

**EVENTS OF 43D STANZA**

**The 44th Stanza in the Life of Henry Thoreau**

FALL 1860	JULY 1860	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
WINTER 1860/1861	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER 1860
SPRING 1861	JANUARY 1861	FEBRUARY	MARCH
SUMMER 1861	APRIL	MAY	JUNE 1861

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 1860**



[Henry David Thoreau](#)'s 44th stanza began on his birthday, July 12th, Thursday, 1860.

- It would be during this year that he would read his paper "The Succession of Forest Trees" at the Middlesex Cattle Show.
- Went with Edward Hoar to Wayland to see Mr. Bradshaw's collection of stuffed birds.
- Spent a day on Monadnock.
- Delivered his address on the succession of forest trees.
- Visited Inches' Woods in Boxboro.
- Counted the rings on the trees on Fair Haven Hill.
- Delivered "Autumnal Tints" at Hotchkiss Hall in Waterbury.
- His bronchitis became "very obstinate." He decided to spend some time in Minnesota, since that was reputed at the time to be good for one's lungs.

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1860**

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1861**

**EVENTS OF LAST STANZA**



Read Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1860 (æf. 36)



July 12, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) received a letter from [Charles C. Morse](#) of the Atheneum & Mechanics Association of [Rochester, New York](#).<sup>1</sup>

*Atheneum & Mechanics  
Association Rochester N.Y.*

*Henry D. Thoreau*

*Dear Sir: I have been unable to obtain from our booksellers your "Week on the Concord & Merrimack Rivers" and therefore enclose you the supposed price. You will please send it to my address by mail.*

*I would also inquire if you are in the lecture field and whether you could be obtained to deliver two or more lectures upon scientific subjects before our association the coming winter?*

*Yours Respectfully  
Cha<sup>s</sup> C. Morse*



He replied:

*Concord July 12<sup>th</sup> 1860*

*Mr Charles C morse*

*Dear Sir—*

*I mail to your address today a copy of my "Week" as you request— I am in the lecture field— but my subjects are not scientific — rather transcendental & aesthetic—*

*Such as "Walking or the Wild" "Autumnal Tints" &c— Even if the title were scientific, the treatment would hardly be so – in a popular sense. If you think that your audience will incline or erect their ears to such themes as these — I shall be happy to read to them*

*Yr respectfully  
Henry D. Thoreau*



July 12. Hear a nuthatch in the street. So they breed here.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The best way to drink, especially at a shallow spring, or one so sunken below the surface as to be difficult to reach, is through a tube. You can commonly find growing near a spring a hollow reed or weed of some kind

1. Charles C. Morse had been born in Dorsett, Vermont in 1832, and educated at Burr Seminary in Manchester. He had come to Rochester in 1851 as a clerk in the retail shoe store Sage & Pancost. As the firm transited into wholesale manufacturing its name became Sage, Pancost & Morse. Morse would become vice president and manager of Union Bank, 3d vice president and executive commissioner of Rochester Savings Bank, a director of the Niagara Falls International Bridge Company, and a director of the City Hospital. He and Belinda Brewster Morse had two daughters, Linda and Hilary.

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suitable for this purpose, such as rue or touch-me-not or water saxifrage, or you can carry one in your pocket.  
*Juncus militaris*.

The river at 8 P.M. is eight and three quarters inches above summer level.

Just after the sun is set I observe the dewdrops on the pontederia leaves. (Do not know how early they begin to form.) Even when the leaf stands perpendicular, the drop is collected at the uppermost point, and then, on a slight jar or agitation of the water, runs down the leaf. This is the only broad and thick leaf that rises above the water, and therefore it appears to be the only one that collects the dew thus early.

A Mr. Bradshaw, taxidermist, carpenter, etc., etc., of Wayland, tells me that he finds the long-eared owl there in summer, and has set it up.



July 13, Friday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

James went up to Thompson's after a load of pickled buffalo tongues and tallow.



July 13. 2 P.M. – To Little Truro.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

You now especially notice some very red fields where the red-top grass grows luxuriantly and is now in full bloom,—a red purple, passing into brown, looking at a distance like a red-sandstone soil. The different cultivated fields are thus like so many different-colored checkers on a checker-board. First we had the June-grass reddish-brown, and the sorrel red, of June; now the red-top red of July. For a week—and if you look very closely, for a fortnight or more—past, the season has had a more advanced look, from the reddening, imbrothing, or yellowing, and ripening of many grasses, as the sweet-scented vernal (for some time generally withered) and the June-grass, and some grain, — rye, wheat, etc., — so that the fields and hillsides present a less liquid green than they did. The vernal freshness of June is passed. Our mowing-fields new laid down with herds'-grass, red-top, and clover — i.e. the second year—are red or reddish squares divided regularly with greener herd's-top [SIC] in parallel lines, probably the seed, of different weight, having fallen thus, the red spaces often eight or ten feet wide.



The various colors or tints of grasses, in some large pasture for instance, especially in cloudy weather, supply the place of light and shade. The pasture is distinctly parded with them half a mile off, — the very light, whitish *Festuca ovina*, the dark-green *Poa compressa*, and rounded yellow patches of sedge (*Carex scoparia*, etc.).

Observed last night young swallows roosting on the willows over the river, and for some days have seen them on the telegraph-wires.

Observed a huckleberry bush springing from the top of a large and high white pine stump that had been sawed off. It stood in the chink between the bark and the wood, and had evidently come from a seed dropped by a bird, which had blown into this crack.

A heavy shower (with thunder) just before noon this morning, and more in the west of us in the afternoon.



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July 14, Saturday: The 1st patient was admitted to Wisconsin's 1st state mental hospital, in Mendota, 3 years after the state legislature had approved construction of the hospital on March 6th, 1857. J. Edwards Lee had become the hospital's 1st superintendent. Although this was a statewide facility, Wisconsin was unique among the states in the 19th Century on account of its heavy reliance on a system of small county mental health facilities.<sup>2</sup>

PSYCHOLOGY

A description of white people returning from a summer buffalo hunt on the Great Plains, per page 3 of The Nor'-Wester magazine:

### Back from the Plains

A few of the plain-hunters who left the Settlement about a month ago, returned this week. They belonged to the main-river party; but did not continue with it over a few days after reaching the buffalo, which were so plentiful that the plains were literally covered with them. In two or three "runs" the hunters shot enough of the game to load their carts. The main body are expected to arrive here shortly. While on this trip, they fell in with a large band of Sioux near Devil's Lake; it was supposed they could not have numbered less than 1,000 fighting men. This formidable body continued alongside of them for several days, and many were the interlocutions before a proper understanding could be come to. Suspicions and counter-suspicions being at length quieted, the peace concluded last winter at Fort Garry was confirmed and acted upon. It was stipulated, however, that there should be no sly approaches to each other's camps by night, and that if any infringed this rule, those molested were at liberty to shoot the culprits. On the day of parting, the Halfbreeds made some presents to the Sioux chiefs, and so there will be good feeling at least for this year, The White Horse Plain hunters refused to make any peace last winter, fearing that it would, on the part of the Sioux, be simply masked treachery. Consequently, the Sioux are at liberty to act with or against them, as they please. When the main-river party left, the Sioux set out to find the White Horse Plain folks and offer them terms of peace and friendship or—do something worse. Our informants add, that some disease had broken out in the Sioux camp which was attended with fearful results—about fifty having died in less than a month. Not long before, these Sioux had obtained from the United States officials on the frontier a large quantity of goods which they believed contained (whether designedly or not) the elements of that destructive disease. It adds to a conviction which they have long cherished, that the Yankees would like very well to see them thinned, if not exterminated, and would even help in securing that object.



July 14, Saturday: 2 P.M.— To Botrychium Swamp.

[Transcript]

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## MINOT PRATT

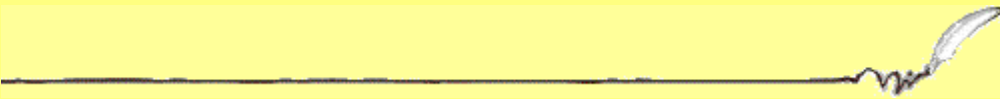
*Botrychium Virginianum* apparently in prime. *Alopecurus aristulatus* past prime. Pratt's Pond side. Perceive now the light-colored tops of chestnuts in bloom, and, when I come near them, an offensive, sickening odor, somewhat like that of the barberry blossoms, but worse.

Returning, I notice on a large pool of water in A. Heywood's cow-yard a thick greenish-yellow scum mantling it, an exceedingly rich and remarkable color, as if it were covered with a coating of sulphur. This sort of scum seems to be peculiar to cow-yards, and contrasts with that red one by the Moore's Swamp road last summer. Out of foulness Nature thus extracts beauty. These phenomena are observed only in summer or warm weather, methinks.

7 P.M. – On river.

"Upriver," "To Fairhaven," and "To Clamshell" were other common opening phrases. This signified a southward trip up the lakelike Sudbury River, which zigzagged between rocky cliffs and lush meadows. Its current could be detected only at narrows and shallows. Parallel lines of sweet-scented lily pads, aquatic flowers rooted in shoreline mud, and buttonbush swamps flanked the river for much of its length. With a breeze from the north or east, he would usually sail. Otherwise he would row.

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11



"Downriver," "To Great Meadow," and "To Hill" signified a northward trip down the Concord River below the triple point of the confluence. After passing through a straight reach aligned by the local bedrock strike, arched by two bridges, and flanked by gravel bars of historic sediment that were repeatedly dredged, he entered the north side of Great Meadow. Bounded by the site of the Old North Bridge to the southwest and Ball's Hill to the northeast, it was two miles long and half a mile across. When in flood, the meadow was his favorite inland sea to sail upon because the wind was least impeded and the waves were highest.

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11



Water ten and five eighths above summer level; probably about done rising.

The spartina grass.

I look for dewdrops on the pontederia, but see none at first; but finally, looking in a still and shady place behind some willows, I see many drops fully formed sparkling in the light, at just eight minutes after seven by my watch (the sun sets at thirty-five minutes after seven; say, then, half an hour before sunset). But, it being windy, I did not notice any generally, even long after sunset.

Also looked to see if the lilies withdraw under water at night, as stated in Mrs. Lincoln's Botany. The buds which opened and closed to-day, and other buds, now rest half an inch or more deep in the water, which they would naturally do by their form and weight. When they open in the morning they will probably rest more buoyantly on the surface, but I have never discovered that they withdrew under water.

The fowl-meadow grass is now in prime and covering the islands very densely. It has a purplish tinge and a very green culm contrasting with its panicle.

The surface of the earth in summer is painted of various shades of green in mowing and pasture and meadow and some waste land by the grasses. The *Agrostis vulgaris* of pastures and hilltops is a dark green, the *Festuca ovina* a very light (even whitish) green. How rich some fields of red-top at present! Perfect squares, it may be, like rich carpets spread out, and contrasting with very different tints of green next to them.



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The true grasses (excepting the grains) which thus at a distance paint the landscape generally at this season or earlier are (1) herd's-grass, (2) red-top, (3) *Agrostis scabra*, (4) blue-joint (?), (5) June-grass, (6) *Poa compressa*, (7) fowl-meadow, (8) sheep's fescue, (9) piper grass (?), (10) vernal grass, (11) canary grass, especially Nos. 5, 2, 8, 6, 1; but of these only one (8), probably, is indigenous, and Nos. 5, 6, 10, 11 are now generally done.

The *Cyperaceae* which now or earlier color the landscape generally by their mass are (1) *Carex Pennsylvanica*, (2) *C. scoparia*, (3) *monile*, (4) *stellulata*, (5) *lanuginosa*, (6) *bullata*, (7) *siccata*, (8) *crinita*, (9) *lupulina*, (10) *Scirpus eriophorum*, (11) *Eleocharis acicularis*, (12) *Scirpus lacustris*, (13) *eriophorum*s, etc. Nos. 1 and 7 give a yellow hue to upland open wilds or woodlands and dry hollows, where the forest has recently stood,—not pastured. 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10 make the mass of the sedge on the river meadows, of a general yellow hue; 2 and 8 flourish more about their edges; 11 greens the muddy banks at low water; and 12 stands in dark-green patches here and there along the muddy shores of the river.



July 15, Sunday: Baron von Seebach, Saxon ambassador to France, was advised that [Richard Wagner](#) had been granted free access to all of Germany with the exception of Saxony.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Sim and I went up the river and helped Beach raise a large log house. Went up the Smoky about ten miles to find a place to get studding. Got dinner with the Kaw Indians on my way home. Henry and Abby took a ride in Jones's wagon.



July 15, Sunday: It seemed to me yesterday that the foliage had attained its maximum of darkness, and as I ascended the hill at eve the hickories looked even autumnal. Especially I was struck by the dark but still perfect green leaf of the swamp white oak.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

I hear this forenoon the *link link* of the first bobolink going over our garden,—though I hear several full strains of bobolinks to-day, as in May, carrying me back to Apple Sunday, but they have been rare a long time. Now as it were the very cope of the dark-glazed heavens yields a slightly metallic sound when struck. I hear on all sides these days the loud tinkling rattle of the mowing-machine, but, alas, the mower goes to the blacksmith's to whet his scythe only every second or third day!

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P.M.— To Hill and Assabet Bath.

*"Downriver," "To Great Meadow," and "To Hill" signified a northward trip down the Concord River below the triple point of the confluence. After passing through a straight reach aligned by the local bedrock strike, arched by two bridges, and flanked by gravel bars of historic sediment that were repeatedly dredged, he entered the north side of Great Meadow. Bounded by the site of the Old North Bridge to the southwest and Ball's Hill to the northeast, it was two miles long and half a mile across. When in flood, the meadow was his favorite inland sea to sail upon because the wind was least impeded and the waves were highest.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11

On Hill.— No crops clothe the earth with richer hues and make a greater impression of luxuriousness than the cultivated grasses. Field after field, densely packed like the squares of a checker-board, all through and about the villages, paint the earth with various shades of green and other colors. There is the rich glaucous green of young grain now, of various shades, depending on its age and kind; the flashing blades of corn which does not yet hide the bare ground; the yellowing tops of ripening grain; the dense uniform red of red-top, the most striking and high-colored of all (that is, cultivated); the very similar purple of the fowl-meadow (the most deep-piled and cumulous-looking, like down) along the low river-banks; the very dark and dusky, as it were shadowy, green of herd's-grass at a distance, as if clouds were always passing over it,—close at hand it is of a dark purplish or slaty purple, from the color of its anthers; the fresh light green where June-grass has been cut, and the fresh dark green where clover has been cut; and the hard, dark green of pastures (red-top) generally,—not to speak of the very light-colored wiry fescue there.

The solid square fields of red-top look singularly like bare ground at a distance, but when you know it to be red-top you see it to be too high-colored for that. Yet it thus suggests a harmony between itself and the ground. Look down on a field of red-top now in full bloom, a quarter of a mile west of this hill,—a very dense and red field,—at 2.30 P.M. of this very warm and slightly hazy but not dogdayish day, in a blazing sun. I am surprised to see a very distinct white vapor, like a low cloud in a mountainous country, or a smoke, drifting along close over the red-top. Is it not owing to the contrast between this hot noontide air and the moist coolness of that dense grass-field?

Then there is the cheerful yellowish green of the meadows, where the sedges prevail, i. e. yellowest where wettest, with darker patches and veins of grass, etc., in the higher and drier parts. I can just distinguish with my naked eye—knowing where to look—the darker green of pipes on the peat meadows two miles from the hill.

The potato-fields are a very dark green.

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 July 16, Monday: When the chairman of the prestigious International Statistical Congress, Lord [Henry Peter Brougham](#), recognized and honored [Dr. Martin Robison Delany](#) in the course of the group's first meeting,



Augustus Longstreet led an infuriated American delegation out of the hall –walking out actually on an assemblage that included Prince Albert!– and so Delany seized the occasion to remind the august body:



“I am a man.”

[Frederick Townsend Ward](#) had not gone to the Orient in order to be put off. His attack on the gate of the city of Sung-chiang had been detected and prevented by the [Chinese Christian Army](#) there, and many of his initial gang of rowdy sailors had been killed, but the reward offered him by the head of the Taki Bank of [Shanghai](#), \$133,000 for this adjoining city, still stood, and there were still Western cutthroats in port with nothing to do but carouse who had not yet gotten themselves killed. He persuaded everyone that the reason why his attack had failed was that he had had no cannon and had had no backup from regular [Chinese](#) footsoldiers. He managed to recruit another band, amounting to some 200. They attacked the gate again during the hours of darkness on this night, and this time, by the use of cannon and explosives to blow open the gates, and by the use of pistols, repeating rifles, and cutlasses, they managed to gain and maintain control over the gate structure and hold it until the morning. It was rough work, as the [Christians](#) on the stairs leading up to the tower presented them with a solid wall of meat that had to be hacked through body by body. Of the attacking force, 62 were killed and 101 wounded, among them Ward himself, leaving only 37 of the invaders entirely intact. Ward, however, had had his fun and would have his money.

The following is an excerpt from Chapter 3 “Ward and Gordon: Glorious Days of Looting” of Jonathan D. Spence’s *TO CHANGE CHINA, WESTERN ADVISERS IN CHINA, 1620-1960* (pages 57-92; London: Penguin, 1969):

First he accepted the service of Vincente Macanaya, a young Filipino soldier of fortune with a great following among the Manilamen on the docks of Shanghai. Macanaya was able to bring with him about two hundred of his followers. To these Ward added half a dozen Western drillmasters (mostly deserters from the British navy) and a small amount of artillery. By the middle of July 1860, he was back in front of the walls of Sungkiang. With the help of accurate artillery fire, and after fierce hand-to-



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hand fighting with the Taiping troops, the city was taken.

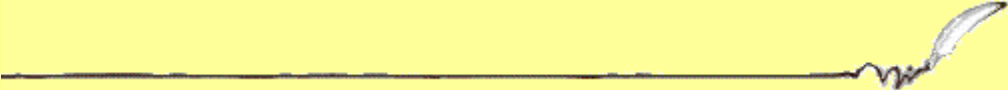


July 16, Monday: 2 P.M. – To Great Meadows by boat.

[Transcript]

*"Downriver," "To Great Meadow," and "To Hill" signified a northward trip down the Concord River below the triple point of the confluence. After passing through a straight reach aligned by the local bedrock strike, arched by two bridges, and flanked by gravel bars of historic sediment that were repeatedly dredged, he entered the north side of Great Meadow. Bounded by the site of the Old North Bridge to the southwest and Ball's Hill to the northeast, it was two miles long and half a mile across. When in flood, the meadow was his favorite inland sea to sail upon because the wind was least impeded and the waves were highest.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11



**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

You notice now along the river, on the muddy shores, the dry (and closed) whitish heads of the canary grass, standing high above its yet fresh green leaves. It forms only narrow, dense patches a few rods in length. The banks of the Great Meadows are red-top, and (is it not?) *Agrostis scabra* (the fine long-branched, yet branching again often below the middle) and fowl-meadow on the lower parts of the bank commonly. The *Glyceria acutiflora* is abundant and now going to seed in the wettest part of the Holt portion of the meadow. That which I have called the *Poa dentata* of Torrey is a very common grass in ditches and other wet places, especially with the last-named at the Holt, and is now mostly done. I should think it might be an undescribed species of *Glyceria*.

*Setaria viridis*, Channing's garden, probably two or three days.

I notice the fruit of the bur-reed (opposite Prichard Shore), now large, pickle-green, and about as big as that of the upper Sudbury meadows; so I think it is the same, though not so rank.

In the bays by the riverside where the pads have been least eaten, I see at least three times as many of the three kinds mixed as can lie on that surface, one overlapping and crowding another and the more exposed curled up on their edges; but they are so much riddled already and eaten by insects that this abundant supply is needed. It is an abundant vegetable food apparently for many kinds. I see a large tuft of *Pontederia* whose leaves have been slit longitudinally into a dozen parallel slits, –not always clear out, –and so they hang in ribbons; and there is a downy feather of a bird attached to one. Could it have been done by some water-fowl?

Pipes have been out of bloom apparently a long time.

Standing amid the pipes of the Great Meadow, I hear a very sharp creaking peep, no doubt from a rail quite near me, calling to or directing her young, who are meanwhile uttering a very faint, somewhat similar peep, which you would not hear if not very much inclined to hear it, in the grass close around me. Sometimes the old bird utters two short, sharp creaks. I look sharp, but can see nothing of them. She sounds now here, now there, within two or three rods of me, incessantly running in the grass. I had already heard, more distant, a more prolonged note from some waterfowl, perhaps a plover, if not possibly a male rail, hereabouts.

The *Ailantus glandulosus* (Warren's yard), in its height probably on Saturday, 14th, filled the streets with a disagreeable sickish odor much like that of the chestnut. I should put this, the chestnut, and the barberry together.

horsetail




July 16, Monday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Jim Muir came back from Thompsons. Campbell began digging a well in the street. (Now corner of Iron and Santa Fe Avenues).

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[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Benjamin H. Austin, Jr. (who was currently studying for the law in the offices of B.H. Austin & Son at 291 Washington Street, Buffalo, New York, and was acting as a lecture manager of the Young Men's Association there).



*Concord July 16<sup>th</sup> 1860  
Mr Benjamin H Austin Jr  
Dear Sir  
I shall be very  
happy to read to your  
association three lectures  
on the evenings named, but  
the question is about their  
character. They will not  
be scientific in the common,  
nor, perhaps, in any sense.  
They will be such as you  
might infer from reading  
my books. As I have  
just told Mr Morse,  
they will be transcendental,  
that is, to the mass of  
hearers, probably moonshine  
Do you think that this  
will do? Or does your*

Page 2  
*audience prefer lamplight,  
or total darkness these  
nights? I dare say,  
however, that they would  
interest those who are  
most interested in what  
is called nature.  
Mr Morse named no  
evenings & I have not  
had time to hear from,  
or make any arrange-  
ment with him.  
Yrs respectfully  
Henry D. Thoreau*

[Thoreau](#) also wrote to Senator [Charles Sumner](#).



*Concord July 16<sup>th</sup> 1860  
Mr Sumner,  
Dear Sir,*



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*Allow me to thank you for your two speeches on the Hyatt case, & for two Patent Office Reports on Agriculture Especially, I wish to thank you for your speech on the Barbarism of Slavery, which, I hope and suspect, commences a new era in the history of our Congress; when questions of national importance have come to be considered occasionally from a broadly ethical, and not from a narrowly political point of view alone. It is refreshing to hear some naked truth, moral or otherwise, uttered there — which can always take care of itself when uttered, and of course belongs to no party. (That was the whole value of Gerrit Smith's presence there, methinks, though he did go to bed early.) Whereas this has only been employed occasionally to perfume the wheel-grease of party or national politics. The Patent Office Reports on Agriculture contain much that concerns me, & I am very glad to possess now a pretty complete series of them.*  
*Yrs truly*  
*Henry D. Thoreau*

A decree from Emperor Norton I of [San Francisco](#), Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, dissolved the United States of America.

**JOSHUA ABRAHAM NORTON**



July 17, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Went up the Smoky after studding with oxen and wagon and brought home forty studs. Packard and Morrison boys went hunting. If Crowthers agrees to it, I am to have the bay horse as my share of strays.

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Monaco was made a protectorate of France.

The [Chinese](#) Imperial Army marched into the city of Sung-chiang through the gate liberated by the Western adventurers.



On this triumphal day on the other side of the planet, oblivious to all the triumph, Henry Thoreau went out to Walden Pond and behaved himself:



July 17. 2 P.M.— To Walden.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

The soft sand on the bottom of Walden, as deep as I can wade, feels very warm to my feet, while the water feels cold. This may be partly a mere sensation, but I suspect that the sand is really much warmer than the water and that some creatures take refuge in it accordingly, that much heat passes through the water and is absorbed in the sand. Yet when I let a thermometer lie on the bottom and draw it up quickly I detect no difference between the temperature of the bottom and of the water at the surface. Probably it would have been different if the thermometer had been buried in the sand.

The air at 2 P.M. was 77; Walden near the shore is 76, in the middle, 74°; and when I let down a thermometer some sixty feet and draw it up quickly, I get no lower than 74°, but it may have risen as it came up.


The nighthawk's ripping sound, heard overhead these days, reminds us that the sky is, as it were, a roof, and that our world is limited on that side, it being reflected as from a roof back to earth. It does not suggest an infinite depth in the sky, but a nearness to the earth, as of a low roof echoing back its sounds.

*Eleocharis acicularis* still blooms.

The sternothaerus in Walden has a smooth, clean shell, rather prettily marked, it is so clean, and would by many be taken for a different species from that of the river, which is commonly colored with mud and moss. I take two into the boat, and they think it enough when they have merely hidden their heads in a corner.

Also the great bullfrogs which sit out on the stones every two or three rods all around the pond are singularly clean and handsome bullfrogs, with fine yellow throats sharply separated from their pickle-green heads by their firmly shut mouths, and with beautiful eyes. They sit thus imperturbable, often under a pile of brush, at nearly regular intervals. An English taxidermist of Wayland (a cockney) told me the other day that he would have set up a bullfrog, it has so beautiful a "hie," but he could not buy a bullfrog's "hie" in the market.

From this day until September 5th, Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) would be chairing meetings of the United States Military Academy commission, at West Point.

 July 18, Wednesday: Wet-plate [photographs](#) were made of a total solar [eclipse](#) (#7313), as it passed from Washington state up across Hudson Bay, and this type of photograph required only 1/30th of the exposure time which would have been required for a Daguerreotype.

SKY EVENT  
SUN

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Pealed my studding and made a very few shingles.



July 18. 2 P.M.— To Second Division.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The Asclepias Cornuti is abundantly visited nowadays by a large orange-brown butterfly with dark spots and with silver spots beneath. Wherever the asclepias grows you see them. The Second Division juncus is already withering and is considerably browned, so early is it. It appears not to ripen any seed.

 July 19, Thursday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Worked hard making shingles.

Thoreau mentioned in his journal that [George Minott](#) was seriously afflicted with what is now known as [edema](#) (the farmer would survive almost a year and a half longer).



July 19. A very dark cloud came up from the west this forenoon, – a dark curtain rolled up, with a grayish light beneath it, – which so darkened the streets and houses that seamstresses complained that they could not see to thread a needle, and for a few minutes rain fell in a deluge, the gutters ran full, and there was a whirlpool at every grating. This month has been remarkably wet, and the haymakers are having very catching weather.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

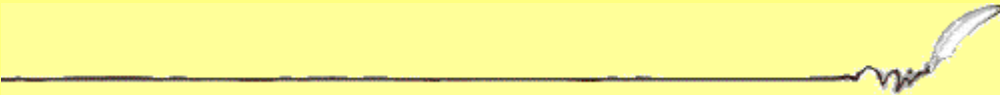
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2 P.M.– Up river in boat.

*"Upriver," "To Fairhaven," and "To Clamshell" were other common opening phrases. This signified a southward trip up the lakelike Sudbury River, which zigzagged between rocky cliffs and lush meadows. Its current could be detected only at narrows and shallows. Parallel lines of sweet-scented lily pads, aquatic flowers rooted in shoreline mud, and buttonbush swamps flanked the river for much of its length. With a breeze from the north or east, he would usually sail. Otherwise he would row.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11



The pontederia is now generally conspicuous and handsome, – a very fresh blue, – with no stale flowers. You now see great beds of polygonums above the surface getting ready to bloom, and the dulichium stands thick in shallow water, while in the cultivated ground the pigweed, butterweed, and Roman wormwood, and amaranth are now rank and conspicuous weeds. One troublesome rank weed in the garden now is the Panicum Crusgalli, – its great rather flat spreading branches. I see one just out.

I hear now that very fine pittering sound of a locust or cricket in the grass.

The Juncus militaris is commonly, but freshly, out.

We come to a standstill and study the pads in the J. Hosmer bulrush bog. There are on the pads, eating them, not only many black slugs or grubs, but a great many small dark-brown beetles, a quarter of an inch long, with a pale-brown edge, copulating; also other beetles, skaters, and flies (small brownish, large-winged flies in numbers together), and a variety of eggs are fastened to the pads, many in little round pinkish patches. I see one purplish patch exactly in the form of the point of a leaf, with a midrib, veins, and a bristle-like point, calculated to deceive; this lying on the pad. Some small erect pontederia leaves are white with eggs on the under side as if painted.

There are small open spaces amid the pads, – little deeps bottomed and surrounded with brown and ruddy hornwort like coral, – whose every recess is revealed in the sunlight. Here hundreds of minnows of various sizes and species are poised, comparatively safe from their foes, and commonly a red spider is seen making its way from side to side of the deep.

The rich crimson under sides (with their regularly branching veins) of some white lily pads surpasses the color of most flowers. No wonder the spiders are red that swim beneath; and think of the fishes that swim beneath this crimson canopy, – beneath a crimson sky. I can frequently trace the passage of a boat, a pickerel-fisher, perhaps, by the crimson under sides of the pads upturned.

The pads crowd and overlap each other in most amicable fashion. Sometimes one lobe of a yellow lily pad is above its neighbor, while the other is beneath, and frequently I see where a little heart-leaf (now showing its green spidery rays) has emerged by the stem, in the sinus of a great nuphar leaf, and is outspread in the very midst of it. The pads are rapidly consumed, but fresh ones are all the while pushing up and unrolling. They push up and spread out in the least crevice that offers.

Upland haying is past prime, and they are working into the low ground. None mowing on the Great Meadows yet.

## PIPES

I noticed on the 16th that the darkness of the pipes was not obvious, the sedge is now comparatively so dark. Minott, who sits alone confined to his room with dropsy, observed the other day that it was a cold summer. He knew it was cold; the whip-poor-will told him so. It sung once and then stopped.



July 20, Friday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Got Morrison's oxen and went after rafters and sleepers for my house. Very hot. Had to wedge tire all the way home.

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[Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s Red Shirts defeated the Neapolitans at [Milazzo](#), west of Messina.

[Frederic Edwin Church](#) observed and then painted an extremely rare string of Earth-grazing fireball [meteors](#) as it crossed the evening sky above the Catskill Mountains ([Walt Whitman](#) would include this in "Year of Meteors, 1859-60"):



Year of meteors! brooding year!  
 I would bind in words retrospective, some of your deeds  
 and signs;  
 I would sing your contest for the 19th Presidentiad;  
 I would sing how an old man, tall, with white hair,  
 mounted the scaffold in Virginia;  
 (I was at hand — silent I stood, with teeth shut close — I  
 watch'd;  
 I stood very near you, old man, when cool and indiffer-  
 ent, but trembling with age and your unheal'd  
 wounds, you mounted the scaffold;)  
 I would sing in my copious song your census returns of  
 The States,  
 The tables of population and products — I would sing of  
 your ships and their cargoes,  
 The proud black ships of Manhattan, arriving, some  
 fill'd with immigrants, some from the isthmus  
 with cargoes of gold;  
 Songs thereof would I sing — to all that hitherward  
 comes would I welcome give;  
 And you would I sing, fair stripling! welcome to you  
 from me, sweet boy of England!  
 Remember you surging Manhattan's crowds, as you  
 passed with your cortege of nobles?  
 There in the crowds stood I, and singled you out with  
 attachment;  
 I know not why, but I loved you ... (and so go forth  
 little song,  
 Far over sea speed like an arrow, carrying my love all  
 folded,  
 And find in his palace the youth I love, and drop these  
 lines at his feet;)  
 —Nor forget I to sing of the wonder, the ship as she  
 swam up my bay,  
 Well-shaped and stately the Great Eastern swam up my  
 bay, she was 600 feet long,  
 Her moving swiftly, surrounded by myriads of small



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craft, I forget not to sing;  
Nor the comet that came unannounced, out of the north,  
flaring in heaven,  
**Nor the strange huge meteor procession, dazzling and  
clear, shooting over our heads,  
(A moment, a moment long, it sail'd its balls of unearthly  
light over our heads,  
Then departed, dropt in the night, and was gone;)**  
—Of such, and fitful as they, I sing—with gleams from  
them would I gleam and patch these chants;  
Your chants, O year all mottled with evil and good!  
year of forebodings! year of the youth I love!  
Year of comets and meteors transient and strange!—lo!  
even here, one equally transient and strange!  
As I flit through you hastily, soon to fall and be gone,  
what is this book,  
What am I myself but one of your meteors?



July 20: 2 P.M.— To Walden.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Warm weather,—86 at 2 P.M. (not so warm for a good while).

Emerson's lot that was burnt, between the railroad and the pond, has been cut off within the last three months, and I notice that the oak sprouts have commonly met with a check after growing one or two feet, and small reddish leaflets have again put forth at the extremity within a week or so, as in the spring. Some of the oak sprouts are five to six feet high already.

On his hill near by, where the wood was cut about two years ago, this second growth of the oaks, especially white oaks, is much more obvious, and commenced longer ago. The shoots of this year are generally about two feet long, but the first foot consists of large dark-green leaves which expanded early, before the shoot met with a check. This is surmounted by another foot of smaller yellowish-green leaves. This is very generally the case, and produces a marked contrast. Dark-green bushes surmounted by a light or yellowish-green growth.

Sometimes, in the first-mentioned sprout-land, you see where the first shoot withered, as if frost-bitten at the end, and often only some large buds have formed there as yet. Many of these sprouts, the rankest of them, are fated to fall, being but slightly joined to the stump, riddled by ants there; and others are already prostrated.

Bathing on the side of the deep cove, I noticed just below the high-water line (of rubbish) quite a number of little pines which have just sprung up amid the stones and sand and wreck, some with the seed atop. This, then, is the state of their coming up naturally. They have evidently been either washed up, or have blown across the ice or snow to this shore. If pitch pine, they were probably blown across the pond, for I have often seen them on their way across.

Both *Seirpus subterminalis* and *debilis* are now in bloom at the Pout's Nest, the former the longest time, the water being very low and separated from the pond. The former out for some time, the latter not long.

Great numbers of pollywogs have apparently just changed into frogs. At the pondlet on Hubbard's land, now separated from the main pond by a stony bar, hundreds of small frogs are out on the shore, enjoying their new state of existence, masses of them, which, with constant plashing, go hopping into the water a rod or more before me, where they are very swift to conceal themselves in the mud at the bottom. Their bodies may be one and a half inches long or more. I have rarely seen so many frogs together. Yet I hardly see one pollywog left in this pool.

Yet at the shore against Pout's Nest I see many pollywogs, and some, with hind legs well grown beside their tails, lie up close to the shore on the sand with their heads out like frogs, apparently already breathing air before losing their tails. They squat and cower there as I come by, just like frogs.



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July 21, Saturday: [Abraham Lincoln](#) wrote to Abraham Jonas in an attempt to politely maintain a proper distance between himself and the Know-Nothing nativists with whom he had become politically allied. Although Congressman William A. Richardson was asserting that while in Quincy, Lincoln had attended a meeting at a Know-Nothing lodge, in fact nothing of that sort had occurred. Lincoln was fearful that too close an association between his Whigs and the proslavery Know-Nothing nativists might turn slavery into a wedge issue that would alienate George Schneider and other antislavery German immigrants. The important thing, for him as a politician, was to hold his Whig/nativist coalition together for long enough to defeat Senator Stephen Douglas's Democrats at the polls: "I suppose as good, or even better, men than I may have been in American, or Know-Nothing lodges; but in point of fact, I never was in one, at Quincy, or elsewhere. I was never in Quincy but one day and two nights, while Know-Nothing lodges were in existence, and you were with me that day and both those nights." "It was in 1854, when I spoke in some Hall there, and after the speaking, you, with others, took me to an oyster saloon, passed an hour there, and you walked with me to, and parted with me, at the Quincy-House, quite late at night. I left by stage for Naples before day-light in the morning, having come in by the same route, after dark, the evening previous to the speaking, when I found you waiting at the Quincy House to meet me...."

A letter from home in Henry County, Iowa being posted to Lot Abraham (April 18, 1838-July 23, 1920):

Clear again this morn & only a sprinkle of rain. We tinkered around till noon. Went over to the grove to see Miss Sallie C.'s [Sarah Cornelia Alden's] school. This is the last day [of her school]. Finished the rick this eve.



July 21. A rainy day; half an inch of rain falls, spoiling much hay. This is so wet a season that the grass is still growing fast and most things are very fresh. The leaves generally do not get to be perfect till the middle of July, when they are of a dark, hard, glossy green, e.g. the swamp white oak.

6 P.M.- Up Assabet.

Now, after the rain, the sun coming forth brightly, the swallows in numbers are skimming low over the river just below the junction.

Considerable bur-reed, vallisneria, and heart-leaf has been washed up against the weeds and pads along the sides of the river of late.

The canary grass standing so high and densely, with its now very light-brown closed heads, looks more like grain at a distance than any of our wild grasses, as you look down the river from the junction.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



July 22, Sunday: A letter from the boarding schoolteacher Sarah Cordelia Alden at home in Henry County, Iowa (August 18, 1841-killed in a runaway accident on August 5, 1888), being posted to Lot Abraham (April 18, 1838-July 23, 1920), with whom she would get married on September 13, 1865 at the completion of his Civil War service in Company D, 4th Iowa Cavalry:

Got up early this morning to find it raining only to think of the disappointments. Great was the expectations for the day as E.W. [Elias W. Shortridge] commenced at Hardscrabble friday eve. I wrote a few lines to Dick this morn in answer to his that I got last eve. Beck got one. About 1 o'clock, the clouds began to break away in the sky & we was fixing to leave for the place about 11 o'clock with 9 in the wagon. We started & got there before meeting was out & saw Noah Heater & his wife seated in buggy first & then many other things of interest. Heard that



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Elias W. Shortridge married Noah & Sarah Runnells this morn. By the time meeting closed the sun was shining hot. We drove out to the shade of a huge oak near Walter's well – a short distance from the grove – & there partook of our basket dinner which by the way was good. Meeting again at 2. We was all back there & listened with the usual attention but it was so long & we got tired. After we strolled down to the banks of the noble river, culling flowers with an occasional blackberry that we would chance to find. Sung some songs on the bank &c. Got back before sunset & partook of supper in a grand style before the crowd that looked on with surprise stayed & listed to E.W. preach a long discourse after dark. Then some of the River Boys tried to show themselves by raising a big fuss on the ground just as the crowd dispersed. I tried to break it up but failed. Then I listened awhile & then we started for home. Had a good time. No trouble & got home about 11½. The meeting closed there for this time.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Sunday. Went to Meeting. Sanderson came back. The wild Indians stamped their horses and they lost them.



July 22. 2 P.M.– 70°, and, with a breeze, cool. To Annurnsack.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

See in the ditch by the roadside on Colburn Hill a box turtle which was crushed some time ago, and there is the mark of the wheel that passed over him. It is remarkable that, though I have seen but four or five of these turtles in this town, two at least of them had been crushed by a wheel, – that, few as they are, they should have got in the way of a wheel. I found another on the railroad once, southeast of this, on a part of the same dry region, and one on the dry plain under Fair Haven Hill.

In the path through Hosmer's pines beyond the Assabet, see a wood turtle – whose shell has apparently had one or two mouthfuls taken out of it on the sides – eating in a leisurely manner a common pink-topped toadstool some two inches in diameter, which it had knocked down and half consumed. Its jaws were covered with it.

The butterflies at present are chiefly on the Canada thistle and the mayweed. I see on the last, in the road beyond Colburn Hill, a surprising number of the small reddish (small copper) butterflies, for a dozen rods.

The leek will apparently bloom very soon. I see the stigmas, I think. What a surprising and stately plant! Its great flower-stem stands now a little aslant, some fifteen or eighteen inches high, regular[LY] beset with its great thick leaves, gradually lessening upward to its massy head. It has a peculiarly columnar appearance, like the Leaning Tower of [Pisa](#).

Yesterday having been a rainy day, the air is now remarkably clear and cool and you rarely see the horizon so distinct. The surface of the earth, especially looking westward, –grass grounds, pastures, and meadows,– is remarkably beautiful. I stand in Heywood's pasture west of the leek and, leaning over the wall, look westward. All things –grass, etc.– are peculiarly fresh this season on account of the copious rains.

The next field on the west slopes gently from both east and west to a meadow in the middle. So, as I look over the wall, it is first dark-green, where white clover has been cut (still showing a myriad low white heads which resound with the hum of bees); next, along the edge of the bottom or meadow, is a strip or belt three or four rods wide of red-top, uncut, perfectly distinct; then the cheerful bright-yellow sedge of the meadow, yellow almost as gamboge; then a corresponding belt of red-top on its upper edge, quite straight and rectilinear like the first; then a glaucous-green field of grain still quite low; and, in the further corner of the field, a much darker square



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of green than any yet, all brilliant in this wonderful light. You thus have a sort of terrestrial rainbow, thus:-



The farmer accustomed to look at his crops from a mercenary point of view is not aware how beautiful they are. This prospect was really exciting, even as a rainbow is. Then the next pasture on the northwest, where it sloped toward me gently, a smooth velvet or impalpable green slope, with here and there the lightest cobwebby touch of lighter green like a dew on it, where a little fescue grass still made an impression in spite of the cows. These soft, indefinite lighter touches on the dark-green enamelled slope! It was like a delicately watered surface, and here and there stood on it a few young hickories, their stems and their umbrage both as black as a coal; and further, just this side the wall over which the clear light came, some low bushes, probably sumach, reflected a hoary, silvery light. You can tell the crops afar off by their color. The next, more springy pasture on the north was all lit up with yellow ferns.

