment is inflicted on any one who attempts to steal them.” Let geologists look out “Some natives carried by Kotzebue to Kamtschatka collected stones to take back to their country.”

Found no bottom at 7200 ft & 2200 yds from shore of Keeling Island –a coral isle

His theory of the formation of Coral isles by the subsidence of the land appears probable.– He concludes that “the great continents are, for the most part, rising areas; and – – the central parts of the great oceans are sinking areas.”

Not a *private* person on the island of Ascension –the inhabitants are paid & victualled by the Brit. government –springs cisterns &c are managed by the same “Indeed, the whole island may be compared to a huge ship kept in first rate order.”

V Circumnavig. of Globe up to Cook.

V. Voyages Round the World since Cook.

The author of the article on Orchids in the Eclectic says that “a single plant produced three different flowers of genera previously supposed to be quite distinct.”

Saw the first wild rose today on the west side of the Rail Road causeway. The white weed has suddenly appeared and the clover gives whole fields a rich & florid appearance The rich red & the sweet scented white The fields are blushing with the red species as the western sky at evening.–

The blue-eyed grass well named looks up to heaven– – And the yarrow with its persistent dry stalks & heads –is now ready to blossom again– The dry stems & heads of last years tansy stand high above the new green leaves

I sit in the shade of the pines to hear a wood thrush [**Hermit Thrush** █ *Catharus guttatus*] at noon –the ground smells of dry leaves –the heat is oppressive. The bird begins on a low strain i.e. it first delivers a strain on a lower key –then a moment after anothe a little higher –then another still varied



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from the others –no two successive strains alike, but either ascending or descending. He confines himself to his few notes in which he is unrivalled. As if his kind had learned this and no more anciently.

I perceive as formerly a white froth dripping from the pitch-pines just at the base of the new shoots– It has no taste.

The pollywogs in the Pond are now full-tailed.

The hickory leaves are blackened by a recent frost –which reminds me that this is near their northern limit.

It is remarkable the rapidity with which the grass grows The 25th of May I walked to the hills in Wayland and when I returned across lots do not remember that I had much occasion to think of the grass, or to go round any fields to avoid treading on it– But just a week afterward at Worcester it was high & waving in the fields & I was to some extent confined to the road & the same was the case here. Apparently in one month you get from fields which you can cross without hesitation –to haying time– It has grown you hardly know when. be the weather what it may sunshine or storm– I start up a solitary wood-cock in the shade in some copse –goes off with a startled rattling hurried note.

After walking by night several times –I now walk by day –but I am not aware of any crowning advantage in it. I see small objects better, but it does not enlighten me any. The day is more trivial. (What a careful gardener nature is! She does not let the sun come out suddenly with all his intensity after rain & cloudy weather –but graduates the change to suit the tenderness of plants)

I see the tall crowfoot now in the meadows –Ranunculus acris –with a smooth stem– I do not notice the bulbosus which was so common a fortnight ago. The rose colored flowers of the Kalmia Angustifolia lambkill just opened & opening– The Convalaria bifolia growing stale in the woods.–

the Hieracium venosum veiny-leaved Hawkweed with its yellow blossoms in the woodland path–

The Hypoxis erecta Yellow Bethlehem star where there is a thick wiry grass in open paths should be called yellow-eyed grass methinks The Pyrola asarifolia with its pagoda-like stem of flowers i.e. broad leaved winter green. The Trientalis Americana like last in the woods –with its starlike white flower & pointed whorled leaves– The Prunella too is in blossom & the rather delicate Thesium umbellatum a white flower–

The solomons seal with a greenish drooping raceme of flowers at the top I do not identify.

I notice today the same remarkable bunchy growth on the fir –(in wheildons garden) that I have noticed on the pines & cedars –) the leaves are not so thickly set & are much stiffer.

I find that I postpone all actual intercourse with my friends to a certain real intercourse which takes place commonly when we are *actually* at a distance from one another {*One-fifth page blank*}



June 16, Monday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) presented its usual abundance of “City Intelligence”:

COMMON COUNCIL. – Both Boards of the Common Council meet this evening.

CLOSING HOUSES. – His honor, the Recorder, has for the last week been very busily employed in attending to the cases of persons charged with a violation of the city ordinance requiring that drinking and gaming establishments should be closed at midnight. The first punished were the proprietors of some small groggeries on Clark’s Point, lint the law, in its impartiality soon brought up the owners of the larger houses on the Piazza, as well as some lady proprietors of oyster and hot whiskey-punch saloons. His honor has had all sorts of difficulties to contend with in the enforcement of the ordinance. First came up the legal quibble, that the ordinance merely provided that the houses should be closed at 12 o’clock, and that they might therefore be opened at half-past twelve for the next day. But his honor



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told the lawyers that it was the spirit of the ordinance that he intended to carry out, and he knew what the spirit of it was. This being disposed of, the parties themselves had all sorts of excuses to offer. Most of them kept boarding-houses or hotels, and their doors were left open that their lodgers might enter, or else somebody had pushed the door in just as the policeman who made the complaint passed by, or any other of the thousand and one excuses that may always be brought forward upon any occasion. But his honor has always made proper discriminations, and has duly imposed the penalty of fifty dollars in each case. In this manner, a large amount of revenue has been brought into the treasury.

There has been a petition signed by the proprietors of many of the large houses upon the Square and other citizens, requesting a repeal of the ordinance or an exemption in their particular cases. The latter cannot be done with any degree of justice. The ordinance itself which some have appeared to think so singular, is one which with modification has been adopted and enforced in almost every city in the Union. Restrictions are always placed upon houses of the character referred to, and it is very proper that when midnight comes, these houses should be closed and the rows and broils which nightly occur in the lower class of them, thus prevented. It is to be hoped that the Council will not repeal the ordinance, and that the Recorder will continue to enforce it.

SUNDAY. — Sunday is getting to be a quiet, orderly and peaceable day in the city of San Francisco, and not as for merely devoted to rowdyism and drunkenness. These are strawberry and blackberry times however, and many when relieved from the week day toils, and labors, go out into the green fields towards the Presidio and gather these luscious little tidbits. The Mission omnibuses were also crowded yesterday at every trip. The churches were well attended, and altogether it was a quiet, agreeable day.

JENNY LIND THEATRE. — This evening will be presented for the first time in this city, the drama of "Born to Good Luck," in which Mr. T.A. Lubey, an Irish comedian said to possess considerable merit, will make his first appearance as Paddy O'Rafferty. Mr. Lubey has been playing at Sacramento, where he has made a great hit, and we doubt not he will be equally successful here. We shall also witness the return of Mr. Coad. The performance will commence with the celebrated farce of "Perfection."

THE POLICE. — We understand that resignations are daily occurring in the Police Department, on the ground, as the policemen allege, that they can get no pay for their services. It is a fact, however, that there are always on hand sufficient applications to manufacture a half dozen Police forces, who are willing to take even the promises to pay to the city.

RESULT OF THE EXCITEMENT. — It is certainly a fact that since the excitement which resulted in the execution of Jenkins, crimes of the more heinous nature have visibly decreased in this city. Whereas previously scarce a night occurred that we had not occasion to note down a knocking down, drugging, robbery or burglary, since that night there has been but one case of robbery of which we have heard. The Recorder's dock, which was formerly

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filled with larceny and burglary subjects, now usually contains only a few bloated faces and eyes in deep mourning, belonging to men who have been on a drunk the night before. There is no doubt that the terrible scene we have lately witnessed has had a most beneficial effect upon society here, and has driven away a large number of the most noted villains in town, who are leaving every afternoon by the up-river steamboats.

CHURCH DEDICATION. — The new Presbyterian church in Howard st. was dedicated to the worship of God yesterday. The dedicating sermon was delivered by Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, to a large congregation. Churches in San Francisco are becoming quite plentiful.

A STABBING CASE. — Late on Saturday night, a party of Germans were drinking and carousing in a bar-room on Pacific street, when a difficulty arose between two of them, one of whom was named Whitzner. High words ensued, and Whitzner retreated, when the other drawing a bowie knife from his belt, pursued and cut him severely in the abdomen. Whitzner was immediately taken to the house of Dr. Burns, where his wound was dressed, and some doubt is entertained of his recovery. The man who committed the act was arrested and will be examined before the Recorder to-day.

WELLS' BUILDING. — The repairs upon this fine brick structure at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, are now nearly completed. Messrs. Cooke & Lecount have already opened their book and stationery store in this building on Montgomery street.

AWFUL AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR. — Yesterday afternoon a man came into the station house and gave information to the Captain of Police, that there was a mysterious looking box in the rear of a house on Vallejo street, from which blood was issuing. The hair of Capt. Ray stood up in horror, "each particular hair" resembling the quills "upon the fretful porcupine." Wishing for this time to get in advance of the Vigilance Committee, he gathered around him a posse of officers, and with blanched faces they started to view the horrible scene. On their way they met Constable Elleard, and all proceeded to the place described, where surely a box was found from which blood was oozing out. It was a suspicious looking box, and was immediately surrounded by the police force, a hammer and chisel procured, and the solemn operation of opening was commenced. The top was taken off, when a most "ancient and fish like smell" proceeded from the box, and a sack somewhat bloody and apparently containing a body, was discovered packed in the box. Suspicion had now arisen to certainty. The mysterious and horrible affair was about being unraveled. Capt. Ray with due solemnity untied the sack and exhibited to the horrified gaze of the assembled force, the body of a full grown — sheep cut up in pieces. The posse, satisfied with their afternoon labors, returned to the police office. How the sheep came there still is, and probably will continue to remain a mystery.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT. — The boys amused themselves yesterday by getting an old black hat and filling it with bricks, inverting it on the street opposite the El Dorado. Gentlemen passing by would consider it their bounden duty to exert all their strength in kicking the hat, unconscious of its contents, which would stub their toes, particularly if their boots were fashionable



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and thin-toed. This would of course excite the laughter of the boys. One gentleman in particular, passing by, gave the obnoxious article a desperate kick, which not only upset it and exhibited the bricks, but also upset him, when, strange as it may appear, a brick rolled out of his own hat!

DROWNED. — A man fell from the side of the ship *Eugene*, lying off Market Street Wharf, yesterday afternoon, and was drowned. An inquest will be held to day.

ASSAULT. — Francisco Nevadi was arrested yesterday, on the complaint of a señorita that he had committed an assault upon her. The idea of the lower order of Mexican, is that they have a right to beat a woman whenever she offends them, an idea which our laws will tend to drive out of their heads.

PACKET STATION ON THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND. — The New York Tribune learns from Ireland that the advantages which the harbors on the Western coast of the Island, and especially Galway, offer to American commerce, are about to be set forth in a memorial to the President and Congress of the United States, which will bear signatures of great respectability from Dublin and other parts of the Island. The Tribune says: It is contended that the voyage would average at least forty hours less time than to Liverpool, and might be accomplished with greater safety and with less delay from unfavorable winds. The memorial will ask to have the U.S. Mail steamers stop at Galway instead of going to Liverpool. We have no doubt its petition will be respectfully considered, and that such action will be taken on it as on mature consideration shall be found most advantageous to the interests concerned. If it is a fact that the transit between Europe and America can be made more quickly and safely by way of Galway, that most eventually be the route.


A SOFA MADE OF COAL. — The Fife Advertiser, referring to one peculiar characteristic of the coal found in that district, which can be converted into articles of household furniture, such as looking-glass frames, writing desks, chairs, and tables, states that Mr. William Williamson is at present engaged in making a sofa wholly composed of coal. It is nine feet long, with three compartments or divisions, and is sufficient to contain seven people sitting on it. The front standards are beautifully carved, displaying three mongrel animals, which forcibly remind the spectators of those richly carved figures that appear so frequently in Dr. Layard's remains of ancient Babylon. This rare geological curiosity was ordered by General Wemyss, and it is highly probable that it will appear at the Great Exhibition, as it was ordered to be finished previous to that time; and as the General holds an appointment in the Queen's household, it may yet be transferred from the Crystal Palace to the palace of her Majesty.

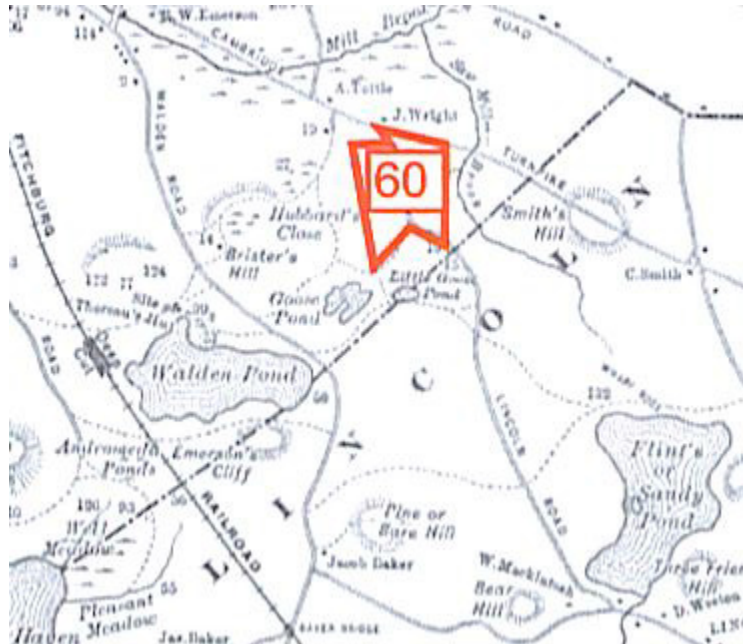


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]

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 June 17, Tuesday, 18, Wednesday, 21, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Edmund Hosmer](#), a farm on Sandy Pond Road. Several copies of this survey are at the Concord Free Public Library. These help to locate James Wright's land, Mrs. Heartwell Bigelow's, 's, F.S. Gourgas's, 's, Augustus Tuttle's, and the edge of the Ministerial Lot. Hosmer had bought of the early Prescott family, sold to George Everett, then to William H. Devens, Asa Calef, and the Roots. Hosmer bought the old Hunt property on Lowell Road near the bridge, and sold some farmland to [Waldo Emerson](#), June 6, 1855, in the western part of Concord.




[Charley Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Toronto, Canada to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, relating events of a meeting in [Toronto](#), and travel plans.

It is likely to have been in this timeframe that [John Brown Russworm](#) died at Cape Palmas, Harper, [Liberia](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]

 June 18, Wednesday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#) presented its usual abundance of "City Intelligence":

"LAW AND ORDER." — A handbill was being exhibited around town yesterday, [?] signed by that celebrated definite and always [?] "Many Citizens," [?] Sunday next for the purpose of sustaining "Law and Order." The handbill denounces in most vigorous terms, the Vigilance Committee, as a band of "midnight murderers," and addresses itself very feelingly to the community. [see more, below]

BRICK BUILDINGS. — The disposition to erect substantial brick edifices in this city, instead of the light, frail wooden buildings which will burn down in a few minutes, seems to be becoming very general. Among the improvements in this respect, we notice a range of solid brick stores going up in Merchant

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street, being erected by Henry M. Naglee, Esq. Merchant is becoming a very handsome street.

THE FANCY. — Professor Campbell gives a Sparring Exhibition at the California Exchange this evening, at which the champion Sinclair will set to with the Professor.

THE BURGLARY CASE. — Yates, the man who was arrested on Sunday night, was examined yesterday before the Recorder, on the charge of grand larceny. He was arrested on Sunday night at the request of his wife, who attracted Constable Elleard and some citizens to her house by her cries of murder, and who charged him with an assault upon her. It was observed that before he was arrested, he appeared very anxious to pass something which he held in his hand, to his wife. This was found to be a gold watch, and Constable Elleard then having suspicion that there was some cause for this desire to conceal the watch, arrested Yates. Yesterday the watch fully identified and most positively sworn to by M. Robert, the proprietor of the store where the burglary was committed. Yates professes that he bought the watch of a pedlar. The officer thinks that Adams was in Yates's house when he was arrested, and it is supposed that he was one of the gang who committed this burglary, just "to keep his hand in," after he had broken jail. Yates was held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 to answer to the Court of Sessions for grand larceny. He is defended by M.T. O'Connor. The woman who calls herself Yates' wife, but who is said to be the former mistress of Adams, was also arrested yesterday, and will have an examination this morning.

THE BURGLARY CASES. — The case of Watkins and Brier, charged with burglary, is set down for today in the District Court. It is a pity that the county jail had not been completed before the arch-fiend of the party, Adams, had escaped, so that he could have been arraigned with them.

BANDBOX MARY. — A warrant was yesterday issued for the arrest of this somewhat celebrated female whom we last had occasion to chronicle as having been confined in the brig as insane. She was arrested yesterday on a charge of "kicking up a muss generally" in Dupont street, and of insulting Mrs. Swift, opposite whom she lives, in particular. Mary is getting to be quite a character.

A CART LOAD. — A live Yankee has adopted the plan of traveling up and down Long wharf, with a horse and wagon, the latter filled with literature for sale, of every description from the horrifying yellow covered stories of robbers and murderers up to the classics and histories.

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN. — A Frenchman, naturally keen-eyed but at the same time slightly oblivious from too much liquor, was amusing himself amid a large crowd around yesterday on Long wharf, by endeavoring to pick out of the planks one of the spike heads which had become flattened down, and which he insisted was *l'argent*. He remained delusively digging away with his jack knife till a mischievous boy upset him, when he arose and walked off, apparently much disgusted, taking up both sides of the wharf, uttering "sacres" in any quantity.

FIRE PROOFS. — The splendid fire proof building of Burgoyne & Co.,



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at the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, is nearly completed. A neat little fire proof is also going up at the corner of Commercial and Montgomery, at the head of Long Wharf, to be used as the banking house of Drexel, Sather & Church. These fire proof buildings at the principal corners, will be found useful in staying the flames, should we be so unfortunate as ever to have another fire in this city.

THE CISTERNS. — A paper was in circulation yesterday with the object of obtaining from citizens a sufficient sum to pay for the filling of the cistern on the plaza. It appeared to meet with very good success.

AFFRAY. — There was an interesting affray on Monday night between two gentlemen named Warner and Mason, in which a pistol shot was fired, which grazed one of them on the thumb. The other received a large sized eye which yesterday morning was dressed in deep mourning. No legal explanation was had, the parties having compromised the matter.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN. — To one who has been taught to consider woman as a holy object, around whose heart cluster in rich profusion all the good, generous and virtuous feelings of nature, what can be more disgusting than a drunken woman? Passing up Pacific street yesterday we observed a woman, young and rather pretty, but in such a beastly state of intoxication that she could scarcely walk. Bad enough, disgusting enough is it to see a man drowning his godlike faculties in rum, but when a woman descends from her heavenly nature, and thus places herself on the level with a brute, it is sufficient to make one heart-sick.

JENNY LIND THEATRE. — This evening will be presented an interesting bill, and Madame Foubert, a French vocalist, will make her first appearance in San Francisco.

DRUGGING. — Another case of this cowardly mode of committing a robbery occurred night before last, on Long Wharf. It is the same old story — A miner who came down here a few days since, was invited to drink, drank but once, and awoke in the morning on the wharf, minus the sum of six hundred dollars. The rascals who practise this game ought to be hunted out.

GEN. BRADY. — We find in one of our exchanges the following notice of Gen. Brady, who, it was reported, was killed. Subsequent accounts differ. We hope he still lives to sing "Benny Havens, Oh!"

Old as this aged veteran is, he will yet live to read the eulogiums passed upon him on his supposed demise. The telegraphic despatch recently announcing his death was entirely incorrect. The facts are simply these: About 12 o'clock, Thursday, 10th April, while the General was driving a spirited span of horses through Miami avenue, Detroit, his horses took fright at the the [sic] telegraph wire, now being strung from Detroit to Port Huron, and ran away. After running a short distance, Gen. Brady was thrown from his buggy, and striking his head violently against a post, fractured his skull over the left eye. He was immediately picked up by Messrs. William and Avery Brush, and carried into the house of John W. Strong, when Dr. Rice and other physicians were called in, who rendered such



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assistance as could be given, and are still attending on him. Gen. B. lies in a very critical position, more from the loss of blood than from the breaking of the skull. The brain is not injured, and the General is sensible of all that transpires, but is very low. We obtain the above particulars from the Detroit papers, published after the supposed death of Gen. Brady was announced by telegraph. Up to Friday night (our latest information from Detroit) he was alive and getting much better; and Dr. Rice thought he would get over the injury. Gen. Brady is a native of Pennsylvania, and entered the array March 7, 1792, as an ensign of infantry – fought under Gen Wayne, served through the last war, and on the 6th of July, 1812, was appointed Colonel of the 22d Infantry, and has been a Brigadier General by brevet since July 6, 1822, with his head quarters at Detroit. He took an active part in quelling the Canadian “Patriot” disturbances on the frontier, so far as they came under his jurisdiction. He is greatly beloved by the people of Detroit, with whom he has lived for a great number of years.

LAW AND ORDER. – We have understood that a handbill was printed yesterday, and copies of them found their way into circulation, calling for a meeting of the citizens, on the Plaza, on Sunday next, for the purpose of expressing their disapprobation of the action of the Vigilance Committee and citizens generally, and sustaining “law and order.” We are informed that the terms used in the placard are of the grossest character. The object of such a meeting can only be to agitate the community, excite the bitterest passions, and produce discord, disturbance, and riot. That such a result would inevitably follow the convention of such a meeting is perfectly manifest, and those who have set it on foot are certainly aware of its pernicious tendency. The document purports to emanate from “Many Citizens.” We understand that Mayor Brenham has directed that the issue of the handbills be stopped, as their circulation will have a tendency to create a breach of the peace. We hope he has done so, for we dread the consequences that may ensue should the project be carried any further.

RIDICULOUS. – It stated in some of the papers that a petition is in circulation in Portland, Me., praying the U.S. Government to send a national vessel to California, for the purpose of taking home such persons as are desirous of returning, but are unable to do so for want of means. Of course, such an extremely modest request will be at once acceded to.

DESPATCH. – The clipper ship *Eclipse*, consigned to Messrs. Beck & Elam, was discharged at Pacific Wharf, by Capt T.H. Allen, Stevedore, in the short space of nine days. This is a quick.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]

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June 19, Thursday, [1851](#): According to the [National Anti-Slavery Standard](#), [Henry "Box" Brown](#) had had



himself put in a box in Bradford, England, and shipped to Lees — when the box was opened with ceremony, he arose to deliver to the assembly one of his anti-slavery lectures.



This must have been quite a crowd-pleaser!



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 20, Friday, [1851](#): The brig *Mary Stuart* was beginning a voyage to Mazatlán, Cuba when it wrecked at the outlet to [San Francisco](#) Bay (all on board were rescued).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 21, Saturday, [1851](#): In London, at the 1st international chess tournament, during a break, Adolf Anderssen and Lionel Kieseritzky engaged in an informal chess encounter that for sufficient reason has since come to be referred to as “the Immortal Game” (after Anderssen sacrificed both rooks, a bishop, and his queen, he had remaining only 3 minor pieces — with which he [checkmated](#) Kieseritzky’s king).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]

PAINTING



June 22, Sunday, [1851](#): [David Macbeth Moir](#) was seriously injured while dismounting from his horse.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The sixth great fire. It began a few minutes before eleven o'clock in the morning, in a frame house situated on the north

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side of Pacific street, close to Powell street. The high winds which usually set in about this hour from the ocean during the summer season, speedily fanned the flames, and drove them south and east. All day they spread from street to street, consuming one building-square after another. The water reservoirs happened to be nearly empty, and even where the firemen had water enough for the engines, their exertions were of little use in stopping the conflagration. Nor was it much better with the hook and ladder companies, whose useful operations were thwarted by the owners of the property they were seeking to pull down for the common good. Subsequent inquiries seemed to show that the fire must have been raised by incendiaries, while several attempts were detected during the day to kindle various distant quarters of the town, yet untouched by the flames. The fire extended from Powell nearly to Sansome street, and from Clay street to Broadway. Within these limits ten entire squares were destroyed, and large parts of six others. The total damage was estimated at three millions of dollars. Happily the chief business portion of the town escaped, and which had suffered so severely six or seven weeks before. In the fire of the 4th May, every newspaper establishment in the city, except that of the Alta California, was totally destroyed. In the fire of the 22d instant, all escaped, except that of the journal named. These conflagrations made no distinctions of persons or properties; but with a wild justice, sooner or later, reduced all to the same level. The proprietors of the Alta now lost their building, presses, types, paper and office furniture, just as their brethren of the broad sheet were ruined before. The City Hall, located at the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets, which had been originally erected at an immense expense as a hotel, and was purchased more than a year before by the corporation for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and improved at a heavy cost, was totally consumed, although the principal office records were saved. Mr. Thomas Maguire, the proprietor of the "Jenny Lind Theatre," on the plaza, which was a most valuable building, now lost all again, - a sixth time, by fire! But it is needless to particularize losses, where every citizen may be said to have been burned out several times, and to have again and again lost his all. With a sigh or a laugh, according to the temperament of the sufferer, he just began once more to raise his house, stock it with new goods, and arrange his future plans. The indefatigable spider was at work again. Many of the buildings erected since these last fires show a wonderful improvement in strength and grandeur. When the work was to be done it was now well done; and it is believed that if any buildings can possibly be made fire proof in the most trying circumstances, many have now been made so in San Francisco. Solid brick walls, two and three feet in thickness, double shutters and doors of malleable iron, with a space two feet wide between them, and huge tanks of water, that could flood the whole building from roof to cellar, seem to defy the ravages of the fiercest future conflagration. Of that substantial character are many of the banking establishments, the principal stores and merchants' offices, and the most important houses in the city. This improved style of building has chiefly been rendered necessary by the great conflagrations we have had occasion to notice. Of

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the different companies formed for extinguishing fires we treat in a subsequent chapter. It is believed that they form the most complete and efficient organization of their kind in the world. The six great fires successively destroyed nearly all the old buildings and land-marks of Yerba Buena. We extract the following pleasantly written lamentation on this subject from the "Alta California" of 21st September, 1851:- "The fires of May and June of the present year, swept away nearly all the relics of the olden time in the heart of the city. The old City Hotel [corner of Kearny and Clay streets], so well known and remembered by old Californians, after standing unscathed through three fatal fires, fell at the fourth. How many memories cling around that old building! It was the first hotel started in [San Francisco](#), then the village of Yerba Buena, in the year 1846. When the mines were first discovered, and [San Francisco](#) was literally overflowing with gold, it was the great gaming headquarters. Thousands and thousands of dollars were there staked on the turn of a single card, and scenes such as never were before, and never again will be witnessed, were exhibited in that old building during the years 1848 and 1849. In the spring of '49, the building was leased out at sixteen thousand dollars per annum, cut up into small stores and rooms, and under-leased at an enormous profit. Newer and handsomer buildings were erected and opened as hotels, and the old 'City' became neglected, deserted, forgotten: then it burned down, and this relic of the olden time of [San Francisco](#) was among the things that were. Then the old adobe custom-house that had been first built for that purpose, and then used as a guard-house and military office by the Americans, and then afterwards as the American custom-house, was also burned. The wooden building directly back of it, with the portico, was also one of the old buildings-erected and occupied by Samuel Brannan, Esq. in 1847. [In this house were exhibited the first specimens of gold brought from the placeres.] This also was burned, and all that remains of 1847, in the vicinity of the plaza, is the old adobe on Dupont street. This building, in the latter part of '47 and '48 was occupied by Robert A. Parker as a large trading establishment. This has stood through all the fires, and it is hoped that it may remain for years as a relic of the past." That hope was vain. In the following year the adobe on Dupont street was pulled down to make way for finer houses on its site. So has it been with all the relics of six or eight years' standing. What the fires left, the progress of improvement swept from the ground.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

[Henry Thoreau](#)'s "To be calm, to be serene!" of this date:



June 22, Sunday, 1851: ...To be calm to be serene –there is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind –there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified & calmed healthily as we never were before in our lives –not by an opiate –but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws –so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves All the world goes by us & is reflected in our deeps.

has been accessed by John Wilmerding in AMERICAN LIGHT: THE LUMINIST MOVEMENT 1850-1875; PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS (National Gallery of Art, Washington DC: Harper & Row, 1980), on page 99 in an essay entitled "The Luminist Movement: Some Reflections," in an attempt to explicate the paintings of the American [Luminists](#). He suggests the following paintings and drawings as visualizations of this passage:

- 1852: Fitz Hugh Lane's painting "Entrance of Somes Sound from Southwest Harbor"
- 1858: Aaron Draper Shattuck's drawing of "Lake George"
- 1866: S.R. Stoddard's photographs of "Upper Saranac Lake"
- 1866: Carleton Watkins's photograph of "Mirror Lake, Yosemite"
- 1866: Sanford Gifford's painting "Hook Mountain, Hudson"
- 1868-1869: Timothy O'Sullivan's photograph "Summits of the Uinta Mountains, Utah Territory"
- 1872: David Johnson's drawing of "Tongue Mountain, Lake George"

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed on a Sunday (evidently for free because he did not enter his hours into his survey logbook) to help deal with a case in which a mill dam, thrown across Nashoba Brook for Robbins and Daniel Weatherbee's mill, had flooded the cellar of J. Hapgood's home upstream on the south side of Groton Road in Acton:



June 22, Sunday: Is the shrub with yellow blossoms which I found last week near the Lincoln Road while surveying for E Hosmer and thought to be *Xylosteum ciliatum* or fly Honeysuckle the same with the Yellow Diervilla which I find in Laurel glen today? The birch is the surveyor's tree– It makes the best stakes to look at through the sights of a compass except when there is snow on the ground. Their white bark was not made in vain. In surveying woodlots I have frequent occasion to say this is what they were made for. I see that Dugan has trimmed off & peeled the limbs of the willows on the Turnpike to sell at the Acton Powder-Mill. I believe they get 8 dollars a cord for this wood. J. Hapgood of Acton got me last Friday to compare the level of his cellar bottom with his garden – for as he says when Robbins & Wetherbee keep the water of Nashoba brook back so as to flood his garden it comes into his cellar. I found that part of the garden five inches lower than the cellar bottom. Men are affected in various ways by the actions of others If a man far away builds a dam I have water in my cellar He said that the water was some times a foot deep in the garden. We are enabled to criticise others only when we are different from & in a given particular superior to them ourselves. By our aloofness from men and their affairs we are enabled to overlook & criticise them. There are but few men who stand on the hills by the road-side. I am sane only when I have risen above my common sense– When I do not take the foolish view of things which is commonly taken. When I do not live for the low ends for which men commonly live. Wisdom is not common. To what purpose have I senses if I am thus absorbed in affairs My pulse must beat with nature After a hard day's work without a thought turning my very brain in to a mere tool, only in the quiet of evening do I so far recover my senses as to hear the cricket which in fact has been chirping all day. In my better hours I am conscious of the influx of a serene & unquestionable wisdom which partly unfits and if I yielded to it more rememberingly would wholly unfit me for what is called the active business of life –for that furnishes nothing on which the eye of


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reason can rest. What is that other kind of life to which I am thus continually allured? –which alone I love? Is it a life for this world? Can a man feed and clothe himself gloriously who keeps only the truth steadily before him? who calls in no evil to his aid? Are there duties which necessarily interfere with the serene perception of truth? Are our serene moments mere foretastes of heaven joys gratuitously vouchsafed to us as a consolation –or simply a transient realization of what might be the whole tenor of our lives?

To be calm to be serene –there is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind –there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified & calmed healthily as we never were before in our lives –not by an opiate –but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws –so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves All the world goes by us & is reflected in our deeps. Such clarity! obtained by such pure means! by simple living –by honesty of purpose –we live & rejoice. I awoke into a music which no one about me heard –whom shall I thank for it? The luxury of wisdom! the luxury of virtue! are there any intemperate in these things? I feel my maker blessing me. To the sane man the world is a musical instrument– The very touch affords an exquisite pleasure.

As I walk the Rail road causeway I notice that the fields & meadows have acquired various tinges as the season advances the sun gradually using all his paints– There is the rosaceous evening red tinge of red clover like an evening-sky gone down upon the grass– The white-weed tinge– The white clover tinge. which reminds me how sweet it smells. The tall butter-cup stars the meadow on another side telling of the wealth of daisies– The blue-eyed grass so beautiful near at hand imparts a kind of slate or clay blue tinge to the meads.

It is hot noon– The white pines are covered with froth at the base of the new shoots, as I noticed the pitch pines were a week ago –as if they perspired. I am threading an open pitch & white pine wood –easily traversed –where the pine needles redden all the ground which is as smooth as a carpet still the blackberries love to creep over this floor, for it is not many years since this was a blackberry field– And I hear around me but never in sight the many wood-thrushes [**Wood Thrush**  *Catharus mustelina*] –whetting their steel-like notes– Such keen singers It takes a fiery heat– Many dry pine leaves added to the furnace of the sun to temper their strains– Always they are either rising or falling to a new strain. After what a moderate pause they deliver themselves again saying ever a new thing –avoiding repetition– Methinks answering one another While most other birds take their siesta –the wood-thrush discharges his song.

The domestic ox has his horns tipped with brass, this & his shoes are the badges of servitude which he wears –as if he would soon get to jacket & trowsers– I am singularly affected when I look over a herd of reclining oxen in their pasture –& find that every one has these brazen balls on his horns–

They are partly humanized so It is not pure brute There is art added. Where are these balls sold? Who is their maker. The bull has a ring in his nose. The *Lysimachia Quadrifolia* –exhibits its small yellow blossoms now in the woodpath

Butter & eggs has blossomed–

The *Uvularia Vulgaris* or bladderwort –a yellow pealike flower has blossomed in stagnant pools.



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June 23, Monday, 1851: The Daily Alta California announced what it would seem everybody already knew locally, that there had just been yet another deadly and costly conflagration in the city of San Francisco, California, and that this had unquestionably been the doing of arsonists, some of whom had been caught in the act (the intent of these arsonists was not in any way considered):

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION!!
TEN SQUARES BURNED.
Loss of Three Millions of Dollars!!
ARREST OF INCENDIARIES.

It becomes our painful duty to record another great fire in San Francisco – the sixth that has occurred in our city within the last two years. Yesterday morning, a little after ten o'clock, the dreadful cry of "Fire" was raised, and crowds immediately gathered around the building where it originated. This was in Pacific street, on the north side, near Powell street, in a two-story wooden building. Fire was first discovered breaking out of the roof and under the eaves of the house. A few moments before the fire the air seemed calm and stirless, but with the progress of the flames a wind seemed to rise, and in a few minutes a strong gale blew from the Northwest. Next door to the house where the fire was first seen was the carpenters' shop of Morriss & Reynolds, which immediately caught. The fire spread from this down Pacific street, when the building at the corner of an alley near Stockton street was torn down with the hope of arresting the flames. A pile of lumber in the rear of the house where the fire originally caught, was soon on fire and in a few minutes the whole block to Broadway and on to Stockton street was in a blaze. The fire about half-past ten crossed Pacific street, and with the strong wind blowing, soon communicated to the whole block as far as Jackson street. Houses on the corner of Jackson and Stockton streets were torn down, but with no avail. The wind had arisen to a perfect hurricane, and as there was no water in that vicinity there was nothing to be done but gaze upon the progress of the flames over a portion of the city built, of the most combustible materials. At the time the fire crossed Stockton street it at the same time spread down Broadway, Pacific and Jackson streets. Along the former it burnt on the side toward the Plaza as far as Kearny street. On Pacific street it burned to Ohio street, taking the City Hall and the City Hospital in its course. On Jackson street it reached to a few houses below Montgomery street. The fire burned furiously along Stockton street, on both sides, nearly down to Washington street, where by the most extraordinary exertion the frame building on the corner of Washington and Stockton street, owned by W.D.M. Howard, Esq. and occupied by Dr. Wozencraft, was saved. Blankets were thrown over the roof, which was kept continually wet, and thus the fire was here combatted. It then crossed in a diagonal direction in the rear of the Baptist church, which was also saved, into Washington street, burning down the hospital of Dr. Arthur B. Stout and the adjoining buildings. It passed down Washington and along Dupont street. On the latter street it stopped at the old adobe building. Coming down Washington street it caught the Jackson House. The buildings on Dupont street, between Washington and Pacific



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streets, were all on fire, and then the whole city seemed again threatened with destruction. The Jackson House and the house adjoining was burned, while the California restaurant, above and adjoining our office, was blown up. At the time the fire was spreading down Washington street it was being met by the burning of the buildings on Kearny street, which, being nearly all of wood, burned very readily. The flames caught below our office in the wooden buildings between it and the Bella Union, and then it was that our office caught, after we had removed from it all it was possible to save. The house known as the "Louisiana" was torn down, the doors of the Bella Union closed, and the latter left to take its chance. At the same the flames were crossing from Dupont street to the light frame buildings in the rear of the old adobe, which soon caught and burned.

Crossing in the rear of the Verandah the fire extend down Washington street to Sansome, taking both sides of the street as far as Montgomery street, stopping on the South side at Burgess's new building. On Montgomery street, the West side if burned entirely from Pacific strict to Washington, and the East side with the exception of the building of J.B. Bideleman, J. Friedlander and J. Wilbur near the corner of Jackson street. Between Washington and Clay street the only building burned was on the West side, near the comer of Merchant street, and occupied by Messrs. Cronin & Marley. From Washington street, the fire crossed over in the rear of "El Dorado" to the new theatre, which was soon enveloped in flames, and to the buildings in its rear, soon communicating into Merchant and from there crossing into Clay street on the North side below the California Exchange. The building on Clay street next to the Exchange was torn down and the remainder of the building on the North side burned as far as the brick building occupied by Tallant & Wilde on the corner of Montgomery street. Here the fire appeared to be stayed, the engines having been playing upon all the houses east of the Plaza, and most rigorous efforts had been made to save them.

The scene upon the Plaza was terrific and singular. Goods were moved to it from all parts of the city, and after the buildings on the North side and the adobe building had caught and were burning, many of the goods on the Washington side of the Plaza were soon in flames. They were moved and removed, and many of them deposited on the lot vacated by the burning of the City Hotel at the last fire. The buildings on Pacific and Jackson street and the blocks between them were principally occupied by a French and Mexican population.

The patients in the City Hospital, numbering about ninety, were removed into a lot in the rear of the hospital and were afterward taken to a building at the foot of Dupont street on the North Beat where they were comfortably provided for.

The prisoners in the City Prison were immediately remanded to the County Jail, and all the books of record in the Recorder's and Marshal's office were saved. The buildings saved upon the Plaza are the Bella Union, the Custom House, Verandah, El Dorado, Union, and California Exchange, together with the wooden buildings between the Union and California Exchange. The Union was saved by the greatest exertions. While the theatre was burning, the Union was smoking, and only by the most constant



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application of the engine companies, and the fearless labor of personal friends of the proprietors was the Union prevented from burning. The principal houses destroyed upon the Plaza are the Alta California office, Lafayette Restaurant, Jackson House, the Old Adobe, Louisiana, Maguire's house, (the Jenny Lind Theatre.) Tho Presbyterian Church of Rev. Albert Williams, in Stockton street, was burned.

The burned district extends down Broadway to Kearny street, along Kearny, taking both sides, to Pacific, down Pacific to Ohio, and along Montgomery street, taking in on Jackson and Washington streets a small portion below Montgomery to Washington, tip Washington and Clay streets to Dupont, along Dupont to Washington, up Washington to near Stockton and crossing over, along Stockton to Pacific, and up Pacific to the house where the fire originated, near the corner of Powell street.

The house where the fire originated was situated on Powell street, between Jackson and Pacific, and owned by Messrs. Kirby and Bennett. One of the owners, Mr. Kirby, occupied the kitchen in company with a man by the name of Lippencott. The parlor, front rooms and attic were occupied by Messrs. Delessert, Ligeron & Co., bankers. Mr. Kirby states that no fire was used about the house for any purpose whatever. No cooking was done there. It is therefore concluded that the fire was the work of an incendiary^ Charles S. Lyons was found burned to death on Jackson street, between Dupont and Kearny. No particulars could be obtained concerning the manner of his death. The Coroner will hold en inquest upon the body to-day. Mr. Bach, of tho firm of Bach, Burnett & Co., was burned to death in endeavoring to save his storeroom.

Geo. Hubbard, a native of Scotland, about 40 years of are, who bad been confined to his bed in a house in Jackson street for eight days past, expired while being removed to the Plaza. It is understood that the Committee of Vigilance have nude a large number of arrests, en charges of incendiarism and theft committed daring the fire. Three wore tried and honorably acquitted. Others arc still ironed and held in custody for future examination.

Then is no doubt that this terrific fire was the work of an incendiary. The time selected was a good one, just as people were going to church on Sunday morning, and the place was upon a hill, from which the fire must inevitably have spread to the whole city. Heaven protect the demon who is proved to have been concerned in this diabolical act. It is impossible at present to give anything like an accurate account of the amount of property destroyed or of the losses. Probably about five hundred houses and three millions dollars worth of property have been destroyed.

This fire although small in comparison with the last, has fallen upon a class of citizens who were barely able to bear it. Most of them are poor men, men whose all was invested in the houses and goods which have been destroyed. A great deal of lumber has been burned up, and it will be a long time, we fear ere our burned district is built over again.

The thanks of the citizens of San Francisco are due to Lieut. McGowan, of the revenue cutter Polk, who with twenty-five men



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labored manfully in combating the flames on Washington, Stockton and Jackson streets. Among the incidents of the fire we may notice that a beautiful white male child about a year old was brought into the office of Justice McGowan and delivered to Mr. Wells, the clerk. The deliverer or the receiver had no idea to whom the child belonged, and it was given by Mr. Wells to a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was a housekeeper, and an hour afterwards the child was claimed by his mother, who had given him in her hurry to a Mexican woman whom she had lost in the crowd. Dr. Mitchell, of the cutter Ewing, was also on shore, with a number of men who were busily employed during the progress of the fire in various parts of the city, and to whom much praise is due.

There was evidently an arranged plan to set fire to and consume the city. Long before the fire reached in that vicinity, a man was discovered attempting to set fire to Pacific street wharf. He was arrested and it is understood was handed over to the Vigilance Committee. The portion of Marvin & Hitchcock building, occupied by Louis Killeir and a segar [sic] store, was fired in the rear by some miscreant who broke one of the panes of glass in the sash of the door leading to the yard and set fire to the curtain of the window; the mark of the match ignited for the purpose is visible on the door. More than ever we are convinced by this that there is in this city an organized band sworn to destroy it — everything connected with this fire has certainly shown it.

By this fire many poor people are really burned out and left without a place to lay their heads. — Many who had removed their goods to the Plaza and on the hills at the head of Kearny and Dupont streets, remained with them through the night. The fire in various parts of the city continued blazing till a late hour, lining the heavens with a lurid glare.

Below we give a list of losses and persons burned out, as far as they have come in:

H. Sheppard. \$15,000; Mrs. Ross, 10,000; M. Dennison. 6,000; Dr. Hall & Co., 8,000; J.C. Hackett, 2,000; Palmer, Cook & Co., 5,000; Sims & Havens, 8,000; M. Keysing, 3,000; C. Koch, 2,500; J. Lilly, 2,610; J.W. Conner, 25; J.E. Spence, 3,000; A.J. Bowie, 1,000; Dr. Hastings, 6,000; A. Munson, 500; B. Davidson, 6,000; Polka House 6,000; Old Guard Restaurant, 6,000; Schaffer & Van Bergen, 8,000; Tobin & Dixon, 6,000; Wallace, Dixon & Co. 5,000; J.B. Huie & Co., 1,000; Fox & OConnor, 8,000; White & Watson, Kearny street 2,500; Everett & Co., 2,000; Kelsey, Smith, & Risley, —; Joseph Poisson & Co., Univers Restaurant, Kearny street, 6,000; J. & C. Levy, Clay street, 900; Jackson Restaurant, Washington street, 20,500; California do. 10,000; Alta California, 60,000; Kenniff & Tinegan, 500; J. Hart & Co. 5,000; W. Longmann & Co., 10,000; Cobb & Co, 8,000; Smiley, Korn & Co., 5,000; McKenzie, Thompson & Co., 60,000; Mawson Brothers 50,000; Markwald, Caspari & Co., 25,000; Blackburn & Co. 10,000; W.E. Keyes & Co., Clay street, 3,000; Stedman & White, 3,000; S. & B. Harris, 3,000; Hayes & Bailey, 3,000; L. Reinstein & Co, 3,500; W.G. Badger, 20,000; R. Josephs & Co., 15,000; J. & M. Phelan, 40,000; P. Acrobat ft Co., 3,000.

From China.

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We have received dates from Hong Kong two weeks later than our previous advices. The only item of importance we extract [sic] from the China Mail of the 30th of April:

On Monday, the 27th of April, Mr. Caldwell received information from a source in which he could place reliance, that a plan had been formed by certain [Chinese](#) to seize the H.&C. steamer *Hong Kong*, on her way to Canton, with a lac [sic] and a half of dollars. Arms had been conveyed on board the day previous, and the scheme was, that some twenty individuals should take passage in the steamer, and in conjunction with the stokers, rise upon and overpower the crew. Mr. Caldwell instantly communicated with Capt. Massie, who despatched the screw sloop *Reynard* after the steamer, while Captain Glendy of the United States sloop *Marion*, with three officers and thirty men, followed of his own accord in the *Spark*. The *Reynard* anchored about 11 o'clock off Deep Bay, a few miles below the Bogue, with the intention of despatching boats in the morning to scour it, in case bad news was received by the *Spark*, in which Capt. Cracroft and Mr. Caldwell had accompanied Capt. Glendy towards Whampoa in search of information. But fortunately while off the Bogue, they fell in with a vessel which had seen the steamer all safe at 4 p.m., three miles above Tiger Island. The steamers therefore returned to this harbor.