Smooth sumach apparently in prime, and handsome as a spiraea. The flies that rain about your head in woods, how long? Hills (not so far off as to be blue) are now a yellowish brown from the withered heads of grass. Pastures generally a brownish tinge. First locust heard.



July 23, Monday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Made shingles. Muir and Barker have been logging all day, and have now gone up the Saline after two of Jones' horses, one of Muir's and one of Hasket's. We suspect they were stolen last night. I loaned them my horse.

The following material appeared in the [New-York Herald](#):

[SLAVES](#) IN NEW YORK. - Within the last few days two slaves have arrived in New York, and they are still here walking about, under no control or guardianship. What are the [abolitionists](#) about, and the republicans who nullify the Fugitive Slave law, that they do not induce these men to assert their right to freedom, especially as they have been brought here by their masters, not merely in transitu, as was the case with the Lemons, but on a pleasure tour to the free States. We allude to the two musicians who came here with the military company from Savannah during the last week. One attempt was made by the abolitionists to kidnap them; but they ran for their lives, as if something dreadful was to happen them [sic], and never stopped till they were under the protection of their masters, who gave them free permission to leave if they desired it. But these young men could not be induced to accept the offer. They prefer the kind of slavery to which they are subject rather than such freedom as the abolitionists would give them. What a comment this upon the humbug anti-slavery agitation carried on for so many years at



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the North, and now carried into the Presidential election by the republican party!



July 23. The button-bush is but just fairly beginning here and there.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Still more rain this forenoon, but chiefly clouds. We have had several thunder-showers this month in the forenoon, it clearing off bright by the afternoon.

I saw the other day where the lightning on the 12th or 13th had struck the telegraph-posts at Walden Pond. It had shattered five posts in succession, they being a dozen rods apart, spoiling them entirely; though all of them stood but one, yet they were a mere wrack of splinters through which you could look. It had omitted a great many more posts and struck half a dozen more at a great distance from these on each side. The furthest I noticed was near by the second mile-post, the nearest midway the causeway. And at the same time there was a smart shock, an explosion, at the operating office at the depot, two miles off from the furthest point. I should think, speaking from memory, that the posts struck were the oldest and dampest, or most rotten. At one or two posts it had plainly entered the ground and plowed toward the railroad-track, slightly injuring it. It struck a pitch pine standing within four or five feet of the wire, leaving a white seam down one side of it, also two large oaks a little further off. This was where the telegraph ran parallel to, and a few feet only from, a wood. It also struck a small oak on the opposite side of the track. The lightning struck for two miles (!) at least.

2 P.M.— By boat to Conantum.

It has cleared up fairly.

The late rose is now in prime along the river, a pale rose-color but very delicate, keeping up the memory of roses. Also the *Lilium Canadense* is apparently in prime and very abundant in College Meadow.

So far as leaves are concerned, one of the most noticeable phenomena of this green-leaf season is the conspicuous reflection of light in clear breezy days from the silvery under sides of some.

All trees and shrubs which have light-colored or silvery under sides to their leaves, but especially the swamp white oak and the red maple, are now very bright and conspicuous in the strong wind after the rain of the morning. Indeed, now that the leaves are so numerous they are more noticeable than ever, but you must be on the windward side. Some, as the *Salix alba*, are thus silvered only at the top and extremities, the younger leaves alone being sufficiently appressed to show their under sides. But the two kinds first mentioned are the most generally conspicuous, and these forming commonly the front rank,—especially at the base of hills,—behind which grow other oaks, and birches, pines, etc., you see the whole outline of these trees, waving and rustling in the breeze against that darker green, suggesting frostwork, or as if etched in silver on a green ground. To be sure, most, if not all leaves, not to mention grasses, are a paler green beneath, and hence the oaks and other trees behind show various shades of green, which would be more observed if it were not for these stronger contrasts. Though the wind may not be very strong nor incessant, you appear to see only the under sides of those first named, and they make a uniform impression, as if their leaves, having been turned up, were permanently held so. Before the wind arose, the wooded shore and hillsides were an almost uniform green, but now the whole outline of the swamp white oaks and maples is revealed by the wind—a sort of magic, a “presto change”—distinctly against trees whose leaves are nearly of the same color with the upper sides of these.

Some of the swamp white oaks, whose leaves are but slightly turned up, look as if crisped by frost. The grape leaf also, where it occurs, is sufficiently conspicuous. Thus the leaves take an airing. It is like etching on silverware. If you look sharply, you perceive also the paler under sides of the oaks and birches in the background contrasting with the darker upper sides of their lower leaves. In a maple swamp every maple-top stands now distinguished thus from the birches in their midst. Before they were confounded, but a wind comes and lifts their leaves, showing their lighter under sides, and suddenly, as by magic, the maple stands out from the birch. There is a great deal of life in this landscape. What an airing the leaves get! Perchance it is necessary that their under sides be thus exposed to the light and air in order that they may be hardened and darkened by it.

At the same time with this, and indeed for about a week, I have seen some maples of both kinds just beginning to show a ruddy tinge, and I think that this is really for the most part an evidence of feebleness, for I see that one or two white maples standing in wet places, which have been thus premature, have finally died.

I see a snake crossing the river at Hubbard’s Bridge as swiftly as a muskrat could, which, indeed, I at first took it for,—faster than a muskrat would.


I find the ripest blueberries (*Vaccinium vacillans*) not on the very top nor on the lower slope, but on the brow, or what is called the “pitch,” of the hill (Conantum) toward the light. The ripest are of course the largest, and this year very large and hard and bead-like.

Slender early spiranthes noticed.

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I read of the Amazon that its current, indeed, is strong, but the wind always blows up the stream. This sounds too good to be true.

 July 24, Tuesday: A battle at Milazzo, Sicily came to a delayed conclusion after the arrival from Palermo of the armed ship *Tukory*, which bombarded the troops of the Kingdom of Two Sicilies until they were obliged to trap themselves inside the fortress of the town. More than 800 of [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s Red Shirts were dead, and about 300 of the Neapolitans — somehow this would be counted historically as a win as it would result in those of Garibaldi's forces who were still alive being able to venture forward toward Messina.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Rained last night. Had a high wind. Blew out the lower half of our window and struck Flagg and cut him badly. No tidings of the stolen horses yet. The boys have gone up the Republican. W.W. Morrison traded wagon for cow and calf. Spillman traded yoke of young steers for cow.



July 24. The carpenter working for [Edward Hoar](#) in [Lincoln](#) caught, two or three days ago, an exhausted or half-famished golden-winged warbler [*Vermivora* [chrysoptera](#)] alive in their yard. It was within half a mile that I saw one a few weeks ago. It is a sufficiently well-marked bird, by the large yellow spot on the wing (the greater coverts), yellow front and crown, and the very distinct black throat and, I should say, upper breast, above which white divided by a broad black line through the eye. Above blue-gray, with much yellowish-green dusting or reflection, i.e. edging, to the feathers. Many a field where the grass has been cut shows now a fresh and very lit-up light green as you look toward the sun. This is a remarkably cool day. Thermometer 72° at 2 P.M. The song of the field sparrow [[Field Sparrow](#) [Spizella pusilla](#)] sounds more prominent of late, and quite rich and varied, and methinks I begin to hear the warbling vireo [[Warbling Vireo](#) [Vireo gilvus](#)] more?

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

[SLAVES](#)

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July 25, Wednesday: The Mississippian, a gazette of Jackson, Mississippi, characterized for the benefit of its readership the outrageous essence of "Black Republicanism."

### **Black Republicanism Defined.**

We have before us a speech delivered recently in New York City, by the notorious Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, a representative man and accredited mouth piece of the Black Republican party. In this speech he explicitly proclaims the platform and enunciate the policy and objects of that organization in seeking to obtain control of the federal government. They are briefly summed up in the subjoined extract. We publish it that the people of the South may be forewarned and forearmed:

1. That the compact with the slave States is not binding, as against Christianity and the Bible.
2. That all laws for slave protection, even in the States, are sinful and unconstitutional.
3. That the fugitive slave law is unconstitutional.
4. That though the Court of the United States held it to be constitutional, their holding is not binding upon the tribunals or the people.
5. That an oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States don't mean support of the Constitution as expounded by the courts, or by the precedents of the government.
6. That every man has a right to construe the Constitution as he understands it, and to carry out the Constitution according to his own understanding.
7. That fifteen States of our Federal Union are barbarous States, in which live barbarians, &c., &c.

CHARLES SUMNER



July 25. P.M.— To Mr. Bradshaw's, Wayland, with Ed. Hoar.

[Transcript]

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I was surprised to see among the birds which Bradshaw has obtained the little auk of Nuttall (*Mergulus alle*, or common sea-dove), which he says that he shot in the fall on the pond of the Assabet at Knight's factory. There were two, and the other was killed with a paddle. It is said in Wilson, though apparently not *by* him, that "with us it is a very rare bird, and when seen it is generally in the vicinity of the sea." One was sent to him from Great

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Egg Harbor in December, 1811, as a great curiosity, and this is the one described. Rarely visits Great Britain; is found as far north as Spitzbergen at least. "The Greenlanders call it the Ice-bird from the circumstance of its being the harbinger of ice." "It grows fat in the stormy season, from the waves bringing plenty of crabs and small fish within its reach." Nuttall says its appearance here is always solitary; driven here by stress of weather; that it has been seen in Fresh Pond, and Audubon found a few breeding in Labrador. Giraud says, "In the United States it is rare." "I am informed [it] [THOREAU'S BRACKETS] is occasionally seen by the fishermen of Egg Harbor." Is that on Long Island? [GREAT EGG HARBOR AND LITTLE EGG HARBOR ARE ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST] Says one was killed at "Raynor South," and it is said to breed on the arctic coast. Ross's party fed on them on the west coast of Greenland. Peabody says: "In hardiness and power of enduring cold, no bird exceeds them.... In Newfoundland they are called the Icebird, from the presumption that, unless extreme cold were approaching, they would not come so far from home. Those that are found in this state are generally exhausted by their long flight; some have quietly submitted to be taken by the hand. They are not regular visitants, but occasional solitary wanderers."

J.J. AUDUBON

Was also surprised to see the fork-tailed stormy petrel (*Thalassidroma Leachii*) in his collection, which he caught exhausted near his house, and I think that he said his boy found another dead. Brewer says, "Habitat from Massachusetts to Newfoundland." Wilson says that one of the other species (*T. Wilsonii*) was shot on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, and that they are sometimes found in the interior of Great Britain. Giraud says that the former, like the last, "is of rare occurrence on the shores of Long Island," and, under the *T. Wilsonii*, that "the Petrel is never seen inland except when driven in, as it occasionally happens, by severe storms." Baird wrote to him shortly after the gale in August, 1842. "You have probably seen an account in the papers of the Petrels which had been driven inland by the storm of August. They were nearly all the Fork-tailed Petrel, *Thalassidroma Leachii*. I saw about half a dozen specimens killed near Washington. They were killed in Petersburg and Bewfort, Va., and many other places." According to Peabody, Audubon makes the fork-tailed to be much more abundant on the coast of Massachusetts than the *T. Wilsonii*, and about vessels to be the most suspicious of the three. P. says, "I have had one brought to me which was taken near Chicopee River in Springfield, 70 miles from the shore."

J.J. AUDUBON

He had also the *Ardea exilis*, or least bittern, which he obtained on his river meadow. He sees it there occasionally and has set it up before, though it is not so common as the *viridis*. He sees it stand on the pads. It is considerably less than the *viridis* and more tawny or tawny-brown. Wilson says it "is the smallest known species of the whole tribe," and that, like the *viridis*, they skulk by day and feed by night. Peabody says, "They are seldom seen, as they rise only in sudden alarm."

He also has the long-eared owl (*Strix otus*), which he killed in the woods behind his house. Wilson says, "Except in size, this species has more resemblance to the Great Horned Owl than any other of its tribe." Probably the same with the European. Peabody says it "is never common" in Massachusetts. Giraud has seen it in his neighborhood only in the winter.

He has the *Rallus Carolinianus*, and says that he sees another kind as common as this on the river meadows there, – a true rail, but with a much longer bill. He is very confident about it and has killed and set them up. It is undoubtedly the *R. Virginianus*, or lesser clapper rail, which, as he had already said, corresponded to an English rail which he knew. So we have this in Concord, no doubt.


He has the *Sylvia maculosa*, shot near his house. Bluish-ash above, I believe, head or crown the same, yellow throat and beneath, with many blackish spots and marks [?] on sides and breast, and white spots on inner vanes of tail-feathers, the tail being blackish.

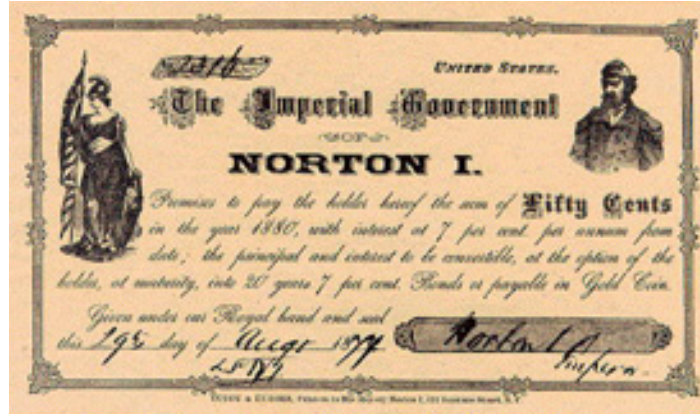
Has two specimens of what he called the crow blackbird, shot by his house in the spring. They appeared to me surprisingly large, and he had furnished them with yellow irides, which he says are like the original ones. Nuttall says that the *Quiscalus major* has a yellow iris, the other a silvery iris. Brewer says that the former resembles the latter "to a great degree, differing from it principally in size and in its concave tail." This of Bradshaw's measured about fourteen inches long. He says these two were larger than others with them. The vertical depth of bill at base was that assigned to the *Q. versicolor* by Nuttall. As set up, I think that the tail was not convex.

Passed a field in Wayland occupied by so worthless a crop to the farmer as to attract attention, – a very undulating gravelly and stony field filled with johnswort (in its prime), sorrel (still red-seeded), and mulleins, between which, however, you saw the gravel, – yet very pleasant to the naturalist.

**1860-1861**

**1860-1861**

 July 26, Thursday: ***“WHEREAS, it is necessary for our Peace, Prosperity and Happiness, as also to the National Advancement of the people of the United States, that they should dissolve the Republican form of government and establish in its stead an Absolute Monarchy;***  
***NOW, THEREFORE, WE, Norton I, by the Grace of God Emperor of the Thirty-three states and the multitude of Territories of the United States of America, do hereby dissolve the Republic of the United States, and it is hereby dissolved; And all laws made from and after this date, either by the National Congress or any State Legislature, shall be null and of no effect. All Governors, and all other persons in authority, shall maintain order by enforcing the heretofore existing laws and regulations until the necessary alterations can be effected.***  
*Given under our hand and seal, at Headquarters, San Francisco, this 26th day of July, 1860.”*



**JOSHUA ABRAHAM NORTON**

**CALIFORNIA**

Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his Kansas diary:

A man passed through here enroute for Leavenworth with four horses that the Indians had stolen a week ago. Muir and Barker returned, saying that Pawnees had stolen our horses.



July 26. 2 P.M.– To Walden.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Rhynchospora alba, perhaps as long as fusca, toward east part of Hubbard’s Close, i.e. arethusa part. Rusty cotton-grass abundant, but also going and gone to seed, say a fortnight, in same place. Common cranberry still lingers in bloom there, though berries are half grown.

Methinks the leaves begin to rustle generally, i.e. with a harder rustle, about June 11th, when they begin to show light under sides in the breeze.

BREAM

I saw a bream swimming about in that smaller pool by Walden in Hubbard’s Wood, though entirely cut off from the pond now. So they may be well off in the Wyman meadow or Pout’s Nest.

 July 27, Friday: Henry Thoreau’s address “The Last Days of John Brown” was printed in The Liberator.

The New-York Weekly Tribune reported on Thoreau’s address “The Last Days of John Brown.”

Thoreau billed Welch, Bigelow & Company for plumbago.







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*Concord July 27<sup>th</sup> 1860  
Messrs Welch, Bigelow, & Co  
Below you will find my bill  
for Plumbago. I will thank you to  
send a draft for the amount on a  
Boston bank, as heretofore— Trusting  
that you will not require me to wait so long[,] without explanation,  
as the last time, I remain  
Yrs truly  
Henry D. Thoreau  
Concord July [2]7<sup>th</sup> 1860  
Messrs Welch Bigelow & Co  
Bought of Henry D. Thoreau  
Twenty-four lb of Plumbago \$36.00  
Sent April 27<sup>th</sup> — — — —  
Rec<sup>d</sup> Pay<sup>t</sup>*

In regard to the Wisconsin citizen being held in federal detention for having helped an escaped slave, the news editor [Sherman M. Booth](#), the Ripon, Wisconsin [Weekly Times](#), a [Republican](#) paper, printed an editorial posing disturbing questions:

The people want to know why Judge Miller and Marshal Lewis haven't been made to answer before our State courts for the defiant position they occupy toward the State laws. They want to know, too, why, upon the decision of the Court Commissioner at Racine that he could not act until application had been made to every State judicial officer in Milwaukee, and if refused - why such application had been refused -why such application was not made to every State judicial officer in Milwaukee, and if refused then presented at Racine or elsewhere. The people have waited long and impatiently, asking why these things have not been done. There may be good reasons why they have not, but if there are not one in a thousand has any knowledge of them. In short we want to know if there [are] any legal, available means of redress; we want to see some evidence that there is good grit enough somewhere to carry on the contest with energy; and then it will be in point to talk about raising money.



Booth's friends and supporters were developing an extra-legal resolution: a rescue. In 1902, O.H. LaGrange would confess the origins of their plan to free the federal prisoner:

In June, 1860, Edward Daniels [Professor of Geology at Ripon College] suggested to me that Sherman M. Booth, who was confined in the custom house at Milwaukee under sentence of imprisonment for participating in the rescue of the fugitive slave Glover, ought to be released. On July 3, following, I met Daniels and

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others at Milwaukee, but our plans for the release became known and a squad of United States marines was brought to the custom house to guard the prisoner. It was then decided that I alone should remain in Milwaukee and make a farcical demonstration to mislead the guards and thus prepare for the success of a future attempt to release their prisoner. Early on the morning of the 4th, I went under the window of the second-story room, where Booth was confined, and called out to him to throw down the manuscript of his speech with a cord, and as I could not read his handwriting, his wife read it aloud to me and I copied it. About noon I conducted Mrs. Booth and her friend, Madam Ancke, to a shelter near where a crowd had assembled under Booth's window to hear his 4th of July oration, which had been advertised in his paper. The uniforms of the marines showed at the barred window. I called upon Judge Byron Paine [Justice of the Supreme Court] whom I saw in the audience, to read the manuscript which I held in my hand. He replied: "Read it yourself." I then nominated him for president and Fredricks [G.W. Frederick, one of the inner circle of the conspirators] for secretary of the meeting, declared them elected, and after a few words of introduction, read Booth's speech.

After the reading I made some incoherent remarks about releasing the prisoner, looked for a ladder, and assured the people that the marines would not resist us. I had made the feint as agreed, and a good man, named Hargrave, from Ripon[,] and some others thought I was in earnest, and would have followed had I led. They probably felt humiliated by my inconsequential conduct, but I was satisfied when the newspapers ridiculed me next morning that I had misled them and the guards. Carter's description of the events on July 4 is consistent with LaGrange's account, differing primarily in characterizing his friend's speech as an "eloquent address" rather than as "incoherent remarks:" On the fourth of July posters were placarded about the streets of Milwaukee calling "Freemen to the Courthouse at 2 o'clock. Booth will address the people from his window in the jail." A large crowd assembled. O.H. LaGrange of Ripon, mounted the stone wall under the jail window, and stated that Mr. Booth was not permitted to make the address, but that the manuscript had been conveyed to him, and he would read it to the people. The address was an able and inspiring appeal for the cause in which Booth claimed to be suffering martyrdom, and it elicited great applause. It was followed by an eloquent address by La Grange. Referring to the encroachments of the slave power in recent years, he said: "There is one more decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in reserve, giving the master power to hold his chattels in every state of our Union. If this fails to awaken us, the spirit of our fathers has departed from our government, the torpor of death has fastened upon our body politic, and the crack of doom could not break our slumbers." He closed by proposing cheers for Lincoln and Hamlin, which were given with a will.

Kinko's *jisei* farewell poem to life:

*Within the vast and empty  
autumn night  
dawn breaks.*

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## Famous Last Words:



“What school is more profitably instructive than the death-bed of the righteous, impressing the understanding with a convincing evidence, that they have not followed cunningly devised fables, but solid substantial truth.”



— A COLLECTION OF MEMORIALS CONCERNING DIVERS  
DECEASED MINISTERS, Philadelphia, 1787

**“The death bed scenes & observations even of the best & wisest afford but a sorry picture of our humanity. Some men endeavor to live a constrained life — to subject their whole lives to their will as he who said he might give a sign if he were conscious after his head was cut off — but he gave no sign Dwell as near as possible to the channel in which your life flows.”**

—Thoreau’s JOURNAL, March 12, 1853

<a href="#">399 BCE</a>	<a href="#">Socrates</a>	drinking the hemlock	<i>“Crito, I owe a cock to Æsclepius.”</i>
<a href="#">27 CE</a>	<a href="#">Jesus</a>	being crucified	<i>“It is finished.” [John 19:30]</i>
<a href="#">February 5, 1256</a>	<a href="#">Doyu</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In all my six and fifty years No miracles occurred. For the Buddhas and the Great Ones of the Faith, I have questions in my heart. And if I say, “Today, this hour I leave the world,” There’s nothing in it. Day after day, Does not the sun rise in the east?</i>
<a href="#">October 8, 1272</a>	<a href="#">Goku Kyonen</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The truth embodied in the Buddhas Of the future, present, past; The teaching we received from the Fathers of our faith Can all be found at the tip of my stick.</i>
<a href="#">October 17, 1280</a>	<a href="#">Enni Ben’en</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>All my life I taught Zen to the people— Nine and seventy years. He who sees not things as they are Will never know Zen.</i>
<a href="#">August 21, 1281</a>	<a href="#">Ingo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Three and seventy years I’ve drawn pure water from the fire— Now I become a tiny bug. With a touch of my body I shatter all worlds.</i>



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<a href="#">October 12, 1333</a>	<a href="#">Giun</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>All doctrines split asunder Zen teaching cast away— Fourscore years and one, The sky now cracks and falls The earth cleaves open— In the heart of the fire Lies a hidden spring.</i>
<a href="#">February 26, 1370</a>	<a href="#">Daido Ichi'i</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A tune of non-being Filling the void: Spring sun Snow whiteness Bright clouds Clear wind.</i>
<a href="#">February 20, 1387</a>	<a href="#">Bassui Tokushō</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>“Look straight ahead. What’s there? If you see it as it is You will never err.”</i>
<a href="#">1415</a>	<a href="#">John Huss</a>	being burned at the stake	<i>“O, holy simplicity!”</i>
<a href="#">June 27, 1428</a>	<a href="#">Kaso Sodon</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A drop of water freezes instantly— My seven years and seventy. All changes at a blow Springs of water welling from the fire.</i>
<a href="#">May 30, 1431</a>	<a href="#">Joan of Arc</a>	being burned at the stake	<i>“Hold the cross high so I may see it through the flames.”</i>
<a href="#">November 21, 1481</a>	<a href="#">Ikkyū Sōjun</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In all the kingdom southward From the center of the earth Where is he who understands my Zen? Should the master Kido himself appear He wouldn’t be worth a worn-out cent.</i>
<a href="#">May 4, 1534</a>	<a href="#">Father John Houghton</a>	as he was being disemboweled	<i>“And what wilt thou do with my heart, O Christ?”</i>
<a href="#">July 6, 1535</a>	<a href="#">Sir Thomas More</a>	being beheaded	<i>“The King’s good servant, but God’s First.”</i>
<a href="#">1536</a>	<a href="#">Anne Boleyn</a>	being beheaded	<i>“Oh God, have pity on my soul.”</i>
<a href="#">February 18, 1546</a>	<a href="#">Martin Luther</a>	found on his chamber table	<i>“We are beggars: this is true.”</i>
<a href="#">July 16, 1546</a>	<a href="#">Anne Askew</a>	being burned at the stake	<i>“There he misseth, and speaketh without the book”</i>
<a href="#">June 24, 1548</a>	<a href="#">Kogaku Soko</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My final words are these: As I fall I throw all on a high mountain peak— Lo! All creation shatters; thus it is That I destroy Zen doctrine.</i>
<a href="#">January 27, 1568</a>	<a href="#">Dairin Soto</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My whole life long I’ve sharpened my sword And now, face to face with death I unsheathe it, and lo— The blade is broken— Alas!</i>
<a href="#">1601</a>	<a href="#">Tycho Brahe</a>	unsolicited comment	<i>“Let me not seem to have lived in vain.”</i>








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1618	Sir Walter Raleigh	his wife would embalm his head and keep it near her in a red leather bag	<i>"Strike, man, strike."</i>
<a href="#">October 1, 1643</a>	<a href="#">Kogetsu Sogan</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Katsu! Katsu! Katsu! Katsu!</i>
1649	Charles I	the chopper was to wait for a signal that the king had prepared himself	<i>"Stay for the sign."</i>
1659	Friend Marmaduke Stevenson and Friend William Robinson	unsolicited comments made over the muting roll of a drum intended to prevent such remarks from being heard	<i>Friend Marmaduke: "We suffer not as evil-doers but for conscience' sake." Friend William: "I die for Christ."</i>
1660	Friend Mary Dyer	asked at her execution whether they should pray for her soul	<i>"Nay, first a child; then a young man; then a strong man, before an elder of Christ Jesus."</i>
<a href="#">October 1, 1661</a>	<a href="#">Gudō Toshoku</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>"I have finished my task. It is now up to my followers to work for mankind."</i>
<a href="#">July 16, 1669</a>	<a href="#">Daigu Sōchiku</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Needles pierce my ailing body, and my pain grows greater. This life of mine, which has been like a disease — what is its meaning? In all the world I haven't a single friend to whom I can unburden my soul. Truly all that appears to the eye is only a flower that blooms in a day.</i>
1681	Headman Ockanickon of the Mantas	the Mantas are the "Leaping Frogs" group of the Lenape tribe	<i>"Be plain and fair to all, both Indian and Christian, as I have been."</i>
<a href="#">May 15, 1688</a>	<a href="#">Mukai Chine</a>	her <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>It lights up as lightly as it fades: a firefly.</i>
1692	Massachusetts Bay colonist Giles Corey	being pressed to death for refusing to cooperate in his trial for witchcraft	<i>"Add more weight that my misery may be the sooner ended."</i>
<a href="#">October 12, 1694</a>	<a href="#">Matsuo Chūemon Munefusa (Bashō)</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>On a journey, ill: my dream goes wandering over withered fields.</i>
<a href="#">January 10, 1696</a>	<a href="#">Gesshū Sōko</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Inhale, exhale Forward, back Living, dying: Arrows, let flown each to each Meet midway and slice The void in aimless flight— Thus I return to the source.</i>
<a href="#">January 4, 1718</a>	<a href="#">Aki no Bo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The fourth day of the new year: what better day to leave the world?</i>

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<a href="#">October 6, 1721</a>	<a href="#">Dōkyō Etan</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Here in the shadow of death it is hard To utter the final word. I'll only say, then, "Without saying," Nothing more, Nothing more.</i>
1777	John Bartram	during a spasm of pain	"I want to die."
<a href="#">December 25, 1783</a>	<a href="#">Yosa no Buson</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life (he would die on January 17, 1784)	<i>Of late the nights are dawning plum-blossom white.</i>
1790	Benjamin Franklin	unsolicited comment	"A dying man can do nothing easy."
<a href="#">July 24, 1792</a>	<a href="#">Bufo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Oh, I don't care where autumn clouds are drifting to.</i>
1793	Louis Capet, King Louis XVI of France	being beheaded in the Place de la Concorde	"I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I Pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God that the blood you are going to shed may never be visited on France."
1793	Jean-Paul Marat	reviewing a list of names 	"They shall all be guillotined." 
1793	<a href="#">Citizen Marie Antoinette</a>	stepping on the foot of her executioner	"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur."
1794	George Jacques Danton	he had been convicted of not having made adequate use of the guillotine	"Show my head to the people. It is worth seeing."
<a href="#">December 24, 1794</a>	<a href="#">Chirin</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In earth and sky no grain of dust— snow on the foothills.</i>
1798	Giovanni Casanova	having spent his life collecting sequentially and in tandem 132 pubic scalps	"I have lived as a philosopher and died as a Christian." 
1799	George Washington	fearing being buried alive (a common fear for that period), he was being heartily reassured by his physician	"'Tis well."
<a href="#">August 25, 1804</a>	<a href="#">Gengen'ichi</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Morning glory even though you wither dawn will break anew.</i>
1806	Charles Dickinson	he was dueling with Andrew Jackson	"Why have you put out the lights?"
<a href="#">September 3, 1806</a>	<a href="#">Chogo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I long for people— then again I loathe them: end of autumn.</i>
1809	Thomas Paine	his physician asked whether he wished to believe Jesus to be the son of God	"I have no wish to believe on that subject."
<a href="#">June 28, 1820</a>	<a href="#">Seisetsu Shucho</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My hour draws near and I am still alive. Drawn by the chains of death I take my leave. The King of Hades has decreed Tomorrow I shall be his slave.</i>



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1821	John Keats	dying of TB in Rome	<i>"Severn ... I am dying ... I shall die easy ... don't be frightened ... be firm and thank God it has come."</i>
<a href="#">May 2, 1823</a>	<a href="#">Kiko</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>That which blossoms falls, the way of all flesh in this world of flowers.</i>
1825	Phebe Walker Bliss Emerson Ripley	died in Concord	<i>"Don't call Dr. Ripley his boots squeak so, Mr. Emerson used to step so softly, his boots never squeaked."</i>
<a href="#">November 27, 1825</a>	<a href="#">Gazen</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I lean against the stove and lo! eternity.</i>
1826	<a href="#">Thomas Jefferson</a>	died at 12:50PM	<i>"Is it the 4th? — Ah."</i>
<a href="#">August 25, 1826</a>	<a href="#">Retsuzan</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The night I understood this is a world of dew, I woke up from my sleep.</i>
1826	John Adams	died at 5: 30PM — Jefferson actually had, in Virginia, predeceased him	<i>"Thomas Jefferson still surv..."</i>
<a href="#">November 19, 1827</a>	<a href="#">Kobayashi Issa</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>What matters if I live on— a tortoise lives a hundred times as long.</i>
1830	King George IV	early one morning in Windsor Castle	<i>"Good God, what is this? — My boy, this is death."</i>
<a href="#">January 6, 1831</a>	<a href="#">Ryokan</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Now it reveals its hidden side and now the other — thus it falls, an autumn leaf.</i>
1832	Sam Sharpe	being hanged after an unsuccessful slave revolt on the island of Jamaica	<i>"I would rather die on yonder gallows than live in slavery."</i>
<a href="#">May 12, 1835</a>	<a href="#">Hanri</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My life: echoes of a clucking tongue above pure waters.</i>
<a href="#">1836</a>	<a href="#">James Madison</a>	unsolicited comment	<i>"I always talk better lying down."</i>
<a href="#">October 7, 1837</a>	<a href="#">Sengai Gibon</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>He who comes knows only his coming He who goes knows only his end. To be saved from the chasm Why cling to the cliff? Clouds floating low Never know where the breezes will blow them.</i>
1846	Benjamin Robert Haydon	final entry in 38-year journal before offing himself	<i>"Stretch me no longer on this tough world. — Lear"</i>
<a href="#">October 31, 1847</a>	<a href="#">Kyohaku</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I am not worthy of this crimson carpet: autumn maple leaves.</i>
<a href="#">1848</a>	<a href="#">John Quincy Adams</a>	had just voted "no" on war on Mexico	<i>"This is the last of earth. I am composed."</i>



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<a href="#">December 5, 1848</a>	<a href="#">Shofu</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>One moon— one me— snow-covered field path.</i>
<a href="#">1849</a>	<a href="#">Washington Goode</a>	offered a cup of water before being hanged in Boston	<i>"This is the last Cochituate water that I shall ever drink."</i>
<a href="#">1849</a>	<a href="#">Edgar Allan Poe</a>	in bad shape in Baltimore	<i>"Lord help my poor soul."</i>
<a href="#">April 12, 1849</a>	<a href="#">Katsushika Hokusai</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Now as a spirit I shall roam the summer fields.</i>
<a href="#">1849</a>	Frederic Chopin	dying of tuberculosis	<i>"Swear to make them cut me open, so that I won't be buried alive."</i>
1850	John Caldwell Calhoun	unsolicited comment	<i>"The South! The poor South! God knows what will become of her."</i>
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>
<a href="#">December 4, 1851</a>	<a href="#">Kizan</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>When I am gone will someone care for the chrysanthemum I leave?</i>
1852	<a href="#">Daniel Webster</a>	his attendant was tardy in administering some brandy	<i>"I still live!"</i> 
<a href="#">July 15, 1855</a>	<a href="#">Enryo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Autumn waters of this world wake me from my drunkenness.</i>
1857	Auguste Comte	he had been making himself the pope of a religion of science, "Positivism"	<i>"What an irreparable loss!"</i>
<a href="#">August 16, 1858</a>	<a href="#">Namagusai Tazukuri</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In fall the willow tree recalls its bygone glory.</i>
<a href="#">October 12, 1858</a>	<a href="#">Utagawa Hiroshiga</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I leave my brush in the East And set forth on my journey. I shall see the famous places in the Western Land.</i>
<a href="#">March 23, 1859</a>	<a href="#">Hakuen</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>What is it but a dream? The blossoming as well lasts only seven cycles.</i>
1859	John Brown	request	<i>"I am ready at any time — do not keep me waiting."</i>
<a href="#">July 27, 1860</a>	<a href="#">Kinko</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Within the vast and empty autumn night dawn breaks.</i>
1862	<a href="#">Henry David Thoreau</a>	he was editing manuscript	<i>"moose ... Indian"</i>
<a href="#">June 11, 1863</a>	<a href="#">Bairyu</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>O hydrangea— you change and change back to your primal color.</i>





## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

1864	General John Sedgwick	Battle of Spotsylvania	"They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance."
1865	<a href="#">Abraham Lincoln</a>	on stage, an actor ad-libbed a reference to the presence of the President	The President laughed
1865	John Wilkes Booth	with his leg broken, surrounded by relentlessly angry armed men, in a burning barn	"Useless ... useless."
<a href="#">November 5, 1868</a>	<a href="#">Amano Hachiro</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Lightning flickers only in the north: the moon is overcast.</i>
1872	Samuel F.B. Morse	doctor tapped on his chest and said: "This is the way we doctors telegraph, Professor."	"Very good, very good."
<a href="#">October 29, 1872</a>	<a href="#">Otsuchi</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>O white chrysanthemum— man, too, passes his prime.</i>
1872	Horace Greeley	Whitelaw Reid took over the <a href="#">Tribune</a>	"You son of a bitch, you stole my newspaper!"
<a href="#">March 28, 1878</a>	<a href="#">Gizan Zenrai</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I was born into this world I leave it at my death. Into a thousand towns My legs have carried me, And countless homes— What are all these? A moon reflected in the water A flower floating in the sky. Ho!</i>
1881	Billy the Kid	in the dark, he heard Pat Garrett enter	"Who is it?"
<a href="#">August 16, 1881</a>	<a href="#">Rokushi</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I wake up from a seventy-five-year dream to millet porridge.</i>
1882	Charles Darwin	fundamentalists tell lying stories of his abandoning his heretical theories in favor of Christ Jesus and His salvation	"I am not the least afraid to die."
<a href="#">January 4, 1882</a>	<a href="#">Hankai</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The year is ending: I have not left my heart behind.</i>
1883	Sojourner Truth	advice for us all	"Be a follower of the Lord Jesus."
1883	Karl Marx	his housekeeper asked him whether he had any last words	"Last words are for fools who haven't said enough."
1886	<a href="#">Emily Dickinson</a>	unsolicited comment	"I must go in, the fog is rising."
<a href="#">April 11, 1886</a>	<a href="#">Fuso</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Upon the lotus flower morning dew is thinning out.</i>
1887	Henry Ward Beecher	unsolicited comment	"Now comes the mystery."

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

1888	<a href="#">Louisa May Alcott</a>	unsolicited comment	<i>"Thus far the Lord has led me on."</i>
1890	Joseph Cary Merrick	the actor John Hurt, pretending to be The Elephant Man in a movie	<i>"Nothing ever dies."</i>
<a href="#">August 25, 1890</a>	<a href="#">Okyo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>This phantasm of falling petals vanishes into moon and flowers....</i>
1891	Phineas Taylor Barnum	inquiry	<i>"How were the circus receipts today at Madison Square Garden?"</i>
<a href="#">January 2, 1893</a>	<a href="#">Nakamichi</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>At the crossroad of my life and death a cuckoo cries.  Ice in a hot world my life melts.</i>
1894	George Inness	witnessing the sunset, he threw his hands into the air and fell	<i>"My God! oh, how beautiful!"</i>
<a href="#">February 1903</a>	<a href="#">Baiko</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Plum petals falling I look up — the sky, a clear crisp moon.</i>
1910	Leo Tolstoy	asked to reconcile with the church	<i>"Even in the valley of the shadow of death, two and two do not make six."</i>
1912	Robert Scott	freezing to death at the South Pole	<i>"It seems a pity, but I do not think that I can write more."</i>
<a href="#">November 29, 1914</a>	<a href="#">Bokusui</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A parting word? The melting snow is odorless.</i>
<a href="#">January 29, 1919</a>	<a href="#">Getsurei</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Stumble, fall, slide down the snow slope.</i>
<a href="#">August 31, 1920</a>	<a href="#">Koson</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I die the evening of the day the hibiscus blooms.</i>
<a href="#">August 2, 1922</a>	<a href="#">Alexander Graham Bell</a>	When his deaf wife pleaded "Aleck, please don't leave me," he spelled "no" in her hand.	<i>"No."</i>
1923	Pancho Villa	retired with a general's salary, he visited the local bank and was ambushed on July 23, 1923 in Parral, Chihuahua	<i>"Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something."</i>
<a href="#">April 27, 1923</a>	<a href="#">Saruo</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Cherry blossoms fall on a half-eaten dumpling.</i>

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

1926	Luther Burbank	Three months before he had admitted that he did not believe in an afterlife; he died in a frenzy of daily hate-mail.	<i>"I don't feel good."</i>
<a href="#">February 20, 1926</a>	<a href="#">Meisetsu</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My only hope against the cold— one hot-water bottle.</i>
1927	Isadora Duncan	The long white scarf around her neck got caught in the wheel of her car.	<i>"Adieu, mes amis, je vais à l'amour."</i>
<a href="#">July 24, 1927</a>	<a href="#">Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, "Gaki"</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>One spot, alone left glowing in the dark: my snotty nose.</i>
<a href="#">March 14, 1932</a>	George Eastman	<a href="#">Suicide</a> note — he shot himself.	<i>"My work is done. Why wait?"</i>
<a href="#">May 31, 1935</a>	<a href="#">Oto</a>	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>At night my sleep embraces the summer shadows of my life.</i>
1936	George V, King of England	It was suggested that he might recuperate at Bogner Regis	<i>"Bugger Bogner."</i>
1945	Franklin Delano Roosevelt	having a massive cerebral hemorrhage	<i>"I have a terrific headache."</i>
1945	Adolf Hitler	as hypothesized by Kurt Vonnegut	<i>"I never asked to be born in the first place."</i>
1946	Alfred Rosenberg	hangman asked if he had last words	<i>"No."</i>
1965	Winston Churchill	slipping into a 9-day coma	<i>"I'm bored with it all."</i>
1977	Gary Gilmore	being inventively executed	<i>"Let's do it."</i>
1997	Diana, Princess of Wales	per French police records	<i>"My God. What's happened?"</i>
1998	Richard Feynman	unsolicited comment	<i>"I'd hate to die twice, It's so boring."</i>
1998	Karla Fay Tucker	Governor George W. Bush refused requests from Christian organizations based upon her alleged conversion	<i>"I am going to be face to face with Jesus now... I will see you all when you get there. I will wait for you."</i>

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Hugh Morrison raised his house today.



July 27. A.M.— Pretty heavy rain last night.

The day after a heavy rain, I can detect all the poor or sappy shingles on my neighbor's low roof which I overlook, for they, absorbing much water and not drying for a long time, are so many black squares spotting the gray roof.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

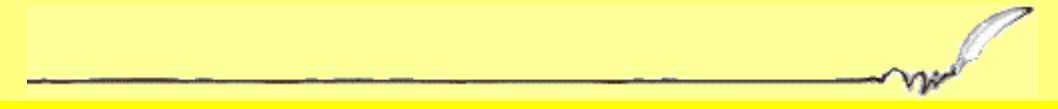
1860-1861

1860-1861

2 P.M.– Sail and paddle down river.

*"Downriver," "To Great Meadow," and "To Hill" signified a northward trip down the Concord River below the triple point of the confluence. After passing through a straight reach aligned by the local bedrock strike, arched by two bridges, and flanked by gravel bars of historic sediment that were repeatedly dredged, he entered the north side of Great Meadow. Bounded by the site of the Old North Bridge to the southwest and Ball's Hill to the northeast, it was two miles long and half a mile across. When in flood, the meadow was his favorite inland sea to sail upon because the wind was least impeded and the waves were highest.*

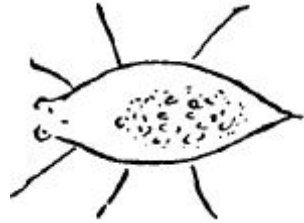
– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11



The water has begun to be clear and sunny, revealing the fishes and countless minnows of all sizes and colors, this year's brood.

I see healthy blossoms of the front-rank polygonum just fairly begun.

I see running on the muddy shore under the pontederia a large flat and thin-edged brown bug (with six legs), some seven eighths of an inch long, pointed behind; with apparently its eggs, fifty or sixty in number, large and dark-colored, standing side by side on their ends and forming a very conspicuous patch which covers about a third of its flat upper surface.



I remove one with my knife, and it appears to stand in a thick glutinous matter. It runs through the water and mud, and falls upon its back a foot or more from my hand without dislodging them.

See, twenty rods or more down-stream, four or five young ducks, which appear already to be disturbed by my boat. So, leaving that to attract their attention, I make my way alongshore in the high grass and behind the trees till I am opposite to them. At a distance they appear simply black and white, as they swim deep, – black backs and white throats. Now I find that they have retreated a little into the pontederia, and are very busily diving, or dipping, not immersing their whole bodies, but their heads and shoulders while their bodies are perfectly perpendicular, just like tame ducks. All of them close together will be in this attitude at the same moment. I now see that the throat, and probably upper part, at least, of breast, is clear-white, and there is a clear line of white above eye and on neck within a line of black; and as they stand on their heads, the tips apparently of their tails (possibly wings??) are conspicuously white or whitish; the upper part, also, is seen to be brownish rather than black. I presume these to be young summer ducks, though so dark; say two thirds grown.

How easy for the young ducks to hide amid the pickerel-weed along our river, while a boat goes by! and this plant attains its height when these water-fowl are of a size to need its shelter. Thousands of them might be concealed by it along our river, not to speak of the luxuriant sedge and grass of the meadows, much of it so wet as to be inaccessible. These ducks are diving scarcely two feet within the edge of the pickerel-weed yet one who had not first seen them exposed from a distance would never suspect their neighborhood.

1860-1861

1860-1861

See very great flocks of young red-wing blackbirds [[Red-winged Blackbird](#) [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)].



July 28, Saturday: From [The Pilot](#) of [Boston](#):

### A Heartless Case.

John Watson, carpenter of the emigrant ship *Geo. Washington*, has been arrested for the seduction of Mary Reed, a passenger from Liverpool to this port, and his examination is being held before U.S. Commissioner Wm. S. Dexter, Esq. The defendant in this case is a man about forty years old – The complainant is a young Irish girl, only sixteen years of age.

Her story, which she told in court in all its details, was far from fit to be spread openly in our columns, but it was to the effect that she left her native county, Kildare, for Liverpool, in company with her brother, and from that port took ship for Boston, in the *George Washington*. There she became acquainted with the defendant, and under promise of marriage effected his fell purpose. We hope that justice will be meted out to this fellow, and that an example will be made, that will deter others from practising their hellish designs upon innocent and unprotected girls on board emigrant ships. The U.S. law is very severe, and we hope it will be carried into effect.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

James and Abby rode down to Israel's.



1860-18



July 28. 2 P.M.— Up Assabet to Annursnack.

1860-1861

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

*Dulichium spathaceum* apparently some days. *Holcus lanatus* long done; very abundant on the west and northwest side of Painted-Cup Meadow.

A man shows me in the street a single bunch of potato-balls (i.e. on one stem) twenty in number, several of them quite an inch in diameter and the whole cluster nearly five inches in diameter as it hangs, to some extent emulating a cluster of grapes. The very sight of them supplies my constitution with all needed potash.

*Scirpus subterminalis* in the Assabet at island above Dove Rock, how long?



July 29, Sunday: From the diary of 15-year-old Alice Watts of Peacham, Vermont:

Another holy Sabbath has passed to swell the number so fastly increasing. An unimproved day my conscience says. I am almost a willing subject of Satan make hardly any objections to following him and thus fixing more surely my guilt[.] Crimes of the blackest hue stain my life, my best action[s] are condemnatory but Lyman's prayer aided by Thy Spirit has taught me so little I will try to trust in God's mercy. Help me Father to live near and for Thee.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Phillips came and brought my commission as sheriff of Saline County.



July 29. Rain, more or less, by day, and more in the night.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

2 P.M.— To Lincoln Bridge by railroad.  
*Cyperus filiculmis*, how long? Some time.



July 30, Monday: In Concord, Judge [Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar](#) and [Caroline Downes Brooks Hoar](#) had [Sherman Hoar](#), their final infant (Caroline Brooks Hoar born in 1820, Sarah Sherman Hoar died an infant in 1844, Samuel Hoar IV born in 1845, Charles Emerson Hoar born in 1850, Clara Downes Hoar born in 1852, Elizabeth Bowles Hoar born in 1854, Sherman Hoar born in 1860).

When 2-month-old [Ethel Abbot](#) died of [cholera](#), her mother [Katie Loring Abbot](#) wrote from Winona, Minnesota to her husband [Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#):

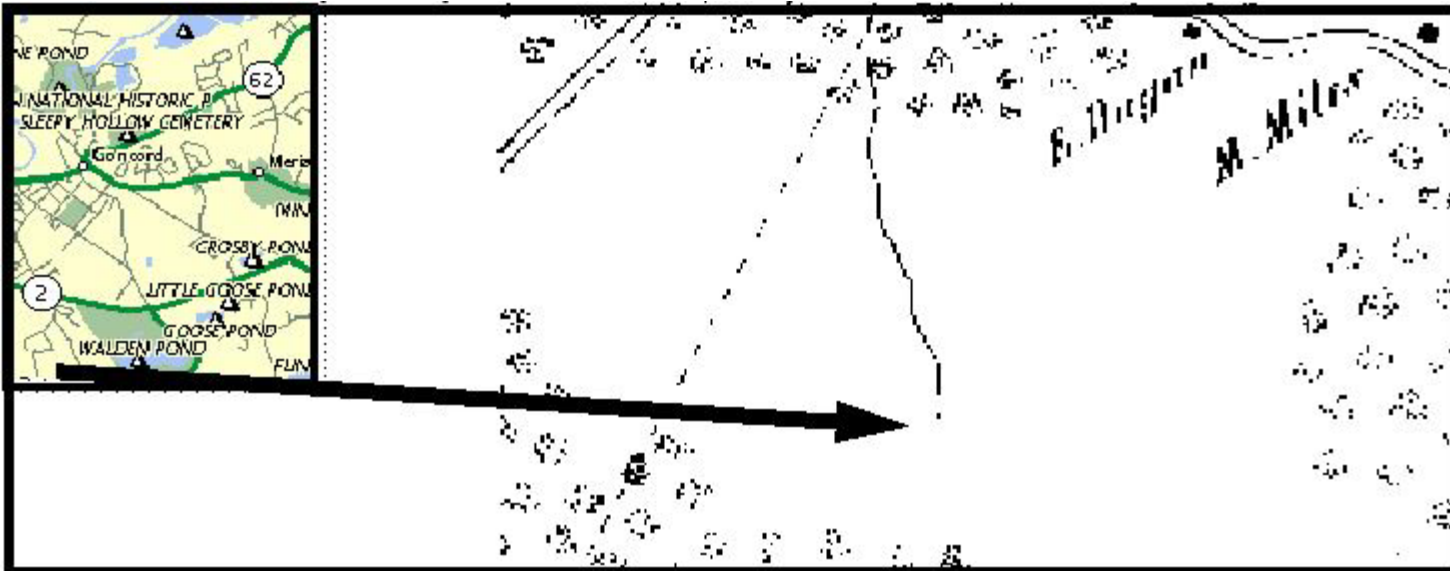
*Our little one is no more. Weep, Frank, weep!*

1860-18

July 30. 2 P.M.— To [Martial Miles's](#) Swamp.

1860-1861

[Transcript]



## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

### WILLIAM WHITING

*Fimbristylis capillaris*, probably several days in some places. See very pretty pink yarrow, roadside opposite Whiting's orchard.

See hen-hawks perched. Are they not more at liberty now, their young being better able to shift for themselves, some of them?

Am glad to press my way through Miles's Swamp. Thickets of choke-berry bushes higher than my head, with many of their lower leaves already red, alternating with young birches and raspberry, high blueberry andromeda (high and low), and great dense flat beds of *Rubus sempervirens*. Amid these, perhaps in cool openings, stands an island or two of great dark-green high blueberry bushes, with big cool blueberries, though bearing but sparingly this year.

In a frosty hollow in the woods west of this and of the blackberry field, find a patch of *amelanchier*, probably *oblongifolia* (?), full of fruit now in its prime. Comparing it with the *Botryapium* of the Cliffs, it appears to be the oblong, being much more obtuse and very little serrate, and not heart-shaped like the *Botryapium*. It is an open sedge hollow surrounded by woods, with some shrubs in it rising above the sedge which have been killed by frost formerly. Here grows a pretty thick patch of the shad-bush, about a rod and a half long, the bushes about three feet high, and quite interesting now, in fruit. Firm dark-green leaves with short, broad, irregular racemes (cluster-like) of red and dark dull-purplish berries intermixed, making considerable variety in the color,—of peculiar color among our small fruits. The ripest and largest dark-purple berries are just half an inch in diameter. You are surprised and delighted to see this handsome profusion in hollows so dry and usually so barren and bushes commonly so fruitless. These berries are peculiar in that the red are nearly as pleasant-tasted as the more fully ripe dark-purple ones. I think this crop is due to the wetness and coolness of the summer.

Though an agreeable berry, they are hardly so grateful to my palate as huckleberries and blueberries. These conspicuous red—for most are red—[BERRIES] on rather high and thin-leaved bushes, growing open and airy, remind you a little of the wild holly, the berry so contrasts with the dark leaf.

Returning, we come through the midst of the nearly quite dry J. P. B.'s Cold Pool. Excepting a little pool in the middle, this is now one great dense bed of *Cyperus diandrus*, well out, and *Juncus Conradi*, as I call it, now in prime (together with *Juncus acuminatus*). The lower and internal part of this bed is yellow, bright-yellow like sedge, i. e. the cyperus stems and leaves, while the spikes of this and the rest form a soft reddish-brown crust, as it were, over all. Mixed with these over the whole area is literally a myriad of *gratiola* (say in its prime); a most remarkable sight,—countless yellow dots, and occasionally you see a perfectly white one among them.

Quite a sultry day, and smells mustyish, as if dog-days were beginning. Is it not the height of summer when the locust is heard?

Hear the sound of the first flail,—some farmer, perchance, wishing to make room in his barn, or else wanting the grain. Is it wheat or rye? It may be either.

As I come through Hosmer's potato-field, I see the great clusters of potato-balls on the sandy ground, bespattered with sand, on each side. Methinks they are unusually abundant this year. Somebody has hung up one great cluster at the post-office. Is it owing to the wet and coolness?

1860-1861

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July 31, Tuesday: [George Partridge Bradford](#) found and brought to [Henry Thoreau](#) a plant which was judged to be, from a plate in [John Claudius Loudon](#)'s 1838 [botanical](#) reference *ARBORETUM ET FRUTICETUM BRITANNICUM*, the *Potentilla recta* of southern Europe.



[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Worked for Morrison. Made window frames. Hugh and Andrew went up the Mulberry after timber.



July 31. Foggy morning.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

### MINOT PRATT

M. Pratt sends me *Trifolium agrarium* (a long time out) from a ditch-side on his land, – yellow hop clover. This specimen is two feet high or long. He had not seen it there for some years.

Mr. Bradford finds and brings to me what I judge from a plate in Loudon to be *Potentilla recta* of southern Europe; a long time out. *Vide* press. I find the base of the plant by the east wall, in the road, about six rods south of John Flint's house.

I copy this account of *P. recta* from Persoon: "Fol. septenatis quinatisque, foliol. lanceolatis grosse dentatis, petalis obcordatis cal. majoribus, caule erecto.... Ad muros et ad agrorum margines. Pet. magna pallida, calyce submajora." This is under his division with digitate leaves and a naked receptacle (?), if this is his word. [It is.] But in this the outside of the calyx or receptacle is shortly pubescent, and the petals are much longer than the calyx. *Vide* Persoon's other division. [Do not find another so much like it.]



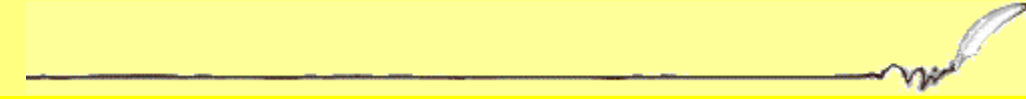
1860-1861

1860-1861

P.M.– Up Assabet.

*"Up Assabet" is probably the most common opening phrase in Thoreau's two-million-word journal. This was his favorite destination under default conditions, meaning the wind was light and the river stage was neither in flood nor in drought.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, page 10



Decidedly dog-days, and a strong musty scent, not to be wondered at after the copious rains and the heat of yesterday.

At mid-afternoon I am caught in another deluging rain [A great deal fell.] as I stand under a maple by the shore. Looking on a water surface, you can see as well as hear when it rains very hard. At first we had a considerable shower which but slightly dimpled the water, and I saw the differently shaded or lit currents of the river through it all; but anon it began to rain very hard, and there were a myriad white globules dancing or rebounding an inch or two from the surface, where the big drops fell, and I heard a sound as if it rained pebbles or shot. At this season the sound of a gentler rain than this, *i.e.* the sound of the dripping rain on the leaves, which are now dark and hard, yields a dry sound as if the drops struck on paper, but six weeks ago, when the leaves were so yellowish and tender, methinks it was a softer sound, as was the rustling.

Now, in the still moonlight, the dark foliage stands almost stiff and dark against the sky.

At 5 P.M. the river is nine and seven eighths inches above summer level.

We may expect to see any common small-seeded European plant springing up by our roadsides in course of time.

Before it rained hardest I could see in the midst of the dark and smoother water a lighter-colored and rougher surface, generally in oblong patches, which moved steadily down the stream, and this, I think, was the new water from above welling up and making its way downward amid the old. The water or currents of a river are thus not homogeneous, but the surface is seen to be of two shades, the smoother and darker water which already fills its bed [?] and the fresh influx of lighter-colored and rougher, probably more rapid, currents which spot it here and there; *i.e.*, some water seems to occupy it as a lake to some extent, other is passing through it as a stream, – the lacustrine and the fluvial water. These lighter reaches without reflections (?) are, as it were, water wrong side up. But do I ever see these except when it rains? And are they not the rain-water which has not yet mingled with the water of the river?

**AUGUST 1860**

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for August 1860 \(æf. 43\)](#)

1860-1861

1860-1861



August 1, Wednesday noon: After the newspaper editor [Sherman M. Booth](#) of the local [Free Democrat](#) had been arrested by the federal government in 1854 in Wisconsin and charged with helping an escaped slave, [Joshua Glover](#) of Missouri, in defiance of the federal Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, the Wisconsin Supreme Court had held that the state's laws of habeas corpus superseded that federal Act. But then the US Supreme Court had reaffirmed the verdict that had been rendered against Booth by the US District Court, and Booth had again been arrested and returned to imprisonment. On this day at about noon a group led by Professor Edward Daniels of Ripon, Wisconsin "rescued" Booth from his cell in the federal Custom House in Milwaukee.



After a hasty dinner it was decided that Booth with the two prison guards and myself, should drive to a railway station, two or three miles distant, and take the car to Waupun or Ripon. We passed out of Saulsman's [Salsman's] house, through a back yard to the stable, while the United States marshal, John H. Lewis, attempted to summon the posse comitatus from the crowd in front of the house, to re-arrest the prisoner. Professor Daniels stood on the porch and argued with the marshal, while the crowd made fun of him, and before we left the stable, word came that the Montgomery guard had been ordered to assist the marshal. We reached the railway station just before the train, took the car, and proceeded without question to Horicon.

-O.H. LaGrange

**HORICON**

On this day the Milwaukee [Sentinel](#), a [Republican](#) paper, was able to report that Booth had again with outside assistance made a successful escape from his federal detention:<sup>3</sup>

A few minutes after 12 o'clock ten determined men walked leisurely by the Custom House steps. They might have been taken for merchants having business with the Collector. They seemed entirely unconcerned, and were talking of every day matters. They, however, did not visit the Collector; and the Marshal they could not see, for he was luxuriating in pork and beans - eating his accustomed dinner in all the security and repose of a peaceful conscience and a masterly appetite. The vigilant [Deputy Marshal] Burke, whose eye never sleeps, nor is known to wink, was alone visible. One of the gentlemen presented Mr. Burke with a card of admission to see Booth. The vigilant Burke took it, eyed it, spelled it, turned it over and was exerting the whole of his intellectual powers to read it, when one of the other gentle men [sic] caught him by the arms. A revolver gleamed before him. He heard the key turn in the door, and in another moment Mr. Booth stepped lightly over the threshold, and waving an affectionate au revoir, went down the iron steps as comfortably as though on his way to a tea party. Mr. Burke did not reply to the parting words -unfortunately for what he had to say- he found himself thrust into the room, and

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3. Some of the minor inconsistencies in this story suggest to us now, that the newspaper had been able to print the article concurrent with the event which it was purporting to describe, by virtue of its having been prepared and typeset in advance.



1860-1861

1860-1861

the key again turned. Ah, vigilant Burke!  
Mr. Booth was prepared for the promenade. His boots were blackened; the greater part of his hair was combed, and holding a fragrant nosegay in one hand, and a pistol in the other, he passed down Wisconsin street, and walked over to the residence of his brother-in-law, T.J. Salsman, on Second street. Here a large concourse of people gathered to congratulate him. From Milwaukee Mr. Booth proceeded in a carriage to a railroad station outside of the city, on the La Crosse road, and came on to Waupun. We learn that he addressed the citizens of Waupun on Wednesday evening.  
The Wisconsin and the News state that Prof. Daniels and O.H. LaGrange, of Ripon, were concerned in the rescue. We await with some interest the course the U.S. officers will take in the matter. Whether they will make a serious attempt to retake Booth, or to prosecute those who rescued him, is a subject of speculation. In the event that they do, there will be music by the entire band.  
The Marshal has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of Booth. We suggest to our Hunker friends that here is an opportunity to replenish their funds – there would be fun, if not funds, realized in the attempt.

A combined British-French expeditionary force landed at Pei Tang and occupied a fort there abandoned by the [Chinese](#). They soon engaged, of course, in rape and looting.

According to the [Times](#), the Wisconsin Prison Commissioner, Hans Christian Heg, enrolled on this evening as a captain in the local Wide-Awakes, a newly forming paramilitary with a uniform consisting of a cap, cape, and torch:

AT A MEETING of the [Republican](#) Club, held at Dodge Hall last Wednesday evening a Wide-Awake Company was formed. Sixty-four names were enrolled, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested. The regulations of the Janesville Wide-Awakes were read, and, after being amended, were adopted. They are as follows:  
1st – This is a branch of the Waupun [Republican](#) Club, and shall be known as the "Wide Awake Club."  
2d – Any person who has attained to the age of eighteen years, who will aid and support the [Republican](#) candidates, and furnish himself with the style of uniform adopted by this Club, may become a member thereof.  
3d – Every person shall, before he is recognized as a member of this Club, sign these articles.  
4th – The officers of this Club shall be a Captain, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Lieutenants, and Treasurer. The Captain shall have command of the Club at all times; in his absence the Lieutenants shall have command in the order of their rank.  
5th – Every member of this club shall attend all the meetings whether regular or special; and when on duty or in attendance at the meetings, shall obey the officers in command, and shall at all times perform such duties as shall be required of him by the officers in command.  
6th – It is the object of this club –  
1st. To act as a political police.  
2d. To do escort duty to all prominent [Republican](#) speakers who visit our village to address our citizens.



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3d. To attend all public meetings in a body and see that order is kept, and that the speaker and meeting is not disturbed.

4th. To attend the polls and see that justice is done every legal voter.

5th. To conduct ourselves in such a manner as to induce all [Republicans](#) to join us.

6th. To be a body joined together in large numbers to work for the good of the [Republican](#) ticket.

The following officers were then elected:

Captain - Hans C. Heg.

1st Lieut. - Andrew Clark.

2d Lieut. - I.P. Randall.

3d Lieut. - Wm. Ware.

4th Lieut. - M.J. Althouse.

Treasurer. - Geo. W. Butterfield.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 1st]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



August 2, Thursday: British and Russian warships arrived at Beirut and a French expeditionary force disembarked in response to a massacre of 40,000 Christians by Muslims.

The period from the day [Sherman M. Booth](#) was “released by friends” from federal detention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin (August 1st) to the day of his re-arrest by the federal authorities (October 8th) are now characterized as “Ripon’s Booth War.” When Deputy US Marshal Francis Henry reached Waupun on this day, 60 miles northwest of Milwaukee, he discovered that escaped newspaper editor Booth was staying at the state prison as a guest of the Wisconsin State Prison Commissioner, Hans Christian Heg. That evening, the escapee would be very publicly addressing a gathering of his supporters at Waupun’s Dodge Hall.

Deputy Marshall Garlick promptly called on Heg with the following written request made under the authority of US Marshall J.H. Lewis:

Waupun, Wis., Aug 2, 1860

Hans C. Heg, Esq., State Prison Commissioner, Wisconsin:

SIR - I am credibly informed that Sherman M. Booth, a United States prisoner, who has lately been rescued from the custody of the United States Marshall, is at this time secreted and harbored within the prison walls of Waupun. Having in my possession a warrant for his arrest, issued under the seal of the United States District Court, for the District of Wisconsin, and properly tested, you are hereby required, if said Booth is within your prison walls, to surrender him into my custody; and, in case of necessity, to assist me with police of the Prison in executing the laws of the United States. An answer in writing is required.

[Signed] J.H. LEWIS, U.S. Marshall, by F. HENRY, Deputy.

After the public meeting, Commissioner Heg would reply:

Waupun, Aug. 3, 1860.



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HON. J. H. LEWIS, U.S. MARSHALL:-

Dear Sir:- Your note of Aug. 2d is received, and in answer to it allow me to say that Mr. Booth is not secreted within the prison walls. He is at present visiting with me, and at his own liberty to go wherever he pleases.

As to rendering you any assistance to aid you in his arrest, allow me politely to say that my force is at present employed in a more profitable and honorable way.

I am, very truly yours,

HANS C. HEG, S.P.C.

A [meteor](#) passed across the night sky above Cincinnati and Chillicothe, Ohio and Louisville, Kentucky:

A few minutes after ten o'clock, Thursday night, a magnificent meteor darted, across the Southern sky, glowing for a few seconds with a light far more brilliant than the moon. We were standing at the moment on the sidewalk in front of the Commercial Office Building, observing the light of a balloon that had floated to the North and was moving steadily on its way. There was suddenly an intense light in the South, and turning, we saw directly over Covington, moving from the Southeast to the Northwest, not more than twenty degrees above the horizon, a great ball of flame. The light was, as a correspondent well describes it, like that from the balls shot from a Roman candle. Before its marvelous radiance the moon was paled, and while it passed, the black shadows of the lofty buildings of the city wheeled around as the wild luminary sped; and when it was gone, there was a sensation of dimness of sight, as after a resplendent flash of lightning. The luminous object disappeared from our eyes behind the buildings on the west side of Race street, and seemed to have fallen into the river, or to have vanished in the vicinity of the Fifth-street Ferry.

A few minutes after 10 o'clock last night we were passing the United States Hotel, between Green and Jefferson-streets, the moon shining very bright at the time, when the Southeastern sky was suddenly illuminated with an intense brilliancy. It was so vivid that it added to the brilliancy of the full moon's illumination, and for the space of several seconds, with variable effulgence, lighting up the scene. We were "under the ice" of an immense building, and had no opportunity of looking at the sky, but we deem it a duty to science to state our grave suspicion that we had a Southern meteor last night to countervail the prophetic effects of the one recently seen in the North.

Mr. PRESTON, of Yellow Springs, saw the meteor, under very favorable circumstances for observation, He gives the following description;

Between 19 and 20 minutes past 10 o'clock on the evening of the 2d inst, while sitting on the step of the entrance to the south wing of the college, engaged in conversation with one of the students, there appeared



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in the southern heavens, about one-third of the distance between the horizon and the zenith, a bright ball of fire, resembling the moon in size and color. I at once recognized it as a meteor, and collected my thoughts for observation. At its first point it remained stationary for several seconds, increasing in brilliancy from a pale red to a silvery white, encircled by a ring of green. It then shot through the heavens in a horizontal wavering line from east to west, with immense velocity. At first, sparks of fire were emitted, which changed as the fiery ball increased in speed, to streams of light of the most beautiful colors, and of such brilliancy as to dazzle the eyes, and left in its train a very large luminous band, equal to one-half of its own diameter, in which several of the colors of the rainbow were distinctly exhibited. Unlike the meteoric display of the 20th July, there appeared but one ball of fire. As it entered the western horizon its course was more irregular, and the flame again changed to a deep crimson. The ball continued its antics until it was lost behind the clouds, leaving a trace of its path until it quite vanished from sight. During the last few seconds of its existence, the appearance of the southern and western heavens was perfectly gorgeous, presenting a grand pyrotechnic display, in which the meteor was the centre-piece. During this phenomena, the moon was wholly obscured by a heavy cloud, which rendered the spectacle more brilliant. The duration of the display I do not think was more than ten seconds. There was no report, but a faint hissing sound, as if produced by the concussion of air, was distinctly heard. Although of shorter duration and more limited in its range than that of the 20th ult., it was certainly as brilliant and wonderful.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

August 2: Worked for Morrison. Boys commenced batching. (Now corner of 5th and Iron). Spillman raised his house, 12 x 15.

August 3: Worked for myself. Made one hundred and forty-three shingles.

August 4: Worked up all the shingle blocks I had.

August 5: David came back from Junction and brought my certificate of filing claim.

August 6: Town company commenced to survey the town.

August 10: Made a camp bedstead and bought a blanket and sheets for bed. Commenced to batch with boys in den today.

August 11: Helped clean up den. Packard caught a fine fish.

August 12: Went up to trade with the Indians. Nearly all were out hunting.

August 13: Spillman took Abby out to see buffalo. James drove. Saw about thirty dead ones, but no live ones.



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August 14: Did nothing but lay around with sty on my eye. Tried to trade my horse to the Indian, John Socokay, for his mule, but he thought him too wild.

August 15: A large train of soldiers mostly infantry (700) passed through today. They recognized Campbell's mule and paid him ten dollars and took it off.

August 18: The "Era of Paint" has arrived. Phillips and Campbell commenced painting their houses.

August 20: Made Mead and James deputy sheriffs. The goys drink enough coffee to kill a horse and smoke before they go to bed and frequently take a chew before they get up.

August 21: Jim Muir, A.C. Spillman and Henry Barker started by daylight this morning with Miss Abby Wilcox for Junction City. I think Muir and Abby are to be married.

August 22: Jim Muir and Abby Wilcox were married last night by the Mayor of Junction City.

August 23: The boys came home from Junction last night.

August 26: Two buffalo crossed Dry Creek and came into town. I killed one and followed the other over to the slough. I shot him, but he ran and fifteen or twenty Indians attacked him and shot him full of arrows. They thought he belonged to them and I didn't argue the question.

August 27: Pat Dunn's dead body was taken through here this evening. He was trampled to death by a buffalo.

August 28: Spillman went out on the Creek and brought in the man who was shot wile buffalo hunting.

August 29: Mr. Woodward came from Junction to see the wounded man. Says he cannot live unless his leg is amputated immediately.

August 30: Sim and Barker sit up with the wounded man.



August 2. The wing of the sugar maples is dry and ripe to look at, but the seed end and seed are quite green. I find, as Michaux did, one seed always abortive.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

P.M.— Up Assabet.

*"Up Assabet" is probably the most common opening phrase in Thoreau's two-million-word journal. This was his favorite destination under default conditions, meaning the wind was light and the river stage was neither in flood nor in drought.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 10

The young red maples have sprung up chiefly on the sandy and muddy shores, especially where there is a bay or eddy.

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At 2 P.M. the river is twelve and seven eighths above summer level, higher than for a long time, on account of the rain of the 31st. Seed of hop-hornbeam not ripe. The button-bush is about in prime, and white lilies considerably past prime. Mikania begun, and now, perhaps, the river's brink is at its height. The black willow down is even yet still seen here and there on the water.

The river, being raised three or four inches, looks quite full, and the bur-reed, etc., is floating off in considerable masses. See those round white patches of eggs on the upright sides of dark rocks.

There is now and of late a very thin, in some lights purplish, scum on the water, outside of coarser drift that has lodged,—a brown scum, somewhat gossamer-like as it lies, and browner still on your finger when you take it up. What is it? The pollen of some plant?

As we rest in our boat under a tree, we hear from time to time the loud snap of a wood pewee's bill overhead, which is incessantly diving to this side and that after an insect and returning to its perch on a dead twig. We hear the sound of its bill when it catches one.

In huckleberry fields I see the seeds of berries recently left on the rocks where birds have perched. How many of these small fruits they may thus disseminate!



August 2, Thursday: [Frederick Townsend Ward](#) set out for Tsingpu with a force of 300 Westerners in gunboats with cannon, along with a marching force of 10,000 members of the Kiangsu provincial army under Li Aitang. Unbeknownst to them, this town of Tsingpu had just been garrisoned by an army of 10,000 [Chinese](#) Christian warriors. Ward would find himself lying on the ground wounded four times in the body and one time, seriously, in the face. The imperialists would be forced into retreat, abandoning their equipment, and the Christians would be able to celebrate the victory of their God. (A second such attempt would likewise be routed.)



Here is an excerpt from Chapter 3 “Ward and Gordon: Glorious Days of Looting” of Jonathan D. Spence’s *TO CHANGE CHINA, WESTERN ADVISERS IN CHINA, 1620-1960* (pages 57-92; London: Penguin, 1969):

The reward money for the capture of Sungkiang and the possibility of future looting drew more recruits from the





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Shanghai waterfront. With his newly bolstered force and his newly bolstered confidence, Ward decided to attack Tsingpu, a larger city in Taiping hands. But he had overestimated the abilities of his troops. At Tsingpu he found a well-armed Taiping force behind strong walls, led by another European mercenary, an ex-British first lieutenant named Savage. Ward's force was mauled in two assaults, and he himself was badly wounded. He lost his artillery, his gunboats and his entire provision train. It was the worst defeat of his career in China, and when he returned to Shanghai to rebuild his army, he was met with hostility and scorn. The Shanghai North China Herald commented in August 1860: "The first and best item ... is the utter defeat of Ward and his men before Tsingpu. This notorious man has been brought down to Shanghai, not, as was hoped, dead, but severely wounded in the mouth, one side and one leg.... He managed to drag his carcass out of danger, but several of his valourous blacks were killed or wounded.... It seems astonishing that Ward should be allowed to remain unpunished, and yet not a hint is given that any measures will be taken against him." It seemed that Ward's China career was finished. Taki was unwilling to support him further. The commander of the British naval forces, Admiral James Hope, was furious that Ward had encouraged his sailors to desert. The foreign community in Shanghai was openly contemptuous.

 August 3, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#).

CONCORD, August 3, 1860.

MR. BLAKE,— I some time ago asked Channing if he would not spend a week with me on Monadnoc; but he did not answer decidedly. Lately he has talked of an excursion somewhere, but I said that now I must wait till my {beginning of MS} *sister returned from Plymouth N.H. She accordingly, has returned,— and on ^receiving your note this morning, I made known its contents to Channing in order to see how far I was engaged with him. The result is*

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that he decides to go to Monadnoc to-morrow morning; so I must defer making an excursion with you and Brown to another season. Perhaps you will call as you pass the mountain. I send this by the earliest mail.  
{beginning of MS}



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*P.S. That was a very insufficient visit which you made here the last time. My mother is better, though far from well, & if you shoul{MS cut?} chance along here any time after your journey, I trust that we shall all do better.*

{written in margin; not in HDT's hand: [Henry D. Thoreau] [Lat all]}

A trading agreement was signed between Portugal and [Japan](#).

La colombe, an opéra comique by Charles Gounod to words of Barbier and Carré after [La Fontaine](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Stadttheater, Baden-Baden.

[Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#) wrote to his grieving wife [Katie Loring Abbot](#) in Winona, Minnesota:

*My noble, darling wife,  
Oh, how my soul is rent with fear and anguish for you,  
poor childless mother!*



August 3, Friday: The knotty-rooted cyperus out some days at least.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



August 3, Friday: Two days after the “rescue” of newspaper editor [Sherman M. Booth](#) from the federal authorities in Milwaukee, the incident was being reported with irony in the Ripon [Weekly Times](#) under the headline:

### S.M. BOOTH LIBERATED

#### A Writ of Habeas Corpus Executed by Wisconsin Freeman

The papers reported not only that Booth could be seen on the streets of Waupun as he visited friends but also that, allegedly, he was making attempts to intimidate nonsupporters. The federal marshals, however, were organizing to recapture their political prisoner. That morning Deputy William Garlick from Milwaukee confronted Booth and Hans Christian Heg, the State Prison Commissioner of the prison at Waupun, and asked that the fugitive be turned over to him. Deputy Francis McCarty of Fond du Lac arrived in town “to assist in the arrest.” At nearly the same time that Garlick was meeting with Booth at the prison on the 3rd, the Ripon [Times](#), edited by C.J. Allen, printed the following announcement:

We are authorized to say that Mr. Booth will be in Ripon tomorrow, and will speak at City Hall to morrow evening.

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It was only one of many such announcements about Booth's plans published in the state's newspapers. Papers like Milwaukee's Wisconsin and Free Democrat variously reported that Booth was on his way to Canada or Mackinaw, planned an immediate return to Milwaukee, or would be speaking at Oakfield, Trenton, and Fond du Lac. Citing sources close to Booth, the reports appeared with such regularity that it seems likely they were part of a campaign of misinformation designed to keep the federal authorities off balance. Unlike most of the others, however, the Times' announcement was legitimate, and it is tempting to assume that Garlick's morning visit contributed to Booth's decision to remove to Ripon. The timing of the announcement, however, indicates that the arrangements had been made earlier. Given limited opportunities for communication once Booth was on his way to Waupun, it is possible the appearance was planned even before his release by Ripon area residents Edward Daniels and Oscar LaGrange from the Custom House. That Booth would risk the eighteen mile trip and allow his address to be announced publicly well in advance when marshals were known to be in the vicinity suggests Booth's confidence. More than that, though, Booth must have known even before Garlick's appearance that Heg, an elected public official, could not extend the hospitality of the prison for long. As early as August 7, Heg was already the target of considerable editorial heat generated by the Milwaukee News:

When the parent swore that he would not whip his son if he would come down from his safe retreat, hopeful replied "that a man who would swear would lie," and therefore he would not trust him. We place no reliance in the statement of a prison commissioner, who by his own confession has been guilty of receiving Booth within the walls of the State prison, and guarding him so well that the officer who was in pursuit of him dare not attempt to re-arrest him.

Sherman M. Booth must also have realized that any hospitality offered by family members would have been equally tenuous. Conversely, it is possible that Booth believed his greatest security to lie in numbers and welcomed a well publicized and well attended public address before his supporters, which the Times' announcement virtually assured. In any case, Booth appears to have exercised precaution in making the trip to Ripon. In affidavits given on August 7 and August 8 respectively and published in Milwaukee's Daily Enquirer on August 13, Marshals McCarty and Garlick indicate that Booth left Waupun the night of the 3rd and traveled to Ripon by carriage in the company of guards. By foregoing the more convenient but more public train running between Waupun and Ripon, and by traveling at night with a guard, Booth must have felt reasonably secure. His strategy was successful. While the Times reported in its special edition on August 6 that "S. M. Booth arrived in this city on Saturday morning [August 4] under an armed escort from Waupun," McCarty's affidavit alleges very inaccurately that the marshals did not learn of Booth's whereabouts until he was safely established in Ripon:

We learned on the 4th inst., that he had left the night before for Ripon, about eighteen miles distant, and this deponent with two other Deputies immediately repaired there and found said Booth in the house of one Daniels securely guarded by an armed force surrounding the house.

In fact the federal marshals had known from the earliest point precisely where Booth was taking refuge, for they had sent off a telegram shortly after his liberation, to Saterlee Clark in Ripon, requesting that he detain the entire party when his train arrived at Horicon. Well, it seems, they had sent their telegram to the wrong man! Clark did meet the Booth party as the train reached Horicon, but he made no attempt to effect an arrest. LaGrange, a former neighbor of Clark's in Green Lake County, would describe the event as follows:

Clark, a former neighbor and friend, came into the car while the train stopped, and told us he had been telegraphed from Milwaukee to make an arrest, and that he could undoubtedly have brought force enough to do so, but that he had declined the service, because he thought "it the best thing that could happen to have Booth get away." I told him jestingly that no one would



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dispute his courage, and that in this case his prudence deserved commendation.

**HORICON**

Saterlee Clark would publish his derisive response to the marshals:


Jehu H. Lewis, Esq. My Dear Friend: -I regret very much that I was unable to comply with the request in your despatch [sic] of the 1st inst., "to arrest S. M. Booth, an escaped convict, who was rescued from your custody by an armed force." I conceive it my duty to myself, as a "law abiding" citizen to set myself right in your estimation, and through you to the "reverend" "Old Buck," whose colors you wear. Upon the receipt of your dispatch, I armed myself with one of John Brown's lances, and rode through the streets shouting at the top of my voice, "Freemen to the rescue!" I was immediately surrounded by an armed force of 1,000, more or less, (as republicans estimate the numbers attending their ratification meetings,) who eagerly inquired what was wanted. I explained in as few words as possible that Booth had been rescued from the Hon. Jehu H. Lewis, U.S. Marshal, and that I had been notified that he was on the cars, to arrive in about half an hour. The inquiry was then made whether you did not hold office under the present Federal Administration; and upon being told that you did, they set up such a shout of derision as would not have been gratifying to your vanity to have heard, and declared that old Buck and his minions might catch their own rogues for all of them; and that if the officers appointed by Old Buck were too imbecile to discharge their duty, he ought to discharge them and appoint Democrats in their stead; or, if they must have assistance, they should apply to their allies, the black republicans. I tried to persuade them that you was as efficient and honest as any man supporting this Administration, and, while they did not dispute that proposition, they declared that though Old Buck, at the date of your appointment, pretended to be a democrat, he nevertheless appointed you against the known wishes of every respectable democrat in the State; that your nomination was confirmed by the Senate through the influence of republicans, for the sole purpose of rendering the democratic party ridiculous. And one man said that he heard a prominent republican (who was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and now a prominent railroad man,) say that he had written to Doolittle and Durkee to do all in their power to effect your confirmation, as nothing, he said, could possibly render the party more odious. It was also charged that you had at the last State Convention (pretending to be a Democrat) placed all the patronage of your office at the disposal of one Hobart to enable him to get to Charleston as a delegate to oppose the wish of the entire Democracy of the State; he also pretending to be a Democrat. While I could not deny these allegations, I nevertheless tried my best to pacify them, and induce them to assist me not only to arrest Booth but his body guard led by one LaGrange. I told them not to be afraid, hoping to arouse them by appealing to their courage, but it was no go. They declared that if Old Buck had remained in the Democratic party, or had been true to the Constitution and laws of the United States himself, they would do everything in their power to assist his officers; or if the gallant Douglas was President,



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(and required it,) they would take Booth back to Milwaukee on one of Lincoln's rails. The crowd then gave three cheers for Douglas, three more for Charley Larrabee and dispersed. When [sic] I sneaked off to find H.E.C., the only Breckinridge [Southern Democratic candidate for President] man in this part of the State, who I thought would sympathize with me; but I found that as soon as he heard that Booth was rescued, he left for Kekoskee. I really believe, notwithstanding the above, that the Democrats of this place are as brave and loyal as any community that ever lived, but they are unwilling to give the public the least cause to suspect that under any circumstances they could be induced to form an alliance with those persons who are supporting Breckenridge [sic], whose only aim is the destruction of the Democratic party and the dissolution of the Union. Hoping to retain your confidence and esteem I remain as ever,  
Very respectfully  
Your admirer,  
SAT. CLARK.  
P.S. - Please write to Old Buck and inform him of the extraordinary services I tried to render.