On the arrival of the *Hong Kong* last night, Mr. Caldwell with a party of police went off and apprehended the whole of the strikers and crew. One of the leaders in the affair, who had gone up and returned on the steamer as a passenger, escaped his observation for the time, but was apprehended by him late last night in a Tai-pings-han. The case is now undergoing an investigation.

TERRIBLE AFFAIR. — Last evening, about half-past ten, a terrible affair occurred in a house of ill fame kept by Mary St. Clair, in Merchant street, just below the Plaza. A man named Lewis Pollock, a sporting man from Philadelphia, well known in this city, it seems was in bed with an occupant of the house, a girl named Jane Hurley. A man named Samuel Gallagher, who it seems had been living with the girl previously, went to the door and knocked. Pollock came out, and after some few words, in which Gallagher accused Pollock of having interfered with his rights in connection with the woman, Gallagher drew a pistol and shot Pollock through the head. This is the story that is told by inmates of the house. Tho brains and blood of Pollock were lying in a clotted mass upon the threshold of the room where he had been sleeping. Gallagher was arrested immediately and taken before the Vigilance Committee. The Coroner held an inquest upon the body, and the Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a pistol shot wound, inflicted by Samuel Gallagher.




June 23, Monday: It is a pleasant sound to me the squeaking & the booming of night-hawks [Common Nighthawk [Chordeiles minor](#) (Booming Nighthawk)] flying over high open fields in the woods. They fly like butterflies not to avoid birds of prey but apparently to secure their own insect prey— There is a particular part of the railroad just below the shanty where they may be heard & seen in greatest numbers. But often you must look a long while before you can detect the mote in

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the sky from which the note proceeds.

The common cinquefoil –*potentilla simplex* –greet me with its simple & unobtrusive yellow flower in the grass. The *P. argentea* Hoary Cinquefoil also is now in blossom *P. sarmentosa* –Running Cinquefoil we had common enough in the spring. —

 June 24, Tuesday, 1851: On Midsummers Day (a selected day close to the summer solstice), William Jackson of Kennieside in Cumberland, who weighed merely 14 stone and stood merely 6 feet 1 inch in height, wrestled Robert Atkinson the Sleagill giant at Flan How in Ulverston for the [Cumberland and Westmoreland](#) championship of England and prize money of £300 (about \$2,500). Before an audience of some 10,000 persons, Atkinson won the best-of-5 match by dint of sheer hugeness, a victory that left Jackson, who was as all acknowledged the better wrestler, to return home with a broken spirit and the £5 in get-drunk money (about \$40) that Lord Carlisle had magnanimously handed him for having put on such a jolly good show. Jackson would not wrestle again.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 24TH AND 25TH]

 June 25, Wednesday, 1851: [Thomas Carlyle](#) sent his mother Margaret A. Carlyle in Chelsea a nigger joke, to the effect that the glass of the Crystal Palace had gotten to be so dusty and dim that its architect Sir Henry Cole was being referred to as “‘Koh-i-Nigger’ or the mountain of darkness!”

The word “secular” had been in use for some time, and so a nonce term “secularism” was introduced in The Reasoner, and was explained as confining itself to issues “which can be tested in this life” (this word would begin to come into currency in 1864 to describe an ongoing discernible process of the influence of religion being radically resisted in the spheres of politics and economics, etc.).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 24TH AND 25TH]

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June 26, Thursday, 1851: Frederick Douglass, accepting a subsidy from the "Liberty Party" of Gerrit Smith, the wealthy anti-Garrisonian political activist, changed the name of his newspaper to Frederick Douglass' Paper.



From this point he would "assume fully the right and dignity of an Editor — a Mr. Editor if you please!"



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and no longer identify his editorials with "F.D."



Douglass has made an expedient conversion to save his newspaper. The North Star merged with a Syracuse [New York] Liberty [Party] sheet underwritten by Smith to form a new weekly to be called Frederick Douglass's Paper. Smith and Douglass had wooed each other for months.... The new partners had closed the deal for two years of monthly subsidies shortly before the AAS meeting.





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"Brilliant generalship in itself is a frightening thing – the very idea that the thought processes of a single brain of a Hannibal or a Scipio can play themselves out in the destruction of thousands of young men in an afternoon."

– Victor Davis Hanson, *CARNAGE AND CULTURE: LANDMARK BATTLES IN THE RISE OF WESTERN POWER* (NY: Doubleday, 2001)

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In Mitre Court Chambers, Temple, London, England, Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy dotted the final “i” and crossed the final “t” of his Eurocentric-supremacist and entirely unabashed glorification of our human tragicomedy, to be known to teenage males and others fascinated by the pornography of violence, ever after, as *THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO* (London: Macmillan & Company, 1851):

It is an honorable characteristic of the Spirit of this Age, that projects of violence and warfare are regarded among civilized states with gradually increasing aversion. The Universal Peace Society certainly does not, and probably never will, enrol the majority of statesmen among its members. But even those who look upon the Appeal of Battle as occasionally unavoidable in international controversies, concur in thinking it a deplorable necessity, only to be resorted to when all peaceful modes of arrangement have been vainly tried; and when the law of self-defense justifies a State, like an individual, in using force to protect itself from imminent and serious injury. For a writer, therefore, of the present day to choose battles for his favorite topic, merely because they were battles; merely because so many myriad's of troops were arrayed in them, and so many hundreds or thousands of human beings stabbed, hewed, or shot each other to death during them, would argue strange weakness or depravity of mind. Yet it cannot be denied that a fearful and wonderful interest is attached to these scenes of carriage. There is undeniable greatness in the disciplined courage, and in the love of honor, which make the combatants confront agony and destruction. And the powers of the human intellect are rarely more strongly displayed than they are in the Commander, who regulates, arrays, and wields at his will these masses of armed disputants; who, cool yet daring, in the midst of peril, reflects on all, and provides for all, ever ready with fresh resources and designs, as the vicissitudes of the storm of slaughter require. But these qualities, however high they may appear, are to be found in the basest as well as in the noblest of mankind. Catiline was as brave a soldier as Leonidas, and a much better officer. Alva surpassed the Prince of Orange in the field; and Suwarrow was the military superior of Kosciusko. To adopt the emphatic words of Byron:—

“’Tis the Cause makes all,
Degrades or hallows courage in its fall”

There are some battles, also, which claim our attention, independently of the moral worth of the combatants, on account of their enduring importance, and by reason of the practical influence on our own social and political condition, which we can trace up to the results of those engagements. They have for us an abiding and actual interest, both while we investigate the chain of causes and effects, by which they have helped to make us what we are; and also while we speculate on what we probably should have been, if any one of those battles had come to a different termination. Hallam has admirably expressed this in his remarks on the victory gained by Charles Martel, between

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Tours and Poitiers, over the invading Saracens.



He says of it, that "it may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in an its subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ from that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. Different minds will naturally vary in the impressions which particular events make on them; and in the degree of interest with which they watch the career, and reflect on the importance of different historical personages. But our concurrence in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. Those remarks should teach us to watch how the interests of many states are often involved in the collisions between a few; and how the effect of those collisions is not limited to a single age, but may give an impulse which will sway the fortunes of successive generations of mankind, Most valuable also is the mental discipline which is thus acquired, and by which we are trained not only to observe what has been, and what is, but also to ponder on what might have been.

We thus learn not to judge of the wisdom of measures too exclusively by the results. We learn to apply the juster standard of seeing what the circumstances and the probabilities were that surrounded a statesman or a general at the time when he decided on his plan: we value him not by his fortune, but by his [unknown Greek word] to adopt the expressive Greek word, for which our language gives no equivalent.

The reasons why each of the following Fifteen Battles has been

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selected will, I trust, appear when it is described. But it may be well to premise a few remarks on the negative tests which have led me to reject others, which at first sight may appear equal in magnitude and importance to the chosen Fifteen.

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged: nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers, make me regard the engagement in which they fell, as one of paramount importance to mankind. But, besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended with circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings, and rivet our attention, and yet which appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Creeks and Persians, which followed Marathon, seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Creek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Plataea confirmed the superiority of European Gees over Oriental despotism. So, Egos-Potamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama with respect to Carthage, as compared with the Metaurus: and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary war appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the French Revolution.

I am aware that a little activity of imagination, and a slight exercise of metaphysical ingenuity, may amuse us, by showing how the chain of circumstances is so linked together, that the smallest skirmish, or the slightest occurrence of any kind, that ever occurred, may be said to have been essential, in its actual termination, to the whole order of subsequent events. But when I speak of Causes and Effects, I speak of the obvious and important agency of one fact upon another, and not of remote and fancifully infinitesimal influences. I am aware that, on the other hand, the reproach of Fatalism is justly incurred by those, who, like the writers of a certain school in a neighboring country, recognize in history nothing more than a series of necessary phenomena, which follow inevitably one upon the other. But when, in this work, I speak of probabilities, I speak of human probabilities only. When I speak of Cause and Effect, I speak of those general laws only, by which we perceive the sequence of human affairs to be usually regulated; and in which we recognize emphatically the wisdom and power of the Supreme Lawgiver, the design of The Designer.

- **The Battle of Marathon, 490 BCE**
- **Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 413 BCE**

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- The Battle of Arbela, 331 BCE
- The Battle of the Metaurus, 207 BCE
- Victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, 9 CE
- The Battle of Châlons, 451 CE
- The Battle of Tours, 732 CE
- The Battle of Hastings, 1066 CE
- Joan of Arc's Victory over the English at Orléans, 1429 CE
- The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588 CE
- The Battle of Blenheim, 1704 CE
- The Battle of Pultowa, 1709 CE
- Victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777 CE
- The Battle of Valmy, 1792 CE
- The Battle of Waterloo, 1815 CE



An informant on the Marysville Committee of Vigilance would be forwarding an alert message to the [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance in regard to some evidence he had uncovered of the premeditation of the arson, evidence which amounted to the sheerest hearsay but to which obviously they needed to be immediately alerted. “*Eternal Vigilance* is the price of Liberty.” It is impossible to be adequately suspicious:

I arrived here in Steamer *San Joaquin* last evening (Wednesday). We left on Monday eve San Francisco – I soon [June 28, 1851] found a man wife and four children, an Englishman by trade a Watch Repairer he had a place in Pacific above Stockton. His wife also kept a Stand for the sale of cigars and tobacco etc etc from her I learned what I consider an important item for the interest of San Francisco, although I could learn nothing definite, as to names or description – She said that several times she had heard persons say when in her place that the D-d town or place would be burned *Seven times* & that the next fire would be in this part meaning in the vicinity of Stockton & Pacific. She did not think much about it at the time, only after the fire, when what she had heard came before her – on a cross examination, Said there would be *Seven large fires* & that the first would be there, could not identify the persons but heard it two or three different times, cause alleged the execution of Jenkins – I do not doubt the womans honesty her husband overheard her and after that I could not succeed in drawing anything more from her. Just, *Eternal Vigilance* is the price of Liberty. I will keep you informed of anything deemed worthy of your attention

Respectfully yours

[Signed] Sam L Dewey? Messrs Gregory & Co agent Mr Rumvill has

kindly offered to ford my communication to you.

S. L. D.



June 26, Thursday:

The slight reddish topped grass (red-top?) now gives a reddish tinge to some fields like sorrel. Visited a menagerie this afternoon I am always surprised to see the same spots & stripes on wild beasts from Africa & asia. & also from South America –on the Brazilian tiger and the African Leopard, and their general similarity. All these wild animals –Lions tigers –chetas –Leopards &c Have one hue tawny & commonly spotted or striped– What you may call pard color. A color & marking which I had not associated with America These are wild animals (beasts) What constitutes the difference between a wild beast & a tame one? How much more human the one than the other!– Growling scratching roaring –with whatever beauty & gracefulness still untameable this Royal Bengal tiger or this leopard. They have the character & the importance of another order of men. The majestic lion –the King of beasts –he must retain his title. I was struck by the gem-like changeable greenish reflections from the eyes of the grizzly bear– So glassy that you never saw the surface of the eye– They quite demonic. Its claws though extremely large & long look weak & made for digging or pawing earth & leaves. It is unavoidable the idea of transmigration not merely a fancy of the poets –but an instinct of the race.



June 27, Friday, 1851: Father Isaac Hecker, CSSR wrote to Orestes Augustus Brownson, Esq.



Abbott v. Bacon and Another had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in Norwich, England. The accused had published in the Norwich Mercury that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. Afterward there had been a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that had arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription had been collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. A motion was made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” was granted. On this day, finally, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict was entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was accurate no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

On this night there was a slight aurora borealis above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 27TH AND 28TH]



June 28, Saturday, 1851: The San Francisco Committee of Vigilance wrote to Sam’ L. Dewey in Marysville, California:

Sir: The Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco have this morning received your communication of June 26th and due note has been taken of its contents. As an Englishman named Lee left this place suddenly with watches & jewelry & a family [June 28, 1851] of 3 or 4 children under suspicious circumstances we



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address a letter to the Comtee of Vige of Marysville with particulars As you appear to think the husband prevented further disclosures of the wife relative to the fire, and we now believe him to be the person against whom a complaint has been made here, you will make use of the information to get him or his wife to disclose all the particulars relative to the threats of firing this City. The thanks of this Comtee are offered you for yr intelligence

By order

[Signed] James O. Ward Secy [Endorsed, incorrectly) San Fran Committee of Vigilance to Lieut Derby Case of Samuel Church Copy. To the Vigilance Com of Marysville June 28. 1851 To the Committee of Vigilance of Marysville

A day or two after the fire of the 22nd inst. a watchmaker by the name of Lee left here very suddenly with his wife & family he pretended to have lost everything by the fire, but there is every reason for believing that all his jewelry was saved & has been carried by him to some place- As several parties here have lost their watches by him we desire that you will investigate the matter & try & obtain from him some information his wife or family are possessed of, concerning threats made by some of the customers of her cigar shop here, relative to the firing of this City. This Committee will correspond with you whenever any information comes to it serviceable to your quarter.

By order

[Signed] Jas. O. Ward

Secretary

San Francisco June 28/51

Dickerson Statement Case of Lee Francis Dickerson Colored man- My watch was in Pacific near Stockton with Mr Lee an Englishman he had a wife & 4 children 10 or 12 days before fire I had pd him for cleaning

it did not go well I took it back. -I went there Friday before fire he said it was not done but would be finished Sunday A.M. - I did not go being a fine day, until alarm of fire. At the [June 28, 1851] Alarm I rushed up got to his house front doors fastened. I pounded and pounded Saw nobody. By & By a big man came to the door from the inside I told him I wanted my watch.- He told me the watches were all gone I looked around the place could not see watches as usual, nor cigars that were there, they were all gone. The man s[ai]d they were all gone long ago.- While I was getting grain out for another man living in the alley right back of Lee's house - Lee came along with 1 box of watch cristals. He says for gods sake hold on to these until I can get my children - I held it a little while until Mr Lee came along with 2 children. Says he I am going over to that Brick house. I did not see him any more for a half hour. - He saw me again Said help me out with my things. I ran up to get in his back gate. I got suffocated & came down alley - I met his boy night before last on wharf - he said his Father had lost all. - He said he was on North Beach - I asked him to show me where He would not do it - I told Wm Jones & left my people at breakfast I went within 25 yards of the house he had rented - I heard from woman there that he staid only one day & went off in a hurry with trunks & all to Marysville. the woman said she had no doubt from



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his manner that he had carried all the Jewelry off Lee's wife said to the woman that they had only lost some blankets Francis A. [his X mark] Dickerson [Endorsed:] gone to Marysville

[Report of Committee. Case of Scott] The Committee appointed to dispose of the effects of the prisoner Scott would respectfully report.

That we have obtained all of his personal effects, that was left or that can be found since the fire of the 22d inst and have brought them to the Committee Room. That we have collected \$44—and that we have the promise of \$61.50 to be paid on Monday next, which amounts comprise all that is due the man Scott that can be found by your Committee after diligent search. The [June 28, 1851] prisoner Scott has a house for which he paid \$175—and your committee have no doubt from offers that they have had for the said house that \$175 if not more can be readily obtained for it on Monday—all of which is

Respectfully submitted

[Signed] J.C.L. Wadsworth

Thos MoCahill

B. Dexter

June 28th 1851

Thos Scotts Statement

Statement of Mr Scott—Goods belonging to him in his house
One Trunk

One Large Chest one and half bags sugar in same
one silver watch one chest tea

One Small Box

One Box with lock never saw inside

6 or 7 old Bed-Blanket for same

Joiners Tools

Geo. Hopkins's Statement

Case of Hopkins

June 28th 1851 George Hopkins. — I am the only man that has been with Government vessels — I know all the convicts. — C. Baker on board store ship — he was a transport for life boarded from Hobart Town receiver of stolen goods—Captain Gates he shot a man. — he was in a Schooner called the Ospray. Capt. Candell has a shipping office. — he married a woman who was over the female convicts. Mr Austin keeps a shanty close by the house where a woman with wooden leg lives just past her house. has been a convict. — Wm Brown lives 2 or 3 doors beyond Martin's in Montgomery St — was a convict — Martin is a convict he is on board some vessel cant say where. — Willis — dont know where he lives. — Paddy Kelly was a convict sent to Norfolk Island twice. last time Govt Philip — Tall man with red shirt named Kelly.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 27TH AND 28TH]

1850-1851

1850-1851

→ June 29, Sunday, 1851: An estimate of the talents and dispositions of a lady, Charlotte Brontë, was made by a phrenologist, Dr. Browne (writing to George Smith in the following month, Charlotte would indicate that the estimate made of him during the same visit had been “a sort of miracle — like — like — like as the very life itself.”):



The Brontë sisters (left to right: Anne, Emily, and Charlotte), painted in 1834 by their brother, Branwell.

Temperament for the most part nervous. Brain large; the anterior and superior parts remarkably salient. In her domestic relations this lady will be warm and affectionate. In the care of children she will evince judicious kindness, but she is not pleased at seeing them spoiled by over-indulgence. Her fondness for any particular locality would chiefly rest upon the associations connected with it. Her attachments are strong and enduring; indeed, this is a leading element of her character. She is rather circumspect, however, in the choice of her friends, and it is well that she is so, for she will seldom meet with persons whose dispositions approach the standard of excellence with which she can entirely sympathise. Her sense of truth and justice would be offended by any dereliction of duty, and she would in such cases express her disapprobation with warmth and energy. She would not, however, be precipitate in acting thus, and rather than live in a state of hostility with those she could wish to love she would depart from them, although the breaking off of friendship would be to her a source of great unhappiness. The careless and unreflecting whom she would labour to amend might deem her punctilious and perhaps exacting, not considering that their amendment and not her own gratification prompted her to

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admonish. She is sensitive, and is very anxious to succeed in her undertakings, but is not so sanguine as to the probability of success. She is occasionally inclined to take a gloomier view of things than perhaps the facts of the case justify. She should guard against the effect of this where her affection is engaged, for her sense of her own impatience is moderate and not strong enough to steel her against disappointment. She has more firmness than self-reliance, and her sense of justice is of a very high order. She is deferential to the aged and those she deems worthy of her respect, and possesses much devotional feeling, but dislikes fanaticism, and is not given to a belief in supernatural things without questioning the probability of their existence.

Money is not her idol; she values it merely for its uses. She would be liberal to the poor and compassionate to the afflicted, and when friendship calls for aid she would struggle even against her own interest to impart the required assistance; indeed, sympathy is a marked characteristic of this organisation. Is fond of symmetry and proportion, and possesses a good perception of form, and is a good judge of colour. She is endowed with a keen perception of melody and rhythm. Her imitative powers are good, and the faculty which gives small dexterity is well developed. These powers might have been cultivated with advantage. Is a fair calculator, and her sense of order and arrangement is remarkably good. Whatever this lady has to settle or arrange will be done with precision and taste. She is endowed with an exalted sense of the beautiful and ideal, and longs for perfection. If not a poet her sentiments are poetical, or at least imbued with that enthusiastic grace which is characteristic of poetical feeling. She is fond of dramatic literature and the drama, especially if it be combined with music. In its intellectual development this head is very remarkable. The forehead is at once very large and well formed. It bears the stamp of deep thoughtfulness and comprehensive understanding. It is highly philosophical. It exhibits the presence of an intellect at once perspicacious and perspicuous. There is much critical sagacity and fertility in devising resources in situations of difficulty; much originality, with a tendency to speculate and generalise. Possibly this speculative bias may sometimes interfere with the practical efficiency of some of her projects. Yet, since she has scarcely an adequate share of self-reliance, and is not sanguine as to the success of her plans, there is reason to suppose that she would attend more closely to particulars, and thereby prevent the unsatisfactory results of hasty generalisation. The lady possesses a fine organ of language, and can, if she has done her talents justice by exercise, express her sentiments with clearness, precision, and force—sufficiently eloquent but not verbose. In learning a language she would investigate its spirit and structure. The character of the German language would be well adapted to such an organisation. In analysing the motives of human conduct this lady would display originality and power, but in her mode of investigating mental science she would naturally be imbued with a metaphysical bias. She would perhaps be sceptical as to the truth of Galle's doctrine; but the study of this doctrine, this new system of mental philosophy, would

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give additional strength to her excellent understanding by rendering it more practical, more attentive to particulars, and contribute to her happiness by imparting to her more correct notions of the dispositions of those whose acquaintance she may wish to cultivate.

J. P. Browne, M.D.

367 Strand:

June 29, 1851.

Herman Melville wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne:

My dear Hawthorne –

The clear air and open window invite me to write to you. For some time past I have been so busy with a thousand things that I have almost forgotten when I wrote you last, and whether I received an answer. This most persuasive season has now for weeks recalled me from certain crotchety and over doleful chimearas, the like of which men like you and me and some others, forming a chain of God's posts round the world, must be content to encounter now and then, and fight them the best way we can. But come they will, – for, in the boundless, trackless, but still glorious wild wilderness through which these outposts run, the Indians do sorely abound, as well as the insignificant but still stinging mosquitoes. Since you have been here, I have been building some shanties of houses (connected with the old one) and likewise some shanties of chapters and essays. I have been plowing and sowing and raising and painting and printing and praying, – and now begin to come out upon a less bustling time, and to enjoy the calm prospect of things from a fair piazza at the north of the old farm house here. Not entirely yet, though, am I without something to be urgent with. The "Whale" is only half through the press; for, wearied with the long delay of the printers, and disgusted with the heat and dust of the babylonish brick-kiln of New York, I came back to the country to feel the grass – and end the book reclining on it, if I may. – I am sure you will pardon this speaking all about myself, for if I say so much on that head, be sure all the rest of the world are thinking about themselves ten times as much. Let us speak, although we show all our faults and weaknesses, – for it is a sign of strength to be weak, to know it, and out with it, – not in [a] set way and ostentatiously, though, but incidentally and without premeditation. – But I am falling into my old foible – preaching. I am busy, but shall not be very long. Come and spend a day here, if you can and want to; if not, stay in Lenox, and God give you long life. When I am quite free of my present engagements, I am going to treat myself to a ride and a visit to you. Have ready a bottle of brandy, because I always feel like drinking that heroic drink when we talk ontological heroics together. This is rather a crazy letter in some respects, I apprehend. If so, ascribe it to the intoxicating effects of the latter end of June operating upon a very susceptible and peradventure feeble temperament. Shall I send you a fin of the Whale by way of a specimen mouthful? The tail is not yet cooked – though the hell-fire in which the whole book is broiled might not unreasonably have cooked it all ere this. This is the book's motto (the secret one), – Ego non baptiso te in nomine – but make out the rest yourself.