 August 4, Saturday: The Milwaukee News published an account of the escape of editor [Sherman M. Booth](#) of the local Free Democrat from federal detention on August 1st under a headline intended to demean the editor, his rescuers, and his cause:

## BOOTH RESCUED

### TAKEN BY FORCE FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND SCOOTED OUT OF THE CITY

#### “WHAR, OH? WHAR, OH? AM HE GONE TO”

The atmosphere of Milwaukee was purified yesterday. The “Martyr to the glorious cause of freedom” has escaped. He has left his prison house without pardon from the Executive, without paying his fine, and without even saying “good bye” to Marshal Lewis, who for the past five months has been his custodian and protector. What base ingratitude and shameful forgetfulness of past favors!

About eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon, “Brudder Booth,” was seen to issue from the Custom House, hanging upon the arm of his brother-in-law, T.J. Salsman, and carrying a boquet [sic] about the size of a half bushel measure, and occasionally showing the butt end of a six shooter, which he facetiously termed “the Habeas Corpus.” His appearance on the street was the signal for a rush on the part of several small boys and a few Shanghais [so named after Shanghai Chandler of the Adams County Independent], who followed him up Spring street to the residence of his brother-in-law on Second street. Shortly after arriving here, he was taken from the back part of the house, put into a carriage and driven rapidly out of the city.



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The modus operandi of his release was as follows: While the officers were at dinner, with the exception of one of the guard, [Burke] two men presented themselves at the door of the room, and tendered a card bearing the name of the Marshal, and grunting admittance for Messrs. Smith and Jones to the room of Booth. The appearance of the card was suspicious in Burke's estimation, and he took occasion to very closely inspect it, when he was seized by these individuals, who were none other than a man named La Grange, who has lately made himself very conspicuous in this vicinity, and the notorious Professor Daniels of geologic freedom shrieking notoriety. Daniels immediately presented a pistol at the breast of the guard, and threatened to "blow him through if he opened his mouth," when five or six more came up, threw open the door of Booth's room, by means of a key they had in some way secured, and taking the prisoner therefrom, they unceremoniously substituted Burke in his place and again closed the premises as they found them.

Booth was out, but Burke was in. The latter shouted, halloed and finally crawled out through the window around on the stone work and succeeded in alarming the officers. Marshal Lewis was not aware of the escape of his prisoner until he was snugly ensconced in the house of Salsman, and when informed of the fact, was incredulous and insisted that "the crowd had seen some other man whom they mistook for Booth." But the prevalence of the rumor and the large number of individuals who saw the "martyr," at last forced conviction on his unwilling mind. He forthwith repaired to the residence of Salsman, leaned against the fence adjacent thereto and deliberated. A crowd gathered about the house, all anxious to see what measures the Marshal would take. One half hour passed and he was yet undecided. In the meantime Booth had taken a carriage....

Given the differences between newspaper accounts, we should consider the first-hand account belatedly offered by LaGrange:

Professor Daniels, Irving Bean, Mr. Morton, Mr. Fredericks [G.W. Frederick], Mr. Willits (a guard at the State Prison) and another guard whose name I have forgotten, and the writer were in front of the custom house at noon to accomplish what I had postponed. Some persons who had been expected were not present. Precisely at twelve o'clock noon, Irving Bean, who had carried some jelly to Booth, came down and stood on the steps of the custom house. He drew his handkerchief once across his lips to indicate that only one deputy marshal was on guard over the prisoner, his companion having gone to dinner.

Bean passed down as we ran up the stairs. A blank card, like those on which the marshal wrote his passes, was handed the deputy, who dropped the butt of his musket between his feet, as he turned the card over, his wrists were seized and he was pushed back into a corner of the hall. His musket fell upon the floor, and I asked, "Will you be very quiet, or shall we gag you?" He replied: "I am in your power, gentlemen. Do with me as you please."

Morton unlocked the door, with a key made from an impression of the lock taken in softened bread crumbs, and called out: "Come here, Booth. You are wanted." In turning the deputy around to lead him to the door, I saw that one of our party had a navy

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revolver cocked in his hand, and begged him to put it up, lest it go off and hurt somebody. It probably influenced the amicable surrender of Deputy Burke, who was led to the door, pushed through it and locked in. He opened the window, walked on the coping at the risk of his life to another window and gave the alarm. Booth came out, wearing the fur cap he had worn when confined the winter before, and carrying a huge bouquet. The post office was in the custom house and the postmaster (I think his name was Stover), had a lot of loaded muskets on the first floor with which it was intended to arm employees deputized as marshals to guard the prisoner. He ran to the door, calling out: "What's all this! What's all this!" I slid down the hand rail ahead of our party, laid my hand on his shoulder, said "It's alright. It's alright." but was ready to throw him down the steps if he gave any orders. In five minutes we were on the street with 500 excited people around us, going to the house of Booth's brother-in-law, named Saulsman [sic]. After a hasty dinner it was decided that Booth with the two prison guards and myself, should drive to a railway station, two or three miles distant, and take the car to Waupun or Ripon. We passed out of Saulsman's house, through a back yard to the stable, while the United States marshal, John H. Lewis, attempted to summon the posse comitatus from the crowd in front of the house, to re-arrest the prisoner. Professor Daniels stood on the porch and argued with the marshal, while the crowd made fun of him, and before we left the stable, word came that the Montgomery guard had been ordered to assist the marshal. We reached the railway station just before the train, took the car, and proceeded without question to Horicon.



It is interesting that once the federal guard had been locked into the cell in this "Bastille" in Milwaukee on August 1st, he had been able to get out simply by crawling through an unlocked window and sidling along a ledge to the next window — obviously this political prisoner Booth could readily have escaped during any night of his long incarceration! Since two guards from the Wisconsin State Prison had taken part in this prison break, federal marshals would later raise the possibility that there had been a broad conspiracy among Republican state officials.



August 4. 8.30 A.M.— Start for Monadnock.

[Transcript]

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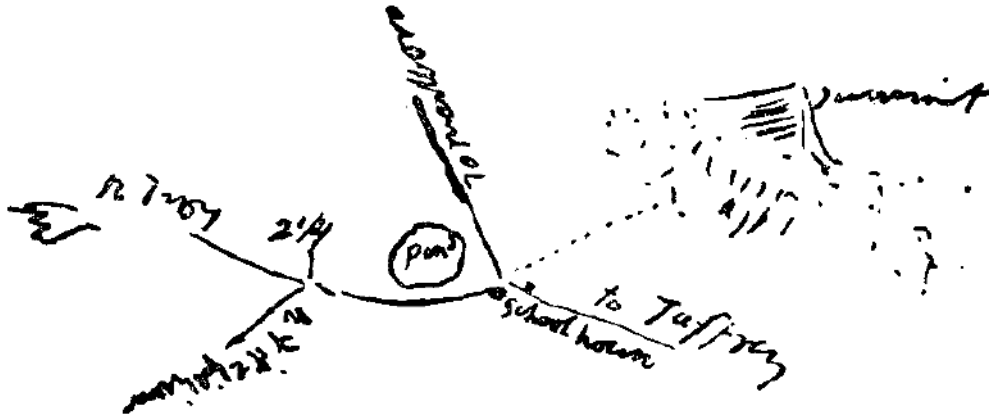
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Begins to rain at 9 A.M.; and rains from time to time thereafter all day, the mountain-top being constantly enveloped in clouds.

Notice in Troy much of the cyperinus variety of wool grass, now done, of various heights. Also, by roadside, the Ribes Cynosbati, with its prickly berries now partly reddened but hardly ripe. Am exhilarated by the peculiar raspberry scent by the roadside this wet day—and of the dicksonia fern. Raspberries still quite common, though late. The high blackberries, the mulberry kind, all still green and red; and also on the 9th, except one berry on a rock.

There was a little sunshine on our way to the mountain, but the cloud extended far down its sides all day, so that one while we mistook Gap Monadnock for the true mountain, which wag more to the north.

According to the guide-board it is two and one fourth miles from Troy to the first fork in the road near the little pond and schoolhouse, and I should say it was near two miles from there to the summit,—all the way up-hill from the meadow.



We crossed the immense rocky and springy pastures, containing at first raspberries, but much more hard-hack in flower, reddening them afar, where cattle and horses collected about us, sometimes came running to us, as we thought for society, but probably not. I told Bent of it,—how they gathered about us, they were so glad to see a human being,—but he said I might put it in my book so, it would do no harm, but then the fact was they came about me for salt. “Well,” said I, “it was probably because I had so much salt in my constitution.” Said he, “If you had had a little salt with you [YOU] could hardly have got away from them.” “Well,” said I, “[I] had some salt in my pocket.” “That’s what they smelt,” said he. Cattle, young and old, with horns in all stages of growth, young heifers with budding horns,—and horses with a weak [?] Sleepy-David look, though sleek and handsome. They gathered around us while we took shelter under a black spruce from the rain.

We were wet up to our knees before reaching the woods or steep ascent where we entered the cloud. It was quite dark and wet in the woods, from which we emerged into the lighter cloud about 3 P.M., and proceeded to construct our camp, in the cloud occasionally amounting to rain, where I camped some two years ago.

Choosing a place where the spruce was thick in this sunken rock yard, I cut out with a little hatchet a space for a camp in their midst, leaving two stout ones six feet apart to rest my ridge-pole on, and such limbs of these as would best form the gable ends. I then cut four spruces as rafters for the gable ends, leaving the stub ends of the branches to rest the cross-beams or girders on, of which there were two or three to each slope; and I made the roof very steep. Then cut an abundance of large flat spruce limbs, four or five feet long, and laid them on, shingle-fashion, beginning at the ground and covering the stub ends. This made a foundation for two or three similar layers with smaller twigs. Then made a bed of the same, closed up the ends somewhat, and all was done. All these twigs and boughs, of course, were dripping wet, and we were wet through up to our middles. But we made a good fire at the door, and in an hour or two were completely dried.

The most thickly leaved and flattest limbs of the spruce are such as spread flat over the rocks far and wide (while the upper ones were more bushy and less flat); not the very lowest, which were often partly under the surface and but meagrely leafed, but those close above them.

Standing and sitting before the fire which we kindled under a shelving rock, we could dry us much quicker than at any fireside below, for, what with stoves and reduced fireplaces, they could not have furnished such blaze or heat in any inn’s [?] kitchen or parlor. This fire was exactly on the site of my old camp, and we burned a hole deep into the withered remains of its roof and bed.

It began to clear up and a star appeared at 8 P.M. lightning was seen far in the south. Cloud, drifting cloud, alternated with moonlight all the rest of the night. At 11.30 P.M. I heard a nighthawk. Maybe it hunted then because prevented by the cloud at evening.

I heard from time to time through the night a distant sound like thunder or a falling of a pile of lumber, and I suspect that this may have been the booming of night-hawks at a distance.





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August 4, Saturday evening: At the City Hall of Ripon, Wisconsin, as the escaped editor and erstwhile federal political prisoner [Sherman M. Booth](#) of the local [Free Democrat](#) was attempting to address a crowd of his supporters, federal deputy marshals were attempting to recapture him. (He had been being held by them for helping a fugitive slave, [Joshua Glover](#) of Missouri, in defiance of the federal Fugitive Slave Law, and had recently been rescued from them by a citizen mob.) Over the next week, reports of the incident would send a shock of alarm and excitement throughout the state. One representative but not entirely accurate account would be published by the [Berlin News](#) and would be reprinted widely:

Booth addressed the [Republicans](#) of Ripon Saturday night, and during his speech, McArthur [McCarty], a Deputy U. S. Marshal, stepped upon the stage and arrested him. Booth essayed to draw his pistol, but the Marshal caught his hand. Immediately thirty or forty Ripon wide-awakes rushed upon the stage, yelling shoot him, stab him, &c. Prof Daniels endeavored to shoot the Marshal, but was prevented. He was hustled out of the room. He was then stabbed several times during the melee, but not fatally injured.

For the next couple of months, with Booth continuing to evade capture by federal authorities, reports of the events preceding and following this Ripon incident would roil the state. It would be alleged that on his way to Ripon Booth had been protected by an armed guard from the State Prison in Waupun, under the leadership of Prison Commissioner Hans Christian Heg. One paper would report that Heg had proposed calling out the military for assistance. Milwaukee papers would allege that Booth's brother-in-law had been brutally attacked and beaten by US Marshall Lewis. The Milwaukee [News](#) would suggest that Governor Randall had been one of those helping Booth escape from federal custody. Saterlee Clark would write that an anonymous citizen had tried to organize a tar-and-feather party for him because of his unwillingness to effect Booth's arrest. Booth himself would author a sensationalized account of an armed encounter between marshals and as many as 100 supporters at the home of Armine Pickett in Winnebago County, eight miles from Ripon. The papers would report the movements of drilled and uniformed companies of "Wide Awakes," whose evening torchlight parades would be reassuring some while alarming others.

While Booth had taken precautions to ensure his safe arrival in Ripon, there had been wide publicity about his speaking engagement. Not only had it been published on the 3rd, the [Times](#)' special report on the subsequent events indicates that publicity for the address was extensive on the day of the meeting:

Notice that he would speak at the City Hall in the Evening was sent out, and at the appointed time a large audience crammed the Hall to its utmost capacity, while some hundreds in the streets were unable to gain admittance.

T.J. Mapes of the Mapes House in Ripon would describe the arrival of the marshals in a letter to the Milwaukee [News](#):

On Saturday evening, among the guests arriving at my house, by the 6:40 train, were three United States deputy marshals, Mr. F.D. McCarty, of Fond du Lac, and Messrs. Henry and Stryker, of Milwaukee, having a warrant for the arrest of S.M. Booth, an escaped United States prisoner.

Mapes and his father, David Mapes, who had been one of the founders of the Ripon community, were not Booth supporters. Ardent Democrats, they were on the side of the federal marshals:

They were shown to a room, and they informed myself and some few friends the object of their mission. A consultation was held by them in regard to the probabilities of success in case an attempt should be made to arrest him. The conclusion was that it would be useless to undertake to take a prisoner into custody and carry



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him away from a public meeting, known to be composed mostly of abolitionists, and men who were carried away with fanaticism on the one particular point at issue, unless it could be done in a quiet way, and the people did not oppose it. The result of the consultation, then, was for Deputy Marshal McCarty to go to the meeting, and in a quiet way to serve his warrant upon Mr. Booth, and if forced to leave his prisoner, then to retire without any demonstration of force on his part against a crowd of three or four hundred persons. Mr. McCarty remarked before leaving the Mapes House, that in making the arrest he felt no fear of personal injury, provided he prevented Booth's drawing his revolver suddenly and shooting him down before he got hold of him. Mr. McCarty then went to the hall, Messrs. Henry and Stryker also going, I believe, but not in company.

Thus, at the time appointed for the meeting, not only did [Sherman M. Booth](#) have the full house that he desired, but the marshals were positioned and ready. The Times' account of the events that evening, the most widely published of several accounts, indicates that the meeting began in an orderly fashion:

The Meeting was called to order by C.J. Allen, when Wm. Starr was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Allen Secretary. Mr. Booth was introduced to the audience, and was greeted with hearty applause, and bouquets thrown on the platform by several ladies.

After these banalities Booth began his speech. The Times offered a description of what ensued:

Mr. Booth had proceeded for some time with his speech, when Deputy Marshall F.D. McCarty, of Fond du Lac, suddenly came on the platform, and said "I have a warrant to arrest you, Mr. Booth." He barely succeeded in putting one hand on Mr. Booth when he was instantly pulled away by the bystanders. A scene of intense excitement and indescribable confusion followed. "Kill him," "shoot him," "hang him," went up in shouts from all parts of the Hall. McCarty was thrust out of the Hall by the enraged people, being kicked and beaten by his pursuers, and was thrown down the lower flight of stairs, falling upon his face. Instantly regaining his feet he fled to the Mapes House, followed by the crowd in pursuit. The Mapes House was the headquarters of the Marshal and his friends, and they appeared at the door armed and forbade entrance to the pursuers.

The Milwaukee Enquirer would obtain a braggadocio account "from Deputy Marshals Henry and McCarty" according to which Booth had been deliberately provocative, and according to which both Booth and Daniels had tried to kill them:

At the very moment when Booth had said that there had been some Deputy Marshals after him in Waupun, where he had addressed a public meeting, and walked through the streets, and that none of them dared to arrest him, pompously boasting that he would like to see the Deputy Marshal who would dare to approach him for the purpose of arresting him. McCarty stepped upon the stage with the warrant, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said "Mr. Booth, you are my prisoner." Booth took one step backward and put his hand upon his revolver in his pocket, which hand, however, was instantly bound in the iron grasp of McCarty. The rush upon McCarty was almost instantaneous, and cries of "kill him," "throw him down stairs," "tear him in pieces," were heard upon all sides, together with others of a like nature. Daniels, the prominent rescuer from the Custom House, stood with his



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revolver elevated over the heads of the crowd, endeavoring with both hands to depress the muzzle upon McCarty, saying several times, "you are a dead man." Mr. Henry, who was borne about helplessly in the crowd, says that for some half a minute he did not know whether McCarty had been slain or not, and that it was only by the exertion of the strength and courage of a lion, in conjunction with the most unruffled coolness, that he made his escape from the infuriated mob, a portion of which pushed him to the door of the hotel where they were stopping.

The account in the News, purportedly provided by "a correspondent living in Ripon," alleged that not only Daniels but also LaGrange, another of the rescuers in Milwaukee, had resorted to threats of violence, and not only with revolvers but also with knives (this obviously was a story with legs):

There was no little consternation and screaming among the women. A general melee or fight was anticipated about this time. Daniels and LaGrange were by the side of Booth, armed with revolvers and knives, and threatened to shoot, stab and mortally kill somebody, if they didn't keep out of their way and let them do as they please, and let the prisoner go free. Booth's nerves being somewhat unstrung, having his pockets full of bloody weapons, Daniels got on the stand and screeched for freedom and tried to compose the feelings of the dear freedom-loving audience.

Sherman M. Booth's own account appeared in the Free Democrat and then in the Madison Argus & Democrat, and in it he acknowledges that he attempted to draw his revolver but makes no mention of Daniels and LaGrange. Booth also asserted that at the Mapes House, David Mapes was waiting with a pair of pistols to receive the crowd:

While speaking an attempt was made to arrest me, by Deputy Marshal McCarty of Fond du Lac, who sprung in upon me from behind through a back door on the platform, saying he was a Deputy United States Marshal, and had a warrant for my arrest, and taking hold of me we had a quick clinch. I threw him off, and while drawing my revolver, a man rushed between us, and he was seized and hustled out of the room and kicked, and striking on the stone pavement his face was somewhat bruised, but he quickly got on his feet and ran for his life to the Mapes House, old Capt. Mapes, standing in the door, with a revolver in each hand, protecting his retreat down stairs.... Nothing but the accident of my pistol being entangled in my pocket handkerchief prevented me from shooting him.

McCarty's account would appear in the Enquirer. While not mentioning Daniels and LaGrange, the account asserts that multiple pistols were evident in addition to Booth's:

Booth commenced making his speech, and during his remarks, he turned and looking at this deponent, said, that "he would like to see the Marshal or Deputy Marshal, that dare attempt to arrest him." This deponent then quietly stepped on the stage, put his hand on said Booth and told him he was his prisoner, showing the warrant for his arrest. Booth started back and attempted to draw his pistol, which this deponent prevented by holding fast his arm, the crowd then rushed upon them, crying "Kill him, cut him to pieces," &c., pistols were drawn and pointed at this deponent which were knocked one side by deponents arm. [sic] The crowd and rush became so great, that this deponent got mixed with them, and was forced from the building and pursued by some of them to



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the hotel where he stopped, crying that they would shed the last drop of their blood for the protection of Booth, and they even attempted to force the hotel, but were successfully resisted.

Although it appears that T.J. Mapes was not at the meeting, he offered his own version of events to the News:

Mr. Booth in his letter says: "While speaking an attempt was made to arrest me by Deputy Marshal McCarty, of Fond du Lac, who sprung in upon me from behind, through a back door upon the platform, saying he was a deputy United States marshal, and had a warrant for my arrest, and taking hold of me we had a quick clinch." Mr. McCarty stood for some little time at the front corner of the stage, until some words spoken by Booth to the effect that he would like to see the marshal who dared to arrest him, when he stepped on to the stage and walked directly across to Mr. Booth taking hold of him and at the same time announcing his business. Booth instantly made an attempt to draw his revolver, but Mr. McCarty grasped his hand while in his pocket and held it there until forced off the stage by the crowd who rushed on the instant the officer had seized his prisoner. Booth continues in his letter as follows: "I threw him off, and while drawing my revolver, a man rushed between us, and he was seized and hustled out of the room and kicked down stairs, and striking on the pavement, his face was somewhat bruised." This is all false, as the Marshal was forced off by as many men as could get hold of him, and Booth's assertion that he "threw him off" is all is all braggadocio. Shouts arose from every quarter of the room of "Put him out!" "Kill him!" "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Hang him!" and such like evidences of a civilized community. The crowd rushed for the doors and fifty or one hundred people rushed out and McCarty was lost track of, and quietly passed back into the hall, but having lost his hat in the first rush, he was easily picked out and recognized, when the shout arose again of "Here he is; damn him, kill him." The crowd again swayed toward the doors, and he was forced out with the crowd and down the steps, when making a rush he landed in the middle of the street unharmed, and with no loss but his hat. He now run to the Mapes House followed by a crowd of the more excited part of the rabble still crying, "Kill him!" "Shoot him," &c. Upon reaching the house he retired to his room, soon after followed by Mr. Henry and Mr. Stryker, who not being known to the crowd, came in for no share of the "good intentions" of these law abiding lovers of liberty. Booth continues to say: "he quickly got on his feet and run for his life to the Mapes House, old Capt. Mapes standing in the door with a revolver in each hand protecting his retreat." This is the most silly fabrication of the lot, as "old Capt. Mapes" has never held a revolver in his hand in his life time, neither was there a revolver or any other weapon presented. I stood in the door of my own house to protect my guest from a crazy mob, and my father, the said "old Capt. Mapes," stood beside me; but we neither displayed nor did we have any weapons but our own arms, which are ever ready to protect a citizen of the United States in the peaceable performance of his duty as an officer, against a mob of howling fanatics.

The Berlin News also would print an account of the events, which the Waupun Times would supplement with editorial comments:



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Booth addressed the [Republicans](#) of Ripon Saturday night, and during his speech, McArthur [McCarty], a Deputy U.S. Marshal, stepped upon the stage and arrested him. Booth essayed to draw his pistol, but the Marshal caught his hand. Immediately thirty or forty Ripon wide-awakes rushed upon the stage, yelling shoot him, stab him, &c. Prof Daniels endeavored to shoot the Marshal, but was prevented. He was hustled out of the room. He was then stabbed several times during the melee, but not fatally injured.

The editorial response of Waupun [Times](#) paper would be:

Now the question is, who "was then stabbed several times during the melee?" It couldn't have been Booth or Daniels, for in that case Frank [Frank Hyde, editor of the Berlin News] would have talked louder; it couldn't have been Marshal McCarty, for we saw him the next day but one looking very unlike he had been "then stabbed several times in the melee." Perhaps however the stabs may have been inflicted by the persons and weapons named last in this next paragraph:

We understand that a large delegation of Free Lovers from Ceresco were in attendance, the men armed with pistols and knives, and the women with "slung-shot," made by putting a good sized stone in the toe of a stocking.

The Ripon [Times](#) would summarize:

At the Hall, as soon as order could be restored, a resolution was offered by A.E. Bovay,—"Resolved, That Mr. Booth shall not be re-arrested in Ripon,"— which was adopted amid deafening shouts and hurras. Mr. Daniels took the stand and made an impassioned speech for a few minutes, and moved that we now organize a League of Freedom, the members of which shall be pledged to resist any attempt to execute the Fugitive Slave Act. One hundred and twenty persons were enrolled as fast as the names could be written. A.E. Bovay was elected President, and C.J. Allen Secretary. A Vigilance Committee of twelve members was appointed, consisting of Edward Daniels, O.H. LaGrange, A.B. Pratt, Dana Lamb, A.E. Bovay, C.D. Loper, J.S. Landon, F.R. Stewart, I.A. Norton, F.W. Cooke, Lucius Thatcher, A.M. May, Benj. Pratt, L.P. Rivenburgh. The mass of the people then formed a procession, preceded by the Ripon Wide Awakes, and escorted Mr. Booth to the residence of Prof. Daniels. Some twelve or fifteen persons were put on duty as volunteer guards, to defend the residence of Prof. Daniels, and the remainder dispersed.



August 5, Sunday: Efforts to recover [Sherman M. Booth](#) from the midst of his supporters continued. His supporters gathered in a grove near town. The editor of the [Republican](#) Ripon [Times](#), C.J. Allen, would recount that:

The Vigilance Committee held a meeting this morning and took measures to effect a Military organization to subserve the purposes of the League. To-day the people have been pouring in from the country, and at three o'clock a mass meeting was held in a grove. Col. Asa Kinney was called to the Chair, and C.J. Allen appointed Secretary. A committee consisting of Edward Daniels, A. Pickett, C.J. Allen, J.W. Sanders, I.A. Norton, P.F.



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Drury, and J.A. Burt, was appointed to prepare resolutions. Mr. Booth then addressed the meeting. After which Mr. LaGrange was called out and spoke for a short time. Mr. Daniels reported from the committee a series of resolutions, which were adopted unanimously. A procession then formed and marched to the City Hall – Mr. Booth going to the Hall, as he had gone to the grove, escorted by a body of armed men. The Hall was taken possession of, and guards stationed for its defense. At the Hall a committee of ten was appointed to wait upon the Deputy Marshals here, and request them to leave town. Messrs. William Starr, A.E. Bovay, E. Reynolds, C.J. Allen, I.A. Norton, F.A. Strong, F.R. Stewart, L.P. Rivenburgh, A.B. Pratt, and A. Leonard were appointed such committee, who repaired to the Mapes House and had an interview with Deputy Marshals McCarty, Henry, Stryker, and Garlick. Mr. Starr conveyed to them the request of the meeting, and received from them an answer, that they were U.S. officer, that they had in their possession a warrant for the arrest of S.M. Booth, and that they should depart quietly when such departure was consistent with the performance of their duties. While the Committee and Marshals were in conference, Rev. Hiram McKee addressed a large concourse of people in the streets. At this writing the streets are crowded with excited people, and Mr. Booth is strongly guarded at the Hall, to which only known friends are admitted.

The Democrat account would appear in the Enquirer, which saw fit to emphasize that these Republican Ripon “rioters” had carried weapons on the Sabbath:

On the next day, (Last Sabbath) the wildest excitement prevailed among the rioters, runners were dispatched over the country to bring in with their arms all who would come, and the streets of Ripon were thronged throughout the Sabbath with an armed force, who boasted of the extremities to which they would defend Booth. The doors were carefully kept by a guard with guns, and the most orderly citizens of the community [presumably the Democrat faction] were excluded. Gov. Horner, who attempted to enter this christian meeting, was met by three guns leveled at his breast, and gore would probably have been added to the threatening insults offered him, if he had not been forcibly taken away by his own friends. That night a meeting was again held in Borce’s Hall, and resolutions were passed, to tar and feather the Deputy Marshals who were in Ripon, provided they did not leave town at once. A committee of twelve waited upon the Deputies at the Mapes house, and informed them of the proceedings, inviting them to leave quietly, or, that the excitement was so great, that they would not be responsible for the consequences of their remaining. The Deputy Marshals, however, insisted upon receiving any communication they had to make, in writing, to which the committee strongly objected, stating their fears that there might be some trap to it; to which it was replied that if their proceeding was fair and honorable, there wo’d be no objection to putting it in black and white. After an hours’ [sic] consultation, the following vague request was agreed upon:

The undersigned, a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of this town and vicinity – are instructed by said meeting, to ask that certain persons now stopping here



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temporarily, and by their presence and acts, inciting the people to violence and disturbance, do quietly leave the place.

Mapes House, Ripon, August 5, 1860.

W. STARR, CH'N,  
A.E. BOVAY, SEC'Y,  
G.W. FREDERICK,  
G.A. STRONG,  
F.R. STEWART,  
A.B. PRATT,  
E. REYNOLDS,  
L.P. LIVINBURGH,  
J.A. NORTON,  
F. FLETCHER,  
A. LEONARD,  
C.J. ALLEN

The following reply was made:

MAPES HOUSE, Ripon, August 5th, '60. W. Starr, Chairman of a Committee, and others, whose names appear signed to a paper of this date, handed to us:

GENTLEMEN:- In reply to your note, stating that you had been appointed a committee by a meeting of the citizens of this town and vicinity, and instructed by said meeting to ask that certain persons, not named, now stopping here temporarily, and by their presence and acts, inciting the people to violence and disturbance, do quietly leave the place.- We have to say that if we are the certain persons intended in your note -that we are Deputy U.S. Marshals -that we have in our possession a warrant for the arrest of S.M. Booth, an escaped U.S. prisoner -that we are American citizens -that we have no desire or intention of inciting the people to violence or disturbance -that we are stopping at the Mapes House -and shall endeavor to leave your place quietly, whenever we can do so consistently with our business and duty.

Very Respectfully, &c.,  
T. HENRY, Deputy U.S. Marshall,  
F.D. McCARTY, Deputy U.S. Marshall,  
J.T. STRIKER, Deputy U.S. Marshall.

Why were so many Democrats so sure that Booth was in the wrong? According to Frank L. Klement's *WISCONSIN IN THE CIVIL WAR*, page 4, the problem was economic. They feared their white plight:

German-American workers ... feared emancipation, which they believed would release "a flood of cheap labor" upon the North, cutting living standards even lower. The Irish workmen also viewed emancipation with alarm, fearing economic competition from the slaves who would be freed. The Irish and Germans therefore had no use for Sherman Booth and the abolitionists. Some called him "a polecat" and applauded the court decisions which went against the radical reformer.

That evening John Rollin Ridge (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird") read one of his poems before the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanic's Society of the Northern District of California:

Hail to the Plow! for naught shall take its place,  
he first, great civilizer of the race!  
Still honored by the wisest and the best

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In every age where'er its power has blest!  
 For long before the Mantuan bard had sung  
 His Georgics in the grand old Roman tongue,  
 Or deified Triptolemus, revealed  
 The mysteries in Ceres breast concealed;  
 Or Egypt's kings their pyramids upreared,  
 To brave old Time and dark Oblivion feared;  
 Or e'er old China's wall stupendous rose  
 Long ages since, 'gainst barbarous Tartar foes;  
 Or e'er the Parsee worshiper of fire  
 His altars lit where Elbrooz heights aspire;  
 Or Afric Carthage built grim Moloch's throne,  
 Or Ninevah arose, or Babylon,  
 The plow, presager of the Arts, was known!

Though rude of form, yet in its furrowed track  
 Fair Plenty trode and paid swart Labor back  
 Ten-fold his toil; for in those days, as now,  
 The Earth was kind to him who drave the plow.

With Agriculture sprang whate'er in Art  
 Has raised the mind or purified the heart—  
 Whate'er in Science hath exalted man.  
 And glorified him since the world began;  
 And still to Agriculture do we trace  
 The first faint gleam of progress in the race.

The Nations justly vaunted now and great—  
 Old days beheld them in the hunter state,  
 When clad in skins, and quivers on their backs,  
 They followed on the wild deer's bounding tracks;  
 Or sought, through wood and brake and fen,  
 The fierce and gnashing boar within his den;  
 Or earned a slim subsistence by the shore  
 Of lakes and rivers with their scaly store.  
 Tanned by the sun and dew, their beaten forms  
 Still harder fired in wintry winds and storms;  
 Nor homes had they save where they nightly found  
 Chance lodging on the bare, ungrateful ground.  
 Small share was here, I ween, of luxury,  
 Nor downy couch, nor cushioned seat had they—  
 Smile not—such were our own rude ancestry!  
 Next came the pastoral days, when men less roved,  
 But pitched their camps by pleasant springs, nor moved  
 Till pastures failed or rival flocks their bounds  
 Did press, intrusive on their chosen grounds.  
 Still 'twas a roving life, surrounded too  
 By foes and daily dangers not a few,  
 For force 'gainst force those days prevailed, and laws  
 Were none, and each man's arm made good his cause.

But came in turn the third and better state,  
 With cheering omens of a higher fate.  
 Then, did the restless Nomad cease to roam—  
 His hardships o'er, he found at last his home.  
 From year to year he still improved his land,  
 Till beautiful it grew beneath his hand,  
 And laden vine and bleating flocks increase,  
 And waving fields gave all his days to peace.  
 Few fears alarmed him, for he knew the soil  
 Would aye repay with generous yield his toil.  
 Around him grew, with hope and joy elate,  
 His children fair that crowned his blest estate.  
 And near him soon new fields and cots were seen  
 Where late the brooding wilderness had been;  
 Then grew up mutual interests and needs,  
 And all that such community succeeds.  
 Against the still untamed and savage man  
 The armed alliance of the few began;



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And soon Society on mutual wants arose,  
 With peace at home and guards against its foes.  
 New wants still with the social fabric grew,  
 And needful laws as complicate as new.  
 Thus government was formed, and every man  
 Was safe and happy in the general plan.  
 Secure in property and life, each wrought  
 In his own way and ends congenial sought  
 Thus fixed in homes, could be no spoiler's prey,  
 Each gave his sep'rate faculties free play;  
 And soon Invention various needs supplied  
 And luxuries to hardier times denied.  
 Meantime like states in other lands had grown,  
 With laws, inventions, products of their own,  
 What lacked one clime another clime possest,  
 And each could still contribute to the rest.  
 Thus Commerce rose, and, stimulating art,  
 Gave impulse to Invention and new start  
 To all improvements that a Nation raise  
 And make a people's glory, wealth and praise.  
 Uppgrew from rude beginnings like to these  
 Those states renowned along the Tuscan seas,  
 And she who sat by Tiber's yellow tide  
 In pomp of riches and imperial pride.  
 Thus sprang those capitals of Eastern lands,  
 Long buried in the desert's shifting sands,  
 Whose fallen, rescued monuments avow,  
 In sculptured yoke and hieroglyphic plow,  
 Their debt to agricultural toil. They fell—  
 As fell the grand old Rome—because too well  
 They loved the bannered pomp of conquering war,  
 Neglecting arts of peace more glorious far,  
 While fought the soldier at a despot's will,  
 The rusting plow within the field stood still,  
 And hosts, returning from a vanquished land,  
 Spread vice and luxury on every hand.  
 For every soldier on the tented plain  
 One less to prune the vine and sow the grain—  
 And armies counted by the million leave  
 Broad fields to waste that years will not retrieve.

As on the other continent on this  
 With Agriculture came true happiness,  
 And man advanced by sure and slow degrees  
 From savage toil and strife to rest and ease.  
 As England was in Alfred's time (The Great),  
 So civilized was Montezuma's state,  
 And burning bright his fair and peaceful star,  
 When Cortez came with red right hand of war.  
 Let truth impartial say, if happier now  
 Is that historic land, broad Mexico,  
 Than when all greenly spread the cultured plain,  
 And waved the far Cordilleras with grain,  
 And rolled the deep canals, with streams that blest  
 A thousand homes in Eden beauty drest,  
 And all the realm from mountain slope to main,  
 Was fair Montezuma's golden reign?  
 Was art, that built those cities vast, less art,  
 Because of Aztec genius 'twas a part?  
 Was patient toil, that led thro' channels deep,  
 And aqueducts, and 'long the rocky steep,  
 The streams a thousand fertile fields supplied,  
 Less toil, because no white man's arm was tried?  
 Were peace and plenty but the Spaniard's right?  
 The Aztec barbarous because not white?

As much and more the arts of peace had done  
 For Peru's realm,—soft children of the Sun.  
 For, long before the white man's foot had pressed,

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Or north or south, the Cont'nent of the West,  
 The Inca's sway had civilized Peru—  
 A land as happy as the world e'er knew!  
 'Twas not her temples blazing rich with gold,  
 And showering light from starry gems untold;  
 Her palaces of gorgeous pomp and pride,  
 Where sat her rich-robed Incas deified  
 Her golden statues and her carvings rare  
 Of bird and reptile on the burnished ware,  
 That made the glory of her tranquil state,  
 And almost won for her the title "great"!  
 It was her homes, by many a winding rill,  
 By rivers wide, in vale, on terraced hill,  
 Where grew the waving corn, or wand'ring fed  
 The fleecy flocks by watchful shepherds led;  
 Her pleasant cots, where sheltered from the sun,  
 Peruvian wives and damsels sat and spun,  
 Or wove their plumaged pictures—from the wings  
 Of tropic birds-of rare and beauteous things,  
 Or through the loom's ingenious workings fast  
 The Alpacca's fleece with skillful fingers passed.  
 Let paler nations vaunt themselves and praise  
 Their slow advancement from the savage days;  
 If government is wisest that's designed  
 For good of greatest number of the kind,  
 Methinks no just philosophy will scan  
 With scornful eyes the Peru Indian's plan—  
 A policy which gave with equal hand  
 To each his due proportion of the land,  
 And each his share of what the general toil  
 Produced from manufacture or the soil..  
 As labor was enjoined on all, so none  
 Could suffer when the seasoned work was done.  
 As all, too, labored duly for the State,  
 If sickness fell or any evil fate,  
 The State provided, not as charity  
 But right, for him whose former industry,  
 Still looking to the common weal in this,  
 Had swelled her coffers and her granaries.  
 In all the realm no subject could be poor,  
 But peace and plenty sat at each man's door.  
 No happier lot the poet's dream can find,  
 Nor Art nor Science reach for human kind;  
 Not all the Old World's civilization vast,  
 Nor yet our own, the grandest and the last,  
 To that one culminating point has come—  
 To give each man a competence and home.

Thus in her own rude way' our muse has shown  
 How man in all that blesses him has grown  
 With Agriculture and the arts of peace,  
 And how with them these blessings still increase—  
 The mind and heart still growing with the growth  
 Of that which first gave training unto both.  
 For while the genius of the plow and spade  
 Improvement still on willing nature made—  
 The cultured flower expanding. into size  
 Unknown before and tinct with richer dyes,  
 New forms assuming from the fecund dust  
 Not left to chance and to the zephyr's trust,  
 But, like with unlike pollen mixed, till strange  
 Creations bloomed and wonder marked the change;  
 The human soul, the Man, expanded too,  
 And found in realms of thought the strange and new.

A pleasant task were ours, could we so grace  
 Our pen, the history of the plow to trace—  
 Its allied helps of Science and the Arts,  
 And all that to its reign new strength imparts;

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How in the Roman and the Grecian sway  
 It made the glory of their proudest day;  
 How it for ages knew but small regard,  
 When warriors fought and sang the warrior bard;  
 How after times sought knowledge that was hid  
 In monkish cells the mountain rocks amid,  
 And drew from monasterial lore and skill  
 The ancient art the fruitful earth to till;  
 How pruning, grafting came; how science found  
 New modes to fertilize the failing ground—  
 Ammonia's properties, the silicates,  
 The strength of guano, phosphates, and their mates,  
 And whatsoever else may give the earth  
 Its fecund power and swelling joy of birth;  
 And how Improvement with the years kept pace,  
 And Agriculture blest the human race.

But now we turn, a not ungrateful theme,  
 To realize the El Dorado dream  
 In that one land which all that dream fulfills—  
 The land whose name the world's heart thrills—  
 Our own unequaled, Golden State! the clime  
 Of wonder, cynosure of modern time!  
 What silver word, what golden line can say  
 The half its worth, its matchless wealth portray?  
 If soars the muse along her mountain chains  
 Where Grandeur, snow-crowned, rocky-girdled reigns;  
 Or glides adown her golden-sanded streams;  
 Or with the miner plunges deep where gleams,  
 Mysterious in the hill's eternal night,  
 The ore revealed by dimly-flickering light;  
 Or seeks along the barren, ghostly coast,  
 The caverned realms where, in black basins tost,  
 The springs of bitumen boil up to sight;  
 Or wings to Napa's weirdful land her flight,  
 Where, bursting forth from many a fissured rock,  
 With hot but healing breath and angry shock,  
 The imprisoned demon of the earth makes known  
 His fearful presence in the under-zone;  
 Or penetrates where Labor seeks its gains  
 In Santa Clara's quick, mercurial veins;  
 Or Shasta's treasure-laden ground explores,  
 Her springs of salt, her marble, and her ores;  
 Or scans in Calaveras' mammoth pride  
 The trunks three thousand winters have defied,  
 Where'er in all this sunset-land she flies,  
 New signs, new wonders meet her maz-ed eyes.