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H. M.



June 29, Sunday: There is a great deal of white clover this year. In many fields where there has been no clover seed sown for many years at least, it is more abundant than the red and the heads are nearly as large. Also pastures which are close cropped and where I think there was little or no clover last year are spotted white with a humbler growth— And everywhere by road sides garden borders &c even where the sward is trodden hard—the small white heads on short stems are sprinkled every where— As this is the season for the swarming of bees —and this clover is very attractive to them, it is probably the more difficult to secure them —at any rate it is the more important to secure their services now that they can make honey so fast. It is an interesting inquiry why this year is so favorable to the growth of clover!

I am interested to observe how old-country methods of farming resources are introduced among us. The Irish laborer for instance seeing that his employer is contemplating some agricultural enterprise —as ditching —or fencing suggests some old country mode with he has been familiar from a boy — which is often found to be cheaper as well as more ornamental than the common— And Patrick is allowed to accomplish the object his own way —and for once exhibits some skill and has not to be shown—but working with a will as well as with pride —does better than ever in the old country. Even the Irish man exhibits what might be mistaken for a Yankee knack —exercising a merely inbred skill derived from the long teachings and practice of his ancestors.

I saw an Irish man building a bank of sod where his employer had contemplated building a bank wall —piling up very neatly & solidly with his spade & a line the sods taken from the rear & coping the face at a very small angle from the perpendicular —intermingling the sods with bushes as they came to hand which would grow & strengthen the whole. It was much more agreeable to the eye as well as less expensive than stone would have been —& he thought that it would be equally effective as a fence & no less durable. But it is true only experience will show when the same practice may be followed in this climate & in Ireland —whether our atmosphere is not too dry to admit of it. At any rate it was wise in the farmer thus to avail himself of any peculiar experience which his hired laborer possessed, That was what he *should* buy.

Also I noticed the other day where one who raises seeds when his ropes & poles failed had used ropes twisted of straw to support his plants —a resource probably suggested & supplied by his foreign laborers. It is only remarkable that so few improvements or resources are or are to be adopted from the old world.

I look down on rays of prunella by the road sides now— The panicled or privet Andromeda with its fruit-like white flowers— Swamp-pink I see for the first time this season.

—The Tree Primrose (Scabish) *Oenothera biennis* a rather coarse yellow flower with a long tubular calyx naturalized extensively in Europe.— The clasping bellflower —*Campanula perfoliata* from the heart shaped leaves clasping the stalk an interesting flower—

The *Convolvulus Sepium* Large Bindweed —make a fresh morning impression as of dews & purity—

The Adder's tongue *Arethusa* a delicate pink flower.

How different is day from day! Yesterday the air was filled with a thick fog-like haze so that the sun did not once shine with ardor but every thing was so tempered under this thin veil that it was a luxury merely to be out doors— You were less out for it. The shadows of the apple trees even early in the afternoon were remarkably distinct The landscape wore a classical smoothness— Every object was as in picture with a glass over it. I saw some hills on this side the river looking from Conantum on which the grass being of a yellow tinge, though the sun did not shine out on them they had the appearance of being shone upon peculiarly.— It was merely an unusual yellow tint of the grass. The mere surface of water was an object for the eye to linger on.

The panicled cornel a low shrub in blossom by wall sides now.

I thought that one peculiarity of my “Week” was its *hypæthral* character —to use an epithet applied to those Egyptian temples which are open to the heavens above —*under the ether*— I thought that it had little of the atmosphere of the house about —but might wholly have been written, as in fact it was to a considerable extent —out of doors. It was only at a late period in writing it, as it happened, that I used any phrases implying that I lived in a house, or lead a *domestic* life. I trust it does not smell of the study & library —even of the Poets attic, as of the fields & woods.— that it is a hypæthral or unroofed book —lying open under the *ether* —& permeated by it. Open to all weathers —not easy to be

kept on a shelf.

The potatoes are beginning to blossom

Riding to survey a woodlot yesterday I observed that a dog accompanied the wagon— Having tied the horse at the last house and entered the woods, I saw no more of the dog while there; —but when riding back to the village I saw the dog again running by the wagon —and in answer to my inquiry was told that the horse & wagon were hired & that the dog always accompanied the horse. I queried whether it might happen that a dog would accompany the wagon if a strange horse were put into it —whether he would ever attach himself to an inanimate object. Methinks the driver though a stranger as it were added intellect to the mere animality of the horse and the dog not making very nice distinctions yielded respect to the horse and equipage as if it were human. If the horse were to trot off alone without wagon or driver —I think it doubtful if the dog would follow —if with the wagon then the chances of his following would be increased —but if with a driver though a stranger I have found by experience that he would follow.

At a distance in the meadow I hear still at long intervals the hurried commencement of the bobolink's strain the bird just dashing into song —which is as suddenly checked as it were by the warder of the seasons —and the strain is left incomplete forever. Like human beings they are inspired to sing only for a short season.


That little roadside —pealike blossomed blue flower is interesting to me. The mulleins are just blossoming.

The voice of the crickets heard at noon from deep in the grass allies day to night— It is unaffected by sun & moon. It is a mid-night sound heard at noon —a midday sound heard at mid night.

I observed some mulleins growing on the western slope of the sandy railroad embankment —in as warm a place as can easily be found —where the heat was reflected from the sand oppressively at 3 o'clock P M this hot day—Yet the green & living leaves felt rather cool than other-wise to the hand — but the dead ones at the root were quite warm. The living plant thus preserves a cool temperature in the hottest exposure. as if it kept a cellar below from which cooling liquors were drawn up.

Yarrow is now in full bloom. & elder —and a small many-head white daisy like a small white weed.

The epilobium too is out.

The night warbler  sings the same strain at noon. The song-sparrow still occasionally reminds me of spring.

I observe that the high water in the ponds —which have been rising for a year —has killed most of the pitch pines & alders which it had planted & merely watered at its edge during the years of dryness—

But now it comes to undo its own work.

How awful is the least unquestionable meanness —when we cannot deny that we have been guilty of it—There seems to be no bounds to our unworthiness



June 30, Monday, 1851: In recent years the landform that Thoreau was exploring in his Concord adventures on this day, [Bear Garden Hill](#), had become an improvement project. [Bear Garden Hill](#) had been proposed for a condo complex to accompany an office development that had been proposed for [Brister's Hill](#) (but this has since, I am given to understand, been defeated).



June 30, Monday: Haying has commenced. I see the farmers in distant fields cocking their hay —now at six o'clock. The day has been so oppressively warm that some workmen have laid by at noon —and the haymakers are mowing now in the early twilight.

The blue flag iris versicolor enlivens the meadow— The lark sings at sundown off in the meadow. It is a note which belongs to a new England summer evening. Though so late I hear the summer hum of a bee in the grass —as I am on my way to the river behind Hubbards to bathe. After hoeing in a dusty garden all this warm afternoon —so warm that the baker says he never knew the like & expects to find his horses dead in the stable when he gets home —it is very grateful to wend ones way at evening to some pure & cool stream & bathe therein.

The cranberry is now in blossom. Their fresh shoots have run a foot or two over the surface.



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I have noticed an abundance of poison sumack this season It is now in blossom In some instance it has the size & form of a healthy peach tree.


The cuckoo is faintly heard from a neighboring grove. Now that it is beginning to be dark, as I am crossing a pasture I hear a happy cricket-like –shrill little lay –from a sparrow either in the grass or else on that distant tree –as if it were the vibrations of a watch spring –its vespers. The tree primrose which was so abundant in one field last Saturday is now all gone.


The cattle on [Bear Garden Hill](#) seen through the twilight look monstrously large. I find abounding in the meadows the adder's tongue *Arethusa* & occasionally with it the *Cymbidium tuberosum* of the same tint. The obtuse *Galium Hypericum perforatum* is a delicate vine-like plant with a minute white blossom in the same places. The St John's wort has blossomed. The *Enothera pumila* or Dwarf tree primrose a neat yellow flower abounds in the meadows. which the careless would mistake at a distance for buttercups The white white buds of the clethra (alder leaved) rise above their recent shoots– The narrow leaved cotton grass spots the meadow with white seeming like loose down, its stems are so slight.– The carrot growing wild which I observed by the rail road is now blossoming with its dishing blossom– I found by the rail-road ¹/₄ mile from the road some common Garden catch-fly the pink flower growing wild. Angelica is now in blossom –with its large umbels. Swamp rose –fugacious petalled. The Prinos or winter-berry budded with white clustered berry-like flower-buds is a pretty contrast to itself in the winter –waxlike. While bathing I plucked the common floating plant like a small yellow lily –the Yellow-Water-Ranunculus –*R. multifidus*. What I suppose is the Aster Miser –Small flowered Aster a small many-headed white weed has now for a week been in bloom –a humble weed, but one of the earliest of the asters. The umbelled Thesium, a simple white flower on the edge of the woods. *Erysimum officinale*, Hedge mustard with its yellow flowers.


I first observed about 10 days ago that the fresh shoots of the fir balsam –*abies balsamifera* –found under the tree wilted, or plucked & kept in the pocket or in the house a few days –emit the fragrance of strawberries, only it is somewhat more aromatic & spicy. It was to me a very remarkable fragrance to be emitted by a pine. A very rich delicious aromactic –spicy –fragrance which, if the fresh & living shoots emitted they would be still more to be sought after.

Saw a brood of young partridges [[Ruffed Grouse](#)  [Bonasa umbellus](#)] yesterday a little larger than robins

SUMMER 1851

 Summer [1851](#): While [Waldo Emerson](#) was terming [Henry Thoreau](#) a “cold intellectual sceptic,” Thoreau was defending his honor by cursing himself – saying that if this were true, it should “wither and dry up those sources of my life.” Although [Horace Greeley](#) was offering to pay Thoreau for an essay on “Emerson, his Works and Ways,” this essay proved impossibly painful for Thoreau to write.

 Summer [1851](#): [Henry Thoreau](#) began his 1st COMMONPLACE BOOK, which is now in the Widener or Houghton collection at [Harvard University](#) and bears on its label the inscription “*Extracts, mostly upon Natural History. Henry D. Thoreau.*”

 Summer [1851](#): [Dr. Joseph Leidy](#) lectured on Physiology in the Medical Institute of [Philadelphia](#).

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➡ Summer 1851: [Brownson's Quarterly Review](#), No. 2

CATHOLICISM

- I. *Bushnell on the Incarnation*
- II. *The Hungarian Rebellion*
- III. *Webster's Answer to Hülsemann* [[Daniel Webster](#) concerning Austria]
- IV. *Savonarola*
- V. *Literary Notices and Criticisms*

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

➡ Summer 1851: The friends [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) and [Isaac Hecker](#) were able to get together again, for the 1st time since they had gone off on their respective excellent adventures in 1845. By this time Brownson was not only an essayist and a publisher, but also a welcome lecturer who made regular tours of paying [Catholic](#) audiences in New-York, Philadelphia, and [Baltimore](#), at times venturing on through the major cities of the Midwest and the South, and even as far as Montréal. Among the favorite hobby-horses about which he was lecturing were “The Compatibility between Democracy and Catholicism” in which to be an American Catholic was to be a member of the Democratic Party whether or not one was officially enrolled and vice versa, “Catholicity and Civilization” in which to be in favor of civilization was to be in favor of the Holy Roman Catholic Church whether or not one recognized that fact and vice versa, and “Civil and Religious Liberty” in which one had true civil liberty if and only if one had true religious liberty and true religious liberty amounted to freedom to know the truth and the truth was what Orestes Brownson speaking on behalf of the True Church said that it was. (How he was getting away with this is anybody's guess. Presumably the Church in America was pulling together under the real external threat of Protestant viciousness and narrow-mindedness, represented by among other antiRomanist organizations a party whose members described themselves as “[Know-Nothings](#),” and in this siege mentality Brownson had to be countenanced. But the man had genius, in positioning himself so that as a paid lecturer to the faithful he was able to put himself across to his audiences as Defender of the Faith.)

➡ Summer 1851: The membership of the main [Hutchinson Family Singers](#) group, after [Abby Hutchinson](#)'s departure, changed several times. At this point a tour through the Midwest involved [Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [John W. Hutchinson](#), with [Asa Hutchinson](#) replacing Jesse only toward the end. Jesse's wife had long suffered from frail health, and she soon passed away. Just days later, Jesse's daughter died. He had lost not only the love of his life but also all six of their children, and of course was devastated.

The [Reverend Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth](#) of Philadelphia began to experiment with leaving an even, approximately bee-sized space between the top of the frames in his beehives, holding the honeycombs, and the flat coverboard above, in order to be able quite easily to remove that coverboard, which had usually been well cemented to the frames with propolis by the bees, making such a separation difficult to achieve. He would be using this discovery about bee behavior to make the frames themselves more easily removable. When he left only a small space (less than a quarter-inch) the bees would cement this space with propolis, but when he left a larger space (more than 3/8 of an inch) the bees would instead fill it with comb. In the following year he would obtain a US patent for his new beehive design.

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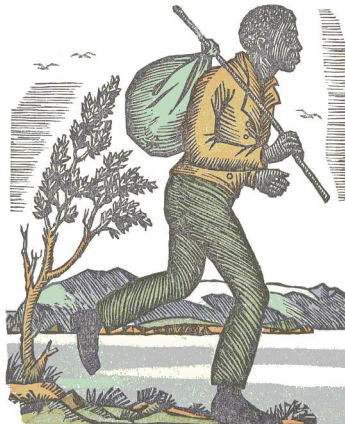


Summer 1851: [Lysander Spooner](#) (who had already written extensively on the unconstitutionality of laws on currency, slavery, and capital punishment), repulsed by the successive fugitive slave acts and in general by injustices embedded in the law and perpetuated mindlessly by generations of hidebound judges and lawyers, began work on a corrective recommendation, which he titled TRIAL BY JURY. Turning away from the legal fraternity he had been trying so hard and so fruitlessly to persuade, he turned toward the community at large. He would make his new appeal to the common citizens who sat on the juries that would, or should, decide what was right and what was wrong.



In his antislavery lecturing that summer, the Reverend [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) was paying more and more attention to the situation in regard to the new Fugitive Slave Law:

In the summer of 1851, business called me to travel in various parts of the country. I visited numerous districts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana, as well as Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Smarting as we were under the recently passed Fugitive Law—and irritations being inflamed and aggravated by the dragging of some poor victim of it from some Northern town to the South and to slavery, every month or so—of course this law became the theme of most I said and wrote.



JULY 1851



July 1851: During this July, and August, [Henry Thoreau](#) would be making entries in his journal as preparation for lectures that eventually would become [AN EXCURSION TO CANADA](#) (Huntington HM 949):



Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me?

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The problem appeared to be how to smooth down all individual protuberances or idiosyncrasies, and make a thousand men move as one man, animated by one central will; and there was some approach to success. They obeyed the signals of a commander who stood at a great distance, wand in hand; and the precision, and promptness, and harmony of their movements could not easily have been matched. The harmony was far more remarkable than that of any choir or band, and obtained, no doubt, at a greater cost.

TIMELINE OF CANADA



"A YANKEE IN CANADA": The most modern fortifications have an air of antiquity about them; they have the aspect of ruins in better or worse repair from the day they are built, because they are not really the work of this age. The very place where the soldier resides has a peculiar tendency to become old and dilapidated, as the word *barrack* implies. I couple all fortifications in my mind with the dismantled Spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world; and if in any place they are not actually dismantled, it is because there the intellect of the inhabitants is dismantled. The commanding officer of an old fort near Valdivia in South America, when a traveller remarked to him that, with one discharge, his gun-carriages would certainly fall to pieces, gravely replied, "No, I am sure, sir, they would stand two." Perhaps the guns of Quebec would stand three. Such structures carry us back to the Middle Ages, the siege of Jerusalem, and St. Jean d'Acre, and the days of the Bucaniers. In the armory of the citadel they showed me a clumsy implement, long since useless, which they called a Lombard gun. I thought that their whole citadel was such a Lombard gun, fit object for the museums of the curious. Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me? The fort was the first institution that was founded here, and it is amusing to read in Champlain how assiduously they worked at it almost from the first day of the settlement. The founders of the colony thought this an excellent site for a wall, -and no doubt it was a better site, in some respects, for a wall than for a city,- but it chanced that a city got behind it. It chanced, too, that a Lower Town got before it, and clung like an oyster to the outside of the crags, as you may see at low tide. It is as if you were to come to a country village surrounded by palisades in the old Indian fashion, - interesting only as a relic of antiquity and barbarism. A fortified town is like a man cased in the heavy armor of antiquity, with a horse-load of broadswords and small arms slung to him, endeavoring to go about his business. Or is this an indispensable machinery for the good government of the country?

CHARLES DARWIN




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VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

 July [1851](#): [Pierre-Joseph Proudhon](#)'s *IDÉE GÉNÉRALE DE LA RÉVOLUTION AU XIXE SIÈCLE* (THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY), an analysis of the agrarian socialist reform proposals he had articulated in *SOLUTION DU PROBLÈME SOCIALE* placed in the context of the inevitable historical progression toward greater liberty and equality that Proudhon deemed to constitute “revolution.”

This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

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July [1851](#): The treaty of Traverse des Sioux, by which Dakota headmen ceded all their lands in Iowa, and some in [Minnesota](#), to the US federal government.

[Herman Melville](#) purchased Burton's ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY in a used bookstore in Pittsfield MA — only to discover on the flyleaf that his father had owned that very volume in 1816.



[Bronson Alcott](#) was marveling at how his shriveled “heart” was becoming engorged under the ministrations of the attractive and pleasant young lady, [Ednah Dow Littlehale](#). They were walking together each dawn on

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the [Boston Common](#):



She came – the maiden and passed the morning: a long and lavish morning with me, and left me the principal owner of a heart green with youthful regards, of sweet regard for herself the friend and stimulus to Genius.

[THE ALCOTT FAMILY](#)

Here is a description of this well-endowed daughter of the well-to-do Boston merchant Sargeant Smith

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Littlehale, by the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#):

She was a brunette, had a great deal of rich, black hair with large dark eyes, and was talking eagerly between intervals with some male companion.... Not equalling the ablest of early women leaders, like Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Peabody, in extent of early training, she was equalled by no other in a certain clearness of mind and equilibrium of judgement....

MARGARET FULLER

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY



Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 \(æt. 33-34\)](#)



July 1, Tuesday, [1851](#): In [Australia](#), the act of the British government separating Victoria from New South Wales went into effect.

In Rennes, France, a domestic servant [Hélène Jégado](#) was taken into custody, suspected of having poisoned with arsenic as many as 36 people she fed during the 18 years from 1833 to 1851.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 1ST]



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July 2, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal about the reactions he experienced during speeches by [Theodore Parker](#) and [Wendell Phillips](#).

He also commented on the condition of Concord's "[Great Meadows](#)" since the waters left it:

Long before Thoreau's lifetime, the alluvial plain of the Concord Valley lay at the bottom of a gray glacial lake. This beaded ribbon of turbid water extended the whole length of the valley, widening over bedrock basins that would later become meadows, and narrowing in bedrock constrictions. In Thoreau's epoch, every strong flood recreated the moccasin footprints of this ancient glacial lake at a lower level. The result was a "chain of handsome lakes" that was made higher, more frequent, and more long-lasting by the direct and indirect effects of the [Billerica dam](#). He described the largest lake, over the [Sudbury Meadows](#), as a "smaller Lake Huron," more than a mile across in every direction. Next in size was that over the [Great Meadows](#) of Concord, more than two miles long and half a mile wide. Both of these transient lakes could last for weeks at a time, which was long enough for him to be surprised when they finally disappeared. During floods, the already wide Carlisle reach expanded to resemble one of New York's smaller Finger Lakes.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 120-121



July 2, Wednesday: It is a fresh cool summer morning— From the road at N Barretts on my way to P. Blood's at 8¹/₂ A.M. the Great Meadows have a slight bluish misty tinge in part; elsewhere a sort of hoary sheen —like a fine downiness —inconceivably fine & silvery far away —the light reflected from the grass blades —a sea of grass hoary with light —the counterpart of the frost in spring As yet no mower has profaned it —scarcely a foot-step since the waters left it.

Miles of waving grass adorning the surface of the earth.

Last night —a sultry night —which compelled to leave all windows open, I heard two travellers talking aloud —was roused out of my sleep by their loud day-like & somewhat unearthly discourse at perchance 1 o'clock— From the country whiling away the night with loud discourse— I heard the words Theodore Parker & Wendell Phillips loudly spoken —& so did half a dozen of my neighbors who also were awakened —such is fame— It affected like Dante talking of the men of this world in the infernal regions— If the traveller had called my own name I should equally have thought it an unearthly personage which it would take me some hours into day-light to realize.

My genius hinted before I fairly awoke —Improve your time. What is the night that a traveller's voice should sound so hollow in it! That a man speaking aloud in the night —speaking in regions under the earth should utter the words Theodore Parker? A Traveller! I love his title A Traveller is to be revered as such— His profession is the best symbol of our life Going from —toward— It is the history of every one of us. I am interested in those that travel in the night.

It takes but little distance to make the hills & even the meadows look blue today— That principle which gives the air an azure color is more abundant.

To-day the milk-weed is blossoming— Some of the raspberries are ripe —the most innocent & simple of fruits —the purest & most ethereal. Cherries are ripe —strawberries in the gardens have passed their prime

Many large trees —especially elms about a house are a surer indication of old family distinction & worth —than any evidence of wealth. Any evidence of care bestowed on these trees —secures the

[THEODORE PARKER](#)

[WENDELL PHILLIPS](#)



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traveller's respect as for a nobler husbandry than the raising of corn & potatoes.
I passed a regular country door-yard this forenoon. the unpainted one story house –long & low with projecting stoop –a deep grass plot unfenced for yard –hens & chickens scratching amid the chip dirt about the door– This last the main feature relics of wood-piles –sites of the wooden towers–
The night shade has bloomed & the Prinos or winter-berry.



July 3, Thursday, 1851: *Florinda*, an opera by Sigismund Thalberg, was performed for the initial time, in London (it was not well received).

The Daily Alta California of San Francisco announced that on the previous day the steamship *Pacific* had arrived in harbor:

**ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.
Seventeen Days Later from the Atlantic States.
Late News from Europe and the World's Fair
FRIGHTFUL RIOT AT HOBOKEN, N.Y.
Opening of the N.Y. and Erie Railroad,
and Jubilee Speeches by Daniel Webster, &c.**

About half-past four P.M. yesterday, the *Pacific* was telegraphed, and she soon after made her appearance off the city. Capt. Bailey is in command of this new steamship. The trip from Panama hither has occupied sixteen days, and has been made against head winds most of the way. She left Panama on the 16th ult. at 7 P.M.

The *Pacific* brings 72 passengers, sixteen of whom are ladies. All well. Her merchandise is consigned to order. Her news is two or three days in advance of the mail, which left U.S. on the 28th May, per Cherokee.

Through Berford & Co., we received files of papers to the latest date, May 31, from New York.

Gregory & Co. were also prompt in their usual supply of favors. A fearful riot occurred at Hoboken, N.J. on the 26th of May last, between some Germans who had assembled to celebrate that day, and a gang of New York rowdies called "Short Boys." A few were killed and several badly wounded on both sides.

The papers are filled with an account of the grand opening of the New York and Erie Railroad, on the 15th day of May. President Fillmore and members of the Cabinet, together with many of the chief dignitaries of the union were present at the festival, which is represented as having been of great brilliancy and effect.

At Buffalo, on the 22d May, Hon. Daniel Webster was tendered a public dinner, at which he delivered a long and enthusiastically received address. He also delivered speeches at Syracuse and Albany.

The Great Industrial exhibition, or World's Fair, was opened on the 4th of May last, with appropriate ceremonies, the Queen leading the festival. Over thirty thousand persons witnessed the opening exercises in the Crystal Palace....

The following vessels are advertised to sail from New York for

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San Francisco during the month of June:

Steamship *Golden Gate*, C.P. Patterson, U.S.N.; clipper ship *Flying Cloud*; clipper ships *Typhoon*, C.H. Slater master; *Challenge*, R.H. Waterman; *Telegraph*, Kimball Harlow; *Eagle*, John S. Farren; *Valparaiso*, George E. Killam.

A magnificent clipper ship called the *Challenge* was launched in New York on the 24th of May. She is built for Messrs. Griswold, and is intended for the California and China trade. She is said to be the largest and sharpest merchant vessel ever built.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 3D OR 4TH]



Our national birthday, Friday the 4th of July, 1851: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 47th birthday.



[Henry Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal.

In England, an old man who acted as superintendent in a brick-field, John Ayton, was bringing money from Lord Leicester to pay the workmen in Holkham plantation when he was shot dead. The money would be found on Henry Groom's person wrapped in a piece of letter taken from Ayton's pocketbook. Groom would make a full confession.

[Charles Theodore Russell](#)'s AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, JULY 4, 1851 (Boston: J.H. Eastburn, City Printer).

ORATION OF 4TH OF JULY

In Trappe, Pennsylvania, a monument to the memory of the late governor, Francis R. Shunk, was unveiled, with George W. Woodward delivering the address.

In Greenville, South Carolina, an anti-secession event succeeded in attracting 4,000 persons.

[Cuba](#) declared its independence from Spain.

In [Washington DC](#), President [Millard Fillmore](#) assisted in the laying of the "cornerstone of the new Capitol edifice" and [Daniel Webster](#) delivered what would prove to be his final 4th of July oration.¹⁸¹

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



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Fellow-Citizens,—I greet you well; I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary; and I felicitate you, also, on the more particular purpose of which this ever-memorable day has been chosen to witness the fulfilment. Hail! all hail! I see before and around me a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. I see thousands of eyes turned towards other eyes, all sparkling with gratification and delight. This is the New World! This is America! This is Washington! and this the Capitol of the United States! And where else, among the nations, can the seat of government be surrounded, on any day of any year, by those who have more reason to rejoice in the blessings which they possess? Nowhere, fellow-citizens! assuredly, nowhere! Let us, then, meet this rising sun with joy and thanksgiving! This is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence. This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birthday of our nation; and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

Among the first colonists from Europe to this part of America, there were some, doubtless, who contemplated the distant consequences of their undertaking, and who saw a great futurity. But, in general, their hopes were limited to the enjoyment of a safe asylum from tyranny, religious and civil, and to respectable subsistence, by industry and toil. A thick veil hid our times from their view. But the progress of America, however slow, could not but at length awaken genius, and attract the attention of mankind.

In the early part of the second century of our history, Bishop Berkeley, who, it will be remembered, had resided for some time in Newport, in Rhode Island, wrote his well-known "Verses on the Prospect of Planting ARTS and LEARNING in AMERICA." The last stanza of this little poem seems to have been produced by a high poetical inspiration:—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This extraordinary prophecy may be considered only as the result of long foresight and uncommon sagacity; of a foresight and sagacity stimulated, nevertheless, by excited feeling and high enthusiasm. So clear a vision of what America would become was not founded on square miles, or on existing numbers, or on any common laws of statistics. It was an intuitive glance into futurity; it was a grand conception, strong, ardent, glowing, embracing all time since the creation of the world, and all regions of which that world is composed, and judging of the future by just analogy with the past. And the inimitable imagery and beauty with which the thought is expressed, joined to the conception itself, render it one of the most striking passages in our language.

181. The printed version of this oration would begin with:

"Stet Capitolium
Fulgens;
late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras."



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On the day of the [Declaration of Independence](#) our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama; one in real importance infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invokes

“A muse of fire, ...
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!”

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarchs, countries and nations and the age beheld the swelling scene. How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

At a subsequent period, but before the [Declaration of Independence](#), the Bishop of St. Asaph published a discourse, in which the following remarkable passages are found:—

“It is difficult for man to look into the destiny of future ages; the designs of Providence are vast and complicated, and our own powers are too narrow to admit of much satisfaction to our curiosity. But when we see many great and powerful causes constantly at work, we cannot doubt of their producing proportionable effects.

“The colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, **but seem hastening with an accelerated progress to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs.**

“Descended from ancestors of the most improved and enlightened part of the Old World, they receive, as it were by inheritance, all the improvements and discoveries of their mother country. And it happens fortunately for them to commence their flourishing state at a time when the human understanding has attained to the free use of its powers, and has learned to act with vigor and certainty. They may avail themselves, not only of the experience and industry, but even of the errors and mistakes, of former days. Let it be considered for how many ages a great part of the world appears not to have thought at all; how many more they have been busied in forming systems and conjectures, while reason has been lost in a labyrinth of words, and they never seem to have suspected on what frivolous matters their minds were employed.

“And let it be well understood what rapid improvements, what important discoveries, have been made, in a few years, by a few countries, with our own at their head, which have at last discovered the right method of using their faculties.

“May we not reasonably expect that a number of provinces possessed of these advantages and quickened by mutual emulation, with only the common progress of the human mind, should very considerably enlarge the boundaries of science?

“The vast continent itself, over which they are



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gradually spreading, may be considered as a treasure yet untouched of natural productions that shall hereafter afford ample matter for commerce and contemplation. And if we reflect what a stock of knowledge may be accumulated by the constant progress of industry and observation, fed with fresh supplies from the stores of nature, assisted sometimes by those happy strokes of chance which mock all the powers of invention, and sometimes by those superior characters which arise occasionally to instruct and enlighten the world, it is difficult even to imagine to what height of improvement their discoveries may extend.

"And perhaps they may make as considerable advances in the arts of civil government and the conduct of life.

We have reason to be proud, and even jealous, of our excellent constitution; but those equitable principles on which it was formed, an equal representation (the best discovery of political wisdom), and a just and commodious distribution of power, which with us were the price of civil wars, and the rewards of the virtues and sufferings of our ancestors, descend to them as a natural inheritance, without toil or pain.

"But must they rest here, as in the utmost effort of human genius? Can chance and time, the wisdom and the experience of public men, suggest no new remedy against the evils which vices and ambition are perpetually apt to cause? May they not hope, without presumption, to preserve a greater zeal for piety and public devotion than we have alone? For sure it can hardly happen to them, as it has to us, that, when religion is best understood and rendered most pure and reasonable, then should be the precise time when many cease to believe and practise it, and all in general become most indifferent to it.

"May they not possibly be more successful than their mother country has been in preserving that reverence and authority which are due to the laws? to those who make, and to those who execute them? May not a method be invented of procuring some tolerable share of the comforts of life to those inferior useful ranks of men to whose industry we are indebted for the whole? Time and discipline may discover some means to correct the extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor, so dangerous to the innocence and happiness of both. They may fortunately be led by habit and choice to despise that luxury which is considered with us the true enjoyment of wealth. They may have little relish for that ceaseless hurry of amusements which is pursued in this country without pleasure, exercise, or employment. And perhaps, after trying some of our follies and caprices, and rejecting the rest, they may be led by reason and experiment to that old simplicity which was first pointed out by nature, and has produced those models which we still admire in arts, eloquence, and manners. **The diversity of new scenes and situations, which so many growing states must necessarily pass**



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through, may introduce changes in the fluctuating opinions and manners of men which we can form no conception of; and not only the gracious disposition of Providence, but the visible preparation of causes, seems to indicate strong tendencies towards a general improvement."

Fellow-citizens, this "gracious disposition of Providence," and this "visible preparation of causes," at length brought on the hour for decisive action. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES.

This Declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause and the protection of Heaven, and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety, has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies, more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and hearts of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him; every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

Fellow-citizens, this inheritance which we enjoy to-day is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was a liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her, and devastated Greece; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered, especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds, that it was the WANT OF UNION among her several states which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Macedon.

And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud, ambitious,

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domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself, but, even in the best days of the republic, ready to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist? As the Roman empire declined, her provinces, not instructed in the principles of free popular government, one after another declined also, and when Rome herself fell, in the end, all fell together.

I have said, Gentlemen, that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar, and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity; while with us its principles have become interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions, and our daily habits, until it is, if I may so say, an element of social as well as of political life; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed in his own understanding and experience, our American principles and opinions, and becomes ready at once, in co-operation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments. Of this a most wonderful instance may be seen in the history of the State of California.

On a former occasion I ventured to remark, that "it is very difficult to establish a free conservative government for the equal advancement of all the interests of society. What has Germany done, learned Germany, more full of ancient lore than all the world beside? What has Italy done? What have they done who dwell on the spot where Cicero lived? They have not the power of self-government which a common town-meeting, with us, possesses.... Yes, I say that those persons who have gone from our town-meetings to dig gold in California are more fit to make a republican government than any body of men in Germany or Italy; because they have learned this one great lesson, that there is no security without law, and that, under the circumstances in which they are placed, where there is no military authority to cut their throats, there is no sovereign will but the will of the majority; that, therefore, if they remain, they must submit to that will." And this I believe to be strictly true.

Now, fellow-citizens, if your patience will hold out, I will venture, before proceeding to the more appropriate and particular duties of the day, to state, in a few words, what I take these American political principles in substance to be. They consist, as I think, in the first place, in the establishment of popular governments, on the basis of representation; for it is plain that a pure democracy, like that which existed in some of the states of Greece, in which every individual had a direct vote in the enactment of all laws, cannot possibly exist in a country of wide extent. This representation is to be made as equal as circumstances will allow. Now, this principle of popular representation, prevailing either in all the branches of government, or in some of them, has existed in these States almost from the days of the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth; borrowed, no doubt, from the example of the popular branch of the British legislature. The



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representation of the people in the British House of Commons was, however, originally very unequal, and is yet not equal. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the appearance of knights and burgesses, assembling on the summons of the crown, was not intended at first as an assistance and support to the royal prerogative, in matters of revenue and taxation, rather than as a mode of ascertaining popular opinion. Nevertheless, representation had a popular origin, and savored more and more of the character of that origin, as it acquired, by slow degrees, greater and greater strength, in the actual government of the country. The constitution of the House of Commons was certainly a form of representation, however unequal; numbers were counted, and majorities prevailed; and when our ancestors, acting upon this example, introduced more equality of representation, the idea assumed a more rational and distinct shape. At any rate, this manner of exercising popular power was familiar to our fathers when they settled on this continent. They adopted it, and generation has risen up after generation, all acknowledging it, and all learning its practice and its forms.

The next fundamental principle in our system is, that the will of the majority, fairly expressed through the means of representation, shall have the force of law; and it is quite evident that, in a country without thrones or aristocracies or privileged castes or classes, there can be no other foundation for law to stand upon.

And, as the necessary result of this, the third element is, that the law is the supreme rule for the government of all. The great sentiment of Alcaeus, so beautifully presented to us by Sir William Jones, is absolutely indispensable to the construction and maintenance of our political systems:-

“What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: MEN, high-minded MEN,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And SOVEREIGN LAW, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

And, finally, another most important part of the great fabric of American liberty is, that there shall be written constitutions, founded on the immediate authority of the people themselves, and regulating and restraining all the powers conferred upon government, whether legislative, executive, or judicial.

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This, fellow-citizens, I suppose to be a just summary of our American principles, and I have on this occasion sought to express them in the plainest and in the fewest words. The summary may not be entirely exact, but I hope it may be sufficiently so to make manifest to the rising generation among ourselves, and to those elsewhere who may choose to inquire into the nature of our political institutions, the general theory upon which they are founded.

And I now proceed to add, that the strong and deep-settled conviction of all intelligent persons amongst us is, that, in order to support a useful and wise government upon these popular principles, the general education of the people, and the wide diffusion of pure morality and true religion, are indispensable. Individual virtue is a part of public virtue. It is difficult to conceive how there can remain morality in the government when it shall cease to exist among the people; or how the aggregate of the political institutions, all the organs of which consist only of men, should be wise, and beneficent, and competent to inspire confidence, if the opposite qualities belong to the individuals who constitute those organs, and make up that aggregate.

And now, fellow-citizens, I take leave of this part of the duty which I proposed to perform; and, once more felicitating you and myself that our eyes have seen the light of this blessed morning, and that our ears have heard the shouts with which joyous thousands welcome its return, and joining with you in the hope that every revolving year may renew these rejoicings to the end of time, I proceed to address you, shortly, upon the particular occasion of our assembling here to-day.

Fellow-citizens, by the act of Congress of the 30th of September, 1850, provision was made for the extension of the Capitol, according to such plan as might be approved by the President of the United States, and for the necessary sums to be expended, under his direction, by such architect as he might appoint. This measure was imperatively demanded, for the use of the legislative and judiciary departments, the public libraries, the occasional accommodation of the chief executive magistrate, and for other objects. No act of Congress incurring a large expenditure has received more general approbation from the people. The President has proceeded to execute this law. He has approved a plan; he has appointed an architect; and all things are now ready for the commencement of the work.

The anniversary of national independence appeared to afford an auspicious occasion for laying the foundation-stone of the additional building. That ceremony has now been performed by the President himself, in the presence and view of this multitude. He has thought that the day and the occasion made a united and imperative call for some short address to the people here assembled; and it is at his request that I have appeared before you to perform that part of the duty which was deemed incumbent on us.

Beneath the stone is deposited, among other things, a list of which will be published, the following brief account of the proceedings of this day, in my handwriting:-

“On the morning of the first day of the seventy-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of



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America, in the city of Washington, being the 4th day of July, 1851, this stone, designed as the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, according to a plan approved by the President, in pursuance of an act of Congress, was laid by

"MILLARD FILLMORE,

"PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

"assisted by the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges, in the presence of many members of Congress, of officers of the Executive and Judiciary Departments, National, State, and District, of officers of the army and navy, the corporate authorities of this and neighboring cities, many associations, civil and military and masonic, members of the Smithsonian Institution and National Institute, professors of colleges and teachers of schools of the District, with their students and pupils, and a vast concourse of people from places near and remote, including a few surviving gentlemen who witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol by President Washington, on the 18th day of September, A.D. 1793.

"If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it then known, that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm, that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory; growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure for ever!

"GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

"DANIEL WEBSTER,

"**Secretary of State of the United States.**"

Fellow-citizens, fifty-eight years ago Washington stood on this spot to execute a duty like that which has now been performed. He then laid the corner-stone of the original Capitol. He was at the head of the government, at that time weak in resources, burdened with debt, just struggling into political existence and respectability, and agitated by the heaving waves which were overturning European thrones. But even then, in many important respects, the government was strong. It was strong in Washington's own great character; it was strong in the wisdom and patriotism of other eminent public men, his political associates and fellow-laborers; and it was strong in the affections of the people. Since that time astonishing changes have been wrought in the condition and prospects of the American people; and a degree of progress witnessed with which the world can furnish no parallel. As we review the course of that



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progress, wonder and amazement arrest our attention at every step. The present occasion, although allowing of no lengthened remarks, may yet, perhaps, admit of a short comparative statement of important subjects of national interest as they existed at that day, and as they now exist. I have adopted for this purpose the tabular form of statement, as being the most brief and significant.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Year 1793	Year 1851
Number of States	15	31
Representatives and Senators in Congress	135	295
Population of the United States	3,929,328	23,267,498
Population of Boston	18,038	136,871
Population of Baltimore	13,503	169,054
Population of Philadelphia	42,520	409,045
Population of New York (city)	33,121	515,507
Population of Washington	. . .	40,075
Population of Richmond	4,000	27,582
Population of Charleston	16,359	42,983
Amount of receipts into the Treasury	\$5,720,624	\$52,312,980
Amount of expenditures	\$7,529,575	\$48,005,879
Amount of imports	\$31,000,000	\$215,725,995
Amount of exports	\$26,109,000	\$217,517,130
Amount of tonnage (tons)	520,764	3,772,440
Area of the United States in square miles	805,461	3,314,365
Rank and file of the army	5,120	10,000
Militia (enrolled)	. . .	2,006,456
Navy of the United States (vessels)	(None)	76
Navy armament (ordnance)	. . .	2,012
Treaties and conventions with foreign powers	9	90
Light-houses and light-boats	12	372
Expenditures for ditto	\$12,061	\$529,265
Area of the Capitol	1/2 acre	4-1/8 acres
Number of miles of railroad in operation	. . .	10,287
Cost of ditto	. . .	\$306,607,954
Number of miles in course of construction	. . .	10,092
Lines of electric telegraph, in miles	. . .	15,000
Number of post-offices	209	21,551
Number of miles of post-route	5,642	196,290
Amount of revenue from post-offices	\$104,747	\$6,727,867
Amount of expenditures of Post-Office Department	\$72,040	\$6,024,567
Number of miles of mail transportation	. . .	52,465,724
Number of colleges	19	121
Public libraries	35	694
Volumes in ditto	75,000	2,201,632
School libraries	. . .	10,000
Volumes in ditto	. . .	2,000,000
Emigrants from Europe to the United States	10,000	299,610
Coinage at the Mint	\$9,664	\$52,019,465

In respect to the growth of Western trade and commerce, I extract a few sentences from a very valuable address before the Historical Society of Ohio, by William D. Gallagher, Esq.,



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"A few facts will exhibit as well as a volume the wonderful growth of Western trade and commerce. Previous to the year 1800, some eight or ten keel-boats, of twenty or twenty-five tons each, performed all the carrying trade between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. In 1802 the first government vessel appeared on Lake Erie. In 1811 the first steamboat (the Orleans) was launched at Pittsburg. In 1826 the waters of Michigan were first ploughed by the keel of a steamboat, a pleasure trip to Green Bay being planned and executed in the summer of this year. In 1832 a steamboat first appeared at Chicago. At the present time the entire number of steamboats running on the Mississippi and Ohio and their tributaries is more probably over than under six hundred, the aggregate tonnage of which is not short of one hundred and forty thousand; a larger number of steamboats than England can claim, and a greater steam commercial marine than that employed by Great Britain and her dependencies."

And now, fellow-citizens, having stated to you this infallible proof of the growth and prosperity of the nation, I ask you, and I would ask every man, whether the government which has been over us has proved itself an infliction or a curse to the country, or any part of it?

Ye men of the South, of all the original Southern States, what say you to all this? Are you, or any of you, ashamed of this great work of your fathers? Your fathers were not they who storied the prophets and killed them. They were among the prophets; they were of the prophets; they were themselves the prophets.

Ye men of Virginia, what do you say to all this? Ye men of the Potomac, dwelling along the shores of that river on which WASHINGTON lived and died, and where his remains now rest, ye, so many of whom may see the domes of the Capitol from your own homes, what say ye?

Ye men of James River and the Bay, places consecrated by the early settlement of your Commonwealth, what do you say? Do you desire, from the soil of your State, or as you travel to the North, to see these halls vacated, their beauty and ornaments destroyed, and their national usefulness gone for ever?

Ye men beyond the Blue Ridge, many thousands of whom are nearer to this Capitol than to the seat of government of your own State, what do you think of breaking this great association into fragments of States and of people? I know that some of you, and I believe that you all, would be almost as much shocked at the announcement of such a catastrophe, as if you were to be informed that the Blue Ridge itself would soon totter from its base. And ye men of Western Virginia, who occupy the great slope from the top of the Alleghanies to Ohio and Kentucky, what benefit do you propose to yourselves by disunion? If you "secede," what do you "secede" from, and what do you "accede" to? Do you look for the current of the Ohio to change, and to bring you and your commerce to the tidewaters of Eastern rivers? What man in his senses can suppose that you would remain part and parcel of Virginia a month



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after Virginia should have ceased to be part and parcel of the United States?

The secession of Virginia! The secession of Virginia, whether alone or in company, is most improbable, the greatest of all improbabilities. Virginia, to her everlasting honor, acted a great part in framing and establishing the present Constitution. She has had her reward and her distinction. Seven of her noble sons have each filled the Presidency, and enjoyed the highest honors of the country. Dolorous complaints come up to us from the South, that Virginia will not head the march of secession, and lead the other Southern States out of the Union. This, if it should happen, would be something of a marvel, certainly, considering how much pains Virginia took to lead these same States into the Union, and considering, too, that she has partaken as largely of its benefits and its government as any other State.

And ye men of the other Southern States, members of the Old Thirteen; yes, members of the Old Thirteen; that always touches my regard and my sympathies; North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina! What page in your history, or in the history of any one of you, is brighter than those which have been recorded since the Union was formed? Or through what period has your prosperity been greater, or your peace and happiness better secured? What names even has South Carolina, now so much dissatisfied, what names has she of which her intelligent sons are more proud than those which have been connected with the government of the United States? In Revolutionary times, and in the earliest days of this Constitution, there was no State more honored, or more deserving of honor. Where is she now? And what a fall is there, my countrymen! But I leave her to her own reflections, commending to her, with all my heart, the due consideration of her own example in times now gone by.

Fellow-citizens, there are some diseases of the mind as well as of the body, diseases of communities as well as diseases of individuals, that must be left to their own cure; at least it is wise to leave them so until the last critical moment shall arrive.