But California's glory is not told  
 By wealth of resource like to this-her gold,  
 Her hidden riches in the earth, her stores  
 Of precious undeveloped things, her ores,  
 Her quarries vast, her springs medicinal—  
 Beyond all these and far surpassing all  
 Akin to these, her Agriculture stands,  
 The pride of earth, the envy of all lands!  
 Prolific soil! within itself it yields  
 Of every clime the fruits. Its smiling fields  
 The tasseled maize affords; the waving wheat,  
 Hemp, rice ; the jointed cane with essence sweet;  
 The many-seeded fig; its tropic mate;  
 The oily olive, tamarind, and date;  
 The pear and peach; the grape, as rare and fine  
 In all that gilds the immemorial vine,  
 As ever grew in shepherd days of peace,  
 In native beauty on the hills of Greece—  
 Or wild in woods that skirt the Arabian sea  
 The wandering savage fed with bounty free—  
 Or in Italia's purpled vales did hang



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To lips as ripe, that I-brace kissed and sang,  
Here grow those garden monsters that surprise  
Like miracles our scarce-believing eyes,  
Reminding us of that Titanic age  
Recorded in the geologic page,  
When shrubs were trees, and plants that now in lines  
Our gardens green, had dwarfed Norwegian pines.  
Of that same soil, which thus prolific threw  
Those giants forth, when yet the world was new,  
Our soil partakes. And thus we leave behind  
All climes and lands, and wonder-strike mankind.  
Fair Land! but fairer yet shall be—for still  
Shall Industry her hills and valleys till,  
And Agriculture write on many a spot  
Her name in verdure, where before 'twas not.  
As Franklin his, when wondering rustics saw  
A miracle in Nature's simplest law.

'Tis Irrigation, wondrous art, though old,  
With aids of modern science manifold,  
Shall work the magic change we yet shall see,  
When all the desert lands shall cultured be;  
When from the Sacramento's margin green,  
Or tule borders of the San Joaquin,  
To eastern peaks, whose curving line of show  
Like some white arm of beauty all aglow  
With love, enwreaths the nestling hills below;  
From yonder western slopes that lave  
Their feet within the blue Pacific's wave  
To woods infringing on the arid plain  
That heated ripples to the mountain chain;  
From Northern heights of rugged Siskiyou  
Whose vales abysmal hide from view,  
To where the smoothly shaven waters ply  
In sheltered San Diego's tranquil bay;  
The land shall blossom with its edens fair,  
The fruitful hills make fragrant all the air,  
And breezy valleys wave their yellow hair.  
For, mark you, Art, with Science aid, shall make  
Spots fertile which the ignorant forsake;  
And all that weary waste of hazy heat,  
O'er which the heron's lonely wing doth beat  
In effort vain some moistured spot to find  
Shall prove to man's enlightened labor kind.  
The hidden fountains of the earth shall rise,  
And mock with coolness all the brazen skies;  
The piercing steel shall strike the secret vein  
That, bursting forth, shall fertilize the plain.  
And soon where late no blade or leaf was seen  
Shall orchards bloom and waving fields be green.  
Oh Land of Beauty! why the theme prolong?  
Like that delicious isle of Indian song,  
Which, o'er the waters gliding, fled pursuit,  
Thou hast all gems, all wealth, all golden fruit,  
And, far more blest than Indian dreamers were,  
We lose thee not, a vision of the air!



August 5. The wind changed to northerly toward morning, falling down from over the summit and sweeping through our camp, open on that side, and we found it rather cold!

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

About an hour before sunrise we heard again the nighthawk; also the robin, chewink, song sparrow, Fringilla hyemalis; and the wood thrush from the woods below.

Had a grand view of the summit on the north now, it being clear. I set my watch each morning by sunrise, and this morning the lichens on the rocks of the southernmost summit (south of us), just lit by the rising sun,

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presented a peculiar yellowish or reddish brown light (being wet) which they did not any morning afterward. The rocks of the main summit were olive-brown, and G. called it the Mount of Olives.

I had gone out before sunrise to gather blueberries,—fresh, dewy (because wet with yesterday's rain), almost crispy blueberries, just in prime, much cooler and more grateful at this hour,—and was surprised to hear the voice of people rushing up the mountain for berries in the wet, even at this hour. These alternated with bright light-scarlet bunchberries not quite in prime.

The sides and angles of the cliffs, and their rounded brows (but especially their southeast angles, for I saw very little afterward on the north side; indeed, the cliffs or precipices are not on that side), were clothed with these now lively olive-brown lichens (umbilicaria), alike in sun and shade, becoming afterward and generally dark olive-brown when dry. Vide my specimens. Many of the names inscribed on the summit were produced by merely rubbing off the lichens, and they are thus distinct for years.

At 7.30 A.M. for the most part in cloud here, but the country below in sunshine. We soon after set out to walk to the lower southern spur of the mountain. It is chiefly a bare gray and extremely diversified rocky surface, with here and there a spruce or other small tree or bush, or patches of them, or a little shallow marsh on the rock; and the whole mountain-top for two miles was covered, on countless little shelves and in hollows between the rocks, with low blueberries of two or more species or varieties, just in their prime. They are said to be later here than below. Beside the kinds (black and blue Pennsylvanicum) common with us, there was the downy *Vaccinium Canadense* and a form or forms intermediate between this and the former, i. e. of like form but less hairy. The *Vaccinium Canadense* has a larger leaf and more recurved and undulating on its surface, and generally a lighter green than the common. There were the blue with a copious bloom, others simply black (not shiny, as ours commonly) and on largish bushes, and others of a peculiar blue, as if with a skim-coat of blue, hard and thin, as if glazed, such as we also have. The black are scarce as with us.

These blueberries grew and bore abundantly almost wherever anything else grew on the rocky part of the mountain,—except perhaps the very wettest of the little swamps and the thickest of the little thickets,—quite up to the summit, and at least thirty or forty people came up from the surrounding country this Sunday to gather them. When we behold this summit at this season of the year, far away and blue in the horizon, we may think of the blueberries as blending their color with the general blueness of the mountain. They grow alike in the midst of the *cladonia* lichens and of the lambkill and moss of the little swamps. No shelf amid the piled rocks is too high or dry for them, for everywhere they enjoy the cool and moist air of the mountain. They are evidently a little later than in Concord,—say a week or ten days later. Blueberries of every degree of blueness and of bloom. There seemed to be fewer of them on the more abrupt and cold westerly and northwesterly sides of the summit, and most in the hollows and shelves of the plateau just southeast of the summit.

Perhaps the prettiest berry, certainly the most novel and interesting to me, was the mountain cranberry, now grown but yet hard and with only its upper cheek red. They are quite local, even on the mountain. The vine is most common close to the summit, but we saw very little fruit there; but some twenty rods north of the brow of this low southern spur we found a pretty little dense patch of them between the rocks, where we gathered a pint in order to make a sauce of them. They here formed a dense low flat bed, covering the rocks for a rod or two, some lichens, green mosses, and the mountain potentilla mingled with them; and they rose scarcely more than one inch above the ground. These vines were only an inch and a half long, clothed with small, thick, glossy leaves, with two or three berries together, about as big as huckleberries, on the recurved end, with a red cheek uppermost and the other light-colored. It was thus a dense, firm sward [?] of glossy little leaves dotted with bright-red berries. They were very easy to collect, for you only made incessant dabs at them with all your fingers together and the twigs and leaves were so rigid that you brought away only berries and no leaves.

I noticed two other patches where the berries were thick, viz. one a few rods north of the little rain-water lake of the rocks, at the first, or small, meadow (source of Contoocook) at northeast end of the mountain, and another not more than fifty rods northwest of the summit, where the vines were much ranker and the berries larger. Here the plants were four or five inches high, and there were three or four berries of pretty large huckleberry size at the end of each, and they branched like little bushes. In each case they occupied almost exclusively a little sloping shelf between the rocks, and the vines and berries were especially large and thick where they lay up against the sloping sunny side of the rock.

We stewed these berries for our breakfast the next morning, and thought them the best berry on the mountain, though, not being quite ripe, the berry was a little bitterish—but not the juice of it. It is such an acid as the camper-out craves. They are, then, somewhat earlier than the common cranberry. I do not know that they are ever gathered hereabouts. At present they are very firm berries, of a deep, dark, glossy red. Doubtless there are many more such patches on the mountain. [Brought some home, and stewed them the 12th, and all thought them quite like, and as good as, the common cranberry. Yet George Emerson speaks of it as “austere” and inferior to the common cranberry.]

We heard the voices of many berry-pickers and visitors to the summit, but neither this nor the camp we built afterward was seen by any one.

P.M.— Walked to the wild swamp at the northeast spur. That part is perhaps the most interesting for the wild confusion of its variously formed rocks, and is the least, if at all, frequented. We found the skull and jaws of a

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large rodent, probably a hedgehog,—larger than a woodchuck’s,—a considerable quantity of dry and hard dark-brown droppings, of an elliptical form, like very large rat-droppings, somewhat of a similar character but darker than the rabbit’s, and I suspect that these were the porcupine’s.  
Returned over the top at 5 P.M., after the visitors, men and women, had descended, and so to camp.



August 6, Monday: There had been hope among the peasants of Sicily that conquest by Giuseppe Garibaldi would bring redistribution of land. Was not that what the announcement of June 2d had signaled, that each peasant would be rewarded with “his own chunk of lava”? A revolt had taken place in a little village in Catania province, named Bronte, a revolt that had resulted in the setting on fire of the town theater and the municipal archives and the massacre of 16 locals including a priest, peasants, officers, and nobles (2 of them mere children). On August 4th Gerolamo “Nino” Bixio had been sent with 2 battalions of Red Shirts to recreate a condition of law and order. Most of those who had been involved in the peasant revolt had escaped from this area before the arrival of Bixio, but he authorized a military court that on this day found 150 locals guilty (guilty, mostly, of having had problems with their neighbors, neighbors who had accused them of all sorts of stuff) and more or less arbitrarily sentenced 5 of these disfavored locals to execution by a military firing squad. Bixio would explain in a letter to his wife that “In these regions it is not enough to kill the enemy, it is necessary to torment them, to burn them alive in a slow flame ... they are regions that need to be destroyed or at least depopulated, their people sent to Africa to become civilized.”



August 6. The last was a clear, cool night. At 4 A.M. see local lake-like fogs in some valleys below, but there is none here.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

This forenoon, after a breakfast on cranberries, leaving, as usual, our luggage concealed under a large rock, with other rocks placed over the hole, we moved about a quarter of a mile along the edge of the plateau east-ward and built a new camp there. It was [A] place which I had noticed the day before, where, sheltered by a perpendicular ledge some seven feet high and close to the brow of the mountain, grew five spruce trees. Two of these stood four feet from the rock and six or more apart; so, clearing away the superfluous branches, I rested stout rafters from the rock-edge to limbs of the two spruces and placed a plate beam across, and, with two or three cross-beams or girders, soon had a roof which I could climb and shingle. After filling the inequalities with rocks and rubbish, I soon had a sloping floor on which to make our bed. Lying there on that shelf just on the edge of the steep declivity of the mountain, we could look all over the south and southeast world without raising our heads. The rock running east and west was our shelter on the north.

Our huts, being built of spruce entirely, were not noticeable two or three rods off, for we did [NOT] cut the spruce amid which they were built more than necessary, bending aside their boughs in order to enter. My companion, returning from a short walk, was lost when within two or three rods, the different rocks and clumps of spruce looked so much alike, and in the moonlight we were liable to mistake some dark recess between two neighboring spruce ten feet off for the entrance to our house. We heard this afternoon the tread of a blueberry-picker on the rocks two or three rods north of us, and saw another as near, south, and, stealing out, we came round from another side and had some conversation with them,—two men and a boy,—but they never discovered our house nor suspected it. The surface is so uneven that ten steps will often suffice to conceal the ground you lately stood on, and yet the different shelves and hollows are so much alike that you cannot tell if one is new or not. It is somewhat like travelling over a huge fan. When in a valley the nearest ridge conceals all the others and you cannot tell one from another.

This afternoon, again walked to the larger north-east swamp, going directly, i. e. east of the promontories or part way down the slopes. Bathed in the small rocky basin above the smaller meadow. These two swamps are about the wildest part of the mountain and most interesting to me. The smaller occurs on the north-east side of the main mountain, i.e. at the northeast end of the plateau. It is a little roundish meadow a few rods over, with cotton-grass in it, the shallow bottom of a basin of rock, and out the east side there trickles a very slight stream, just moistening the rock at present and collecting enough in one cavity to afford you a drink. This is evidently a source of the Contoocook, the one I noticed two years ago as such.

The larger swamp is considerably lower and more northerly, separating the northeast spur from the main mountain, probably not far from the line of Dublin. It extends northwest and southeast some thirty or forty rods,

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and probably leaked out now under the rocks at the northwest end,—though I found water only half a dozen rods below,—and so was a source probably of the Ashuelot. The prevailing grass or sedge in it, growing in tufts in the green moss and sphagnum between the fallen dead spruce timber, was the *Eriophorum vaginatum* (long done) and the *E. gracile*. Also the *Epilobium palustre*, apparently in prime in it, and common wool-grass (*Scirpus Eriophorum*). Around its edge grew the *Chelone glabra* (not yet out), meadow-sweet in bloom, black choke-berry just ripening, red elder (its fruit in prime), mountain-ash, *Carex trisperma* and *Deweyana* (small and slender), and the fetid currant in fruit (in a torrent of rocks at the east end), etc., etc. I noticed a third, yet smaller, quite small, swamp, yet more southerly, on the edge of the plateau, evidently another source of a river, where the snows melt.

At 5 P.M. we went to our first camp for our remaining baggage. From this point at this hour the rocks of the precipitous summit (under whose south side that camp is placed), lit by the declining sun, were a very light gray, with reddish-tawny touches from the now drying *Aira flexuosa* on the inaccessible shelves and along the seams. Returned to enjoy the evening at the second camp.

Evening and morning were the most interesting seasons, especially the evening. Each day, about an hour before sunset, I got sight, as it were accidentally, of an elysium beneath me. The smoky haze of the day, suggesting a furnace-like heat, a trivial dustiness, gave place to a clear transparent enamel, through which houses, woods, farms, and lakes were seen as in [A] picture indescribably fair and expressly made to be looked at. At any hour of the day, to be sure, the surrounding country looks flatter than it is. Even the great steep, furrowed, and rocky pastures, red with hardhack and raspberries, which creep so high up the mountain amid the woods, in which you think already that you are half-way up, perchance, seen from the top or brow of the mountain are not for a long time distinguished for elevation above the surrounding country, but they look smooth and tolerably level, and the cattle in them are not noticed or distinguished from rocks unless you search very particularly. At length you notice how the houses and barns keep a respectful, and at first unaccountable, distance from these near pastures and woods, though they are seemingly flat, that there is a broad neutral ground between the roads and the mountain; and yet when the truth flashes upon you, you have to imagine the long, ascending path through them. To speak of the landscape generally, the open or cleared land looks like a thousand little swells or tops of low rounded hills,—tent-like or like a low hay-cap spread,—tawny or green amid the woods. AS you look down on this landscape you little think of the hills where the traveller walks his horse. The woods have not this swelling look. The most common color of open land (from apex at 5 P.M.) is tawny brown, the woods dark green. At midday the darker green of evergreens amid the hardwoods is quite discernible half a dozen miles off. But, as the most interesting view is at sunset, so it is the part of [THE] landscape nearest to you and most immediately beneath the mountain, where, as usual, there is that invisible gelid haze to glass it.

The nearest house to the mountain which we saw from our camp—one on the Jaffrey road—was in the shadow even of the low southern spur of the mountain which we called the Old South, just an hour before the sun set, while a neighbor on a hill within a quarter of a mile eastward enjoyed the sunlight at least half an hour longer. So much shorter are their days, and so much more artificial light and heat must they obtain, at the former house. It would be a serious loss, methinks, one hour of sunlight every day. We saw the sun so much longer. Of course the labors of the day were brought to an end, the sheep began to bleat, the doors were closed, the lamps were lit, and preparations for the night were made there, so much the earlier.

The landscape is shown to be not flat, but hilly, when the sun is half an hour high, by the shadows of the hills. But, above all, from half an hour to two hours before sunset many western mountain-ranges are revealed, as the sun declines, one behind another, by their dark outlines and the intervening haze; i. e., the ridges are dark lines, while the intervening valleys are a cloud-like haze. It was so, at least, from 6 to 6.30 P.M. on the 6th; and, at 5 P.M. on the 8th, it being very hazy still, I could count in the direction of Saddleback Mountain eight distinct ranges, revealed by the darker lines of the ridges rising above this cloud-like haze. And I might have added the ridge of Monadnock itself within a quarter of a mile of me.

Of course, the last half of these mountain-ridges appeared successively higher and seemed higher, all of them (i. e. the last half), than the mountain we were on, as if you had climbed to the heights of the sky by a succession of stupendous terraces reaching as far as you could see from north to south. The Connecticut Valley was one broad gulf of haze which you were soon over. They were the Green Mountains that we saw, but there was no greenness, only a bluish mistiness, in what we saw; and all of Vermont that lay between us and their summit was but a succession of parallel ranges of mountains. Of course, almost all that we mean commercially and agriculturally by Vermont was concealed in those long and narrow haze-filled valleys. I never saw a mountain that looked so high and so melted away at last cloud-like into the sky, as Saddleback this eve, when your eye had clomb to it by these eight successive terraces. You had to begin at this end and ascend step by step to recognize it for a mountain at all. If you had first rested your eye on it, you would have seen it for a cloud, it was so incredibly high in the sky.

After sunset the ponds are white and distinct. [At 5 P.M. the 5th, being on the apex, the small pond by the schoolhouse is mostly smooth plated, with a darker rippled portion in the middle.



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[Thoreau's sketch to be scanned]

Earlier we could distinguish the reflections of the woods perfectly in ponds three miles off. I heard a cock crow very shrilly and distinctly early in the evening of the 8th. This was the most distinct sound from the lower world that I heard up there at any time, not excepting even the railroad whistle, which was louder. It reached my ear perfectly, to each note and curl,—from some submontane cock. We also heard at this hour an occasional bleat from a sheep in some mountain pasture, and a lowing of a cow. And at last we saw a light here and there in a farmhouse window. We heard no sound of man except the rail-road whistle and, on Sunday, a church-bell. Heard no dog that I remember. Therefore I should say that, of all the sounds of the farmhouse, the crowing of the cock could be heard furthest or most distinctly under these circumstances. It seemed to wind its way through the layers of air as a sharp gimlet through soft wood, and reached our ears with amusing distinctness.



August 7, Tuesday: The Ripon, Wisconsin Times concluded its account of the visit by fugitive editor Sherman M. Booth with a postscript about the relative quiet of the following morning:

Comparative order and quiet reign this morning. The City Hall is vacant. Mr. Booth has gone — where, the public do not know. Report says he is on his way to Milwaukee —that he left town about eleven o'clock last night —and that two Deputy Marshals are in pursuit.

The Berlin News would attack the morals of this Ripon community, and of Booth:

We understand that a large delegation of Free Lovers from Ceresco were in attendance, the men armed with pistols and knives, and the women with "slung shot" made by putting a good sized stone in the toe of a stocking. — Booth is staying at Prof. Daniels, whose house is guarded day and night by armed Wide Awakes. It is said that Daniels divides his time equally between guarding Booth from the Marshal, and the female members of his family from Booth.

A letter to the Milwaukee News would continue the theme:

I have been studying to find out something about this Higher Law doctrine promulated [sic] by Booth, Daniels and others, and which is endorsed here by some styled Reverend, together with most of the strong minded women, and it amounts in plain English to just this — "Free men, Free Love and Free women, and do pretty much as we d--d please, and none of your business."

HIGHER LAW

The Enquirer would level another criticism, which would be appearing in Democrat newspapers throughout Wisconsin:

When matters have come to such a pass that public opinion will justify open resistance by an armed force, to the execution of the laws; and when meetings are held upon the Sabbath by men pretending to be christians [sic], for the avowed purpose of lynching public officers who have nobly endeavored to discharge their duties, it does seem that not only order and safety have





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been destroyed in the community, but that religion itself has been prostituted to a mere political harlot, pandering to evil passions of men, who like Booth, have exhausted the calendar of immoralities and crime.

Not satisfied with State Prison Commissioner Heg's explanation of his hospitality toward this federal fugitive, the News condemning the official in an editorial:

The prison commissioner, Mr. Hegg, in communication published in the Sentinel, denies that he admitted Mr. Booth within the prison walls for the purpose of sheltering and protecting him from arrest. He admits, however, that Booth was there partaking of his hospitalities, and that officer Garlick was there after him, but for some cause which Mr. Hegg does not explain, found it inconvenient to re-arrest him. Now the whole thing is too transparent to need any elucidation, and after it is shown that Mr. Hegg has been harboring a fugitive from justice, he becomes disqualified from testifying as a witness in his own behalf. When the parent swore that he would not whip his son if he would come down from his safe retreat, hopeful replied "that a man who would swear would lie," and therefore he would not trust him. We place no reliance in the statement of a prison commissioner, who by his own confession has been guilty of receiving Booth within the walls of the State prison, and guarding him so well that the officer who was in pursuit of him dare not attempt to re-arrest him.

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“What difference does it make under what rule a man lives who is soon to die, provided only that those who rule him do not compel him to what is impious and wicked?”



– [St. Augustine](#)

**GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992**

**Viking Penguin**

**51**

*Our whole life is startlingly moral.  
Walden, “Higher Laws”*


**Penguin Books USA Inc.**

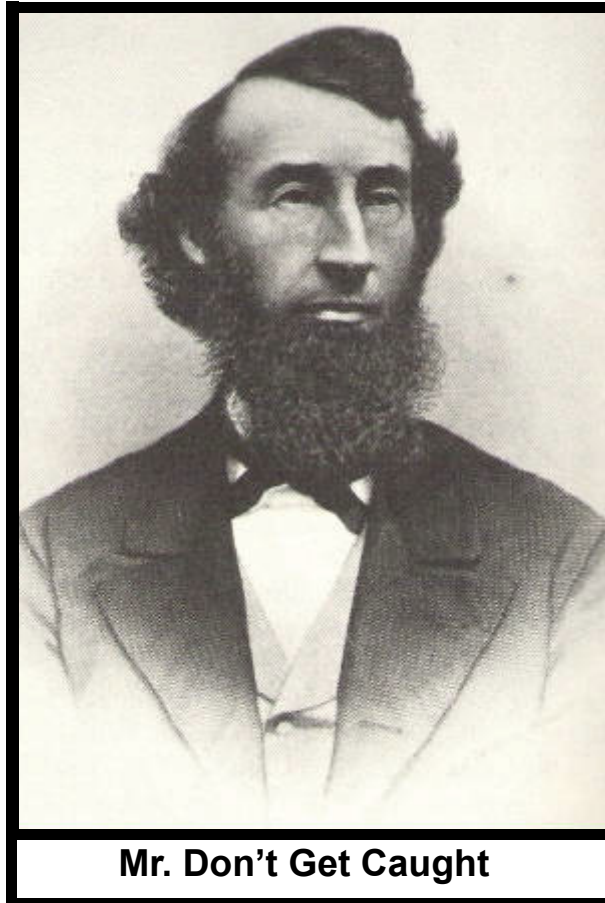
“**F**or you,” muttered Mary, reaching the telephone across the bed. It was six o’clock in the morning.

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1860-1861

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 August 7, Tuesday: At the River Congo, a cargo of 900 enslaved Africans was taken on board the *Erie*, the entire operation requiring but 45 minutes. As the people came over the side, if they were wearing anything Captain Nathaniel Gordon would cut it off and toss it overboard. Several of the crew would testify at the trial that it was Gordon who had engaged them, under false pretenses, and that when they found they were on a negrero he had promised them each \$1 for every person delivered alive.<sup>4</sup>



THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

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 August 7, Tuesday: During this year Dennis Gale was creating a depiction of the *aurora borealis* (which had been being noticed by white people in Boston since 1719), which may fairly be used as an illustration of Thoreau's journal passage below:



The New-York Times recorded that during the night of August 2d another great meteor had been seen in the sky above Cincinnati and Chillicothe, Ohio and Louisville, Kentucky:

### Another Great Meteor.

4. Clearly, there's a terminology problem here. In an effort to resolve this terminology issue, at the Republican National Convention in New York during August 2004 –at which the Republican Party would for four days make an effort to strip from its face its mask of hostility to the plight of the downtrodden and reveal its true countenance of benevolent conservatism and concern– these people would be sensitively referred to by a Hoosier Republican running for the US Senate as “involuntary immigrants.”

So, perhaps, this is a good point at which to insert a story about involuntary immigrants that has been passed on to us by Ram Varmha, a retired IBM engineer whose father had briefly served as Maharaja after the independence of Cochin. He relates the story as narrated to him by his paternal grandmother who lived in Thripoonithura, Cochin: “When my grandmother (born 1882) was a young girl she would go with the elder ladies of the family to the Pazhayannur Devi Temple in Fort Cochin, next to the Cochin Lantha Palace built by the Dutch (Landers = Lantha), which was an early establishment of the Cochin royal family before the administration moved to Thripoonithura. My grandmother often told us that in the basement of the Lantha Palace, in a confined area, a family of Africans had been kept locked up, as in a zoo! By my Grandmother's time all the Africans had died. But, some of the elder ladies had narrated the story to her of ‘Kappiries’ (Africans) kept in captivity there. It seems visitors would give them fruits and bananas. They were well cared for but always kept in confinement. My grandmother did not know all the details but according to her, ‘many’ years earlier, a ship having broken its mast drifted into the old Cochin harbor. When the locals climbed aboard, they found a crewless ship, but in the hold there were some chained ‘Kappiries’ still alive; others having perished. The locals did not know what to do with them. Not understanding their language and finding the Africans in chains, the locals thought that these were dangerous to set free. So they herded the poor Africans into the basement of the Cochin Fort, and held them in captivity, for many, many years! I have no idea when the initial incident happened, but I presume it took place in the late 1700s or early 1800s. This points to the possibility that it was, in fact, a slave ship carrying human cargo from East Africa to either the USA or the West Indies. An amazing and rather bizarre story. Incidentally, this is not an ‘old woman's tale’! Its quite reliable. My grandmother would identify some of the older ladies who had actually seen the surviving Kappiries.”



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The Cincinnati Commercial has the following account of a brilliant meteor seen in that city on the 2nd inst.: -

A few minutes after ten o'clock, Thursday night, a magnificent meteor darted, across the Southern sky, glowing for a few seconds with a light far more brilliant than the moon. We were standing at the moment on the sidewalk in front of the Commercial Office Building, observing the light of a balloon that had floated to the North and was moving steadily on its way. There was suddenly an intense light in the South, and turning, we saw directly over Covington, moving from the Southeast to the Northwest, not more than twenty degrees above the horizon, a great ball of flame. The light was, as a correspondent well describes it, like that from the balls shot from a Roman candle. Before its marvelous radiance the moon was paled, and while it passed, the black shadows of the lofty buildings of the city wheeled around as the wild luminary sped; and when it was gone, there was a sensation of dimness of sight, as after a resplendent flash of lightning. The luminous object disappeared from our eyes behind the buildings on the west side of Race street, and seemed to have fallen into the river, or to have vanished in the vicinity of the Fifth-street Ferry.

The Louisville Journal, of the 3d, gives the following account of it:

A few minutes after 10 o'clock last night we were passing the United States Hotel, between Green and Jefferson-streets, the moon shining very bright at the time, when the Southeastern sky was suddenly illuminated with an intense brilliancy. It was so vivid that it added to the brilliancy of the full moon's illumination, and for the space of several seconds, with variable effulgence, lighting up the scene. We were "under the ice" of an immense building, and had no opportunity of looking at the sky, but we deem it a duty to science to state our grave suspicion that we had a Southern meteor last night to countervail the prophetic effects of the one recently seen in the North.

The meteor was also seen at Chillicothe [Ohio] at the same hour.

Mr. PRESTON, of Yellow Springs, saw the meteor, under very favorable circumstances for observation, He gives the following description;

Between 19 and 20 minutes past 10 o'clock on the evening of the 2d inst, while sitting on the step of the entrance to the south wing of the college, engaged in conversation with one of the students, there appeared in the southern heavens, about one-third of the distance between the horizon and the zenith, a bright ball of fire, resembling the moon in size and color. I at once recognized it as a meteor, and collected my thoughts for observation. At its first point it remained stationary for several seconds, increasing in brilliancy from a pale red to a silvery white, encircled by a ring of

green. It then shot through the heavens in a horizontal wavering line from east to west, with immense velocity. At first, sparks of fire were emitted, which changed as the fiery ball increased in speed, to streams of light of the most beautiful colors, and of such brilliancy as to dazzle the eyes, and left in its train a very large luminous band, equal to one-half of its own diameter, in which several of the colors of the rainbow were distinctly exhibited. Unlike the meteoric display of the 20th July, there appeared but one ball of fire. As it entered the western horizon its course was more irregular, and the flame again changed to a deep crimson. The ball continued its antics until it was lost behind the clouds, leaving a trace of its path until it quite vanished from sight. During the last few seconds of its existence, the appearance of the southern and western heavens was perfectly gorgeous, presenting a grand pyrotechnic display, in which the meteor was the centre-piece. During this phenomena, the moon was wholly obscured by a heavy cloud, which rendered the spectacle more brilliant. The duration of the display I do not think was more than ten seconds. There was no report, but a faint hissing sound, as if produced by the concussion of air, was distinctly heard. Although of shorter duration and more limited in its range than that of the 20th ult., it was certainly as brilliant and wonderful.



August 7. Morning –dawn and sunrise– was another interesting season. I rose always by four or half past four to observe the signs of it and to correct my watch. From our first camp I could not see the sun rise, but only when its first light (yellowish or, rather, pinkish) was reflected from the lichen-clad rocks of the southern spur. But here, by going eastward some forty rods, I could see the sun rise, though there was invariably a low stratum or bar of cloud in the horizon. The sun rose about five. The tawny or yellowish pastures about the mountain (below the woods; what was the grass?) reflected the auroral light at 4.20 A.M. remarkably, and they were at least as distinct as at any hour.

[Transcript]

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There was every morning more or less solid white fog to be seen on the earth, though none on the mountain. I was struck by the localness of these fogs. For five mornings they occupied the same place and were about the same in extent. It was obvious that certain portions of New Hampshire and Massachusetts were at this season commonly invested with fog in the morning, while others, or the larger part, were free from it. The fog lay on the lower parts only. From our point of view the largest lake of fog lay in Rindge and southward; and southeast of Fitzwilliam, i.e. about Winchendon, very large there. In short, the fog lay in great spidery lakes and streams answering to the lakes, streams, and meadows beneath, especially over the sources of Miller's River and the region of primitive wood thereabouts; but it did [NOT] rest on lakes always, i. e., where they were elevated, as now some in Jaffrey were quite clear. It suggested that there was an important difference, so far as the health and spirits of the inhabitants were concerned, between the town where there was this regular morning fog and that where there was none. I shall always remember the inhabitants of State Line as dwellers in the fog. The geography and statistics of fog have not been ascertained. If we awake into a fog, it does not occur to us that the inhabitants of a neighboring town which lies higher may have none, neither do they, being ignorant of this happiness, inform us of it. Yet, when you come to look down thus on the country every morning, you see that here this thick white veil of fog is spread and not there. It was often several hundred feet thick, soon rising, breaking up, and drifting off, or rather seeming to drift away, as it evaporated. There was commonly such a risen fog drifting through the interval between this mountain and Gap Monadnock.

One morning I noticed clouds as high as the Peterboro Hills, –a lifted fog, –ever drifting easterly but making no progress, being dissipated. Also long rolls and ant-eaters of cloud, at last reduced by the sun to mere vertebrae. That morning (the 8th) the great and general cloud and apparently fog combined over the lowest land running



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southwest from Rindge was apparently five hundred or more feet deep, but our mountain was above all. This forenoon I cut and measured a spruce on the north side the mountain, and afterward visited the summit, where one of the coast surveyors had been signalling, as I was told, to a mountain in Laconia, some fifty-five miles off, with a glass reflector. After dinner, descended into the gulf and swamp beneath our camp. At noon every roof in the southern country sloping toward the north was distinctly revealed,—a lit gray. In the afternoon, walked to the Great Gulf and meadow, in the midst of the plateau just east of and under the summit.

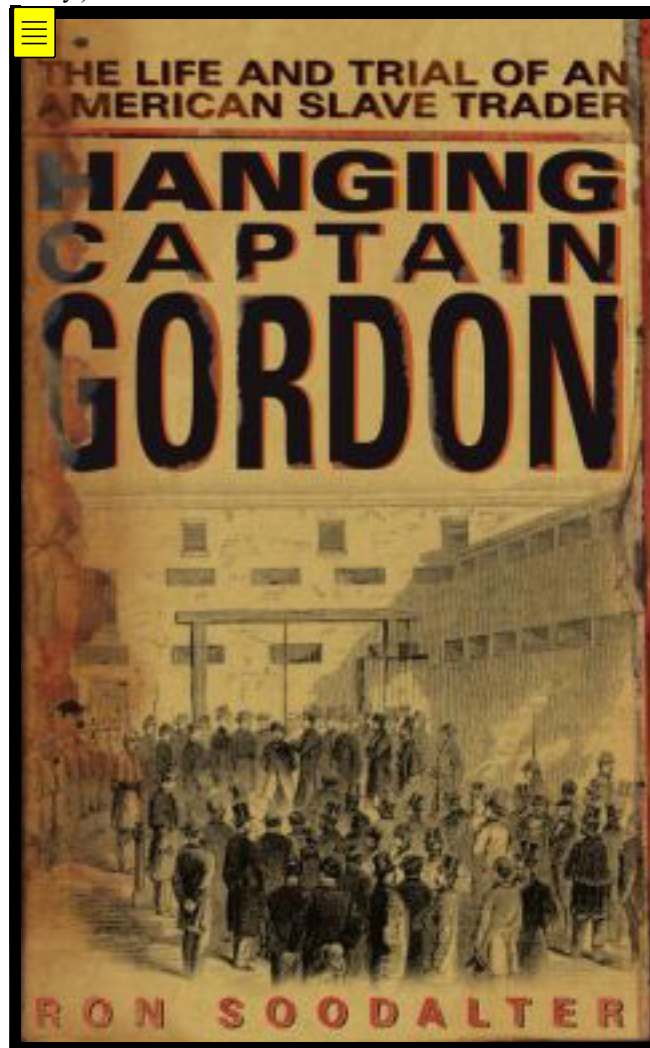
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➡ August 8, Wednesday, morning: Captain [Nathaniel Gordon](#)'s *Erie*, a 500-ton [negrero](#) flying the American flag about 50 miles off the coast of West Africa, had a shot fired across her bow by the crew of the *Mohican*, an American steam warship, and was boarded and found to contain a cargo of 897 [enslaved](#) black males and females ranging from the age of six months to forty years. About half were children, and about half were female. During the following 15 days at sea, 29 more would die and be thrown overboard before the survivors could be offloaded by the US Navy and discarded at Monrovia.

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Upon the return of the USS *Mohican* to the United States of America, there being no good reason to do otherwise, the vessel would come to port in a northern port, the port of [New-York](#). (This mundane fact would be the cause of Captain Gordon's death by hanging, would be the final nail in his coffin — it is the only such sad incident in US history.)



➡ August 8, Wednesday: During this night, 200 members of [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s forces would make a crossing from Faro on Sicily to Altifumara on the Italian mainland.

In regard to the visit and speech by fugitive editor [Sherman M. Booth](#), the Milwaukee, Wisconsin [Sentinel](#) offered a brief editorial:





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This is a base libel upon the people of Ripon. There is not, in all Wisconsin, a more intelligent, moral, and orderly population than in Ripon. That a large majority of the electors of the town are zealous Republicans is very true; but that fact furnishes no excuse for the partisan slanders of the News and its correspondent.

Quoting the News, the Waupun, Wisconsin Times printed:

In the following style talks the News of what Marshal Lewis done [sic] and how he acted after Booth had left Salsman's: "Booth had gone, and the Marshal stood looking at the hole which he was seen last to pass through, in a state of delicious uncertainty as to the Martyr's whereabouts, and what to do regarding it. As a dernier resort, however, he stationed three or four small boys around the house to watch it, while he went to consult his political confreres and order out the military. Previous to this, Salsman had announced that Booth would speak from the steps of that building at four o'clock; but he couldn't fool the officers with such stuff as that. - As he departed an anxious spectator inquired of Jehu [U.S. Marshal Jehu H. Lewis] what course he was going to pursue, when he feelingly replied with a deep drawn sigh: "I'll be d----d if I know what to do," and we are fully convinced that he didn't.



August 8. 8.30 A.M. Walk round the west side of the summit. Bathe in the rocky pool there, collect mountain cranberries on the northwest side, return over the summit, and take the bearings of the different spurs, etc. Return to camp at noon.

[Transcript]

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Toward night, walk to east edge of the plateau.



August 9, Thursday: Stephen Collins Foster sold all rights to songs published under his previous contract to his publisher, Firth, Pond & Co., for \$1,600. After paying off his advances he had \$203.36 left in his pocket.

The headline used in Madison, Wisconsin's Argus & Democrat was "The Ripon Riot":

About the most disgraceful chapter in Wisconsin history are those given by us yesterday and to-day, of the riot at Ripon. This, it will be recollected, is the old site of Ceresco, the head quarters of the "Phalanx," and the hot bed, a few years since, of free love. This stain was being rapidly wiped out, and, perhaps, the memory of it would not have been now revived but for the announcement in the papers there that while "Brudder" Sherman M. Booth was speaking, "the ladies threw bouquets on the stage." Beautiful! The long haired seducer of Caroline Cook, greeted by the fragrant offerings of the ladies of Ripon! It would seem that the free love movement had not entirely subsided in that delectable locality, and that its votaries deemed a welcome of unusual cordiality due to its most notorious adherent who had carried its doctrines into practice. Delightful Ripon! The demand upon the officers of the law to



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leave the town was another modest proposition. Booth was merely an escaped convict. He had no other title to public sympathy – except of that sort showed by the ladies who threw bouquets at him. It has arrived at a pretty pass when a warrant cannot be served upon a runaway prisoner in a town in the State; and the officers of the law, with the warrants in their pockets, are assailed with threats of violence, if they do not leave the place. Ripon has gained for itself a beautiful reputation.

The News printed another inflammatory editorial:

### **A Bad H'egg**

Hans Hegg, State Prison Commissioner, repeats in yesterday's Sentinel his denial of our charge that he received Booth within the walls of the Prison yard at Waupun, and extended to him the protection of his guards. In order to satisfy the public on this point, we submit the following facts, related to us by eye witnesses.

I. Mr. Hegg was advised of the escape of Booth soon after it occurred, and expected him to seek refuge within the walls of the State Prison. Two of the Prison guards were in this city at the time of the rescue and accompanied Booth to Waupun, where he was met by some of the other guards and escorted at once to Mr. Hegg's house, which is within the walls of the Prison yard.

II. In the evening, Booth, under escort of Hegg and his Prison guards, proceeded to the platform of one of the warehouses, where he addressed a crowd of people. During his entire speech, Mr. Hegg and his guards stood on the platform with him, and when Booth displayed his revolver and threatened to shoot anyone who should attempt to arrest him, Mr. Hegg took off his hat, swung it wildly in the air, and cheered vociferously. On the adjournment of the meeting, Hegg and his guards escorted Booth back to the Prison.

III. While at Waupun, Booth was uniformly attended by the Prison guards, whenever he went out of the Prison yard into the public streets.

IV. Cromwell Laithe, of Waupun, remarked in a careless manner, that if the reward offered for Booth's re arrest [*sic*] had been \$1000 instead of \$100, he would have taken him. Booth heard of his saying this and immediately went to Laithe's house, accompanied by some of the prison guards, and defied Laithe to attempt to arrest him.

V. Booth, when he left the prison, was accompanied by some of the prison guards to Ripon. These are the facts as related to us by citizens of Waupun, and the sneaking manner in which Mr. Hegg tries to evade the responsibility of his own acts, is even more discreditable to him than the acts themselves. Booth will corroborate his statements; but who will corroborate Booth? His reputation for truth and veracity was never very good, and since the developments made public on his late trial, it is as bad as his reputation for chastity. If Mr. Hegg conceives his conduct justifiable, it would be manly in him to admit his complicity with the affair. There are three high public functionaries, Randall, Hegg and Daniels, whose names have been used in connection with the "Booth question," but the greatest of these three is Daniels. He plays the desperado to the end of the

chapter, while the other two act like sneaks.



Aug. 9. At 6 A.M., leave camp for Troy, where we arrive, after long pauses, by 9 A.M., and take the cars at 10.5.