I hope it is not irreverent, and certainly it is not intended as reproach, when I say, that I know no stronger expression in our language than that which describes the restoration of the wayward son,— "he came to himself." He had broken away from all the ties of love, family, and friendship. He had forsaken every thing which he had once regarded in his father's house. He had forsworn his natural sympathies, affections, and habits, and taken his journey into a far country. He had gone away from himself and out of himself. But misfortunes overtook him, and famine threatened him with starvation and death. No entreaties from home followed him to beckon him back; no admonition from others warned him of his fate. But the hour of reflection had come, and nature and conscience wrought within him, until at length **"he came to himself."**

And now, ye men of the new States of the South! You are not of the original thirteen. The battle had been fought and won, the Revolution achieved, and the Constitution established, before your States had any existence as States. You came to a prepared banquet, and had seats assigned you at table just as honorable

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as those which were filled by older guests. You have been and are singularly prosperous; and if any one should deny this, you would at once contradict his assertion. You have bought vast quantities of choice and excellent land at the lowest price; and if the public domain has not been lavished upon you, you yourself will admit that it has been appropriated to your own uses by a very liberal hand. And yet in some of these States, not in all, persons are found in favor of a dissolution of the Union, or of secession from it. Such opinions are expressed even where the general prosperity of the community has been the most rapidly advanced. In the flourishing and interesting State of Mississippi, for example, there is a large party which insists that her grievances are intolerable, that the whole body politic is in a state of suffering; and all along, and through her whole extent on the Mississippi, a loud cry rings that her only remedy is "Secession," "Secession." Now, Gentlemen, what infliction does the State of Mississippi suffer under? What oppression prostrates her strength or destroys her happiness? Before we can judge of the proper remedy, we must know something of the disease; and, for my part, I confess that the real evil existing in the case appears to me to be a certain inquietude or uneasiness growing out of a high degree of prosperity and consciousness of wealth and power, which sometimes lead men to be ready for changes, and to push on unreasonably to still higher elevation. If this be the truth of the matter, her political doctors are about right. If the complaint spring from overwrought prosperity, for that disease I have no doubt that secession would prove a sovereign remedy.

But I return to the leading topic on which I was engaged. In the department of invention there have been wonderful applications of science to arts within the last sixty years. The spacious hall of the Patent Office is at once the repository and proof of American inventive art and genius. Their results are seen in the numerous improvements by which human labor is abridged.

Without going into details, it may be sufficient to say, that many of the applications of steam to locomotion and manufactures, of electricity and magnetism to the production of mechanical motion, the electrical telegraph, the registration of astronomical phenomena, the art of multiplying engravings, the introduction and improvement among us of all the important inventions of the Old World, are striking indications of the progress of this country in the useful arts. The network of railroads and telegraphic lines by which this vast country is reticulated have not only developed its resources, but united emphatically, in metallic bands, all parts of the Union. The hydraulic works of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston surpass in extent and importance those of ancient Rome.

But we have not confined our attention to the immediate application of science to the useful arts. We have entered the field of original research, and have enlarged the bounds of scientific knowledge.

Sixty years ago, besides the brilliant discoveries of Franklin in electricity, scarcely any thing had been done among us in the way of original discovery. Our men of science were content with repeating the experiments and diffusing a knowledge of the discoveries of the learned of the Old World, without attempting

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to add a single new fact or principle to the existing stock. Within the last twenty-five or thirty years a remarkable improvement has taken place in this respect. Our natural history has been explored in all its branches; our geology has been investigated with results of the highest interest to practical and theoretical science. Discoveries have been made in pure chemistry and electricity, which have received the approbation of the world. The advance which has been made in meteorology in this country, within the last twenty years, is equal to that made during the same period in all the world besides.

In 1793 there was not in the United States an instrument with which a good observation of the heavenly bodies could be made. There are now instruments at Washington, Cambridge, and Cincinnati equal to those at the best European observatories, and the original discoveries in astronomy within the last five years, in this country, are among the most brilliant of the age. I can hardly refrain from saying, in this connection, that the "Celestial Mechanics" of La Place has been translated and commented upon by Bowditch.

Our knowledge of the geography and topography of the American continent has been rapidly extended by the labor and science of the officers of the United States army, and discoveries of much interest in distant seas have resulted from the enterprise of the navy.

In 1807, a survey of the coast of the United States was commenced, which at that time it was supposed no American was competent to direct. The work has, however, grown within the last few years, under a native superintendent, in importance and extent, beyond any enterprise of the kind ever before attempted. These facts conclusively prove that a great advance has been made among us, not only in the application of science to the wants of ordinary life, but in science itself, in its highest branches, in its adaptation to satisfy the cravings of the immortal mind.

In respect to literature, with the exception of some books of elementary education, and some theological treatises, of which scarcely any but those of [Jonathan Edwards](#) have any permanent value, and some works on local history and politics, like Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, [Belknap](#)'s New Hampshire, and Morse's Geography, and a few others, America had not produced a single work of any repute in literature. We were almost wholly dependent on imported books. Even our Bibles and Testaments were, for the most part, printed abroad. The book trade is now one of the greatest branches of business, and many works of standard value, and of high reputation in Europe as well as at home, have been produced by American authors in every department of literary composition.

While the country has been expanding in dimensions, in numbers, and in wealth, the government has applied a wise forecast in the adoption of measures necessary, when the world shall no longer be at peace, to maintain the national honor, whether by appropriate displays of vigor abroad, or by well-adapted means of defence at home. A navy, which has so often illustrated our history by heroic achievements, though in peaceful times restrained in its operations to narrow limits, possesses, in its

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admirable elements, the means of great and sudden expansion, and is justly looked upon by the nation as the right arm of its power. An army, still smaller, but not less perfect in its detail, has on many a field exhibited the military aptitudes and prowess of the race, and demonstrated the wisdom which has presided over its organization and government.

While the gradual and slow enlargement of these respective military arms has been regulated by a jealous watchfulness over the public treasure, there has, nevertheless, been freely given all that was needed to perfect their quality; and each affords the nucleus of any enlargement that the public exigencies may demand, from the millions of brave hearts and strong arms upon the land and water.

The navy is the active and aggressive element of national defence; and, let loose from our own sea-coast, must display its power in the seas and channels of the enemy. To do this, it need not be large; and it can never be large enough to defend by its presence at home all our ports and harbors. But, in the absence of the navy, what can the regular army or the volunteer militia do against the enemy's line-of-battle ships and steamers, falling without notice upon our coast? What will guard our cities from tribute, our merchant-vessels and our navy-yards from conflagration? Here, again, we see a wise forecast in the system of defensive measures which, especially since the close of the war with Great Britain, has been steadily followed by our government.

While the perils from which our great establishments had just escaped were yet fresh in remembrance, a system of fortifications was begun, which now, though not quite complete, fences in our important points with impassable strength. More than four thousand cannon may at any moment, within strong and permanent works, arranged with all the advantages and appliances that the art affords, be turned to the protection of the sea-coast, and be served by the men whose hearths they shelter. Happy for us that it is so, since these are means of security that time alone can supply, and since the improvements of maritime warfare, by making distant expeditions easy and speedy, have made them more probable, and at the same time more difficult to anticipate and provide against. The cost of fortifying all the important points of our coast, as well upon the whole Atlantic as the Gulf of Mexico, will not exceed the amount expended on the fortifications of Paris.

In this connection one most important facility in the defence of the country is not to be overlooked; it is the extreme rapidity with which the soldiers of the army, and any number of the militia corps, may be brought to any point where a hostile attack shall at any time be made or threatened.

And this extension of territory embraced within the United States, increase of its population, commerce, and manufactures, development of its resources by canals and railroads, and rapidity of intercommunication by means of steam and electricity, have all been accomplished without overthrow of, or danger to, the public liberties, by any assumption of military power; and, indeed, without any permanent increase of the army, except for the purpose of frontier defence, and of affording a slight guard to the public property; or of the navy,



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any further than to assure the navigator that, in whatsoever sea he shall sail his ship, he is protected by the stars and stripes of his country. This, too, has been done without the shedding of a drop of blood for treason or rebellion; while systems of popular representation have regularly been supported in the State governments and in the general government; while laws, national and State, of such a character have been passed, and have been so wisely administered, that I may stand up here today, and declare, as I now do declare, in the face of all the intelligent of the age, that, for the period which has elapsed from the day that Washington laid the foundation of this Capitol to the present time, there has been no country upon earth in which life, liberty, and property have been more amply and steadily secured, or more freely enjoyed, than in these United States of America. Who is there that will deny this? Who is there prepared with a greater or a better example? Who is there that can stand upon the foundation of facts, acknowledged or proved, and assert that these our republican institutions have not answered the true ends of government beyond all precedent in human history?

There is yet another view. There are still higher considerations. Man is an intellectual being, destined to immortality. There is a spirit in him, and the breath of the Almighty hath given him understanding. Then only is he tending toward his own destiny, while he seeks for knowledge and virtue, for the will of his Maker, and for just conceptions of his own duty. Of all important questions, therefore, let this, the most important of all, be first asked and first answered: In what country of the habitable globe, of great extent and large population, are the means of knowledge the most generally diffused and enjoyed among the people? This question admits of one, and only one, answer. It is here; it is here in these United States; it is among the descendants of those who settled at Jamestown; of those who were pilgrims on the shore of Plymouth; and of those other races of men, who, in subsequent times, have become joined in this great American family. Let one fact, incapable of doubt or dispute, satisfy every mind on this point. The population of the United States is twenty-three millions. Now, take the map of the continent of Europe and spread it out before you. Take your scale and your dividers, and lay off in one area, in any shape you please, a triangle, square, circle, parallelogram, or trapezoid, and of an extent that shall contain one hundred and fifty millions of people, and there will be found within the United States more persons who do habitually read and write than can be embraced within the lines of your demarcation. But there is something even more than this. Man is not only an intellectual, but he is also a religious being, and his religious feelings and habits require cultivation. Let the religious element in man's nature be neglected, let him be influenced by no higher motives than low self-interest, and subjected to no stronger restraint than the limits of civil authority, and he becomes the creature of selfish passion or blind fanaticism.

The spectacle of a nation powerful and enlightened, but without Christian faith, has been presented, almost within our own day, as a warning beacon for the nations.



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On the other hand, the cultivation of the religious sentiment represses licentiousness, incites to general benevolence and the practical acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man, inspires respect for law and order, and gives strength to the whole social fabric, at the same time that it conducts the human soul upward to the Author of its being.

Now, I think it may be stated with truth, that in no country, in proportion to its population, are there so many benevolent establishments connected with religious instruction, Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, supported by public and private contributions, as in our own. There are also institutions for the education of the blind, of idiots, of the deaf and dumb; for the reception of orphan and destitute children, and the insane; for moral reform, designed for children and females respectively; and institutions for the reformation of criminals; not to speak of those numerous establishments, in almost every county and town in the United States, for the reception of the aged, infirm, and destitute poor, many of whom have fled to our shores to escape the poverty and wretchedness of their condition at home.

In the United States there is no church establishment or ecclesiastical authority founded by government. Public worship is maintained either by voluntary associations and contributions, or by trusts and donations of a charitable origin.

Now, I think it safe to say, that a greater portion of the people of the United States attend public worship, decently clad, well behaved, and well seated, than of any other country of the civilized world. Edifices of religion are seen everywhere. Their aggregate cost would amount to an immense sum of money. They are, in general, kept in good repair, and consecrated to the purposes of public worship. In these edifices the people regularly assemble on the Sabbath day, which, by all classes, is sacredly set apart for rest from secular employment and for religious meditation and worship, to listen to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and discourses from pious ministers of the several denominations.

This attention to the wants of the intellect and of the soul, as manifested by the voluntary support of schools and colleges, of churches and benevolent institutions, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the American people, not less strikingly exhibited in the new than in the older settlements of the country. On the spot where the first trees of the forest were felled, near the log cabins of the pioneers, are to be seen rising together the church and the school-house. So has it been from the beginning, and God grant that it may thus continue!

“On other shores, above their mouldering towns,
In sullen pomp, the tall cathedral frowns;
Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
Their slender shadows on the paths below;
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep the woodland tracks,
The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer.
Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the rays through blazing oriels pour



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On marble shaft and tessellated floor.”

Who does not admit that this unparalleled growth in prosperity and renown is the result, under Providence, of the union of these States under a general Constitution, which guarantees to each State a republican form of government, and to every man the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, free from civil tyranny or ecclesiastical domination?

And, to bring home this idea to the present occasion, who does not feel that, when President Washington laid his hand on the foundation of the first Capitol, he performed a great work of perpetuation of the Union and the Constitution? Who does not feel that this seat of the general government, healthful in its situation, central in its position, near the mountains whence gush springs of wonderful virtue, teeming with Nature's richest products, and yet not far from the bays and the great estuaries of the sea, easily accessible and generally agreeable in climate and association, does give strength to the union of these States? that this city, bearing an immortal name, with its broad streets and avenues, its public squares and magnificent edifices of the general government, erected for the purpose of carrying on within them the important business of the several departments, for the reception of wonderful and curious inventions, for the preservation of the records of American learning and genius, of extensive collections of the products of nature and art, brought hither for study and comparison from all parts of the world,—adorned with numerous churches, and sprinkled over, I am happy to say, with many public schools, where all the children of the city, without distinction, have the means of obtaining a good education, and with academies and colleges, professional schools and public libraries,—should continue to receive, as it has heretofore received, the fostering care of Congress, and should be regarded as the permanent seat of the national government? Here, too, a citizen of the great republic of letters,¹⁸² a republic which knows not the metes and bounds of political geography, has prophetically indicated his conviction that America is to exercise a wide and powerful influence in the intellectual world, by founding in this city, as a commanding position in the field of science and literature, and placing under the guardianship of the government, an institution “for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.”

With each succeeding year new interest is added to the spot; it becomes connected with all the historical associations of our country, with her statesmen and her orators, and, alas! its cemetery is annually enriched by the ashes of her chosen sons. Before us is the broad and beautiful river, separating two of the original thirteen States, which a late President, a man of determined purpose and inflexible will, but patriotic heart, desired to span with arches of ever-enduring granite, symbolical of the firmly cemented union of the North and the South. That President was General Jackson.

On its banks repose the ashes of the Father of his Country, and at our side, by a singular felicity of position, overlooking the city which he designed, and which bears his name, rises to his memory the marble column, sublime in its simple grandeur, and

182. Hugh Smithson of, eventually, our “Smithsonian Institution.”



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fitly intended to reach a loftier height than any similar structure on the surface of the whole earth.

Let the votive offerings of his grateful countrymen be freely contributed to carry this monument higher and still higher. May I say, as on another occasion, "Let it rise; let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!" Fellow-citizens, what contemplations are awakened in our minds as we assemble here to re-enact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and in arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. We perceive that mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality; if Washington actually were now amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors and toils and sacrifices were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful; the fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while DUTY and the LAW restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

Great Father of your Country! we heed your words; we feel their force as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be

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transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California. Fellow-citizens, we must sometimes be tolerant to folly, and patient at the sight of the extreme waywardness of men; but I confess that, when I reflect on the renown of our past history, on our present prosperity and greatness, and on what the future hath yet to unfold, and when I see that there are men who can find in all this nothing good, nothing valuable, nothing truly glorious, I feel that all their reason has fled away from them, and left the entire control over their judgment and their actions to insanity and fanaticism; and more than all, fellow-citizens, if the purposes of fanatics and disunionists should be accomplished, the patriotic and intelligent of our generation would seek to hide themselves from the scorn of the world, and go about to find dishonorable graves.

Fellow-citizens, take **courage**; be of **good cheer**. We shall come to no such ignoble end. We shall live, and not die. During the period allotted to our several lives, we shall continue to rejoice in the return of this anniversary. The ill-omened sounds of fanaticism will be hushed; the ghastly spectres of **Secession** and **Disunion** will disappear; and the enemies of united constitutional liberty, if their hatred cannot be appeased, may prepare to have their eyeballs seared as they behold the steady flight of the American eagle, on his burnished wings, for years and years to come.

President Fillmore, it is your singularly good fortune to perform an act such as that which the earliest of your predecessors performed fifty-eight years ago. You stand where he stood; you lay your hand on the corner-stone of a building designed greatly to extend that whose corner-stone he laid. Changed, changed is every thing around. The same sun, indeed, shone upon his head which now shines upon yours. The same broad river rolled at his feet, and bathes his last resting-place, that now rolls at yours. But the site of this city was then mainly an open field. Streets and avenues have since been laid out and completed, squares and public grounds enclosed and ornamented, until the city which bears his name, although comparatively inconsiderable in numbers and wealth, has become quite fit to be the seat of government of a great and united people.

Sir, may the consequences of the duty which you perform so auspiciously to-day, equal those which flowed from his act. Nor this only; may the principles of your administration, and the wisdom of your political conduct, be such, as that the world of the present day, and all history hereafter, may be at no loss to perceive what example you have made your study.

Fellow-citizens, I now bring this address to a close, by expressing to you, in the words of the great Roman orator, the deepest wish of my heart, and which I know dwells deeply in the hearts of all who hear me: "Duo modo haec opto; unum, UT MORIENS POPULUM ROMANUM LIBERUM RELINQUAM; hoc mihi majus a diis immortalibus dari nihil potest: alterum, ut ita cuique eveniat,

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ut de republicâ quisque mereatur.”

And now, fellow-citizens, with hearts void of hatred, envy, and malice towards our own countrymen, or any of them, or towards the subjects or citizens of other governments, or towards any member of the great family of man; but exulting, nevertheless, in our own peace, security, and happiness, in the grateful remembrance of the past, and the glorious hopes of the future, let us return to our homes, and with all humility and devotion offer our thanks to the Father of all our mercies, political, social, and religious.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 3D OR 4TH]

NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE JULY 4TH, 1851 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).



July 5, Saturday, 1851: [Ephraim Merriam Ball](#), daughter of Nehemiah Ball and Mary Merriam of Concord, died at the age of 21.

[William Brewster](#) was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts.



July 5. The vetch like flower by the Marlboro Road the *Tephrosia Virginica* is in blossom with mixed red & yellowish blossoms.

Also the White fine flowered Jersey Tea *Ceanothus Americana*– And by the side of wood paths the humble cow-wheat *Apocynum* &c

The blue flower by the road side, slender but pretty spike is the Pale lobelia *L. Palida*.

The reddish blossoms of the umbelled winter-green *P. umbellata* –are now in perfection & are exceedingly beautiful.

Also the white sweet scented flowers of the *P. Rotundifolia*.

It is a remarkably cool clear breezy atmosphere today– One would say there were fewer flowers just now than there have been and are to be; *i.e.* we do not look so much for the blossoming of new flowers. The earliest small fruits are just beginning to be ripe –the raspberry thimbleberry blueberry &c –we have no longer the blossoms of those which must ripen their fruits in early autumn.

I am interested in these fields in the woods where the potatoe is cultivated growing in the light dry sandy soil free from weeds –now in blossom the slight vine not crowded in the hill. I think they do not promise many potatoes though mealy & wholesome like nuts. Many fields have now received their last hoeing & the farmers work seems to be soon over with them. It is pleasing to consider man’s cultivating this plant thus assiduously –without reference to any crop it may yield him, as if he were to cultivate Johns wort in like manner. What influences does he receive from this long intercourse.

The flowers of the umbelled Pyrola or common winter-green are really very handsome now – dangling red from their little umbels like jewelry– Especially the unexpanded buds with their red

China

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



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calyx leaves against the white globe of petals.

There is a handsome wood path on the east side of White pond— The shadows of the pine stems & branches falling across the patch which is perfectly red with pine needles —make a very handsome carpet. Here is a small road run[n]ing north & south along the edge of the wood which would be a good place to walk by moonlight.

The calamint grows by the lane beyond seven-star lane —now in blossom.

As we come over Hubbards Bridge between 5 & 6 pm the sun getting low —a cool wind blowing up the valley —we sit awhile on the rails which are destined for the new railing. The light on the Indian hills is very soft & glorious —giving the idea of the most wonderful fertility— The most barren hills are gilded like waving grainfields— What a paradise to sail by! The cliffs and woods up the stream are nearer and have more shadow & actuality about them— This retired bridge is a favorite spot with me. I have witnessed many a fair sunset from it.



July 6, Sunday, 1851: Der Rose Pilgerfahrt for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by [Robert Schumann](#) to words of Horn was performed for the initial time, privately, at the Schumann home in Düsseldorf.

[David Macbeth Moir](#) had been seriously injured while dismounting from his horse. He died on this day at Dumfries near Edinburgh. He is one of several writers to whom has been attributed “[Canadian Boat-Song](#)”.



[SCOTLAND](#)



It was maybe on this day that [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Isaac Hecker](#) in New-York.

To: HDT
From: Isaac Hecker
Date: [7/6/51]

*Praised be Jesus & Mary
our Mother!
Dear friend Thorough,
You have already heard
of our arrival at N.Y. in the month
of March last. Some weeks ago
I was at Boston & tried hard to
get to Concord but failed. I should
like much to see you & Mr Emerson,
to see where you are, for most of
our old friends are living in the
old ways of life, & too in the old way
if some not worse. And poor
Thos. Carlyle has become the prince
of flunkies; poor fellow, tis a pity
he could find nothing better to do
than to fight the Jesuites. The
meanest of them is a more of a
hero than Herr Thos. Carlyle if
devotion, love of the souls of men,*

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*& self-sacrifice is any standard
of the heroic.*

*That does not however surprise
me; for all men are not heroes,
nor all heroes at all times heroic.
For that you must have some-
thing that shall add to & complete
our nature. If we have not
this, in the end we shall exclaim
with Dryden,—*

*Striving above nature will do no good,
We must come back to flesh & blood.*

*The C. Church alone possesses [this]
power; — the grace to sustain the
soul to live a life above nature
—a super-natural life—hence
her army of glorious martyrs, — even
now reddening the fields of Cochin
China & other parts of the world with
their blood like water, — among them
too, & not a few, Jesuites — hence
her unbroken line of saints, and*

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*test of whose Sanctity is that they have
lived constantly in the practice of
all virtues in a heroic degree—
hence her Virgins & various religious
orders of both sexes living a life
of poverty, Purity, devoting themselves
wholly & freely to the service of God &
their fellow creatures.*

*Our eyes my good friend, are still
open, & we waite with laudable patience
to see th Examples our modern talkers
about heroism will give to the world—
So far our friends have not surprised us,
perhaps it is because we never had great
faith in them in that way, but who knows
there may be something [in] Concord to correct
our error if it be one. Come then friend
Thorough where art thou & what art
thou doing? & what is our friend Ralp.
Waldo Emerson at. What are yr hopes,
What of th future? You have not rec'd yr
souls in vain. Yrs truly*

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*I. Th. Hecker C.S.S.R —
Church of the Most Holy Redeemer—153. Third Street. N.Y. City*

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*P.S. if you my friend or Mr Emerson
should be on this way, it would give me
great pleasure to see you at our con-
vent in 3^d Street—*

My love & best respects to yr family—

{written perpendicular to text:

Postage: 5

Postmark: *MAIL*

JUL

26

N.Y.

Address: Mr. Henry Thorough

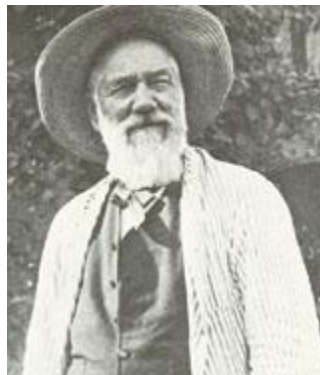
Concord

Massachusetts. }

On this day [Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal that Dr. [Alfred I. Tauber](#) would consider of relevance to his attitude regarding time and eternity: “There on that illustrated sandbank was revealed an antiquity beside which Ninevah is young. Such a light as sufficed for the earliest ages. From what star has it arrived on this planet?”



Constable Sam Staples asked [Thoreau](#) to drop some papers by the grand home of [Samuel Hoar](#) and the Hoars for him.



July 6. Sunday. I walked by night last moon & saw its disk reflected in Walden Pond – the broken disk, now here now there, a pure & memorable flame unearthly bright – like a cucullo of a water-bug. – Ah! but that first faint tinge of moonlight on the gap! (seen some time ago), – a silvery light from the east before day had departed in the west.

What an immeasurable interval there is between the first tinge of moonlight which we detect – lighting with mysterious silvery poetic light the western slopes –like a paler grass –and the last wave of day light on the eastern slopes. It is wonderful how our senses ever span so vast an interval how from being aware of the one we become aware of the other. And now the night wind blows –from where? What gave it birth? It suggests an interval equal to that in between the most distant periods recorded in History– The silver eye is not more distant from the golden –than moonlight is from sunlight. I am looking into the west where the red clouds still indicate the course of departing day–

I turn & see the silent spiritual –contemplative moonlight shedding the softest imaginable light on



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the western slopes of the hills –as if after a thousand years of polishing their surfaces were just beginning to be bright –a pale whitish lustre –already the crickets chirp to the moon a different strain –& the night-wind rustles the leaves of the wood. A different dynasty has commenced. Moonlight like day-light is more valuable for what it suggests than for what it actually is. It is a long past season of which I dream. And the season is perchance because it is a more sacred and glorious season to which I instantly refer all glorious actions in past time. Let a nobler landscape present itself let a purer air blow –& I locate all the worthies of the world. Ah there is the mysterious light which for some hours has illustrated Asia and the scene of Alexander’s victories now at length after two or 3 hours spent in surmounting the billows of the atlantic come to shine on America.

There on that illustrated sandbank was revealed an antiquity beside which Ninevah is young. Such a light as sufficed for the earliest ages. From what star has it arrived on this planet? At midday I see the full moon shining in the sky– What if in some vales only its light is reflected! What if there are some spirits which walk in its light alone still? Who separate the moonlight from the sun-light & are shined on by the former only! I passed from Dynasty to dynasty –from one age of the world to another age of the world –from Jove perchance back to Saturn. What river of Lethe was there to run between? I bad farewell to that light sitting in the west & turned to salute the new light rising in the east.

There is some advantage in being the humblest cheapest least dignified man in the village –so that the very stable boys shall damn-you. Methinks I enjoy that advantage to an unusual extent. There is many a coarsely well meaning fellow, who knows only the skin of me who addresses me familiarly by my christian name– I get the whole good of him & lose nothing myself. There is “Sam” the jailor –whom I never call Sam however, who exclaimed last evening “Thoreau, are you going up the street pretty soon?– Well, just take a couple of these hand bills along & drop on in at Hoar’s Piazza and one at Holbrooks, & I’ll do as much for you another time.” I am not above being used, aye abused, sometimes.

The red clover heads are now turned black– They no longer impart that rosaceous tinge to the meadows & fertile fields. It is but a short time that their rich bloom lasts.

The white is black or withering also. White weed still looks white in the fields– Blue-eyed grass is now rarely seen. The grass & in the fields and meadows is not so fresh & fair as it was a fortnight ago –it is drier & riper & ready for the mowers– Now June is past. June is the month for grass & flowers– Now grass is turning to hay & flowers to fruits. Already I gather ripe blueberries on the hills.

The red-topped grass is in its prime tinging the fields with red.

It is a free flowing wind –with wet clouds in the sky though the sun shines. The distant hills look unusually near in this atmosphere. Acton M. houses seen to stand on the side of some hills, Nagog or Nashoba –beyond, as never before Nobscot looks like a high pasture in the sun light not far off. From time to time I hear a few drops of rain falling on the leaves, but none is felt & the sun does not cease to shine– All serious showers go-round me & get out of my way.

The clasping harebell is certainly a pretty flower and so is the Tephrosia. The Poke has blossomed & the Indigo weed–



TIME AND ETERNITY

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July 7, Monday, 1851: Kaiser-Jäger-Marsch op.93 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Bierhalle Fünfhaus, Vienna. Also premiered was Strauss' waltz Gambrinus-Tänze op.97.

William Henry Fish wrote from Milford, Massachusetts to the [Reverend Samuel May, Jr.](#) to arrange for an upcoming antislavery convention in Milford. There were various options for the meeting as "the Vigilance Com[mittee] of Milford embracing some of the most energetic businessmen of the place promise to use their influence & activity in getting up a grove if need be, so you see we expect ample provisions for the meeting will be made in some way." Local Methodist and Universalist ministers were so "much interested in Antislavery" that they had offered the use of a church "if we could not get a suitable place."

[Henry Thoreau](#) went with Sexton [Anthony Wright](#) to view the universe through [Perez Blood's](#) [telescope](#). Just Kaiser-Jäger-Marsch op.93 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Bierhalle Fünfhaus, Vienna. Also premiered was Strauss' waltz Gambrinus-Tänze op.97. for the fun of it, I will illustrate this with a depiction, prepared in this very year by H. Dassel, which is not of Thoreau peering through Blood's telescope but of the astronomer [Maria Mitchell](#), peering presumably through her father's telescope on the roof of his bank at the comet she had discovered (**see following screen**).



July 7, Monday. The intimations of the night are divine methinks. men might meet in the morning & report the news of the night.— What divine suggestions have been made to them I find that I carry with me into the day often some such hint derived from the gods Such impulses to purity—to heroism—to literary effort even as are never day-born.

One of those morning's which usher in no day—but rather an endless morning—a protracted auroral season—for clouds prolong the twilight the livelong day—

And now that there is an interregnum in the blossoming of the flowers so is there in the singing of the birds— The golden robin is rarely heard—and the bobolink &c.

I rejoice when in a dream I have loved virtue & nobleness.

Where is Grecian History? It is when in the morning I recall the intimations of the night.

The moon is now more than half full.¹⁸³ When I come through the village at 10 o'clock this cold night—cold as in May—the heavy shadows of the elms covering the ground with their rich tracery impress me as if men had got so much more than they had bargained for—not only trees to stand in the air, but to check the ground with their shadows— At night they lie along the earth. They tower—they arch—they droop over the streets like chandeliers of darkness. In my walk the other afternoon I saw the sun shining into the depths of a thick pine wood, checkering the ground like moonlight—and illuminating the lichen-covered bark of a large white-pine, from which it was reflected Through the surrounding thicket as from another sun—; This was so deep in the woods that you would have said no sun could penetrate thither.

I have been tonight with Anthony Wright to look through Perez Bloods Telescope a 2nd time.¹⁸⁴ A dozen of his Bloods neighbors were swept along in the stream of our curiosity. One who lived half a mile this side said that Blood had been down that way within a day or two with his terrestrial or day glass looking into the eastern horizon the hills of [Billerica](#) Burlington—and Woburn— I was amused to see what sort of respect this man with a telescope had obtained from his neighbors— something akin to that which savages award to civilized men—though in this case the interval between the parties was very slight. Mr Blood with his scull cap on his short figure—his north European figure made me think of Tycho Brahe— He did not invite us into his house this cool evening—men nor women— Nor did he ever before to my knowledge

I am still contented to see the stars with my naked eye Mr Wright asked him what his instrument cost He answered—"Well, that is something I dont like to tell. (stuttering or hesitating in his speech a little, as usual) It is a very proper question however"— "Yes," said I, "and you think that you have given a very proper answer."

Returning my companion Wright the sexton told me how dusty he found it digging a grave that

183. The moon would have been half full on the 4th.

184. I don't know when the first time was.

HDT

WHAT?

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afternoon for one who had been a pupil of mine –for two feet he said, notwithstanding the rain, he found the soil as dry as ashes.

With a certain wariness, but not without a slight shudder at the danger oftentimes, I perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair, as a case at court– And I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish –to permit idle rumors tales incidents even of an insignificant kind –to intrude upon what should be the sacred ground of the thoughts Shall the temple of our thought be a public arena where the most trivial affair of the market & the gossip of the teatable is discussed –a dusty noisy trivial place –or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself –a place consecrated to the service of the gods –a hypaethral temple. I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant that I hesitate to burden my mind with the most insignificant which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is for the most part the news –in newspapers & conversation. It is important to preserve the mind’s chastity in this respect Think of admitting the details of a single case at the criminal court into the mind –to stalk profanely through its very sanctum sanctorum for an hour –aye for many hours– –to make a very bar-room of your mind’s inmost apartment –as if for a moment the dust of the street had occupied you –aye the very street itself with all its travel passed through your very mind of minds –your thoughts shrine –with all its filth & bustle [possibly “hustle”]– Would it not be an intellectual [suicide](#)? By all manner of boards & traps threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law excluding trespassers from these grounds it behoves us to preserve the purity & sanctity of the mind. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember. If I am to be a channel or thorough [thoroughfare] –I prefer that it be of the mountain springs –& not the town sewers– The Parnassian streams There is inspiration –the divine gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind –from the Courts of Heaven –there is the profane & stale revelation of the barroom & the police Court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications –only the character of the individual determines to which source chiefly it shall be open & to which closed. I believe that the mind can be profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. They shall be dusty as stones in the street– Our very minds shall be paved and macadamized as it were – its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over. If we have thus desecrated ourselves the remedy will be by circumspection –& wariness by our aspiration & devotion to consecrate ourselves –to make a fane of the mind. I think that we should treat ourselves as innocent & ingenuous [ingenuous] children whose guardians we are –be careful what objects & what subjects we thrust on its attention¹⁸⁵


Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness –unless they are in a sense effaced each morning or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh & living truth. Every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear & tear it & to deepen the ruts which as in the streets of Pompeii evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them. Routine –conventionality manners &c &c –how insensibly and undue attention to these dissipates & impoverishes the mind –robs it of its simplicity & strength emasculates it. Knowledge doe[s] not cone [come] to us by details but by lieferungs from the gods. What else is it to wash & purify ourselves? Conventionalities are as bad as impurities. Only thought which is expressed by the mind in repose as it wer[e] lying on its back & contemplating the heaven’s –is adequately & fully expressed– What are side long –transient passing half views? The writer expressing his thought –must be as well seated as the astronomer contemplating the heavens –he must not occupy a constrained position. The facts the experience we are well poised upon –! Which secures our whole attention!¹⁸⁶

The senses of children are unprofaned their whole body is one sense –they take a physical pleasure in riding on a rail –they love to teter –so does the unviolated –the unsophisticated mind derive an inexpressable pleasure from the simplest exercise of thoughts.

I can express adequately only the thought which I *love* to express.– All the faculties in repose but the one you are using –the whole energy concentrated in that.

Be ever so little distracted –your thoughts so little confused– Your engagements so few –your attention so free your existence so mundane –that in all places & in all hours you can hear the sound of crickets in those seasons when they are to be heard. It is a mark of serenity & health of mind when a person hears this sound much –in streets of cities as well as in fields. Some ears never hear this sound –are called deaf. Is it not because they have so long attended to other sounds?



 July 8, Tuesday, 1851: At a farewell party for Lowell Mason and his wife at Winter Street Church in Boston (the Masons were moving to New-York), Mason gave a speech on his work in church music.



July 8. Tuesday. Walked along the clam-shell bank after sundown.— a cloudy sky. The heads of the grass in the pasture behind Dennis’ have a reddish cast, but another grass with a lighter colored stem & leaves on the higher parts of the field gives a yellowish tinge to those parts as if they reflected a misty sunlight. Even much later in the night these light spots were distinguishable. I am struck by the cool juicy pickled cucumber green of the potatoe fields now— How lusty these vines look. The pasture naturally exhibits at this season no such living green as the cultivated fields. I perceive that flower of the lowlands now with a peculiar leaf—and conspicuous white umbels? [Rye

185. [Henry Thoreau](#) would use some of the material from this day in regard to his “we should live in eternity rather than in time” theme, in his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?](#)”:

BRAD DEAN’S COMMENTARY

[Paragraph 81] If we have thus desecrated ourselves,—as who has not?—the remedy will be by wariness and circumspection, by devotion and aspiration to reconsecrate ourselves—and make once more a fane of the mind. We should treat our minds—that is, ourselves—as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times.¹ Read the Eternities.² Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness, unless they are in a sense effaced each morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven. Yes, every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them—had better let their peddling carts be driven even at the slowest trot or walk—over that bridge of glorious span by which we trust to pass at last from the furthest brink of time to the nearest shore of eternity. Conventionalities are as bad as impurities. By an undue attention to routine, manners, and so forth,³ the mind is insensibly dissipated and impoverished—robbed of its simplicity and

1. [“The Times” was presumably the *Littell’s Living Age*.]
 2. I [Bradley P. Dean] emend the essay copy-text by omitting ‘Conventionalities are at length as bad as impurities.’, which appears after this sentence in the essay but which appears without the words ‘at length’ as the penultimate sentence of this paragraph in the extant reading-draft manuscript.

The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
353	Reason and Thought	We should treat our minds as innocent and ingenious children whose guardians we are — be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention.

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[i.e. meadow-rue]]



186. [Thoreau](#) would later use this comment pertaining to his “different drummer” theme, in his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?”](#):

[Paragraph 79] Not without a slight shudder at the danger, I often perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair,—the news of the street; and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish,—to permit idle rumors and incidents of the most insignificant kind to intrude on ground which should be sacred to thought. Shall the mind be a public arena, where the affairs of the street and the gossip of the tea-table chiefly are discussed? Or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself,—an hypæthral temple, consecrated to the service of the gods? [Compare [1 Corinthians 3:16](#)] I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my attention with those which are insignificant, which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is, for the most part, the news in newspapers and conversations. It is important to preserve the mind’s chastity in this respect. Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very *sanctum sanctorum* for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar-room of the mind’s inmost apartment, as if for so long the dust of the street had occupied us,—the very street itself, with all its travel, its bustle, and filth had passed through our thoughts’ shrine! Would it not be an intellectual and moral suicide?

[Paragraph 80] By all kinds of traps and sign-boards, threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, exclude such trespassers from the only ground which can be sacred to you. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember! If I am to be a thoroughfare, I prefer that it be of the mountain-brooks, the Parnassian streams, and not the town-sewers. There is inspiration, that gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind from the courts of heaven. There is the profane and stale revelation of the bar-room and the police court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications. Only the character of the hearer determines to which it shall be open, and to which closed. I believe that the mind can be permanently profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. Our very intellect shall be macadamized, as it were,—its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over; and if you would know what will make the most durable pavement, surpassing rolled stones—spruce blocks—and asphaltum—you have only to look into some of our minds which have been subjected to this treatment so long.

BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY

DIFFERENT
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Here are mulleins covering a field (the Clam shell field) where 3 years were none noticeable –but a smooth uninterrupted pasture sod. 2 years ago it was ploughed for the first time for many years & Millet & corn & potatoes planted –and now *where the millet grew* these mulleins have sprung up. Who can write the history of these fields? The millet does not perpetuate itself, but the few seeds of the mullein which perchance were brought here with it, are still multiplying the race.

The thick heads of the yellow dock warn me of the lapse of time.

Here are some rich rye-fields waving over all the land –their heads nodding in the evening breeze with an apparently alternating motion –*i.e.* they do not all bend at once by ranks but separately & hence this agreeable alternation How rich a sight this cereal fruit –now yellow for the cradle – *flavus*– It is an impenetrable phalanx– I walk for half a mile beside the Macedons looking in vain for an opening– There is no Arnold Winkelried to gather these spear-heads upon his breast & make an opening for me– This is food for man; the earth labors not in vain –it is bearing its burden. The yellow waving rustling rye extends far up & over the hills on either side, a kind of pin-a-fore to Nature, leaving only a narrow and dark passage at the bottom of a deep ravine. How rankly it has grown! –how it hastes to maturity! I discover that there is such a goddess as Ceres. The long grain fields which you must respect –must go round –occupying the ground like an army. The small trees & shrubs seen dimly in its midst are overwhelmed by the grain as by an inundation– Indistinct forms of bushes –green leaves mixed with the yellow stalks. There are certain crops which give me the idea of bounty –of the *Alma Natura*– I mean the grains. Potatoes do not so fill the lap of earth. This rye excludes everything else & takes possession of the soil. The farmer says next year I will raise a crop of rye. & he proceeds to clear away the brush –& either plows it, or if it is too uneven or stoney – burns & harrows it only –& scatters the seed with faith– And all winter the earth keeps his secret – unless it did leak out somewhat in the fall, and in the spring this early green on the hill sides betrays him. When I see this luxuriant crop spreading far and wide in spite of rock & bushes and unevenness of ground, I can not help thinking that it must have been unexpected by the farmer himself –& regarded by him as a lucky accident for which to thank fortune.– This to reward a transient faith – the gods had given. As if he must have forgotten that he did it until he saw the waving grain inviting his sickle.

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 July 9, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) visited [Harvard Observatory](#) on Concord Avenue in Cambridge. Perhaps this had been suggested by [John Downes](#), who earlier in the year had been in touch with the observatory about the occultation of stars. It has been presumed that it was the director, [William Cranch Bond](#), age about 62, who showed Thoreau around and answered his questions. I suggest that it would more likely have been his son the assistant observer [George Phillips Bond](#), 6 years out of [Harvard College](#), who would



have been providing such a public relations service, and that the director would have been reserving himself for occasional visitors who thought they had cachet and who might be more easily offended, such as [Prince Albert](#). My reasons for suspecting this are that I can't believe the astronomers would have taken Thoreau seriously, plus George was more of Henry's own age group, plus George is known to have had an abiding interest in nature and in particular in ornithology.¹⁸⁷

ASTRONOMY

Thoreau stopped by the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) and checked out Volume I of the MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, new series.

187. A case in point is the treatment awarded by historians of the science of astronomy to [Henry Thoreau](#)'s visit in the official study on the first four directorships of the Harvard College observatory, by Bessie (Judith) Zaban Jones and Lyle Gifford Boyd, entitled THE HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY: THE FIRST FOUR DIRECTORSHIPS, 1839-1919 (Cambridge MA: The Belknap Press of Harvard UP, 1971). This is a meticulous book, quite elaborately documented. Yet I note that in dealing with Thoreau's visit, they have deviated from their standard practice: they have

1.) quoted from his [JOURNAL](#) without scholarly apparatus of footnotes and citations,

they have

2.) quoted incorrectly,

and they have

3.) tried to make a mere joke of his visit, by an aside the point of which seems to be that this guy Thoreau was so far out in left field, who else would come up with the sort of comment he could come up with, whatever his comment might mean if anybody ever tried to take such a person seriously.

In fact, Thoreau's visit was quite serious, and bore directly upon the struggle the current director was having as a volunteer "gentleman" researcher with the likes of Professors [Louis Agassiz](#) and [Benjamin Peirce](#), and all the other ideologs of scientific bureaucracy whose primary objective then as now was not discovery itself, but rather their seizure of control over all processes of discovery. I suppose I am saying that since we cannot expect serious people to take Thoreau seriously today, we can have no reason to assume that serious people would take Thoreau seriously in his own day — certainly not to the extent of extending VIP treatment to **someone who was not acting in any manner as VIPs should act!**

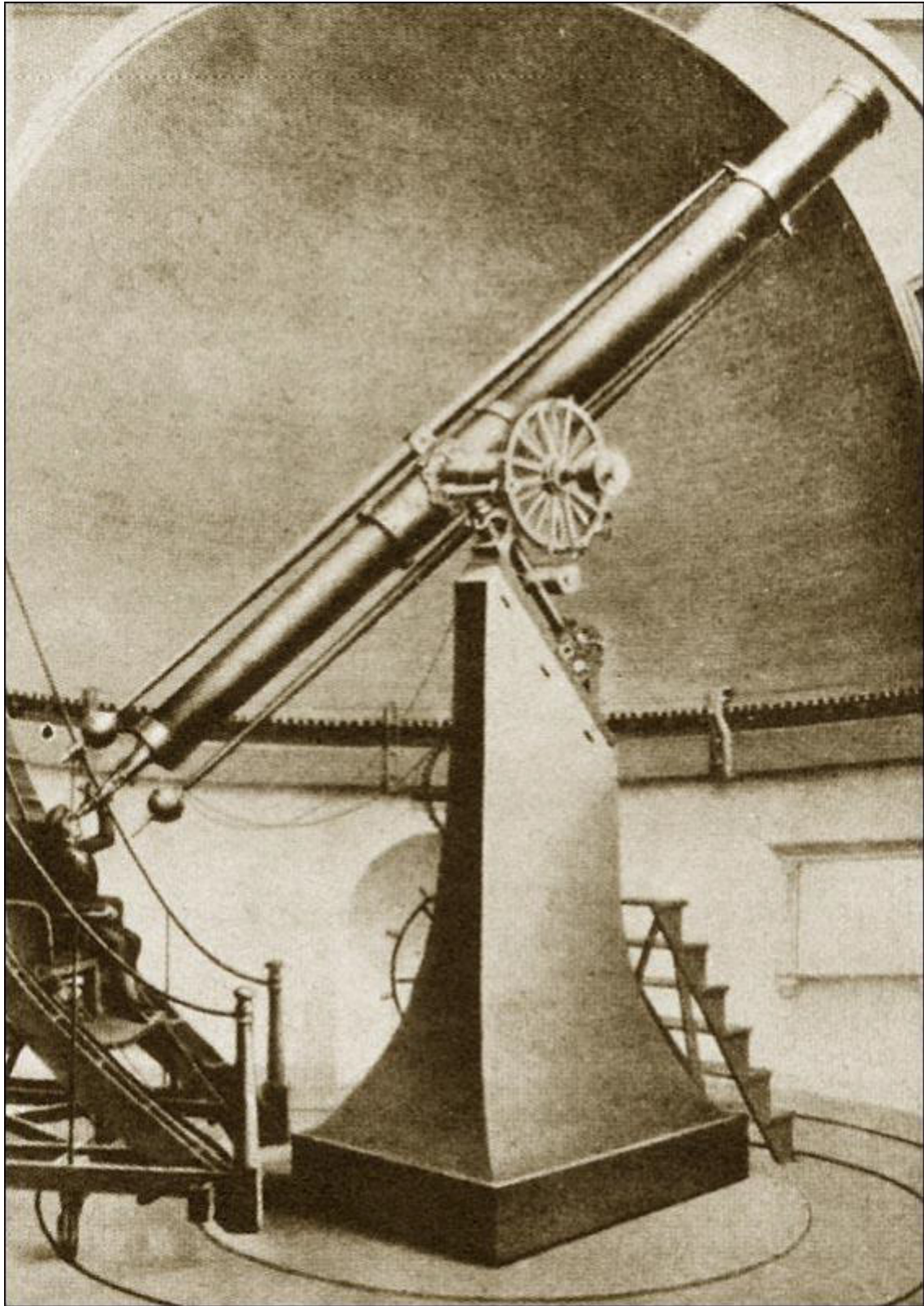
HDT

WHAT?