[Transcript]

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I observed these plants on the rocky summit of the mountain, above the forest: –



Raspberry, not common.  
 Low blueberries of two or three varieties.  
 Bunchberry.  
*Solidago thyrsoides*.  
 Fetid currant, common; leaves beginning to be scarlet; grows amid loose fallen rocks.  
 Red cherry, some ripe, and handsome.  
 Black choke-berry.



*Potentilla tridentata*, still lingering in bloom.  
*Aralia hispida*, still lingering in bloom.  
 Cow-wheat, common, still in bloom.  
 Mountain cranberry, not generally abundant; full grown earlier than lowland ditto.  
 Black spruce.  
 Lambkill, lingering in flower in cool and moist places.  
*Aster acuminatus*, abundant; not generally open, but fairly begun to bloom.  
 Red elder, ripe, apparently in prime, not uncommon.  
*Arenaria Groenlandica*, still pretty common in flower.  
*Solidago lanceolata*, not uncommon; just fairly begun.  
*Epilobium angustifolium*, in bloom; not common, however.  
*Epilobium palustre*, some time, common in mosses, small and slender.  
 Wild holly, common; berries not quite ripe.  
*Viburnum nudum*, common; berries green.  
 White pine; saw three or four only, mostly very small.  
 Mountain-ash, abundant; berries not ripe; generally very small, largest in swamps.  
 Diervilla, not uncommon, still.  
 Rhodora, abundant; low, i.e. short.  
 Meadow-sweet, abundant, apparently in prime.  
 Hemlocks; two little ones with rounded tops.  
*Chelone glabra*, not yet; at northeast swamp-side.  
 Yarrow.  
 Canoe birch, very small.  
*Clintonia borealis*, with fruit.  
 Checkerberry.  
 Gold-thread.  
 One three-ribbed goldenrod, northwest side (not *Canadense*).  
 Tall rough goldenrod, not yet; not uncommon.  
*Populus tremuliformis*, not very common.  
*Polygonum cilinode*, in bloom.  
 Yellow birch, small.  
 Fir, a little; four or five trees noticed.  
 Willows, not uncommon, four or five feet high.  
 Red maple, a very little, small.  
 Water andromeda, common about the bogs.  
 Trientalis.  
 Pearly everlasting, out.  
*Diplopappus umbellatus*, in bloom, not common (?); northeast swamp-side, also northwest side of mountain.  
*Juncus trifidus*.  
 Some *Juncus paradoxus*? } about edge of marshes.  
 Some *Juncus acuminatus*? }

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## CYPERACEÆ

*Eriophorum gracile*, abundant, whitening the little swamps.

*Eriophorum vaginatum*, abundant, little swamps, long done, (this the coarse grass in tufts, in marshes).

Wool-grass, not uncommon, (common kind).

*Carex trisperma* (?) or *Deweyana*, with large seeds, slender and drooping, by side of northeast swamp. *Vide* press.

*Carex scoparia?* or *straminea?* a little.

*C. debilis*.

*Carex*, small, rather close-spiked, *C. canescens*-like (?), common.

A fine grass-like plant very common, perhaps *Eleocharis tenuis*; now without heads, but marks of them.

## GRASSES

*Aira flexuosa*.

*Glyceria elongata*, with appressed branches (some purplish), in swamp.

Blue-joint, apparently in prime, one place.

*Festuca ovina*, one place.

*Cinna arundinacea*, one place.

*Agrostis scabra* (?), at our spring, *q.v.*

## FERNS AND LICHENS, ETC.

A large greenish lichen flat on rocks, of a peculiarly concentric growth, *q.v.*



Some common sulphur lichen.

The very bright handsome crustaceous yellow lichen, as on White Mts., *q.v.*

Two or three umbilicaria lichens, *q.v.*, giving the dark brown to the rocks.

A little, in one place, of the old hat umbilicaria, as at Flint's Pond Rock.

Green moss and sphagnum in the marshes.

Two common cladonias, white and greenish.

Stereocaulon.

*Lycopodium complanatum*, one place.

*Lycopodium annotinum*, not very common.

Common polypody.

Dicksonia fern, *q.v.*

Sensitive fern, and various other common ones.

I see that in my last visit, in June, '58, I also saw here Labrador tea (on the north side), two-leaved Solomon's-seal, *Amelanchier Canadensis* var. *oligocarpa* and var. *oblongifolia*, one or two or three kinds of willows, a little mayflower, and chiogenes, and *Lycopodium clavatum*.

The prevailing trees and shrubs of the mountain-top are, in order of commonness, etc., low blueberry, black spruce, lambkill, black choke-berry, wild holly, *Viburnum nudum*, mountain-ash, meadow-sweet, rhodora, red cherry, canoe birch, water andromeda, fetid currant.

The prevailing and characteristic smaller plants, excepting grasses, cryptogamic, etc.: *Potentilla tridentata*, *Solidago thyrsoides*, bunchberry, cow-wheat, *Aster acuminatus*, *Arenaria Grænlandica*, mountain cranberry, *Juncus trifidus*, *Clintonia borealis*, *Epilobium palustre*, *Aralia hispida*.

Of *Cyperaceæ* the most common and noticeable now were *Eriophorum gracile* and *vaginatum*, a few sedges, and perhaps the grass-like *Eleocharis tenuis*.

The grass of the mountain now was the *Aira flexuosa*, large and abundant, now somewhat dry and withered, on all shelves and along the seams, quite to the top; a pinkish tawny now. Most would not have noticed or detected any other. The other kinds named were not common. You would say it was a true mountain grass. The only grass that a careless observer would notice. There was nothing like a sod on the mountain-top. The tufts of *J. trifidus*, perhaps, came the nearest to it.

The black spruce is the prevailing tree, commonly six or eight feet high; but very few, and those only in the most sheltered places, as hollows and swamps, are of regular outline, on account of the strong and cold winds with which they have to contend. Fifteen feet high would be unusually large. They cannot grow here without some kind of lee to start with. They commonly consist of numerous flat branches close, above one another for the first foot or two, spreading close over the surface and filling and concealing the hollows between the rocks; but exactly at a level with the top of the rock which shelters them they cease to have any limbs on the north side, but all their limbs now are included within a quadrant between southeast and southwest, while the stem, which is always perfectly perpendicular, is bare and smooth on the north side; yet it is led onward at the top by a tuft of tender branches a foot in length and spreading every way as usual, but the northern part of these successively die and disappear. They thus remind you often of masts of vessels with sails set on one side, and sometimes one of these almost bare masts is seen to have been broken short off at ten feet from the ground, such is the violence

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of the wind there. I saw a spruce, healthy and straight, full sixteen feet without a limb or the trace of a limb on the north side. When building my camp, in order to get rafters six feet long and an inch and a half in diameter at the small end, I was obliged to cut down spruce at least five inches in diameter at one foot from the ground. So stout and tapering do they grow. They spread so close to the rocks that the lower branches are often half worn away for a foot in length by their rubbing on the rocks in the wind, and I sometimes mistook the creaking of such a limb for the note of a bird, for it is just such a note as you would expect to hear there. The two spruce which formed the sides of my second camp had their lower branches behind the rock so thick and close, and, on the outsides of the quadrant, so directly above one another perpendicularly, that they made two upright side walls, as it were, very convenient to interlace and make weather-tight.

I selected a spruce growing on the highest part of the plateau east of the summit, on its north slope, about as high as any tree of its size, to cut and count its rings. It was five feet five inches high. AS usual, all its limbs except some of the leading twigs extended toward the south. One of the lowermost limbs, so close to the ground that I thought its green extremity was a distinct tree, was ten feet long. There were ten similar limbs (though not so long) almost directly above one another, within two feet of the ground, the largest two inches thick at the butt. I cut off this tree at one foot from the ground. It was there five inches in diameter and had forty-four rings, but four inches of its growth was on the south side the centre and only one inch on the north side. I cut it off again nineteen inches higher and there were thirty-five rings.

Our fuel was the dead spruce – apparently that which escaped the fire some forty years ago!! – which lies spread over the rocks in considerable quantity still, especially at the northeast spur. It makes very good dry fuel, and some of it is quite fat and sound. The spruce twigs were our bed. I observed that, being laid bottom upward in a hot sun, as at the foot of our bed, the leaves turned pale-brown, as if boiled, and fell off very soon.

The black spruce is certainly a very wild tree, and loves a primitive soil just made out of disintegrated granite.

After the low blueberry I should say that the lamb-kill was the commonest shrub. The black choke-berry also was very common, but this and the rhodora were both dwarfish. Though the meadow-sweet was very common, I did not notice any hardhack; yet it was exceedingly prevalent in the pastures below.

The *Solidago thyrsoides* was the goldenrod of the mountain-top, from the woods quite to the summit. Any other goldenrod was comparatively scarce. It was from two inches to two feet high. It grew both in small swamps and in the seams of the rocks everywhere, and was now in its prime.

The bunchberry strikes one from these parts as much as any, – about a dozen berries in a dense cluster, a lively scarlet on a green ground.

Spruce was the prevailing tree; blueberry, the berry; *S. thyrsoides*, the goldenrod; *A. acuminatus*, the aster (the only one I saw, and very common); *Juncus trifidus*, the juncus; and *Aira flexuosa*, the grass, of the mountain-top. The two cotton-grasses named were very common and conspicuous in and about the little meadows.

The *Juncus trifidus* was the common grass (or grass-like plant) of the very highest part of the mountain, – the peak and for thirty rods downward, – growing on the shelves and especially on the edges of the *scars* rankly, and on this part of the mountain almost alone had it fruited, – for I think that I saw it occasionally lower and elsewhere on the rocky portion without fruit.

The apparently common green and white cladonias, together with yet whiter stereocaulon, grew all over the flat rocks in profusion, and the apparently common greenish rock lichen (*q.v.* in box) grew concentric-wise in large circles on the slopes of rocks also, not to mention the common small umbilicaria (*q.v.*) of one or two kinds which covered the brows and angles of the rocks.

The berries now ripe were: blueberries, bunchberries, fetid currant, red cherry, black choke-berry (some of them), mountain cranberry (red-cheeked and good cooked), red elder (quite showy), *Clintonia borealis*, raspberry (not common). And berries yet green were: *Aralia hispida* (ripe in Concord, much of it), wild holly (turning), *Viburnum nudum* (green), mountain-ash.

The birds which I noticed were: robins [**American Robin** ■ *Turdus migratorius*], chewinks [**Rufous-sided Towhee** ■ *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*], *F. hyemalis* [**Dark-eyed Junco** ■ *Junco hyemalis*], song sparrow [**Song Sparrow** ■ *Melospiza melodia*], nighthawk [**Common Nighthawk** ■ *Chordeiles minor*], swallow [**Sparrow** ■ *Fringillidae*] (a fen-, probably barn swallow, one flying over the extreme summit), crows [**Crow, American** ■ *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] (sometimes flew over, though mostly heard in the woods below), wood thrush [**Wood Thrush** ■ *Hylocichla mustelina*] (heard from woods below); and saw a warbler [**Yellow Warbler** ■ *Dendroica petechia?*] with a dark-marked breast and yellowish angle to wing and white throat, and heard a note once like a very large and powerful nuthatch [**White-breasted Nuthatch** ■ *Sitta carolinensis*]. Some small hawks ■.

The bird peculiar to the mountain was the *F. hyemalis* [**Dark-eyed Junco** ■ *Junco hyemalis*], and perhaps the most common, flitting over the rocks, unless the robin [**American Robin** ■ *Turdus migratorius*] and chewink [**Rufous-sided Towhee** ■ *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*] were as common. These, with the song sparrow [**Song Sparrow** ■ *Melospiza melodia*] and wood thrush [**Wood Thrush** ■ *Hylocichla mustelina*], were heard regularly each morning. I saw a robin's [**American Robin** ■ *Turdus migratorius*] nest in one of

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the little swamps. The wood thrush [**Wood Thrush**, ***Hylocichla mustelina***] was regularly heard late in the afternoon, its strain coming up from the woods below as the shadows were lengthening.

But, above all, this was an excellent place to observe the habits of the nighthawks [**Common Nighthawk**, ***Chordeiles minor***]. They were heard and seen regularly at sunset, –one night it was at 7.10, or exactly at sunset, – coming upward from the lower and more shaded portion of the rocky surface below our camp, with their *spark spark*, soon answered by a companion, for they seemed always to hunt in pairs, – yet both would dive and boom and, according to Wilson, only the male utters this sound. They pursued their game thus a short distance apart and some sixty or one hundred feet above the gray rocky surface, in the twilight, and the constant *spark spark* seemed to be a sort of call-note to advertise each other of their neighborhood. Suddenly one would hover and flutter more stationarily for a moment, somewhat like a kingfisher [**Kingfisher, Belted**, ***Ceryle alcyon***], and then dive almost perpendicularly downward with a rush, for fifty feet, frequently within three or four rods of us, and the loud booming sound or rip was made just at the curve, as it ceased to fall, but whether voluntarily or involuntarily I know not. They appeared to be diving for their insect prey. What eyes they must have to be able to discern it *beneath* them against the rocks in the twilight! As I was walking about the camp, one flew low, within two feet of the surface, about me, and lit on the rock within three rods of me, and uttered a harsh note like *c-o-w, c-o-w*, – hard and gritty and allied to their common notes, – which I thought expressive of anxiety, or to alarm me, or for its mate.

I suspect that their booming on a distant part of the mountain was the sound which I heard the first night which was like very distant thunder, or the fall of a pile of lumber.

They did not fly or boom when there was a cloud or fog, and ceased pretty early in the night. They came up from the same quarter –the shaded rocks below– each night, two of them, and left off booming about 8 o'clock. Whether they then ceased hunting or withdrew to another part of the mountain, I know not. Yet I heard one the first night at 11.30 P.M., but, as it had been a rainy day and did not clear up here till some time late in the night, it may have been compelled to do its hunting then. They began to boom again at 4 A.M. (other birds about 4.30) and ceased about 4.20. By their color they are related to the gray rocks over which they flit and circle.

As for quadrupeds, we saw none on the summit and only one small gray rabbit at the base of the mountain, but we saw the droppings of rabbits all over the mountain, and they must be the prevailing large animal, and we heard the motions probably of a mouse about our camp at night. We also found the skull of a rodent larger than a woodchuck or gray rabbit, and the tail-bones (maybe of the same) some half-dozen inches long, and saw a large quantity of dark-brown oval droppings (*q.v.*, preserved). I think that this was a porcupine, and I hear that they are found on the mountain. Mr. Wild saw one recently dead near the spring some sixteen years ago. I saw the ordure of some large quadruped, probably this, on the rocks in the pastures beneath the wood, composed chiefly of raspberry seeds.

As for insects: There were countless ants, large and middle-sized, which ran over our bed and inside our clothes. They swarmed all over the mountain. Had young in the dead spruce which we burned. Saw but half a dozen mosquitoes. Saw two or three common yellow butterflies and some larger red-brown ones, and moths. There were great flies, as big as horse-flies, with shining black abdomens and buff-colored bases to their wings. Disturbed a swarm of bees in a dead spruce on the ground, but they disappeared before I ascertained what kind they were. On the summit one noon, *i.e.* on the very apex, I was pestered by great swarms of small black wasps or winged ants about a quarter of an inch long, which fluttered about and settled on my head and face. Heard a *fine* (in the sod) cricket, a dog-day locust once or twice, and a *creaking* grasshopper.

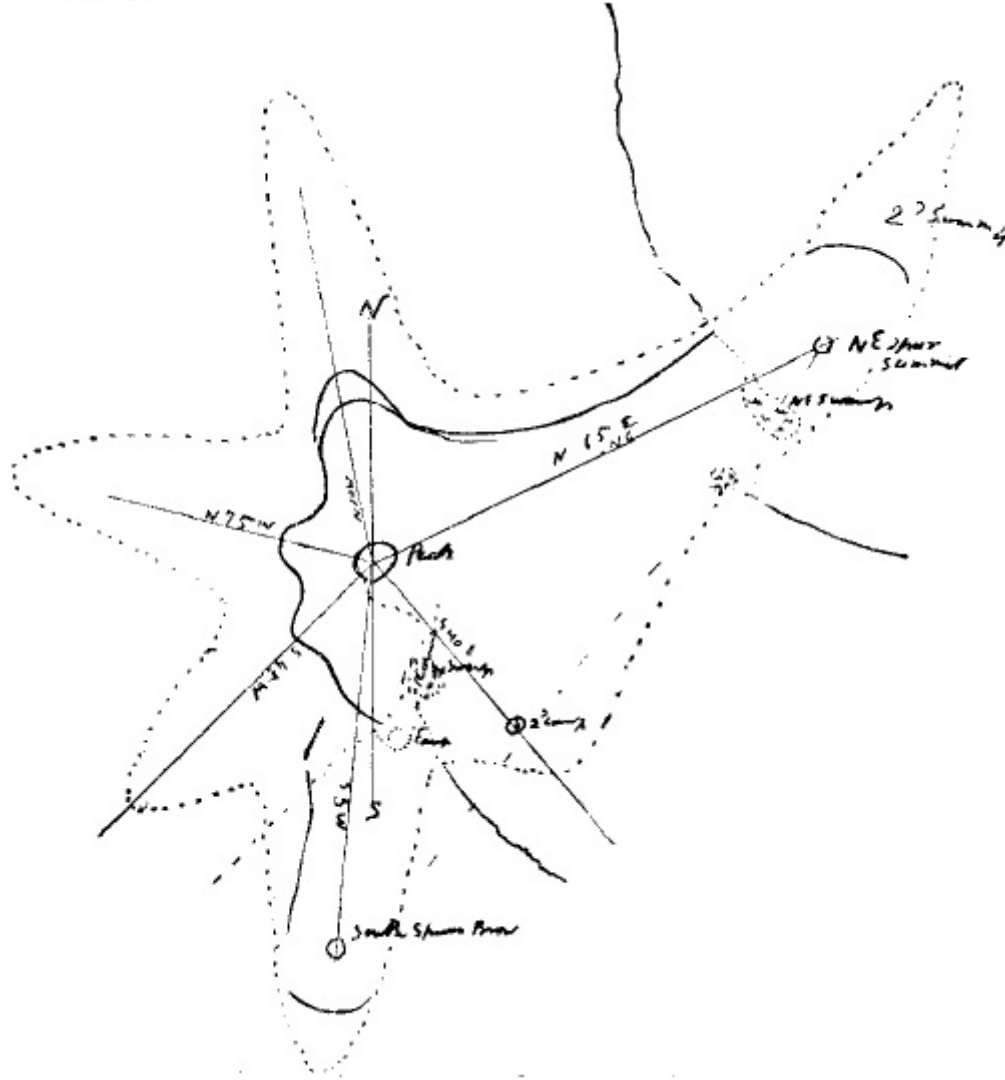
Saw two or three frogs, – one large *Rana fontinalis* in that rocky pool on the southwest side, where I saw the large spawn which I supposed to be bullfrog spawn two years ago, but now think must have been *R. fontinalis* spawn; and there was a dark pollywog one inch long. This frog had a raised line on each side of back and was as large as a common bullfrog. I also heard the note once of some familiar large frog. The one or two smaller frogs which I saw elsewhere were perhaps the same.

There were a great many visitors to the summit, both by the south and north, *i.e.* the Jaffrey and Dublin paths, but they did not turn off from the beaten track. One noon, when I was on the top, I counted forty men, women, and children around me, and more were constantly arriving while others were going. Certainly more than one hundred ascended in a day. When you got within thirty rods you saw them seated in a row along the gray parapets, like the inhabitants of a castle on a gala-day; and when you behold Monadnock's blue summit fifty miles off in the horizon, you may imagine it covered with men, women, and children in dresses of all colors, like an observatory on a muster-field. They appeared to be chiefly mechanics and farmers' boys and girls from the neighboring towns. The young men sat in rows with their legs dangling over the precipice, squinting through spy-glasses and shouting and hallooing to each new party that issued from the woods below. Some were playing

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cards; others were trying to see their house or their neighbor's. Children were running about and playing as usual. Indeed, this peak in pleasant weather is the most trivial place in New England. There are probably more arrivals daily than at any of the White Mountain houses. Several were busily engraving their names on the rocks with cold-chisels, whose incessant clink you heard, and they had but little leisure to look off. The mountain was not free of them from sunrise to sunset, though most of them left about 5 P.M. At almost any hour of the day they were seen wending their way single file in various garb up or down the shelving rocks of the peak. These figures on the summit, seen in relief against the sky (from our camp), looked taller than life. I saw some that camped there, by moonlight, one night. On Sunday, twenty or thirty, at least, in addition to the visitors to the peak, came up to pick blueberries, and we heard on all sides the rattling of dishes and their frequent calls to each other.



Scale of six rods to an inch

The rocky area – or summit of the mountain above the forest – which I am describing is of an irregular form from a mile and a half to two miles long, north and south, by three quarters to a mile wide at the widest part, in proportion as you descend lower on the rocks.

There are three main spurs, viz. the northeast, or chief, one, toward Monadnock Pond and the village of Dublin; the southerly, to Swan's [?]; and the northerly, over which the Dublin path runs. These afford the three longest walks. The first is the longest, wildest, and least-frequented, and rises to the greatest height at a distance from the central peak. The second affords the broadest and smoothest walk. The third is the highest of all at first, but falls off directly. There are also two lesser and lower spurs, on the westerly side, – one quite short, toward Troy, by which you might come up from that side, the other yet lower, but longer, from north 75° west. But above all,

for walking, there is an elevated rocky plateau, so to call it, extending to half a mile east of the summit, or about a hundred rods east of the ravine. This slopes gently toward the south and east by successive terraces of rock, and affords the most amusing walking of any part of the mountain.

The most interesting precipices are on the south side of the peak. The greatest abruptness of descent (from top to bottom) is on the west side between the two lesser ravines.

The northeast spur (of two principal summits beyond the swamp) has the most dead spruce on it.

The handsome ponds near the mountain are a long pond chiefly in Jaffrey, close under the mountain on the east, with a greatly swelling knoll extending into it on the east side; Monadnock Pond in Dublin, said to be very deep, about north-northeast (between the north-east spur and Dublin village); a large pond with a very white beach much further off in Nelson, about north (one called it Breed's?); Stone Pond, northwesterly, about as near as Monadnock Pond. Also large ponds in Jaffrey, Rindge, Troy; and many more further off.

The basis of my map was the distance from the summit to the second camp, measured very rudely by casting a stone before. Pacing the distance of an easy cast, I found it about ten rods, and thirteen such stone's throws, or one hundred and thirty rods, carried me to the camp. As I had the course, from the summit and from the camp, of the principal points, I could tell the rest nearly enough. It was about fifty rods from the summit to the ravine and eighty more to the camp.

It was undoubtedly Saddleback Mountain which I saw about S. 85° W. What was that elevated part of the Green Mountains about N. 50° W., which one called falsely Camel's Hump? – the next elevated summit north of Saddleback.

It would evidently be a noble walk from Watatic to Goffstown perchance, over the Peterboro mountains, along the very backbone of this part of New Hampshire. – the most novel and interesting walk that I can think of in these parts.

They who simply climb to the peak of Monadnock have seen but little of the mountain. I came not to look *off* from it, but to look *at* it. The view of the pinnacle itself from the plateau below surpasses any view which you get from the summit. It is indispensable to see the top itself and the *sierra* of its outline from one side. The great charm is not to look off from a height but to walk over this novel and wonderful rocky surface. Moreover, if you would enjoy the prospect, it is, methinks, most interesting when you look from the edge of the plateau immediately down into the valleys, or where the edge of the lichen-clad rocks, only two or three rods from you, is seen as the lower frame of a picture of green fields, lakes, and woods, suggesting a more stupendous precipice than exists. There are much more surprising effects of this nature along the edge of the plateau than on the summit. It is remarkable what haste the visitors make to get to the top of the mountain and then look away from it.

Northward you see Ascutney and Kearsarge Mountains, and faintly the White Mountains, and others more northeast; but above all, toward night, the Green Mountains.

But what a study for rocks does this mountain-top afford! The rocks of the pinnacle have many regular nearly right-angled slants to the southeast,



covered with the dark-brown (or olivaceous) umbilicaria. The rocks which you walk over are often not only worn smooth and slippery, but grooved out, as if with some huge rounded tool,



or they are much oftener convex:



You see huge buttresses or walls put up by Titans, with true joints, only recently loosened by an earthquake as if ready to topple down. Some of the lichen-clad rocks are of a rude brick-loaf form or small cottage form:



You see large boulders, left just on the edge of the steep descent of the plateau, commonly resting on a few small stones, as if the Titans were in the very act of transporting them when they were interrupted; some left standing on their ends, and almost the only convenient rocks in whose shade you can sit sometimes. Often you come to a long, thin rock, two or three rods long, which has the appearance of having just been split into underpinning-stone, – perfectly straight-edged and parallel pieces, and lying as it fell, ready for use, just as the mason leaves it. Post-stones, door-stones, etc. There were evidences of recent motion as well as ancient.



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I saw on the flat sloping surface of rock a fresher white space exactly the size and form of a rock which was lying by it and which had lately covered it. What had upset it? There were many of these whitish marks where the dead spruce had lain but was now decayed or gone.

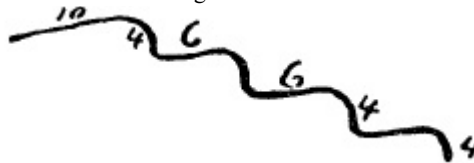
The rocks were not only coarsely grooved but finely scratched from northwest to southeast, commonly about S. 10° E. (but between 5° and 20° east, or, by the true meridian, more yet). [Hitchcock, p. 387, calls the rock of Monadnock granite, and says the scratches are north and south, nearly, and very striking. *Vide* three pages forward.] I could have steered myself in a fog by them.

Piles of stones left as they were split ready for the builder. I saw one perfect triangular hog-trough – except that it wanted one end – and which would have been quite portable and convenient in a farmer’s yard.

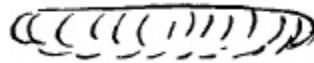


The core, four or five feet long, lay one side.

The rocks are very commonly in terraces with a smooth rounded edge to each. The most remarkable of these terraces that I noticed was between the second camp and the summit, say some forty rods from the camp. These terraces were some six rods long and six to ten feet wide, but the top slanting considerably back into the mountain, and they were about four or five feet high each.

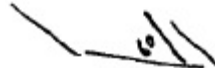


There were four such in succession here, running S. 30° E. The edges of these terraces, here and commonly, were rounded and grooved like the rocks at a waterfall, as if water and gravel had long washed over them. Some rocks were shaped like huge doughnuts:



The edges of cliffs were frequently lumpishly rounded, covered with lichens, so that you could not stand near the edge. The extreme east and northeast parts of the plateau, especially near the little meadow, are the most interesting for the forms of rocks. Sometimes you see where a huge oblong square stone has been taken out from the edge of a terrace, leaving a space which looks like a giant’s grave unoccupied.

On the west side the summit the strata ran north and south and dipped to east about 60° with the horizon. There were broad veins of white quartz (sometimes one foot wide) running directly many rods.



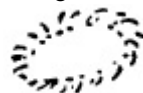
Near the camp there was a succession of great rocks, their corners rounded semi-circularly and grooved at the same time like the capital of a column reversed. The most rugged walking is on the steep westerly slope.



We had a grand view, especially after sunset, as it grew dark, of the *sierra* of the summit’s outline west of us, – the teeth of the sierra often turned back toward the summit, – when the rocks were uniformly black in the shade and seen against the twilight.

In Morse’s Gazetteer (1797) it is said, “Its base is five miles in diameter north to south, and three from east to west.... Its summit is a bald rock.” By the summit he meant the very topmost part, which, it seems, was always a “bald rock.”

There were all over the rocky summit peculiar yellowish gravelly spots which I called scars, commonly of an oval form, not in low but elevated places, and looking as if a little mound had been cut off there.



The edges of these, on the very pinnacle of the mountain, were formed of the *Juncus trifidus*, now gone to seed. If they had been in hollows, you would have said that they were the bottom of little pools, now dried up, where the gravel and stones had been washed bare. I am not certain about their origin. They suggested some force



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which had suddenly cut off and washed or blown away the surface there, like a thunder-spout [*sic*], or lightning, or a hurricane. Such spots were very numerous, and had the appearance of fresh scar.

Much, if not most, of the rock appears to be what [Hitchcock](#) describes and represents as graphic granite (*vide* his book, page 681).



[Hitchcock](#) says (page 389) that he learns from his assistant, Abraham Jenkins, Jr., that “on the sides of and around this mountain [[Monadnock](#)] diluvial grooves and scratches are common; having a direction about N. 10° W. and S. 10° E. The summit of the mountain, which rises in an insulated manner to the height of 3250 feet, is a naked rock of gneiss of several acres in extent, and this is thoroughly grooved and scored. One groove measured fourteen feet in width, and two feet deep; and others are scarcely of less size. Their direction at the summit, by a mean of nearly thirty measurements with a compass, is nearly north and south.”

According to Heywood’s *Gazetteer*, the mountain is “talc, mica, slate, distinctly stratified,” and is 3718 feet high.

Though there is little or no soil upon the rocks, owing apparently to the coolness, if not moisture, you have rather the vegetation of a swamp than that of sterile rocky ground below. For example, of the six prevailing trees and shrubs – low blueberry, black spruce, lamb-kill, black choke-berry, wild holly, and *Viburnum nudum* – all but the first are characteristic of swampy and low ground, to say nothing of the commonness of wet mosses, the two species of cotton-grass, and some other plants of the swamp and meadow. Little meadows and swamps are scattered all over the mountain upon and amid the rocks. You are continually struck with the proximity of gray and lichen-clad rock and mossy bog. You tread alternately on wet moss, into which you sink, and dry, lichen-covered rocks. You will be surprised to see the vegetation of a swamp on a little shelf only a foot or two over, – a bog a foot wide with cotton-grass waving over it in the midst of cladonia lichens so dry as to burn like tinder. The edges of the little swamps – if not their middle – are commonly white with cotton-grass. The *Arenaria Groenlandica* often belies its name here, growing in wet places as often as in dry ones, together with *erriophorum*.

One of the grandest views of the summit is from the east side of the central meadow of the plateau, which I called the Gulf, just beneath the pinnacle on the east, with the meadow in the foreground.

Water stands in shallow pools on almost every rocky shelf. The largest pool of open water which I found was on the southwest side of the summit, and was four rods long by fifteen to twenty feet in width and a foot deep. Wool- and cotton-grass grew around it, and there was a dark green moss and some mud at the bottom. There was a smoother similar pool on the next shelf above it. These were about the same size in June and in August, and apparently never dry up. There was also the one in which I bathed, near the northeast little meadow. I had a delicious bath there, though the water was warm, but there was a pleasant strong and drying wind blowing over the ridge, and when I had bathed, the rock felt like plush to my feet.

The cladonia lichens were so dry at midday, even the day after rain, that they served as tinder to kindle our fire, – indeed, we were somewhat troubled to prevent the fire from spreading amid them, – yet at night, even before sundown, and morning, when we got our supper and breakfast, they would not bum thus, having absorbed moisture. They had then a cool and slightly damp feeling.

Every evening, excepting, perhaps, the Sunday evening after the rain of the day before, we saw not long after sundown a slight scud or mist begin to strike the summit above us, though it was perfectly fair weather generally and there were no clouds over the lower country.

First, perhaps, looking up, we would see a small scud not more than a rod in diameter drifting just over the apex of the mountain. In a few minutes more a somewhat larger one would suddenly make its appearance, and perhaps strike the topmost rocks and invest them for a moment, but as rapidly drift off northeast and disappear. Looking into the southwest sky, which was clear, we would see all at once a small cloud or scud a rod in diameter beginning to form half a mile from the summit, and as it came on it rapidly grew in a mysterious manner, till it was fifty rods or more in diameter, and draped and concealed for a few moments all the summit above us, and then passed off and disappeared northeastward just as it had come on. So that it appeared as if the clouds had been attracted by the summit. They also seemed to rise a little as they approached it, and endeavor to go over without striking. I gave this account of it to myself. They were not attracted to the summit, but simply generated there and not elsewhere. There would be a warm southwest wind blowing which was full of moisture, alike over the mountain and all the rest of the country. The summit of the mountain being cool, this warm air began to feel its influence at half a mile distance, and its moisture was rapidly condensed into a small cloud, which expanded as it advanced, and evaporated again as it left the summit. This would go on, apparently, as the coolness of the mountain increased, and generally the cloud or mist reached down as low as our camp from time to time, in the night.

One evening, as I was watching these small clouds forming and dissolving about the summit of our mountain, the sun having just set, I cast my eyes toward the dim bluish outline of the Green Mountains in the clear red evening sky, and, to my delight, I detected exactly over the summit of Saddleback Mountain, some sixty miles distant, its own little cloud, shaped like a parasol and answering to that which capped our mountain, though in this case it did not rest on the mountain, but was considerably above it, and all the rest of the west horizon for



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forty miles was cloudless.



I was convinced that it was the local cloud of that mountain because it was directly over the summit, was of small size and of umbrella form answering to the summit, and there was no other cloud to be seen in that horizon. It was a beautiful and serene object, a sort of fortunate isle, – like any other cloud in the sunset sky.

That the summit of this mountain is cool appears from the fact that the days which we spent there were remarkably warm ones in the country below, and were the common subject of conversation when we came down, yet we had known nothing about it, and went warmly clad with comfort all the while, as we had not done immediately before and did not after we descended. We immediately perceived the difference as we descended. It was warm enough for us on the summit, and often, in the sheltered southeast hollows, too warm, as we happened to be clad, but on the summits and ridges it chanced that there was always wind, and in this wind it was commonly cooler than we liked. Also our water, which was evidently rain-water caught in the rocks and retained by the moss, was cool enough if it were only in a little crevice under the shelter of a rock, *i.e.* out of the sun.

Yet, though it was thus cool, and there was this scud or mist on the top more or less every night, there was, as we should say, no dew on the summit any morning. The lichens, blueberry bushes, etc., did not feel wet, nor did they wet you in the least, however early you walked in them. I rose [?] to observe the sunrise and picked blueberries every morning before sunrise, and saw no dew, only once some minute dewdrops on some low grass-tips, and that was amid the wet moss of a little bog, but the lambkill and blueberry bushes above it were not wet. Yet the Thursday when we left, we found that though there was no dew on the summit there was a very heavy dew in the pastures below, and our feet and clothes were completely wet with it, as much as if we had stood in water.

I should say that there were no true springs (?) on the summit, but simply rain-water caught in the hollows of the rocks or retained by the moss. I observed that the well which we made for washing – by digging up the moss with our hands – half dried up in the sun by day, but filled up again at night.

The principal stream on the summit, – if not the only one, – in the rocky portion described, was on the southeast side, between our two camps, though it did not distinctly show itself at present except a little below our elevation. For the most part you could only see that water had flowed there between and under the rocks.

I fancied once or twice that it was warmer at 10 P.M. than it was immediately after sunset.

The voices of those climbing the summit were heard remarkably far. We heard much of the ordinary conversation of those climbing the peak above us a hundred rods off, and we could hear those on the summit, or a hundred and thirty rods off, when they shouted. I heard a party of ladies and gentlemen laughing and talking there in the night (they were camping there), though I did not hear what they said. We heard, or imagined that we heard, from time to time, as we lay in our camp by day, an occasional chinking or clinking sound as if made by one stone on another.

In clear weather, in going from one part of the summit to another it would be most convenient to steer by distant objects, as towns or mountains or lakes, rather than by features of the summit itself, since the former are most easily recognized and almost always in sight.

I saw what I took to be a thistle-down going low over the summit, and might have caught it, though I saw no thistle on the mountain-top nor any other plant from which this could have come. (I have no doubt it was a thistle by its appearance and its season.) It had evidently come up from the country below. This shows that it may carry its seeds to higher regions than it inhabits, and it suggests how the seeds of some mountain plants, as the *Solidago thyrsoides*, may be conveyed from mountain to mountain, also other solidagos, asters, epilobiums, willows, etc.

The descent through the woods from our first camp to the site of the shanty is from a third to half a mile. You then come to the raspberry and fern scented region. There were some raspberries still left, but they were fast dropping off.

There was a good view of the mountain from just above the pond, some two miles from Troy. The varying outline of a mountain is due to the crest of different spurs, as seen from different sides. Even a small spur, if you are near, may conceal a much larger one and give its own outline to the mountain, and at the same time one which extends directly toward you is not noticed at all, however important, though, as you travel round the mountain, this may gradually come into view and finally its crest may be one half or more of the outline presented. It may partly account for the peaked or pyramidal form of mountains that one crest may be seen through the gaps of another and so fill up the line.

Think I saw leersia or cut-grass in bloom in Troy.

I carried on this excursion the following articles (beside what I wore), *viz.*: –

- One shirt.
- One pair socks.
- Two pocket-handkerchiefs.



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One thick waistcoat.  
One flannel shirt (had no occasion to use it).  
India-rubber coat.  
Three bosoms.  
Towel and soap.  
Pins, needles, thread.  
A blanket (would have been more convenient if stitched up in the form of a bag).  
Cap for the night.  
Map and compass.  
Spy-glass and microscope and tape.  
Saw and hatchet.  
Plant-book and blotting-paper.  
Paper and stamps.  
Botany.  
Insect and lichen boxes.  
Jack-knife.  
Matches.  
Waste paper and twine.  
Iron spoon and pint dipper with handle.  
    All in a knapsack.  
Umbrella.











*N.B.* – Add to the above next time a small bag, which may be stuffed with moss or the like for a pillow.

For provision for one, six days, carried: –

2 1/2 lbs. of salt beef and tongue.	Take only salt beef next time, 2 to 3 lbs.
18 hard-boiled eggs.	Omit eggs.
2 1/2 lbs. sugar and a little salt.	2 lbs. of sugar would have done.
About 1/4 lb. of tea.	2/3 as much would have done.
2 lbs. hard-bread.	The right amount of bread.
1/2 loaf home-made bread and a piece of cake.	but might have taken more home-made and more solid sweet cake.

*N. B.* – Carry salt (or some of it) in a wafer-box. Also some sugar in a small box.

*N.B.* – Observe next time: the source of the stream which crosses the path; what species of swallow flies over mountain; what the grass which gives the pastures a yellowish color seen from the summit.

The morning would probably never be ushered in there by the chipping of the chip-bird [**Chipping Sparrow**  *Spizella passerina*], but that of the *F. hyemalis* [**Dark-eyed Junco**  *Junco hyemalis*] instead, – a dry, hard occasional chirp, more in harmony with the rocks. There you do not hear the *link* of the bobolink [**Bobolink**  *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*], the chatter of red-wings [**Red-winged Blackbird**  *Agelaius phoeniceus*] and crow blackbirds [**Common Grackle**  *Quiscalus quiscula*], the wood pewee [**Eastern Wood-Pewee**  *Contopus virens*], the twitter of the kingbird [**Eastern Kingbird**  *Tyrannus tyrannus*], the half [*sic*] strains of the vireo [**Red-eyed Vireo**  *Vireo olivaceus*], the passing goldfinch [**American Goldfinch**  *Carduelis tristis*], or the occasional plaintive note of the blue-bird [**Eastern Bluebird**  *Sialia sialis*], all which are now commonly heard in the lowlands.

That area is literally a chaos, an example of what the earth was before it was finished.

Do I not hear the mole cricket at night?