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Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to Frederick Douglass while serializing [UNCLE TOM'S CABIN](#), asking him for contacts for information about slave life on cotton plantations. In this letter she took issue with his opposition to colonization and with his criticisms of Christianity:

You may perhaps have noticed in your editorial readings a series of articles that I am furnishing for the Era under the title of "Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life among the Lowly" - In the course of my story, the scene will fall upon a cotton plantation - I am very desirous to gain information from one who has been an actual labourer on one - & it occurs to me that in the circle of your acquaintance there might be one who would be able to communicate to me some such information as I desire - I have before me an able paper written by a southern planter in which the details & modus operandi are given from his point of sight - I am anxious to have some more from another standpoint - I wish to be able to make a picture that shall be graphic & true to nature in its details - Such a person as Henry Bibb, if in this country might give me just the kind of information I desire you may possible [sic] know of some other person - I will subjoin to this letter a list of questions which in that case, you will do me a favor by enclosing to the individual - with a request that he will at earliest convenience answer them -

- I have noticed with regret, your sentiments on two subjects, - the church - & African Colonization - & with the more regret, because I think you have a considerable share of reason for your feelings on both these subjects - but I would willingly if I could modify your views on both points.

After all my brother, the strength & hope of your oppressed race does lie in the church - In hearts united to Him ... Every thing is against you - but Jesus Christ is for you - & He has not forgotten his church misguided & erring though it be.... This movement must & will become a purely religious one ... christians north & south will give up all connection with [slavery] & later up their testimony against it - & thus the work will be done -



July 9, Wednesday: When I got out of the cars at Porter's Cambridge this morning -I was pleased to see the handsome blue flowers of the Succory or Endive Cichorium intybus -which reminded me that within the hour I had been whirled into a new botanical region. They must be extremely rare, if they occur at all in Concord. This weed is handsomer than most garden flowers. Saw there also the Cucubalus behen or Bladder Campion. also The Autumnal dandelion Apargia Autumnalis.

Visited the Observatory. Bond said they were cataloguing the stars at Washington? or trying to. They do not at Cambridge of no use with their force. Have not force enough now to make mag. obs. When I asked if an observer with the small telescope could find employment -he said "O yes -there was employment enough for observation with the naked eye -observing the changes in the brilliancy of stars &c &c -if they could only get some good observers.- One is glad to hear that the naked eye still retains some importance in the estimation of astronomers.

Coming out of town -willingly as usual -when I saw that reach of Charles River just above the Depot -the fair still water this cloudy evening suggesting the way to eternal peace & beauty -whence it flows -the placid lake-like fresh water so unlike the salt brine -affected me not a little- I was reminded of the way in which Wordsworth so coldly speaks of some natural visions or scenes "giving him pleasure". This is perhaps the first vision of elysium on this rout from Boston.

And just then I saw an encampment of Penobscots -their wigwams appearing above the rail road fence -they too looking up the river as they sat on the ground & enjoying the scene. What can be

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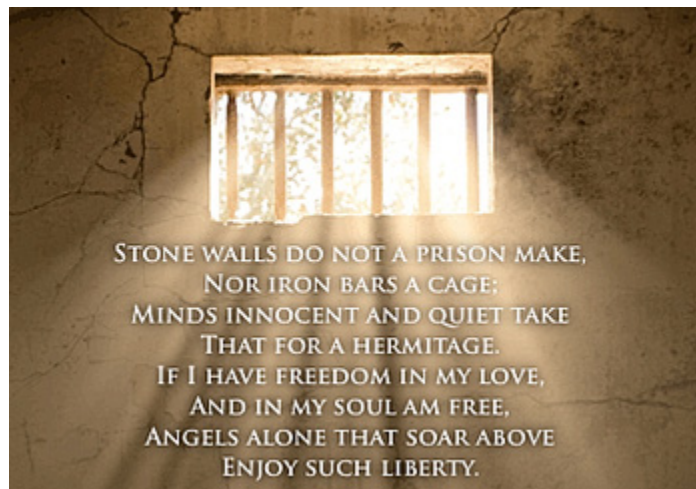
more impressive than to look up a noble river just at evening –one perchance which you have never explored –& behold its placid waters reflecting the woods –& sky lapsing inaudibly toward the ocean –to behold as a lake –but know it as a river –tempting the beholder to explore it –& his own destiny at once. haunt of waterfowl – – this was above the factories –all that I saw That water could never have flowed under a factory –how *then* could it have reflected the sky?



WALDEN: Consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. I have seen Penobscot Indians, in this town, living in tents of thin cotton cloth, while the snow was nearly a foot deep around them, and I thought that they would be glad to have it deeper to keep out the wind. Formerly, when how to get my living honestly, with freedom left for my proper pursuits, was a question which vexed me even more than it does now, for unfortunately I am become somewhat callous, I used to see a large box by the railroad, six feet long by three wide, in which the laborers locked up their tools at night, and it suggested to me that every man who was hard pushed might get such a one for a dollar, and, having bored a few auger holes in it, to admit the air at least, get into it when it rained and at night, and hook down the lid, and so have freedom in his love, and in his soul be free. This did not appear the worst, nor by any means a despicable alternative. You could sit up as late as you pleased, and, whenever you got up, go abroad without any landlord or house-lord dogging you for rent. Many a man is harassed to death to pay the rent of a larger and more luxurious box who would not have frozen to death in such a box as this. I am far from jesting. Economy is a subject which admits of being treated with levity, but it cannot so be disposed of.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

RICHARD LOVELACE





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July 10, Thursday, [1851](#): [David Macbeth Moir](#) had been seriously injured while dismounting from his horse, and had died at Dumfries near Edinburgh. The body was placed on this day in the cemetery of Inveresk Church in Musselburgh. A memorial statue would be erected there in 1853. He is one of several writers to whom has been attributed "[Canadian Boat-Song](#)."



SCOTLAND

[Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre](#) died, American photographers would don black armbands for a month. Events in the development of [photography](#):

- Although Hugh Mackay had opened a Daguerreotype studio in [China](#) in 1846, the earliest surviving photographic exposure we have to this point been able to collect happens to be a salted paper print from a calotype negative of the Five-Story Pagoda in Canton, made in this year.
- In England, Frederick Scott Archer, a sculptor, was introducing a process to supersede this dry Daguerreotype process. This was done by means of a wet glass plate which had been coated in the dark with "collodion," a surface made from nitrocellulose ("gun cotton") dissolved in alcohol and ether, and then doped with potassium iodide, which when exposed to a momentary bright light could produce an image which could be fixed by application of a solution of ferrous sulfate. This new process combined the ability to produce multiple positives from a single negative, the advantage of the calotype process pioneered in England by [William Henry Fox Talbot](#), with extremely fine detail, the advantage of the [Daguerreotype](#) process pioneered in France by [Joseph-Nicephor Niépce](#) and [Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre](#), and added to this process a **stop-motion** speed which not only eased the inconvenience of producing photographs but also extended the range of possible photographs to include moving objects. Although, in this year, the first flash photograph was being produced by Talbot by use of the spark discharge from a Leyden jar battery, there remained problems of brightness and of synchronization, so Archer's new wet process of photography would be used indoors during the 1850s in conjunction with magnesium wire which, when burned in a "low-tech" manner, could produce a more intense and sustained and manageable light.
- [Joseph-Nicephor Niépce](#) was at this point able to produce unstable photographs in color. Although an American Daguerreotypist, Levi Hill, was claiming at this point also to have taken natural-color daguerreotypes, and although such a discovery is certainly not impossible in the light of subsequent developments in photography, his reluctance to exhibit his work, coupled with suspicions that he was not above enhancing his murky effects through trickery, do cast some shadow of suspicion over our national claim to have originated color photography.
- Robert Vance exhibited a series of 300 whole-plate Daguerreotypes of [California](#), creating a sensation. He had taken panoramas of population centers such as San Francisco, of the Franciscan missions, of the native Americans in their way of life, of the gold miners in their way of life, etc. All these photographs are now entirely lost to us, except in chance contemporary verbal characterizations.

PANORAMA



July 10, Thursday. A gorgeous sunset after rain with horizontal bars of clouds red sashes to the western window –barry clouds hanging like a curtain over the window of the west –damask. First

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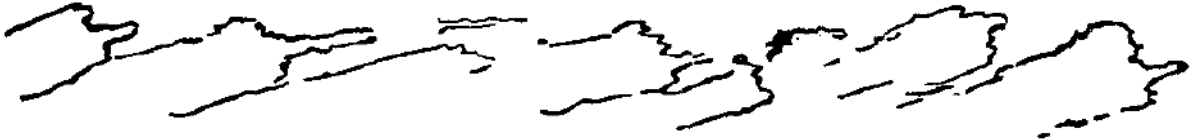
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there is a low arch of the storm clouds in the west under which is seen the clearer fairer serener – sky –and more distant sunset clouds and under all on the horizon’s edge heavier massive dark clouds not to be distinguished from the *mts*. How many times I have seen this kind of sunset –the most gorgeous sight in nature. From the hill behind Minots I see the birds flying against this red sky the sun having set –one looks like a bat. Now between two stupendous *mts* of the low stratum under the evening red –clothed in slightly rosaceous amber light –through a magnificent gorge far far away – as perchance may occur in pictures of the Spanish Coast viewed from the mediterranean I see a city –the eternal city of the west –the phantom city –in whose streets no traveller has trod –over whose pavements the horses of the sun have already hurried. Some Salamanca of the imagination. But it lasts only for a moment –for now the changing light has wrought such changes in it that I see the resemblance no longer.

A softer amber sky than in any picture. The swallows are improving this short day –twittering as they fly, & the huckleberry bird repeats his jingling strain –& the song-sparrow more honest than most. I am always struck by the centrality of the observer’s position. He always stands fronting the middle of the arch –& does not suspect at first that a thousand observers on a thousand hill’s behold the sunset sky from equally favorable positions.


And now I turn & observe the dark masses of the trees in the east –not green but black while the sun was setting in the west the trees were rising in the east.


I perceive that the low stratum of dark clouds under the red sky all slips one way –and to a remarkable degree presents the appearance of the but ends of cannons slanted toward the sky –thus



Such uniformity on a large scale is unexpected & pleasant to detect –evinced the simplicity of the laws of their formation. Uniformity in the shapes of clouds of a single stratum is always to be detected –the same wind shaping clouds of the like consistency and in like positions. No doubt an experienced observer could discover the states of the upper atmosphere by studying the forms & characters of the clouds.

I traced the distinct form of the cannon in 7 instances stretching over the whole length of the cloud many a mile in the horizon.

And the night-hawk [**Common Nighthawk**  *Chordeiles minor* (Booming Nighthawk)] dashes past in the twilight with mottled? wing within a rod of me.

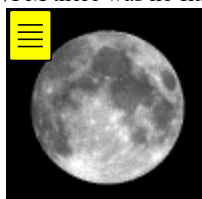
 July 11, Friday, 1851: In San Francisco, California, James Stuart had been “arrested” on July 2d by a group of citizens who had turned over to a Committee of Vigilance. They hanged him on this day.

Henry Thoreau, walking at night with Ellery Channing, became concerned that Ellery seemed incapable of grasping the fact that Nature has a darker side:



July 11, Friday. At 7¹/₄ PM with W.E.C. go forth to see the moon the glimpses of the moon– We think she is not quite full– we can detect a little flatness on the eastern side.¹⁸⁸ Shall we wear

188. Actually, this was the night of the full moon. At 7PM there was no flatness whatever on the eastern side:



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thick coats? The day has been warm enough, but how cool will the night be? It is not sultry as the last night. As a general rule, it is best to wear your thickest coat even in a July night. Which way shall we walk? North west—that we may see the moon returning— But on that side the river prevents our walking in the fields—and on other accounts that direction is not so attractive. We go toward Bear Garden Hill.¹⁸⁹ The sun is setting. The meadow sweet has bloomed. These dry hills & pastures are the places to walk by moon light— The moon is silvery still—not yet inaugurated. The tree tops are seen against the amber west— Methinks I see the outlines of one spruce among them — distinguishable afar. My thoughts expand & flourish most on this barren hill where in the twilight I see the moss spreading in rings & prevailing over the short thin grass carpeting the earth —adding a few inches of green to its circle annually while it dies within.

As we round the sandy promontory we try the sand & rocks with our hands —the sand is cool on the surface but warmer a few inches beneath —though the contrast is not so great as it was in May. The larger rocks are perceptibly warm. I pluck the blossom of the milk-weed in the twilight & find how sweet it smells. The white blossoms of the Jersey tea dot the hill side —with the yarrow everywhere. Some woods are black as clouds—if we knew not they were green by day, they would appear blacker still. When we sit we hear the mosquitoes hum. The woodland paths are not the same by night as by day—if they are a little grown up the eye cannot find them—but must give the reins to the feet as the traveller to his horse —so we went through the aspens at the base of the cliffs —their round leaves reflecting the lingering twilight on the one side the waxing moon light on the other —always the path was unexpectedly open.

Now we are getting into moon light. We see it reflected from particular stumps in the depths of the darkest woods, and from the stems of trees, as if it selected what to shine on.— a silvery light. It is a light of course which we have had all day but which we have not appreciated— And proves how remarkable a lesser light can be when a greater has departed. Here simply & naturally the moon presides— 'Tis true she was eclipsed by the sun—but now she acquires an almost equal respect & worship by reflecting & representing him —with some new quality perchance added to his light — showing how original the disciple may be —who still in mid-day is seen though pale & cloud-like beside his master. Such is a worthy disciple— In his masters presence he still is seen & preserves a distinct existence —& in his absence he reflects & represents him —not without adding some new quality to his light —not servile & never rival— As the master withdraws himself the disciple who was a pale cloud before begins to emit a silvery light —acquiring at last a tinge of golden as the darkness deepens, but not enough to scorch the seeds which have been planted or to dry up the fertilising dews which are falling.

BAKER FARM

Passing now near Well meadow head toward Bakers orchard— The sweet fern & Indigo weed fill the path up to ones middle wetting us with dews so high The leaves are shining & flowing— We wade through the luxuriant vegetation seeing no bottom— Looking back toward the cliffs some dead trees in the horizon high on the rocks make a wild New Hampshire prospect. There is the faintest possible mist over the pond holes, where the frogs are eructating —like the falling of huge drops —the bursting of mephitic air bubbles rising from the bottom —a sort of blubbering Such conversation as *I have* heard between men.— a belching conversation expressing a sympathy of stomachs & abdomens. The peculiar appearance of the Indigo weed, its misty massiveness is striking. In Baker's Orchard the thick grass looks like a sea of mowing in this weird moonlight —a bottomless sea of grass— our feet must be imaginative —must know the earth in imagination only as well as our heads. We sit on the fence, & where it is broken & interrupted the fallen & slanting rails are lost in the grass (really thin & wiry) as in water. We ever see our tracks a long way behind, where we have brushed off the dew. The clouds are peculiarly wispy wispy tonight some what like fine flames —not massed and dark nor downy —not thick but slight thin wisps of mist—

BAKER FARM

FAIR HAVEN

I hear the sound of Heywood's brook falling into Fair Haven Pond —inexpressibly refreshing to my senses —it seems to flow through my very bones.— I hear it with insatiable thirst— It allays some sandy heat in me— It affects my circulations —methinks my arteries have sympathy with it What is it I hear but the pure water falls within me in the circulation of my blood —the streams that fall into my heart?— what mists do I ever see but such as hang over —& rise from my blood— The sound of this gurgling water —running thus by night as by day —falls on all my dashes —fills all my buckets — overflows my float boards —turns all the machinery of my nature makes me a flume —a sluice way to

189. In recent years [Bear Garden Hill](#) has been proposed for a condo complex, to accompany the office development that had been proposed for [Brister's Hill](#) (but which has since been defeated).

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BAKER FARM

the springs of nature— Thus I am washed thus I drink —& quench my thirst. Where the streams fall into the lake if they are only a few inches more elevated all walkers may hear—
On the high path through Bakers wood I see or rather feel the Tephrosia— Now we come out into the open pasture. And under those woods of elm & button wood where still no light is seen —repose a family of human beings By night there is less to distinguish this locality from the woods & meadows we have threaded.

We might go very near to Farm houses covered with ornamental trees & standing on a high road, thinking that were in the most retired woods & fields still. Having yielded to sleep man is a less obtrusive inhabitant of nature. Now having reached the dry pastures again —we are surrounded by a flood of moon light— The dim cart path over the wood curves gracefully through the Pitch-pines, ever to some more fairy-like spot. The rails in the fences shine like silver— We know not whether we are sitting on the ruins of a wall —or the materials which are to compose a new one. I see half-a mile off a phosphorescent arc on the hill side where Bartletts cliff reflects the moon light. Going by the shanty I smell the excrements of its inhabitants which I had never smelt before.

CYRUS HUBBARD

And now at half past 10 o'clock I hear the cockrils crow in Hubbard's barns.— and morning is already anticipated. It is the feathered wakeful thought in us that anticipates the following day. This sound is wonderfully exhilarating at all times. These birds are worth far more to me for their crowing & cackling —than for their drumsticks & eggs. How singular the connexion of the hen with man, that she leaves her eggs in his barns always —she is a domestic fowl though still a little shyish of him— I cannot looking at the whole as an experiment still and wondering that in each case it succeeds. There is no doubt at last but hens may be kept —they will put there eggs in your barn —by a tacit agreement— They will not wander far from your yard.

JAMES BAKER

Read Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 (æ. 33-34)



July 12, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed near [Charles Gordon](#)'s property.


He went out walking again as on the previous night, this time alone rather than with the uncomprehending [Ellery Channing](#), and found himself bidding “farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally.” Note that Thoreau had admitted to himself, after his excursion into the wilds of Maine, that “man could no longer accuse institutions and society, but must front the true source of evil.”



THE BOSOM SERPENT



July 12. 8 PM Now at least the moon is full —and I walk alone —which is best by night, if not by day always. Your companion must sympathize with the present mood. The conversation must be located where the walkers are & vary exactly with the scene & events & the contour of the ground. Farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally —whose presence are an interruption. I know but one with whom I can walk. I might as well be sitting in a bar room with them as walk and talk with most— We are never side by side in our thoughts —& we cannot bear each other's silence— Indeed we cannot be silent— We are forever breaking silence, that is all, and mending nothing. How can they keep together who are going different ways!

I start a sparrow  from her 3 eggs in the grass where she had settled for the night. The earliest corn is beginning to show its tassels now & I scent it as I walk —its peculiar dry scent. (This afternoon I gathered ripe blackberries & felt as if the autumn had commenced) Now perchance many sounds & sights only remind me that they once said something to me, and are so by association interesting. I go forth to be reminded of a previous state of existence, if perchance any memento of it is to be met


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with hereabouts. I have no doubt that nature preserves her integrity. Nature is in as rude health as

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

when Homer sang. We may at least by our sympathies be well. I see a skunk on bare garden hill stealing noiselessly away from me, while the moon shines over the pitch pines which send long shadows down the hill— Now looking back I see it shining on the S side of farm houses & barns with a weird light—for I pass here half an hour later than last night. I smell the huckleberry bushes. I hear a human voice some laborer singing after his days toil—which I do not often hear—loud it must be for it is far away—methinks I should know it for a white man’s voice—some strains have the melody of an instrument. Now I hear the sound of a bugle in the “Corner” reminding me of Poetic Wars, a few flourishes & the bugler has gone to rest. At the foot of the Cliff hill I hear the sound of the clock striking nine as distinctly as within a quarter of a mile usually though there is no wind. The moonlight is more perfect than last night—hardly a cloud in the sky—only a few fleecy ones—there is more serenity & more light— I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note as of a bird flying high—now from this side then from that. Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill. I smell the butter & eggs as I walk. I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal across my path a rabbit or a fox—or you hardly know if it be not a bird. Looking down from the cliffs—the leaves of the tree tops shine more than ever by day—hear & there a lightning bug shows his greenish light over the tops of the trees—¹⁹⁰ As I return through the orchard a foolish robin [American Robin █ *Turdus migratorius*] bursts away from his perch unnaturally—with the habits of man. The air is remarkably still and unobjectionable on the hill top—& the whole world below is covered as with a gossamer blanket of moonlight— It is just about as yellow as a blanket. It is a great dimly burnished shield with darker blotches on its surface. You have lost some light, it is true, but you have got this simple & magnificent stillness, brooding like genius.

 [1851/1852: Henry David Thoreau](#)’s 35th stanza began on his birthday, July 12th, Saturday, 1851.

190. [William M. White](#)’s version of a portion of [Henry](#)’s journal entry is:

*The moonlight is more perfect than last night;
Hardly a cloud in the sky,—
Only a few fleecy ones.
There is more serenity and more light.*

*I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note
As of a bird flying high,
Now from this side,
Then from that.*

*Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill.
I smell the butter-and-eggs as I walk.*

*I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal
Across my path, a rabbit or a fox,—
Or you hardly know if it be not a bird.*

*Looking down from the cliffs,
The leaves of the tree-tops shine more than ever by day.
Here and there a lightning-bug shows his greenish light
Over the tops of the trees.*



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- [Thoreau](#) was concerned with Concord's cattle and the occurrence of [myiasis](#) in their hides. Note carefully, here, that this is most definitely not something to which the gentle readers of Thoreau's journals—who typically are “nature-worshiper” consumer types—have ever paid attention. They love to read about all the pretty flowers! They love to read about all the beautiful birds and all their lovely melodies! They rhapsodize! No matter how much present-day reader/consumers desire Thoreau to be a nature writer who, like them, worships nature, Thoreau was not equivalently a nature worshiper of the 19th Century. To Henry the farmers who raised cattle in Concord for their meat and their hides and the glue of their hooves—and the cattle browsing in Concord's pastures—and the blow-flies of Concord that were laying eggs in the skins of these cattle—which eggs would hatch into larvae that then were burrowing into their flesh to produce new generations of green bottle fly, were all equivalently cycles of nature, and cycles within cycles, and equivalently a focus for his disenchanting attention. Thoreau noticed that these fly larvae burrow right down into the meat and, when the vermin squirm, this impacts the herd's behavior. Great corporations are the cattle and their vermin are large. They are occupied as parts of the earth. Lots of folks now develop Thoreau in the direction of a science that was then in its infancy—ecology—and ventriloquize him, putting words into his mouth similar to “Why have a nice shanty if you don't have a nice planet to put it on?”—but the actual Thoreau was an [entomologist](#), trained at Harvard College (and afterward) by [Professor Thaddeus William Harris](#).
- [Henry](#) read from his [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) MS, Draft C, to Miss [Mary Moody Emerson](#).
- [Henry](#) added the barred “Who cooks for you” owl to Draft D of the “Sounds” chapter of that MS.
- [Henry](#)'s break with [Emerson](#) had become acceptable to him: “I never realized so distinctly as this moment that I am peacefully parting company with the best friend I ever had, by each pursuing his proper path. I perceive that it is possible that we may have a better understanding now than when we were more at one. Not expecting such essential agreement as before. Simply our paths diverge.”
- [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#) notes that [Henry](#)'s journal contains “an astonishingly accurate vision for the ice-sheet glaciation of Concord.” He points us to a passage that demonstrates that “Thoreau understood how ice sheets are born, where they come from, how they move, and that one might have visited Concord in the recent geological past.”



[BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1851](#)

[BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1852](#)