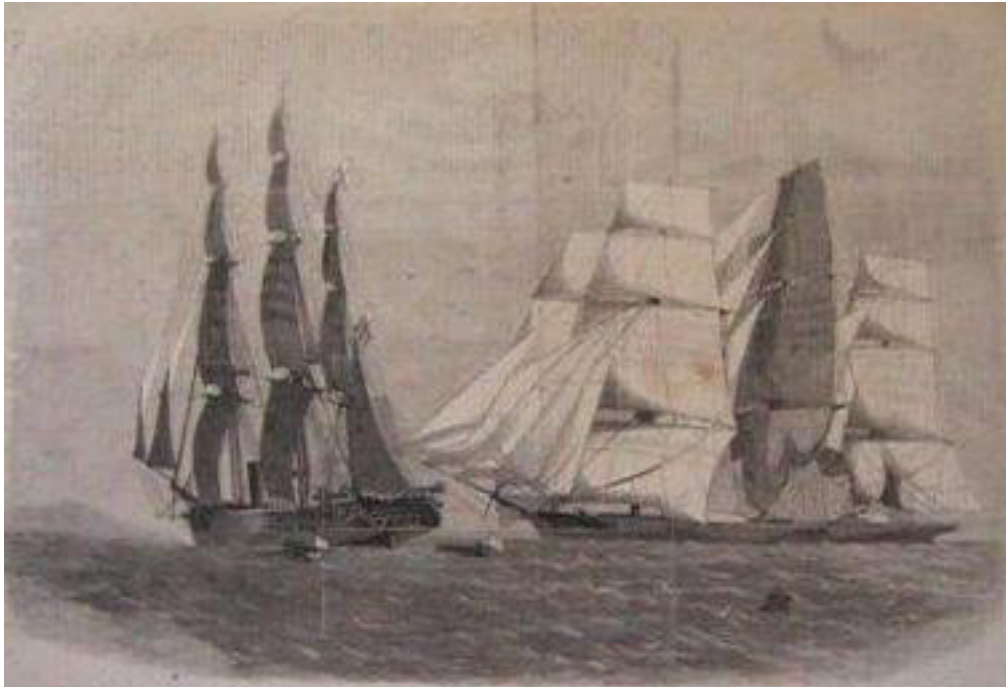


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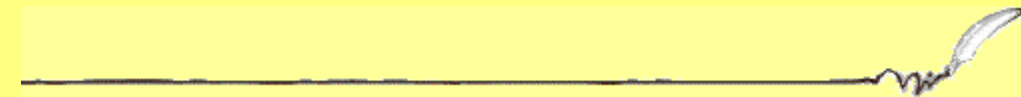
August 10, Friday: In the Mozambique Channel, the *Sunny South*, a [negrero](#) (right), was captured by the war steamer HMS *Brisk* (left). On board was discovered a cargo of 702 [enslaved](#) Africans:



INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

*Henry's thermal study took about two weeks, and then continued sporadically through August 10. He collected an excellent data set for twenty localities over that twenty-day period. A typical text entry reads disjointedly: "Try the temperature of the springs and pond. At 2.15 P.M. the atmosphere north of house is 83° above zero, and the same afternoon, the water of the Boiling Spring, 45°; our well after pumping, 49°; Brister's Spring, 49°; Walden Pond (at bottom in four feet of water), 71°; river at one rod from shore, 77°; I see that the temperature of the Boiling Spring on the 6th of March, 1846, was also 45°, and I suspect it varies very little throughout the year."*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 214



BRISTER'S SPRING

August 10. 2 P.M. — Air, 84°; Boiling Spring this afternoon., 46°; Brister's, 49°; or where there is little or no surface water the same as in spring. Walden is at surface 80° (air over it 76).

[Transcript]

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Aster dumosus and pennyroyal out; how long? Sand cherry is well ripe—some of it—and tolerable, better than the red cherry or choke-cherry. Juncus paradoxus, that large and late juncus (tailed), as in Hubbard's Close and on island above monument and in Great Meadows, say ten days.

Saw yesterday in Fitzwilliam from the railroad a pond covered with white lilies uniformly about half the size of ours!

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Saw this evening, behind a picture in R.W.E.'s dining-room, the [hoary bat](#) [*Aeorestes cinereus*]. First heard it fluttering at dusk, it having hung there all day. Its rear parts covered with a fine hoary down.



August 10, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) returned from [Mount Monadnock](#) and described his excursion over tea at the Emersons'.



C.J. Allen, editor of the [Ripon Times](#), attempted to rebut the charges being made about his town:

WHERE RESTS THE RESPONSIBILITY?— No good citizen desires to see such a state of affairs as prevailed in this city last Saturday and Sunday —a community excited, angry, turbulent— men arming themselves for defense, and organized in military bands to protect themselves and their friends. A man appears in our midst who has been convicted for an offense under the Fugitive Slave Act, and who has escaped from imprisonment. Personally he is not known to a dozen persons in community [sic]; circumstances connected with his career have not commended him to popular regard. Yet at the first intimation that he is to be again arrested, hundreds of men become excited, solemnly pledge themselves that he shall not be taken again into custody, and rally to his defense. What is the character of the men who do

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this thing? They are not the depraved, the debauched, the reckless – the supporters of the grog shop, the gaming-table, or any other of the dens of vice. They are our farmers, our mechanics, our students –men, young and old, of sobriety, integrity, and honor –men who in all the ordinary routine of life are the best neighbors and citizens. Moreover they are persons of strong moral convictions, and uncompromising in their devotion to their principles. When such men, to the extent of large numbers in a community, resolve that an enactment which is offensive to all their ideas of right shall not be enforced, is it claiming too much to maintain that those who instigate, abet, and encourage, either actively or by their indifference, such a course of proceedings as will oblige these men to either defend their principles or abandon them, are responsible for disturbing the peace of community? After the recent demonstration here it must be conceded that the Fugitive Slave Act cannot be peaceably enforced in Ripon. The public sentiment is up to that point. Let this fact be recognized and respected, and there will never occur a repetition of the scenes enacted in this city on the 4th and 5th days of August last.

Very few other press defenses of [Sherman M. Booth](#) would appear until the day of his recapture by the federal authorities.



Participants such as Professor Daniels, Fredericks, William Starr, and A.E. Bovay who had been involved in the liberation of Booth or in the confrontation in Ripon, would offer only token resistance and would quietly accepted arrest by the marshals. O.H. LaGrange would eventually comment on this:

I would not if I could undo anything than I then did. But I suffered more than I would own, in being thought a fanatic or a bravo by such men as the Taggarts and Skeels and Eggleston and Runals and Bailey, who deprecated strife, which they thought aimless, and likely to involve citizens who had taken no part in its inception.

 August 11, Saturday: [Ellen Emerson](#) wrote to her brother [Edward Waldo Emerson](#) about the events of the previous day:

Here at home the greatest event of the week was Mr. Thoreau's arrival last night for he was extremely interesting on the subject of Monadnoc so that we all wanted to set off directly and go there, taking him for guide. All tea-time [a light supper] Mr. Thoreau told most wonderful stories of the rocks etc. that were to be seen there, and of the profusion of berries. Then after tea I went out to see about the milk, and coming back, found Father and Milcah [the cat] in full pursuit of something, nobody knew what, which seemed to rustle inside the chimney, or behind the closet door, but couldn't be found to the surprise of everybody and the extreme excitement of Milcah. Presently it

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began again louder than ever, just as I came to the mantle-piece and I was sure it was behind the "School of Philosophers," which I lifted and there was a bat. Mr. Thoreau was immediately anxious to see it, and everybody came round but Bat began to fly round in circles and all watched him. At last, Mr. T. caught him and he began to grin and chatter and gnash his teeth with rage, and Mother said, "There, Batty, you shall have something to bite if it will make you feel better, I'm sure," and presented her little finger which didn't seem to satisfy him particularly, but at last he did bite it and hurt a little. He was then confined under a glass dish and Mr. Thoreau got the Report on such creatures and identified him as a "hoary bat," and he was afterwards liberated. The Family went into the parlour and Mr. Thoreau proceeded to tell us more about the Mountain, till we were all on fire to go. We should certainly set off on Wed. next, if we could only afford it - which we can't.

This 1860 daguerreotype of Miss [Ellen](#) is from JOURNALS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON (Cambridge MA: Riverside Press, 1909-14):



**Daughter Ellen Tucker Emerson in 1860**



August 11. *Panicum capillare*; how long? *Cyperus strigosus*; how long?

[Transcript]

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August 12, Sunday: British and French troops defeated [Chinese](#) north of Tangku behind the town.

While on his way from Paris to Baden-Baden, [Richard Wagner](#) crossed into Germany for the 1st time in 11 years.



August 12. The river-bank is past height. The button-bush is not common now, though the clethra is





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in prime. The black willow hardly ceases to shed its down when it looks yellowish. *Setaria glauca*, some days. *Elymus Virginicus*, some days. *Andropogon furcatus* (in meadow); how long? Probably before *scoparius*. *Zizania* several days.

[Transcript]

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River at 5 P.M. three and three quarters inches below summer level. *Panicum glabrum* (not *sanguinale*? – our common); how long? The upper glume equals the flower, yet it has many spikes.



August 13, Monday: Danilo II Petrovic Njegos, Prince of Montenegro, was murdered. He was succeeded by his nephew Nicholas I Petrovic Njegos.

José Ignacio Pavón replaced Félix María Zuloaga Trillo as acting President of [Mexico](#).

[Phoebe Ann Mosey](#) was born in a log cabin near Woodland (now Willowdell), Ohio in a [Quaker](#) family from England. As an adult she would be known as Miss Annie Oakley, Mrs. Annie Oakley, “Little Sure Shot,” “Little Miss Sure Shot,” “Watanya Cicilla,” and “Phoebe Anne Oakley.” In 1926 the death certificate would record the name as Annie Oakley Butler.

I would like to see every woman know how to handle guns as naturally as they know how to handle babies.



August 13. P.M.– To Great Meadows and Gowing’s Swamp.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Purple grass (*Eragrostis pectinacea*), two or three days. *E. capillaris*, say as much. *Andropogon scoparius*, a day or two. *Calamagrostis coarctata*, not quite. *Glyceria obtusa*, well out; say several days. Some of the little cranberries at Gowing’s Swamp appear to have been frost-bitten. Also the blue-eyed grass, which is now black-topped. Hear the steady shrill of the alder locust. Rain this forenoon; windy in afternoon.



August 14, Tuesday: British and French forces took the town of Tangku, near the mouth of the Peh-Ho River of [China](#).

[Louis Pasteur](#) and Emile Duclaux performed an experiment which disproved the theory of spontaneous generation.

A description of white people going buffalo hunting on the Great Plains, per pages 2 and 4 of [The Nor’-Wester](#) magazine:

#### The Summer Hunt

[I]n another part of to-day’s paper will be found a well-written article, the first of two communications to the columns of *The Nor’-Wester*, on the subject of the buffalo-hunt. The party to which our contributor was attached was what is known as the

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"main-river band," and was made up almost exclusively of hunters and their families residing on the Red River between Fort Garry and Pembina. Another expedition—the 'White Horse Plain Hunters'—taking its name from the district in which its ranks are for the most part filled, but including also many others living on the Assiniboine from its mouth to Portage la Prairie, its most remote settlement—went out about the same time; with what success we have not yet heard. It should be remarked that there are two seasons for hunting the buffalo—summer and autumn. Of the beef killed in the summer, a small quantity is dried in thin strips, and the remainder chopped up very small and made into pemican—a highly concentrated and healthy food, much used by travellers and by the laboring part of the Red River population: whilst the cattle killed in the autumn are preserved fresh, by the action of frost, throughout the winter. Hence, the former is called the "dried meat hunt," and the latter the "green-meat hunt." The flesh of the beast derived from the summer chase is turned to the most profitable account; on the other hand, the skin is more valuable in autumn, the animal at that time putting on his warm, thick coat to protect himself from the rigors of winter. The quantity of buffalo-meat annually slaughtered and cured throughout the country for pemican is something surprising. The Indians draw from the chase their sole supplies. The Hudson's Bay Company's servants on the Saskatchewan have little else to depend upon, and when, as last year, this source fails them, are reduced to short rations of horse-steaks and boiled dog. And, as we have already remarked, the strong, brawny arms and stout, muscular frames of our own people draw their chief support and nourishment from the same staff of life. To provide for all these demands requires great exertion; and thus it is that hundreds, we might safely say thousands in our midst make hunting the buffalo the great concern of their lives. The muster-roll of the main-river party alone swells to the dimensions of an army. Here it is—not simply derived from mere approximation, but correctly ascertained by a close and careful count:—500 men, 600 women, 680 children; 730 horses, 300 oxen, and 950 carts. As may be supposed, such a formidable host, with appetites sharpened by the pure, invigorating breezes of the plains and the life-giving exercise of the chase, was capable of doing a vast amount of execution to the provisions; and one scarcely wonders on being told that two or three thousand fat carcasses [sic] would barely serve them in food until they got home. The buffalo first appeared in sight in the neighbourhood of Bad Hill, about sixty miles from the boundary line, and in a run in which 220 hunters were engaged, 1,300 buffalo were shot. The camp then moved southwards by the Sand Hills, until they came within five miles of the Little Souris River, and at this place they killed over 1,000. Here they stayed awhile to fry their meat and manufacture pemican, and whilst thus occupied a herd of about 250 came by at a trot, running their last race; they were all brought down and converted into pemican. After that, and up to the latest time intelligence came from the camp, three small herds—one of 80, another of 30, and a third of 15—were destroyed and consumed on the plains. Buffalo growing scarce, the expedition moved back to Devil's Lake, where the more serious business of buffalo shooting was relieved by bear,



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beaver, and deer hunt. This sport over—and good sport it was, several grizzly bears and a variety of lesser animals being made to bite the dust—a council was held and a resolution passed to go to the Couteau de la Prairie to hunt the buffalo which were still wanting to fill the carts. Mr. Chapin, a gentleman from Philadelphia, and Lieut. Whure, R.C.R., accompanied the party, and, for young hunters, were unusually successful. Mr. Chapin killed ten buffalo, and Lieut. Whyte seven or eight.

### **Off to the Buffalo Hunt. Interview with the Hunters and Sioux**

The stirring accounts which I had heard of the exciting sport of buffalo running—running inspired me with a desire to employ a few weeks' leave at my disposal in a visit to the Plains to take part in the first of the semi-annual hunts. The Brigade which I accompanied consisted of hunters from Pembina, St. Joseph, and a few from the Settlement. At a later period we were joined by the main body of the Red River party, and as both brigades thought numbers of importance in case of any hostile meeting with the Sioux, we remained together. On the morning of the 11th June, we crossed the pretty river of Pembina, at the point where it flows past St. Joseph, at the foot of the Mountain. Ascending this mountain in advance of the brigade, and looking down on the valley below, the scene that lay before me was picturesque in the extreme. The long line of cats, with their white coverings, slowly winding their way upward—the riders in advance, whose firm seats and easy bearing bespoke them the free children of the west—hunters that knew no fear—combined to form a tout ensemble well worthy of the painter's brush. Arrived at the summit of the mountain, the party halted for dinner, and this our first repast was well watered by the rains of heaven. We procured a supply of wood here, sufficient to last us two or three weeks, as it was not probable we should be able to obtain any more before the expiration of that period, and then resumed our journey, halting an hour before sunset. At night, our camp was pitched in a circle—the carts being formed into a ring, in rear of which the tents were placed, each tent behind its own carts. Inside this ring the horses and cattle are placed from sunset to sunrise, to prevent them being stolen by the Sioux, who have the reputation—a well-earned one, indeed—of being clever horse-stealers. The neighing of horses and the bellowing of cattle close to my tent at first rather disturbed my slumbers. One soon gets accustomed to that kind of noise, but to another, never. I refer to the howling and barking of a few thousand dogs which accompanied the brigade for the purpose of being fattened for the winter. These brutes seemed to delight in noise, and the bark of one was quite sufficient to get the entire canine population of the camp yelping in full chorus. Their howling was really diabolical—surpassing, in my opinion, the performance of the curs of far-famed Constantinople, that city par malheur of dogs.

In the night time the camp is guarded by soldiers, usually chosen from among the young hunters of the expedition. These are placed under the orders of the captain of the day, and their duties are to see that the circle is properly formed, without any opening remaining through which horses or cattle might escape, and also to alarm the camp in case of anyone approaching. This duty is

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taken in turn by the soldiers, according to a written list. Each one is obliged to serve—none are excepted. The captains are chosen by lot, with a due regard to age and ability, whilst the whole are under a chief to whom all cases of disputes are referred, and whose decision none may question. At the meetings of the hunters which are occasionally held, the chief and captain [sic: captains] alone speak; the rest obey. Amongst so many followers of the chase, there may, however, be seen some aged men whose looks both time and sorrow have silvered, and to their opinions the chief and captain give a willing and respectful deference. To enforce the laws of the camp, which are numerous and necessary, fines are imposed on those who violate them. These fines vary in magnitude according to the enormity of the offense, and have been found very effectual in preserving order. In the brigade there are twelve guides—hunters of experience, who had travelled the prairie from boyhood, and to these, who take duty in turn, the safe conduct of the party is entrusted. Their office is not by any means a sinecure. To avoid marshes, go round lakes, and find a path between precipitous hills, requires a very correct knowledge of the country, and is certainly a very difficult and responsible duty.

We travelled over a rolling prairie, interspersed abundantly with small lakes and marshes, where winged game of all kinds were to be found. Every one on horseback is obliged to carry his gun, in case of any sudden attack by the Sioux, but firing when near buffalo, or supposed to be so, is strictly prohibited, as the noise made might alarm the animals and delay the chase several days.

At the end of a week during which nothing of importance had occurred, except the daily events of [illegible: rains?] and terrific thunder-storms, we determined to visit the Sioux camp, about three days' journey, and containing 350 lodges and 1,500 braves. On our way thither we were met by a party of thirty Sioux, who remained with us until within half a day's march of their encampment, when accompanied by a few of the hunters, they pushed on ahead. Of this small party, I made myself one, being anxious to see the Sioux camp. A long and somewhat tedious ride brought us within sight of it, but we were yet fully three miles distant when we were met by the entire mounted population, who escorted us to their dwellings. Some of their horses were very fine animals of American descent, but they were generally small and tough, showing unmistakable signs of Indian blood. The Sioux themselves, painted and feathered as Indians delight to adorn their persons, were really fine-looking men, above the middle height, and made in proportion. Judging by their exclamations, they were well pleased to see us, and in their own primitive fashion they accorded us a friendly welcome. We found the camp pitched on a hill, beneath which lay a pretty lake, whose calm waters reflected back the busy scenes around. The lodges were arranged in a kind of square, with openings between each, and presented an appearance of cleanliness one had expected to see in an Indian settlement of tents. Arrived in the camp, we were obliged to make the circuit of the lodges to satisfy the curiosity of the feminine part of the community, who, by the bye, are much better looking than the sisterhood of the Cree or Saulteaux [illegible: women?]. Having retired from the presence

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of the ladies, we were invited into a chief's tent to eat pemican and smoke the Pipe of Peace. We smoked little and ate less and were [illegible: passed?] from one lodge to another, in each of which the same scene was enacted. At last, having in this manner made the round of some thirty lodges, we were summoned to take part in the crowning ceremony—a dog-feast, in the soldiers' lodge.

This lodge was the largest and finest I had yet seen, and the ground was plentifully strewn with handsome furs. When we entered the chief and his warriors were already seated, and they motioned us to take our places on the chief's right hand.



August 14. Heavy rain.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



August 15, Wednesday: William Leonard Hunt, AKA Signor Guillermo Antonio Farini "The Great Farini," made his debut performance at the [Niagara Falls](#) carrying a coil of rope. He positioned himself above the *Maid of the Mist* on the river 200 feet below and, tying his balancing pole to the tightrope, lowered himself to enjoy a glass of wine. Then, with apparent difficulty, he shinnied back up the rope to complete his journey. After resting at the edge, he made a return crossing blindfolded with baskets on his feet. (In the weeks to follow, "The Great Farini" would be performing twice a week, duplicating or exaggerating each of the stunts of Jean-François Gravelot, "The Great Blondin." He balanced himself on his head, hung by his toes, and carried a person on his back, and when M. Gravelot set up a stove on the tightrope, cooking himself an omelette, he set up a washtub, collected a bucket of water from the river below, and washed his handkerchiefs. In 1862 he would walk a tightrope above a bull ring in [Havana](#) carrying a woman on his back and she would fall, sustaining injuries that would cause her death.)

Miguel Gregorio de la Luz Atenógenes Miramón y Tarelo replaced José Ignacio Pavón as President of [Mexico](#).



August 15. Fair weather. See a blue heron.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



August 16, Thursday: France occupied Lebanon.

In Melbourne, Australia, [The Argus](#) reported that:

The relations between the seducer and his victim, as understood in our modern social code, were never perhaps placed in a stronger light than in the affiliation case which we reported yesterday. It is not easy, indeed, to draw from the result of

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this case which is the criminal -in the eyes of society -the man BRITTER, who tells his mistress to "get rid of her child," through the professional agency of DR. L.L. SMITH, or the poor wretched girl, who loses her means of livelihood because of her wrong. And whom shall we admire the more - the magistrates who awards ten shillings a week to JESSIE GALLIE, or the virtuous Government romeo, which cannot have a girl to sew books because she had been made a mother in the illegitimate way?

Mr. BRITTER, it seems, is in the service of the Government at a salary of £250 a year, and owns some private property which adds another £70 or £80 to his income. Having succeeded in obtaining the affections of the complainant in this case, having given her to understand that he would marry her, he takes a base advantage of the confidence he has inspired, and when the poor girl, terrified at the consequences of her own dishonour, implores him to redeem his promise, she is coolly told to "get rid of her child," or its father will do nothing for her. DR. L.L. SMITH is described as the practitioner, who, for the small consideration of £1, will relieve the unfortunate woman of her burden and her shame. No doubt the womanly instincts of JESSIE GALLIE revolted against the proposition, and she shrank from presenting herself to the Legislative apothecary on such an errand - so she asked Mr. BRITTER to accompany her thither. "Do you think," replied the cautious clerk of the Parliamentary Library, "I am fool enough to go to a man with whom I am brought in daily contact?" - and JESSIE GALLIE, more humane and more strongly impressed with the sacredness of human life, and the infamy of the crime she was instigated to commit, than her seducer, does not appear to have invited DR. L.L. SMITH to exercise his professional skill for the purpose indicated.

In a letter, whose natural pathos pleads strongly in favour of the poor girl's conduct, she reminds the father of her child of all she has sacrificed for his sake, "friends, house, and work;" and entreats him to fulfil his promise to her. In reply, Mr. BRITTER generously and magnanimously sends her - the name of his solicitor! Meanwhile his victim is penniless. Her secret has come to the knowledge of her employers, and it is her misfortune that her employers are virtuous. The Government Printing-office, let it be known, is an institution where morality is avenged by the punishment of the victims of vice. JESSIE GALLIE has been deceived - therefore JESSIE GALLIE is unfit to earn her own bread. JESSIE GALLIE is wronged; therefore she can not be allowed to sew books for our Parliament. Who shall say there is no virtue extant?

Society, represented in this instance by Mr. FERRES, not only decrees that the victim of a prosperous seducer shall be placed under a moral ban, but that she shall be precluded from earning an honest livelihood. She, having swerved from the paths of virtue, is not to be reclaimed, but is thrust forth to encounter worse temptations, and to take counsel of her own despair. But society, as represented also by the Parliamentary Librarian, omits to visit the seducer with so much as an admonition. We do not hear that Mr. BRITTER is in any danger of losing his situation. His is the offence, but it is she bears the penalty. "When he has favoured her with the name of his solicitor, he concludes that all claims upon his generosity, his compassion,



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his manly feeling, his honour, his affection, and his justice, are satisfied. He has done all that society requires; and for her – what is her fate to society and the Government Printing-office? Yet she has not committed infanticide, as she ought to have done she has not been so confidential communicative to DR. L.L. SMITH M.L.A., as she might have been. She has been turned out of employment at the Government Printing-office, and has not a farthing in the world; and being thus poverty-stricken, desolate, and degraded, cast off by society, and reproached by her sister, she is, of course, deserted by the author of her ruin and the occasion of all the calamities which have befallen her. She brings him into a court of justice, in order to compel by law what she cannot wring from him by entreaty, and he turns round upon the woman he promised to marry, and endeavours to blacken her character, and to throw upon her the odium of the offence she had imputed to him. She has been the tempter, and he – amiable and fallible innocent! – has fallen a victim to her seductive arts.

A more discreditable case of the kind has seldom been brought before a colonial bench of magistrates. Nor is it easy to say upon whom rests the crown of iniquity – upon the false, cold-hearted, and dastardly seducer, or upon the wise justices who have decreed ten shillings a week to his wretched victim. Even society must be outraged by an award such as this – an award which admits the guilt of the man, and yet allows this paltry compensation to the woman. Either this clerk of the Parliament is guilty or not, of the seduction. If guilty, he should have received a far heavier penalty; if innocent, he has received too much. And, in any case, how monstrously cruel is the treatment which the girl has received from the Government Printing-office! Why should JESSIE GALLIE have been dismissed from her work as a sewer of books because of her misfortune? Is she any the worse work-woman because she has yielded to her sex's temptation? Who made the Government Printing office a tribunal of the pure moralities, and Mr. FERRES a judge of virtue in the first instance? Let us trust that his superiors will see fit to reverse his sentence upon the girl JESSIE GALLIE, and thus save her from her otherwise inevitable lot of eternal disgrace and ruin.



August 16. 2 P.M.– River about ten and a half inches above summer level. Apparently the Canada plum began to be ripe about the 10th.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



August 17, Friday: The Ripon, Wisconsin Times published the resolutions that had been adopted by the supporters of [Sherman M. Booth](#) during their Sunday afternoon gathering in a grove a couple of weeks before:

### Resolutions

The following are the resolutions adopted at the meeting of Sunday afternoon: Whereas a breach of the peace was committed in Ripon last evening, and a peaceable meeting interrupted, by

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an attempt made by one F.D. McCarty, -said to be a U.S. Deputy Marshal,- to kidnap Sherman M. Booth while he was addressing said meeting; and Whereas the alleged ground on which this attempt was made is that the said Sherman M. Booth has violated the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, by aiding an alleged slave to escape from his kidnappers and regain his liberty, and Whereas the Supreme Court of this State has decided this Fugitive Act, under which the said Sherman M. Booth was convicted sentenced and imprisoned, to be unconstitutional and void, because it denies the right to trial by jury, annuls the writ of Habeas Corpus, and confers judicial powers upon Court Commissioners, - a class of officers unknown to the Constitution, and on this decision discharged the said Booth from the judgment of the U.S. District Court, and from the fine and imprisonment involved in such judgment, and declared him a free man guilty of no wrong, and entitled to all the rights and privileges of a free citizen, and Whereas four or five U.S. Deputy Marshals aided, encouraged and abetted, by a few of the baser sort of our own citizens, have been, and still are, prowling about this neighborhood and vicinity, with the avowed purpose of re-kidnapping Mr. Booth and returning him to the imprisonment from which he has just been released and Whereas these Deputy Marshals, acting as bloodhounds for the slave catchers, have taken an oath to recapture Sherman M. Booth, dead or alive, and to shoot him if he offers the least resistance to being kidnapped; therefore Resolved That we will maintain the doctrine of our Supreme Court and uphold the sovereignty and laws of the State, by enforcing the judgment of that Court and executing the writ of Habeas Corpus in protecting the liberty of Sherman M. Booth. Resolved, That we hold the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 to be not only a flagrant violation of the Constitution of the United States and of this State, but a direct assault upon the liberties of the people, the rights of humanity, and the law of God. Resolved, That a people who will submit to such an invasion of their Constitutional liberties and of State Rights, as is involved in the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act in Wisconsin, are unworthy of freedom; and that imitating the example of our Fathers who fought for the establishment of liberty in this country, we pledge ourselves to each other to resist the enforcement of this unconstitutional and despotic enactment, and to maintain the doctrine of our Revolutionary sires, that Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. Resolved, That those who executed the write of Habeas Corpus and vindicated the sovereignty and laws of the State on the first day of August, 1860, at mid-day, in Milwaukee, by liberating Sherman M. Booth from illegal imprisonment, did a noble deed; that we will stand by them and defend them from the assaults of the hounds who are dogging their tracks, and will make common cause with them against the threatened arrests and prosecutions of the minions of slavery. Resolved, That the people of this State are now called upon to redeem the pledges they made in former years to vindicate the doctrines of our Supreme Court in behalf of Liberty, and save our fellow citizens harmless from the pains and penalties of the infamous Fugitive Slave Act. Resolved, That the Federal kidnappers in our midst, and those who volunteer to aid them in executing the mandates of the slave catchers, are



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the shameless enemies of the people's liberties, deserve the scorn and contempt of all good citizens and ought to be treated as were the tories and cow-boys of the Revolution; and that we warn all those who have come here to make arrests under the Fugitive Act, that their speedy departure from this region will be an eminently prudent proceeding. Resolved, That we will not submit to have our peaceable meetings interrupted, the freedom of speech assailed, and personal liberty invaded by these kidnappers, and if this outrage is again attempted we will repel force by force, and treat the invaders of our rights as pirates and assassins of Liberty. Resolved, That as by the laws of Wisconsin all who arrest and re imprison a citizen for the same offences from which he has once been discharged on a writ of Habeas Corpus, have rendered themselves liable to a fine of twelve hundred dollars and imprisonment for one year in the State Prison or six months in the county jail, those who are endeavoring to arrest and reimprison S.M. Booth are open and shameless violators of the laws of this State, and should be regarded as lawless invaders of our rights and liberties.



August 17. We have cooler nights of late.

[Transcript]

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See at Pout's Nest two solitary tattlers, as I have seen them about the muddy shore of Gourgas Pond-hole and in the Great Meadow pools. They seem to like a muddier shore than the peetweet. Hear a whip-poor-will sing to-night.



August 18, Saturday: During this night, Giuseppe Garibaldi and 3,400 of his troops would make a crossing from Giardini in Sicily to Melito on the Italian mainland.

The Chinese Christian Army besieged Songjiang. Despite the fact that the area outside the city's walls comprised the bulk of the Chinese city, to frustrate the invading Christians the foreign devils in charge of the defense put everything outside those walls to the torch. (The defense of what remained of this city would persist for some time, and then the Christians would desist and march upon Hangchow.)



August 18. The note of the wood pewee sounds prominent of late.

[Transcript]

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August 19, Sunday: Willoughby Boatwright, age 45, and Richard Boatwright, age 53, cousins and local residents, were [lynched](#) by a vigilante committee in Texas on this day by [hanging](#), in Robertson County, upon being reportedly accused of “tampering with slaves.”



Also during this week, in Tarrant County in Texas, 2 unidentified white men were also [lynched](#) by [hanging](#), and were reported in the newspapers to have been abolitionists.

**ABOLITIONISM**



**MINOT PRATT**


August 19. Examine now more at length that smooth, turnip-scented brassica which is a pest in some grain-fields. Formerly in Stow's land; this year in Warren's, on the Walden road. To-day I see it in Minot Pratt's, with the wild radish, which is a paler yellow and a rougher plant. I thought it before the *B. campestris*, but Persoon puts that under brassicas with *siliquis tetraedris*, which this is not, but, for aught that appears, it agrees with his *B. Napus*, closely allied, *i.e.* wild rape. Elliot speaks of this as introduced here. *Vide* Patent Office Report for 1853 and “Vegetable Kingdom,” page 179. The *B. campestris* also is called rape. [*Vide* Sept. 8.] *Leersia* (cut-grass) abundantly out, apparently several days.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

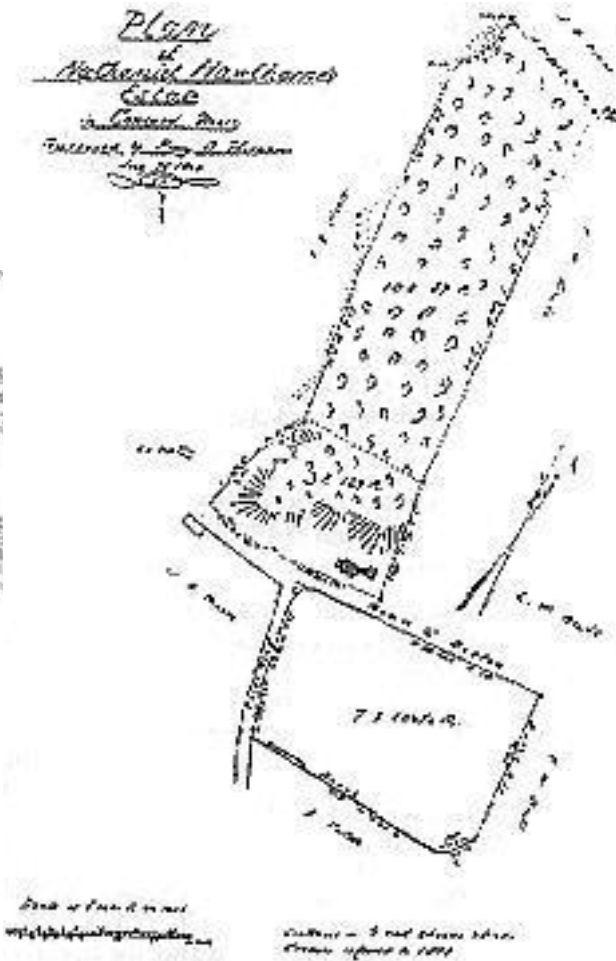
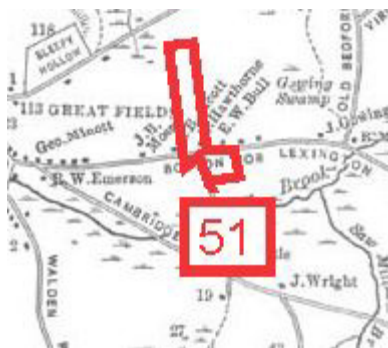
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 August 20, Monday: British and French land and naval forces pushed back the Taiping [Chinese Christian Army](#) at [Shanghai](#).

During this night, 1,500 of [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s men crossed in rowboats from Faro in Sicily to Favazzina on the Italian mainland.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), his estate on Lexington Road known as "[The Wayside](#)." [Julian Hawthorne](#), then 14 years of age, watched him, and on three occasions in his later life he would write about his having watched Thoreau during this survey. This survey shows two pieces of land and measures about 20 acres in all. Thoreau made a note that there was a hedge of osage orange.





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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](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/51a.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/51a.htm)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 20th]

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

On 3 successive confabulations in later life, [Julian Hawthorne](#) would report about his having watched Thoreau survey on this day. We can see how utterly fabulistic these [progressive confabulations](#) were, by noticing that Julian backdates a survey made on August 20th, 1860, after his return to Concord from Liverpool when he was at the age of 14 and about to enter Harvard College as a student of civil engineering, to the year 1852, while he was at the tender age of 8, prior to his sailing for Liverpool:

Pasadena Star-News, December 12, 1923: "My first distinct recollection of him was when he surveyed our little estate at Concord, some twenty acres of hill, meadow and woodland. I saw the rather undersized, queer man coming along the road with his long steps carrying on his shoulder a queer instrument and looking very serious. I got down from the mulberry tree in which I was perched and watched his doing in silent absorption. Wherever he went I followed; neither of us spoke a word from first to last. Up the terraces with their apple trees, over the brow of the hill, into the wood and out again, down into the meadow to the brook, and so back to the house again. Finally my father came out and they talked a little, and my father paid him ten dollars, and Thoreau strode away, after remarking, with a glance at me, 'That boy has more eyes than tongue.'"<sup>5</sup>

Dearborn Independent, August 20, 1927: "'Good boy! sharp eyes, and no tongue!' On that basis I was admitted to his friendship."

THE MEMOIRS OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE (as reprocessed by his widow Edith Garrigues Hawthorne for Macmillan in 1938): "Once, when I was nearly seven years old, Thoreau came to the Wayside to make a survey of our land, bringing his surveying apparatus on his shoulder. I watched the short, dark, unbeautiful man with interest and followed him about, all over the place, never losing sight of a movement and never asking a question or

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5. It is extremely unlikely that Thoreau actually said anything at all like "That boy has more eyes than tongue," because although one might imagine such a comment being made about one or another tongue-tied 8-year-old, this is not the sort of remark that anyone would ever make about any teenager — no matter how sullen and comatose.



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uttering a word. The thing must have lasted a couple of hours; when we got back, Thoreau remarked to my father: 'Good boy! Sharp eyes, and no tongue!' On that basis I was admitted to his friendship; a friendship or comradeship which began in 1852 and was to last until his death in 1862.<sup>6</sup>

In our walks about the country, Thoreau saw everything, and would indicate the invisible to me with a silent nod of the head. The brook that skirted the foot of our meadow was another treasure-house which he discovered to me, though he was too shy to companion me there; when he had given me a glimpse of Nature in her privacy, he left me alone with her ... on a hot August day, I would often sit, hidden from the world, thinking boy thoughts.

I learned how to snare chub, and even pickerel, with a loop made of a long-stemmed grass; dragon-flies poised like humming-birds, and insects skated zigzag on the surface, casting odd shadows on the bottom.... Yes, Thoreau showed me things, and though it didn't aid me in the Harvard curriculum,<sup>7</sup> it helped me through life.

Truly, Nature absorbed his attention, but I don't think he cared much for what is called the beauties of nature; it was her way of working, her mystery, her economy in extravagance; he delighted to trace her footsteps toward their source.... He liked to feel that the pursuit was endless, with mystery at both ends of it....

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND  
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**


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6. Actually we do not know of a single other occasion on which Julian came within eyesight of Thoreau. His stuff is just [Fake News](#), pure and simple.

7. Julian became a student of civil engineering, but the college asked him to leave and there would be no diploma.


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 August 21, Tuesday: British and French forces captured the Taku forts at the mouth of the Pei ho River of China.

During the groundwater investigation, [Thoreau](#) simultaneously monitored the air temperature at corresponding field localities. His thermal datum was the shady side of his Main Street house. From this he learned that rivers were coldest where they were most isolated from the surface air and radiation, which is where they were deepest. He proved this with measurements of the deep bedrock pool at Bittern Cliff on August 21. Brooks have different sources of water, carrying snowmelt in the spring and aquifer drainage in the summer. Starting as cold springs with temperatures in the high 40s and low 50s Fahrenheit, Thoreau showed that they warmed as they enlarged, exchanging progressively more heat with the atmosphere on the way to joining the river. Because the river was merely the sum of large brooks, it was warmer still, and warmest where it was most sluggish. This gave it a chance to maximize solar absorption. Finally, the edges and top of the summer river were warmer than at depth, where continuous seepage from deep and shallow aquifers occurred.


— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 216




August 21. Soaking rains, and in the night. A few fireflies still at night.

[Transcript]

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 August 22, Wednesday: Some newspapers on the East Coast were reporting that, in Ellis County, Texas, where numerous reports of poisoning by strychnine were being circulated, something like 22 to 25 black men were under arrest, suspected of having attempted to set several dozen structure fires, and were scheduled to be lynched at Waxahachie on that Saturday, July 28th. According to this report the only thing that had intercepted this act of race-based destructiveness was that a woman who was sitting up with a sick friend had witnessed the starting of these blazes.



August 22. P.M. — Row to Bittern Cliff.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

Now, when the mikania is conspicuous, the bank is past prime, [Vide Sept. 5.] for lilies are far gone, the pontederia is past prime, willows and button-bushes begin to look the worse for the wear thus early,—the lower or older leaves of the willows are turned yellow and decaying, — and many of the meadows are shorn. Yet now is the time for the cardinal-flower. The already, *methinks*, yellowing willows and button-bushes, the half-shorn meadows, the higher water on their edges, with wool-grass standing over it, with the notes of flitting bobolinks and red-wings of *this year*, in rustling flocks, all tell of the fall. I hear two or three times behind me the loud *creaking* note of a wood duck which I have scared up, which goes



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to settle in a new place.

Some deciduous trees are now at least as dark as evergreens, the alders are darker than white pines, and as dark as pitch, as I now see them.

I try the temperature of the river at Bittern Cliff, the deep place. The air over river at 4.30 is 81°; the water at the top, 78°; poured from a bottle (into a dipper) which I let lie on the bottom half an hour, 73°, – or 5° difference. When I merely sunk the thermometer and pulled it up rapidly it stood 73°, though not in exactly the same place, – say two rods off.

When I used to pick the berries for dinner on the East Quarter hills I did not eat one till I had done, for going a-berrying implies more things than eating the berries. They at home got only the pudding: I got the forenoon out of doors, and the appetite for the pudding.

It is true, as is said, that we have as good a right to make berries private property as to make grass and trees such; but what I chiefly regret is the, in effect, dog-in-the-manger result, for at the same time that we exclude mankind from gathering berries in our field, we exclude them from gathering health and happiness and inspiration and a hundred other far finer and nobler fruits than berries, which yet we shall not gather ourselves there, nor even carry to market. We strike only one more blow at a simple and wholesome relation to nature. As long as the berries are free to all comers they are beautiful, though they may be few and small, but tell me that is a blueberry swamp which somebody has hired. and I shall not want even to look at it. In laying claim for the first time to the spontaneous fruit of our pastures we are, accordingly, aware of a little meanness inevitably, and the gay berry party whom we turn away naturally look down on and despise us. If it were left to the berries to say who should have them, is it not likely that they would prefer to be gathered by the party of children in the hay-rigging, who have come to have a good time merely?

I do not see clearly that these successive losses are ever quite made up to us. This is one of the taxes which we pay for having a railroad. Almost all our improvements, so called, tend to convert the country into the town.

This suggests what origin and foundation many of our laws and institutions have, and I do not say this by way of complaining of this particular custom. Not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more.

Yes, and a potato-field is a rich sight to me, even when the vines are half decayed and blackened and their decaying scent fills the air, though unsightly to many; for it speaks then more loudly and distinctly of potatoes than ever. I see their weather-beaten brows peeping out of the hills here and there, for the earth cannot contain them, when the creak of the cricket and the shrilling of the locust prevail more and more, in the sunny end of summer. There the confident husbandman lets them lie for the present, even as if he knew not of them, or as if that property were insured, so carelessly rich he is. He relaxes now his labors somewhat, seeing to their successful end, and takes long mornings, perchance, stretched in the shade of his ancestral elms.

Returning down the river, when I get to [Clamshell](#) I see great flocks of the young red-wings and some crow blackbirds on the trees and the ground. They are not very shy, but only timid, as inexperienced birds are. I do not know what they find to eat on this half bare, half grassy bank, but there they hop about by hundreds, while as many more are perched on the neighboring trees; and from time to time they all rise from the earth and wheel and withdraw to the trees, but soon return to the ground again. The red-wings are almost reddish about the throat. The crow blackbirds have some notes now just like the first croaks of the wood frog in the spring.

*Sorghum nutans* well out (behind the birch); how long? *Paspalum* ditto.

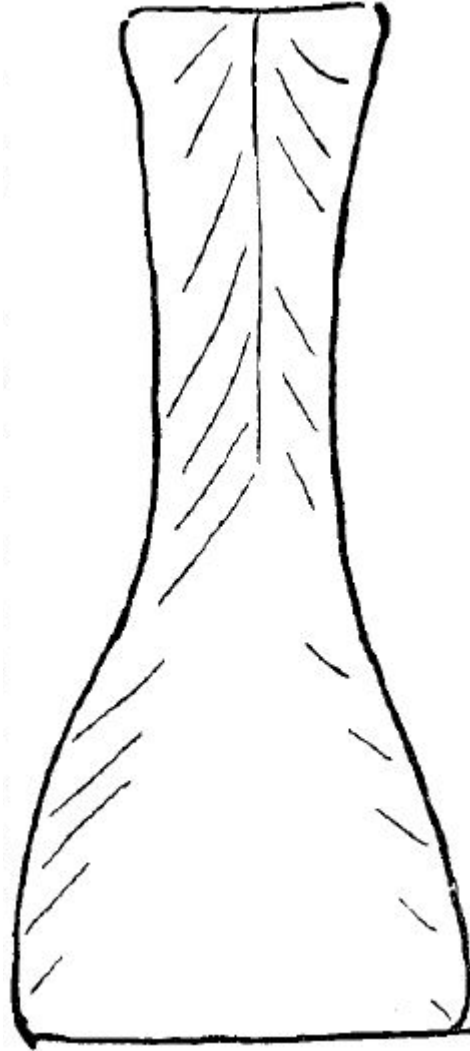
The recent heavy rains have washed away the bank here considerably, and it looks and smells more mouldy with human relics than ever. I therefore find myself inevitably exploring it. On the edge of the ravine whose beginning I witnessed, one foot beneath the surface and just over a layer some three inches thick of pure shells and ashes, – a gray-white line on the face of the cliff – I find several pieces of Indian pottery with a rude ornament on it, not much more red than the earth itself. Looking farther, I find more fragments, which have been washed down the sandy slope in a stream, as far as ten feet. I find in all thirty-one pieces, averaging an inch in diameter and about a third of an inch thick. Several of them made part of the upper edge of the vessel, and have a rude ornament encircling them in three rows, as if pricked with a stick in the soft clay, and also another line on the narrow edge itself. At first I thought to match the pieces again, like a geographical puzzle, but I did not find that any I [GOT] belonged together. The vessel must have been quite large, and I have not got nearly all of it. It appears to have been an impure clay with much sand and gravel in it, and I think a little pounded shell. It is [OF] very unequal thickness, some of the unadorned pieces (probably the bottom) being half an inch thick, while near the edge it is not more than a quarter of an inch thick. There was under this spot and under the layer of shells a manifest hollowness in the ground, not yet filled up. I find many small pieces of bone in the soil of this bank, probably of animals the Indians ate.

In another part of the bank, in the midst of a much larger heap of shells which has been exposed, I found a

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delicate stone tool of this form and size:



of a soft slate-stone. It is very thin and sharp on each side edge, and in the middle is not more than an eighth of an inch thick. I suspect that this was used to open clams with.

It is curious that I had expected to find as much as this, and in this very spot too, before I reached it (I mean the pot). Indeed, I never find a remarkable Indian relic – and I find a good many – but I have first divined its existence, and planned the discovery of it. Frequently I have told myself distinctly what it was to be before I found it.

The river is fifteen and three quarters inches above summer level. [And about the same the 25th.]

**NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE AUGUST 22D, 1860 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, THURSDAY, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).**

Stanza of Poem of Life

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project





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August 23, Thursday: Per the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#):

AWFUL [SUICIDE](#) — A MAN BLOWS HIS HEAD TO PIECES WITH A PISTOL. — A Polander, named I. Koszarzewski, committed suicide yesterday afternoon, about half past five o'clock, by blowing his head to pieces with a pistol. The act took place in the second story of a house near the corner of Commercial and East streets. The report of the pistol alarmed the neighborhood, and officer Chappelle breaking open the door, the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed, and the floor and walls spattered with blood and brains. He still grasped the pistol in his right hand. A piece of the skull was found ten feet from the bed, showing that he must have placed the barrel of the weapon directly against the temple, probably on the right side. In his trunk was found a paper of arsenic, \$60 in coin, a single-barrel pistol, a pocket-book containing papers and passports, and two certificates of indebtedness, one, dated Oct. 7th, for \$65 87, and the other, Oct. 11th, for \$53, from the Golden Rock Water Company, at Big Oak Flat, in favor of John Pollack. Under the mattress was found \$20 60 in coin. The above property was taken in charge by the Coroner, preparatory to the inquest, which will be held this evening. Deceased was apparently about fifty years of age. As yet, little or nothing is known of his history. It is known that he was familiar with several languages, and from a finely engraved visiting-card, with his name, found in his trunk, it is supposed that he has once been in better circumstances.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. — The Executive Committee are making active preparations for the reception of articles for the approaching exhibition. The orchestral rostrum has been removed, and the goods are beginning to arrive. The beautiful yacht *Mermaid* is receiving the finishing touches from riggers, sailmakers, painters, and gilders. In order to make room for her masts and spars, the architecture of the roof has been altered, and she will appear full rigged, and with all her sails set, and rigging ataunto. Mr. Denahue has arranged to have a large marine engine sent up from his foundry, and Messrs. Grover & Baker's and Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines are to be represented, in beautiful show cases. That for the latter is now being painted, gilded, and otherwise ornamented in a private room adjoining the Pavilion. The machines on exhibition are to be carried by a forty-horse power "machine-pump," from Donahue's foundry, which will connect by belting with all the motive inventions. As the Pavilion is now ready for goods, it is hoped that contributors will commence forwarding at once. Only eleven days now intervene to the day of opening. The Committee are Messrs. Thomas Tennent, Paul Torquet. P.B. Dexter, James A. Sperry, Benj. Doe, Wm. F. Herrick, J.B. Benchley, Gardner Elliott, John W. Cherry, Alvin Flanders, John E. Kincaid, and A.H. Houston.

DANGEROUS FREAKS OF A MADMAN — TWO CHILDREN SEVERELY INJURED. — Yesterday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, a Frenchman, who is said by his friends to be crazy, came along Kearny street, and seeing

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a physician's horse and wagon, which was standing near by, jumped into it, and without any further ceremony drove up on the sidewalk on the east side of Kearny, between Bush and Sutter streets, and continued lashing the horse until he drove his head into the window of a barber's shop, completely smashing it and cutting the horse's head, from which the blood flowed freely. Two children, who happened to be playing on the sidewalk at the time, were trampled under the horse's feet and severely injured. If this man is really mad, his friends should see that he is properly taken care of, and not allow him to roam about, playing such dangerous pranks as the one here recorded, but if he is only whiskey-mad, he should be arrested and severely punished. We did not succeed in learning his name.

ARREST FOR STEALING A WATCH. — Several weeks ago, a resident of Santa Clara wrote to the Chief of Police informing him that he had been robbed of a gold watch valued at \$200, and giving a description of the property. On Tuesday, officer Ellis happened upon a notorious personage, John Murphy, whose look, to the practiced eye of the detective, showed the latter that he was looking about for no good purpose. He arrested him on general principles, just as old Deacon Bangs used to thrash his boys, whether they did anything or not, (for fear they might be up to some mischief.) and on taking him to the station-house found on him a money belt, in which was the identical long lost watch. Murphy told two stories as to the manner in which it came into his possession, neither of which seemed at all plausible. The owner of the watch was notified of its recovery by telegraph, and arrived in town yesterday to prove property. The case will come up before Judge Coon to-day.

CUTTING AFFRAY ON JACKSON STREET. — The attention of the police was yesterday called to a French bed house on Jackson street, between Stockton and Dupont, by a tremendous racket, which seemed to proceed from a room in the second story. On entering the place they found a Spaniard, Manuel Rey, bleeding profusely — with his nose cut nearly in halves. On going up stairs, they found a bottle in pieces on the floor, and a woman with her hand badly cut, as with a knife. It appears that Rey had attacked the woman with a knife, and that one George Jacquot had taken her part, and the fight had become general. Officer McMillan took Rey to the Station House, and Blitz and Jehu performed the same office for Jacquot. The woman about whom all this hubbub took place, was upwards of fifty years of age, and by no means in the heyday of her charms. Rey was afterwards taken to the County Hospital, where his severed proboscis was sewed together.

REDUCTION OF ASSESSMENTS. The Deputy Tax Collectors and assistants are now in daily session at the rooms of the Board of Supervisors, to explain to applicants the amount of assessments levied against their property, and turn them to the records. They will continue sitting until the 27th inst. The "complaints" were coming in pretty rapidly yesterday. The reduction is made by filing a petition in the office of the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors. It will be well for every tax-payer to make a point of examining the records on or before the 27th, as the reductions that might be made may amount to no inconsiderable sum.



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EXPEDITION FROM SAN FRANCISCO. — Col. Ripley, of the Ordinance department of the army, and formerly Superintendent of the Springfield Armory, has been authorized, by the Secretary of War, to start from this city this fall, for an extensive official tour of foreign countries, for the inspection of their various arsenals and armories, and means of defence generally. Starting from this city, he will commence his inspection in Japan and China, and continue it through India to the Eastern States of Europe, to Western Europe, and finish it in the course of two or three years.

CELEBRATION OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE. — A number of Mexicans assembled last night at eight o'clock, at No. 218 Kearny street, between Jackson and Pacific, to adopt measures for the celebration of the anniversary of the Mexican Independence, on the 16th of September. The firing of cannon last year was suppressed, owing to the death of Broderick. This year there will be no lack of joyful demonstrations.

SHIP STORM KING. — The clipper ship *Storm King*, Callaghan, arrived on Tuesday, in 146 days from New York. About a year ago, she sailed for China from this port, bearing for passengers, the Rev. J.A. Benton, J.A. Donohue. and Edgar Mills, who started on a tour through the Holy Land and Europe. Mr. Penton has long since returned to New York, and may be expected in California in the next two months.

STREET FIGHT. — Messrs. John Brannan and D.G. Cummings, disagreed, yesterday afternoon, respecting some financial matter, and, coming to blows, had an animated tustle at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, attracting, of course, several hundred spectators. Officer Blitz arrested them both, and they gave bail to appear at the police court today.

PROMPT. — Mr. Elijah Hook, one of the sufferers from the recent fire at Pacheco, Contra Costa county, was insured in this city to the amount of \$7,500 — \$4,000 with Messrs. McLean & Fowler, and \$3,500 with Messrs. C. Adolphe Low & Co. In both instances the policies were paid on presentation at the respective offices.

DOWNFALL OF A CHIMNEY.— The chimney of a building on Kearny street, near Market, fell yesterday afternoon, caused by excavations which some workmen were making under it, and thereby the roof of the building was crushed in, and a number of valuable buggies, in the wheelwright's shop beneath, were much damaged. The house was owned by Judge Hyde.

A LADY'S ARM BROKEN. — On Tuesday night a lady who was passing through Washington street, in company with some friends, being very nearsighted, fell off from the sidewalk, near Virginia street, and broke her left arm. She was conveyed home, suffering intense pain.

OLD CALIFORNIAN RETURNING. — Mr. Buffum, formerly U.S. Consul at Trieste, and elder brother of E. Gould Buffum, Esq., the *Alta's* Paris correspondent, is *en route* for San Francisco across the Plains, and should be here in a few weeks.

ANOTHER OLD FOLKS' CONCERT. — It is proposed to give another Old



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Folks' Concert on the opposite side of the bay, for the benefit of the College of California. The matter is not yet decided upon.

THE ESCAPED PRISONERS.— The *Constitution* has ascertained the names of the two prisoners who escaped by the State Prison vessel, to be James Watts and Nelson Beck.

EXCURSION. — The party who went out on the steamer *Flora Temple* yesterday report having had a very agreeable time.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 23d] [Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



August 24, Friday: Per the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#):

ANOTHER WORKMEN'S STRIKE. — Some eighteen or twenty men, employed at either end of the railroad, on which the sand is being carried from the grading at the vicinity of Third and Market streets, struck yesterday, at noon, for a reduction of time — that is, from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. They were employed by Messrs. Hughes & Safford, who have the contract for the above job. This strike was suggested by that of the workmen on the new gasometer, at the corner of Howard and Fifth streets, two days before. They make no complaint of their wages, but think that ten hours a day of hard labor is enough. The contractors feeling unable to meet with the demands of their employees, called them up at 1 o'clock yesterday, and paid them off. There can be no question as to the reasonableness and justice in the demand of the workmen, as far as they are concerned; but as their employers took the job upon which they are engaged, with the understanding that the eleven hour system was to be continued, and made their bid accordingly, it is evident that the depreciation of an hour's work per day for so large a number of men must make a material difference in the results, financially. Ten hours a day is about a fair term for a day's work. Contractors, hereafter, if the ten hour rule is to be adopted, will have to be governed accordingly in their bids for work.

SENT TO THE COURT OF SESSIONS. — The man, John Moffatt, who was arrested by officer Forner, day before yesterday, for stealing a watch from H.C. Hart, of Santa Clara, was yesterday sent to the Court of Sessions by the Police Judge. Moffatt on being arrested, offered Mr. Forner the watch and \$18 in money, if he would allow him to escape, but the honesty of the officer was proof against any such temptation.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHURCHES. — There are 39 churches in San Francisco, of which 3 are Baptist, 2 Congregational, 4 Episcopal, 2 Evangelical and Lutheran, (German,) 9 Methodist, 8 Presbyterian, 7 Catholic, 1 Swedenborgian, 1 Unitarian, and 2 Hebrew.

MAN SHOT. — At St. Louis, on Thursday evening, August 16th, a German, named A. Nouman, who keeps a lager beer saloon in that



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place, was shot by an Irishman named James Mulholland. The *Messenger* says the ball lodged in the region of the bladder, and that serious fears are entertained concerning his recovery. Mulholland is in custody.



August 24. This and yesterday very foggy, dogdayish days. Yesterday the fog lasted till nine or ten, and to-day, in the afternoon, it amounts to a considerable drizzling rain.

[Transcript]


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P.M.— To Walden to get its temperature. The air is only 66 (in the mizzling rain the 23d it was 78); the water at top, 75° (the 23d also 75). What I had sunk to the bottom in the middle, where a hundred feet deep by my line, left there half an hour, then pulled up and poured into a quart dipper, stood at 53°. [Vide 28th.] I tried the same experiment yesterday, but then in my haste was uncertain whether it was not 51°; certain that a little later it was 54°. So 53° it must be for the present. I may have been two or more minutes pulling up the line so as to prevent its snarling. Therefore I think the water must have acquired a temperature two or three degrees higher than it had at the bottom by the time I tried it. So it appears that the bottom of Walden has, in fact, the temperature of a genuine and cold spring, or probably is of the same temperature with the average mean temperature of the earth, and, I suspect, the same all the year. This shows that springs need not come from a very great depth in order to be cold. What various temperatures, then, the fishes of this pond can enjoy! They require no other refrigerator than their deeps afford. They can in a few moments sink to winter or rise to summer. Walden, then, must be included among the springs, but it is one which has no outlet, — is a well rather. It reaches down to where the temperature of the earth is unchanging. It is not a superficial pond, — not in the mere skin of the earth. It goes deeper. How much this varied temperature must have to do with the distribution of the fishes in it! The few trout must oftenest go down below in summer.

At the bottom of the deep cove I see much black birch and red maple just sprung up, and their seeds have evidently been drifted to this shore. The little birches are already fragrant.

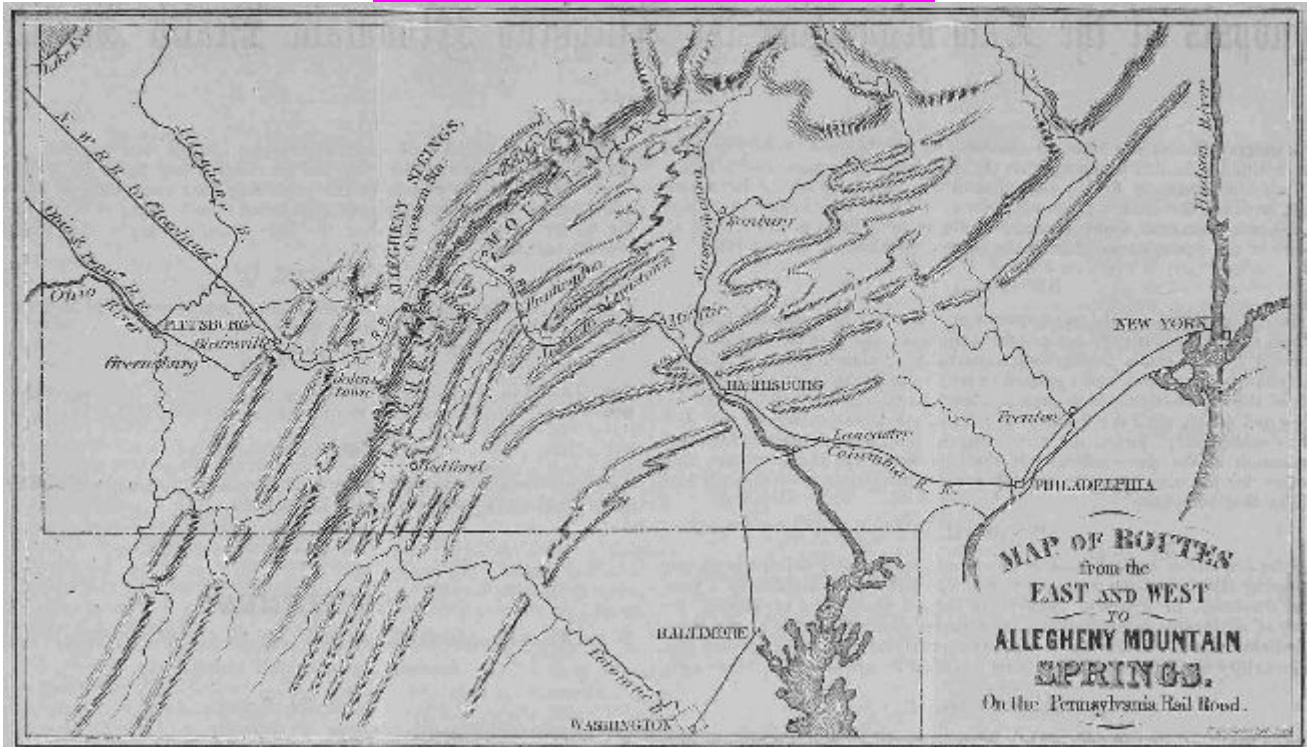
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 August 25, Saturday: French and British forces captured [Tientsin](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#), [Bronson Alcott](#), and [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) were all reading [Robert M.S. Jackson, M.D.](#)'s THE MOUNTAIN during this period. [Waldo Emerson](#) had received the book as well, but I don't know whether he was reading it.

**FRONTMATTER & QUOTES**



**DR. JACKSON'S MOUNTAIN**



August 25. 2 P.M.— To Clamshell.

[Transcript]

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See a large hen-hawk sailing over Hubbard's meadow and Clamshell, soaring at last very high and toward the north. At last it returns southward, at that height impelling itself steadily and swiftly forward with its wings set in this wise:



*i.e.* more curved, or, as it were, trailing behind, without apparent motion. It thus moves half a mile directly. The front-rank polygonum is apparently in prime; low, solid, of a pinkish rose-color. Notice the small botrychium's leaf.

As I row by, see a green bittern near by standing erect on Monroe's boat. Finding that it is observed, it draws in its head and stoops to conceal itself. When it flies it seems to have no tail. It allowed me to approach so near, apparently being deceived by some tame ducks there.



August 26, Sunday: Per the Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#):

COFFEE AND PISTOLS. — A challenge was sent, a few days ago, to a well known young gentleman of this city, by one who believed his personal appearance had been lightly alluded to by the first named. The challenged party declined the proffered contest with deadly weapons, but, being about an equal in physical strength, he agreed to give the belligerent man a meeting *a la* Heenan and Sayers, which the other declined. And thus the matter rests. The mortal combat was declined on the ground that the life of the refuser was valuable to others as well as to himself, and he could not afford to risk it and his prospects to gratify the whim of the challenger.



August 26. P.M.— To White Pond.

[Transcript]

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The leersia or cut-grass in the old pad ditch by path beyond Hubbard's Grove. As I cross the upland sprout-land south of Ledum Swamp, I see that the fine sedge there is half withered and brown, and it is too late for that cheerful yellow gleam. Thread my way through the blueberry swamp in front of Martial Miles's. The high blueberries far above your head in the shade of the swamp retain their freshness and coolness a long time. Little blue sacks full of swampy nectar and ambrosia commingled, like schnapps or what-not, that you break with your teeth. Is not this the origin of the German name as given by Gerard? But there is far the greatest show of choke-berries there, rich to see. I wade and press my way through endless thickets of these untasted berries, their lower leaves now fast reddening. Yet they have an agreeable juice,—though the pulp may be rejected,—and perhaps they might be made into wine. The shrilling of the alder locust is the solder that welds these autumn days together. All bushes (arbusta) resound with their song and you wade up to your ears in it. Methinks the burden of their song is the countless harvests of the year,—berries, grain, and other fruits. I am interested by the little ridge or cliff of foam which the breeze has raised along the White Pond shore, the westerly breeze causing the wavelets to lapse on the shore and mix the water with the air gradually. Though this is named White Pond from the whiteness of its sandy shore, the line of foam is infinitely whiter, far whiter than any sand. This reminds me how far a white pond-shore, i. e. the sand, may be seen. I saw from Monadnock the north shore of a large pond in Nelson which was some eight miles north by the map, very distinct to every one who looked that way. Perhaps in such cases a stronger light is reflected from the water on to the shore. The highest ridge of foam is where it is held or retained and so built up gradually behind some brush or log on the shore. by additions below, into a little cliff, like a sponge. In other places it is rolled like a muff. It is all light and trembling in the air. Thus we are amused with foam, a hybrid between two elements. A breeze comes and gradually mingles some of the water with the air. It is, as it were, the aspiration of the pond to soar into the air. The debatable ground between two oceans, the earth, or shore, being only the point of resistance, where they are held to mingle. See nowadays the pretty little Castile-soap galls on the shrub oaks. Their figure is like the Indian girdle of triangular points. Also other galls, yellowish and red on different sides.



The pussy clover heads were most interesting, large, and puffy, say ten days ago. I notice milkweed in a hollow in the field by the cove at White Pond, as if the seed had settled there, owing to the lull of the wind. It is remarkable how commonly you see the thistledown sailing just over water (as I do after this—the 2d of September—at Walden). I see there, i. e. at Walden, at 5 P.M., September 2d, many seedless thistle-downs sailing about a foot above the water, and some in it, as if there was a current just above the surface which prevented their falling or rising. They are probably wafted to the water because there is more air over water.



August 27, Monday: [Abraham Lincoln](#) stated his opinion in regard to a “**supposed** speech of Mr. [George M.] Dallas [US Minister to Great Britain] to Lord [Henry Peter] Brougham,” one that had appeared in a book that a correspondent had posted to him, a book by Sidney G. “Cecil” Fisher.<sup>8</sup> Lincoln’s response was that he was unable to agree with the author of this that [slavery](#) might be considered to be a necessity imposed by the Negro race: “That the going many thousand miles, seizing a set of savages, bringing them here, and making slaves of them, is a **necessity** imposed on **us** by **them**, involves a species of logic to which my mind will scarcely assent.”



August 27. P.M.– To Ministerial Swamp.

[Transcript]

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Clear weather within a day or two after the thick dog-days. The nights have been cooler of late, but the heat of the sun by day has been more local and palpable, as it were. It is as if the sun touched your shoulder with a hot hand while there are cool veins in the air. That is, I am from time to time surprised and oppressed by a melting heat on my back in the sun, though I am sure of a greater general coolness. The heat is less like that of an apartment equably warmed, and more like that [OF] a red-hot iron carried about and which you occasionally come near.

See one of the shrilling green alder locusts on the under side of a grape leaf. Its body is about three quarters of an inch or less in length; antennae and all, two inches. Its wings are at first perpendicular above its shoulders, it apparently having just ceased shrilling. Transparent, with lines crossing them.

Notice now that sour-tasting white (creamy, for consistence) incrustation between and on the berries of the smooth sumach, like frostwork. Is it not an exudation? or produced by the bite of an insect?

*Calamagrostis coarctata* grass by Harrington’s Pool, Ministerial Swamp, say one week (not in prime).

*Muhlenbergia glomerata*, same place, say ten days, or past prime.

Gather some of those large and late low blackberries (as at Thrush Alley) which run over the thin herbage, green moss, etc., in open pitch pine woods.



August 28, Tuesday: A description of white people venturing on a fur-trading and trapping expedition among the native tribes of the Great Plains, per pages 3 and 4 of [The Nor’-Wester](#) magazine:

**Departure of the Freeman**

Towards the close of last week forty families from the White Horse Plains left on their annual fur-trading and trapping expedition among the Assiniboine and Cree Indians. They will pitch their camps four days’ journey beyond the forks of the Belly and Paint[?] rivers, near the head waters of the Saskatchewan, a few miles north of the 49th parallel—the boundary line dividing British North American from the territory of the United States. Here they run no risk of competition, the Hudson’s Bay Company’s posts on this side of the Rocky Mountains being much farther to the north and to the north-east. Their carts are well laden with goods, to be bartered with the Indians for furs, and they start with every prospect of profitable

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8. In fact at the meeting in question, US Minister Dallas had said nothing of the sort, remaining entirely silent while Lord Brougham chided him about American slavery. The author Sidney G. “Cecil” Fisher seems to have fabricated his quoted material “out of the whole cloth.”





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termination to their enterprise. They will winter at Belly River, and return to the Settlement about the end of April.

### **The White Horse Plain Hunters**

To-day we complete the account of the summer buffalo-hunt of the Red River and Pembina party up to the time of their leaving Devil's Lake on a more distant enterprise. The return of the White Horse Plain Brigade enables us also to give the interesting statistics of their expedition. They started on the 10th of June, intending to go to the Grand Coteau, but turned off at the "Dog's House," and found buffalo enough near Turtle Mountain and Big Head River to save them the trouble of a longer journey. The party numbered 154 families, including 210 men able to carry arms (of whom 160 were buffalo "runners"); and 700 "non-combatants," women and children. They took with them 642 horses, 50 oxen, 6 cows, 522 dogs, 533 carts, 1 waggon [sic], 232 guns, 10 revolvers, 21,000 bullets, and 270 quarts of gunpowder. They made twelve "runs" in which they killed 3,270 buffalo—1,151 bulls, 1,893 cows, and 226 calves. The carcasses [sic] produced 1,964 bags of pemmican, 2,429 bales of dried meat, 15,120 pounds of marrow fat, and 9,600 pounds of tallow. We are very sorry to hear the double misfortune which befell one of the families, making at one stroke a poor woman a widow, a mother, and childless. Alexander Swain had twice discharged his gun, each time bringing down a buffalo, and was loading it again when an accident occurred which deprived him of life. He had put in his powder too soon after the last discharge, and with his mouth over the muzzle was endeavoring to blow it home, when it suddenly ignited and severely burnt his mouth and throat. He fell from his horse in the midst of the chase, and was carried into camp. The injuries he had received prevented him from taking any food and he died two days afterwards from starvation. The shock was so great to the widow that she prematurely gave birth to a child, which was unfortunately smothered by her accidentally falling upon it; and the same grave on the prairie which received the father enclosed also the newly-born infant.

### **The Buffalo Hunt**

Having somewhat refreshed ourselves, after our hard ride the previous day and night, by a short morning's nap and hearty breakfast, once more in company with the brigade we got underway, and made our direction the Sioux camp.

This visit of the Halfbreeds to the Sioux was an event of no common occurrence, for generally it is the hunters' aim to avoid them as much as possible. This year, however, both the Sioux and Halfbreeds wished to make peace which should be binding on both parties, and for this reason the hunters visited the camp of their old antagonists. The riders of our brigade formed a long line in advance of the carts, the captains leading; and certainly it would be no easy matter to find a finer-looking body of mounted men. During the day we were met by large numbers of Sioux on horseback, painted and feathered to an extravagant degree, who joined our riders and sung their wild plaintive songs as they onward rode. Our brigade having arrived within about two miles of the Indian camp, halted, and on the borders

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of a pretty little lake we pitched our tents. More than ordinary care was taken this evening to make the ring of carts complete, and allow no opening to remain through which the cattle might escape and thus fall an easy prey to the ever-watchful Sioux. Crowds of these curious people visited us from the moment of our arrival till long after the setting of the sun. They rode round and round our camp and never seemed to tire of gazing on us. In horses, carts—in everything, in fact—for to these poor children of the prairie all was new—they found some interest. At length the last rider returned to his camp to make preparations for the great peace-congress of the following day. The morning had scarcely dawned when our hunters were astir and commenced erecting the large tent for the reception of those who were to take part in the day's proceedings. For a wonder, the weather is fine. About noon the tent is completed; buffalo robes are strewn over the grass; the chief and captains of the brigade have taken their seats; the great pipe is filled but not yet lighted; when, amidst a profound silence, the chiefs of the Sioux nation enter, attended by their body-guard of warriors. On their approach, the hunters rise, shake hands with them, and motion them to be seated. The pipe of peace is now lighted and each one smokes in his turn. The first chief then addresses the hunters in a long and well-spoken speech. He welcomes them to the land of the Dacotahs; expresses his own wish and that of his nation for peace; speaks of war and blood as of events gone by, likening them to the waters of a fast-flowing stream; and ends by presenting a horse to the chief of the hunters. Other chiefs speak next, and each professes a wish that peace might take the place of war, and that Sioux and Halfbreed should be as brothers. And now the hunters speak. In everything they meet the wishes of the Sioux. Peace is their will; for peace they have come hither; the Sioux are to them as the children of one common Father, and as such they call them brethren. A few presents are then given the Sioux, and, with a last smoke of the calumet, the treaty of 1860 is ratified. Next day our new allies paid us a second visit, and for our amusement danced their "Buffalo-head Dance." The scene was certainly a novel one. Nearly every one of these Indians has the mask of a buffalo head hanging on a post outside his lodge, and this he places upon his head whenever he is called to join in the dance. Sometimes there is attached to it a strip of skin of the entire length of the animal, having the tail attached, which, passing over the back of the dancer, is allowed to drag along the ground. They kept up this dance for several hours and then graciously took all the presents offered to them. Later in the evening, we were again amused by a festival in which Indian girls were the sole performers. They danced and sung remarkably well, and were attired most gracefully in white deer-skin, profusely ornamented with porcupine quills and beads. The moccasins which they wore were adorned with rows of plaited horse-hair, and small strings of tin-work, which tinkled merrily and made a pleasing music during the movements of the dance. They received many presents from the young hunters, which they took with evident pleasure and no small degree of vanity, for amongst their own nation the men seldom pay them such attention. Each Sioux is a knight and lord. His squaws are his slaves, and the only things which he seems worthy of his exertions are, to



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mount his prancing steed, with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow-shield upon his arm, and, his shining spear in rest, appear upon the war-parade; or, divested of all his plumes and trappings, and armed with a simple bow and quiver, to ride amongst the flying herd of buffalo, and drive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow.

A third day which we spent with the Sioux was almost entirely devoted to horse-racing and exchange of horses. Early on the morning of the fourth day, we struck camp and bade adieu to our Indian friends.

We journeyed for three days without anything of interest occurring, and on the afternoon of the fourth day we came upon the tracks of buffalo, which some of us followed until we came in sight of the buffalo themselves—a herd of many thousands, quietly grazing at the foot of a neighboring hill. We returned to camp with the pleasing intelligence, and the crier thereupon made his circuit, giving notice that early in the morning the camp would move, and that before noon the first run would be made. A night spent in active preparation precedes the still busier morning. The camp gets early under way, and, after a short journey, halts. The riders then come to the front of the carts, and the captain of the front of the carts, and the captain of the day being appointed, we follow him, and attend to the details of the plan he lays down for the conduct of the chase. From the summit of some rising ground we see the buffalo, quietly ruminating over the cud, unsuspecting of the impending danger, not more than a mile before us. Dismounting, we unloose the saddle girths, charge our guns, and such as load in the half-breed fashion, place a few bullets in their mouths to enable them to charge a second, third, or fourth time with greater expedition. All our preparations complete, we tighten up the girths, leap into the saddle, and, with our loaded guns, advance in a long line towards the buffalo. The captain leads, and any one who attempts to pass has to pay a heavy fine. We proceed at an easy canter until within some four or five hundred yards of the buffalo, when we break into a hand-gallop [sic: hard gallop?], but still keeping in a long unbroken line. But now the herd discovers us. They wheel about, and are off at full gallop. The captain gives the "Advance!" and all spur their willing steeds, which fly over the prairie in a whirlwind of dust. The hundred yards or so which intervened between the riders and the buffalo are soon passed, and now the bang-bang of the guns is heard, and many a goodly buffalo measures his length on the prairie greensward. Again the guns are loaded, again the report is heard, and again a hundred buffalo bite the dust. After the first grand mêlée one sees buffalo scattered in all directions, and after them in hot pursuit the intrepid hunters, who continue the chase until six or seven head have fallen to each gun. The runners mark their respective buffalo with their distinctive brands, and then return to camp and send out the carts to bring in the carcasses [sic]. The hunter's work is now at an end. His wife and daughters cut up the meat, and dry some of it on poles and make the rest into pemican. For three days after our first run, we ran the same herd of buffalo each day, with varying success. The first day's run brought down 800 buffalo; the second, 500; the numbers killed on the subsequent days I did not



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learn. Our provisions being properly dried and cured, we moved camp from where we had now been located for six days—a movement for which I was by no means sorry, for the effluvia arising from the refuse pieces of meat which were left for the wolves was anything but agreeable.

Three or four days' journey brought us once more in sight of buffalo in such large quantities that they almost blackened the prairie. Again we ran them, and many hundreds more fell to the hunters' unerring aim. We visited all the likely places for buffalo in the vicinity of the Souris River, and then returned to Devil's Lake. Some deer were shot on the Cheyenne River and in the small islands which abound in Devil's Lake. We also killed some brown bears; but the grizzly bears which now and then appeared in the distance were too wary to come within range of the guns. On the Cheyenne I enjoyed much beaver-hunting, which afforded excellent sport.

I had now remained nearly six weeks with the hunter's brigade, and having seen sufficient for one summer of buffalo hunting and life on the prairie, I left my friends' camp on the banks of the Cheyenne River, and with a small party of two, which was afterwards increased by two more, returned to the Settlement.



August 28. About 6.20 P.M. paddled on Walden. Near the shore I see at least one little skater to a foot, further off one to a yard, and in middle not more than one to a rod; but I see no gyrenus at all here to-night. At first the sky was completely overcast, but, just before setting, the sun came out into a clear space in the horizon and fell on the east end of the pond and the hillside, and this sudden blaze of light on the still very fresh green leaves was a wonderful contrast with the previous and still surrounding darkness. Indeed, the bright sunlight was at this angle reflected from the water at the east end—while I in the middle was in the shade of the east woods—up under the verdure of the bushes and trees on the shore and on Pine Hill, especially to the tender under sides and to the lower leaves not often lit up. Thus a double amount of light fell on them, and the most vivid and varied shades of green were revealed. I never saw such a green glow before. The outline of each shrub and tree was a more or less distinct downy or silvery crescent, where the light was reflected from the under side of the most downy, or newest, leaves,—as I should not have seen it at midday,—either because the light fell more on the under sides of the leaves, being so horizontal and also reflected upward, or because the leaves stood more erect at this hour and after a cloudy day, or for both reasons. The lit water at the east end was invisible to me, or no more than a line, but the shore itself was a very distinct whitish line. When the sun fell lower, and the sunlight no longer fell on the pond, the green blaze of the hillside was at once very much diminished, because the light was no longer reflected upward to it.

[Transcript]

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At sunset the air over the pond is 62+; the water at the top, 74°; poured from a stoppered bottle which lay at the bottom where one hundred feet deep, twenty or thirty minutes, 55° (and the same when drawn up in an open bottle which lay five minutes at the bottom); in an open bottle drawn up from about fifty feet depth (there) or more, after staying there five minutes, 63°. This about half the whole difference between the top and bottom, so that the temperature seems to fall regularly as you descend, at the rate of about one degree to five feet. When I let the stoppered bottle down quickly, the cork was forced out before it got to the bottom, when [?] the water drawn up stood at 66°. Hence it seemed to be owing to the rising of the warmer water and air in the bottle. Five minutes with the open bottle at the bottom was as good as twenty with it stoppered.

I found it 2° warmer than the 24th, though the air was then 4° warmer than now. Possibly, comparing one day with the next, it is warmer at the bottom in a cold day and colder in a warm day, because when the surface is cooled it mixes more with the bottom, while the average temperature is very slightly changed.

The *Lycopodium inundatum* common by Harrington's mud-hole, Ministerial Swamp.

Hear the night-warbler and whip-poor-will.

There was no prolonged melody of birds on the summit of Monadnock. They for the most part emitted sounds there more in harmony with the silent rocks,—a faint chipping or chinking, often somewhat as of two stones struck together.



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➡ August 29, Wednesday: At Syracuse, there was a national convention for radical abolition. [Frederick Douglass](#) attended and was chosen to be one of this group's two presidential electors-at-large. We can mark the honoring of a person of color with a nomination for such a post as a 1st.

Farina





[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 29th]



August 30, Thursday/31, Friday: Henry Thoreau surveyed George Minott's 7 acres on Mill Brook. He jotted down that the land was sold by John Whiting to Abel Prescott in 1746, and that it bounded Ebenezer Hubbard's land to the southwest, Deacon Samuel Merriam's land to the southeast, the Mill Brook to the north and northeast, and John Whiting's own property called "Dam Pasture" to the west. Shannon, Mrs. Bigelow, Collier, and Warren were abutters.



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](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.)

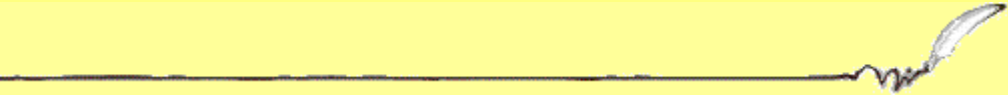
View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/91.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/91.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 make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 116-117




August 30. Surveying Minott's land.

GEORGE MINOTT

Am surprised to find on his hard land, where he once raised potatoes, the hairy huckleberry, which before I had seen in swamps only. Here, too, they are more edible, not so insipid, yet not quite edible generally. They are improved, you would say, by the firmer ground. The berries are in longer racemes or clusters than any of our huckleberries. They are the prevailing berry all over this field. They are oblong and black, and the thick, shaggy-feeling coats left in the mouth are far from agreeable to the palate. Are now in prime.

Also find, in one of his ditches where peat was dug (or mud), the Lemna polyrhiza; not found in Concord before, and said not to blossom in this country. I found it at Pushaw. Also the Muhlenbergia glomerata near the lemna, or southeast of it.

The hairy huckleberry and muhlenbergia, I think, grow here still because Minott is an old-fashioned man and has not scrubbed up and improved his land as many, or most, have. It is in a wilder and more primitive condition. The very huckleberries are shaggy there. There was only one straight side to his land, and that I cut through a dense swamp. The fences are all meandering, just as they were at least in 1746, when it was described.

The lemna reminds me strongly of that greenish or yellowish scum which I see mantling some barn-yard pools. It makes the same impression on the eye at a little distance. You would say it was the next higher stage of vegetation. The smallest of pads, one sixth of an inch in diameter and, like the white lily pad, crimson beneath. It completely covers two or three ditches under the edge of the wood there, except where a frog has jumped in and revealed the dark water,—and maybe there rests, his green snout concealed amid it; but it soon closes over him again when he has dived. These minute green scales completely cover some ditches, except where a careless frog has leapt in or swam across, and rent the veil.

There is also, floating in little masses, a small ranunculus-like plant, flattish-stemmed with small forks, some of it made into minute caddis-cases. Perhaps it was cut up by some creature at the bottom. Vide press.

**[NO JOURNAL ENTRY FOR AUGUST 31, FRIDAY]**





1860-1861

1860-1861



August 31, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by Charles P. Ricker of the Welles Hall speakers' committee of [Lowell, Massachusetts](#).



*Lowell, Aug 31 1860*  
*Mr. Thoreau:*  
*Dear Sir:*  
*By the instructions*  
*of our Committee I am requested*  
*to write, that we have two*  
*lectures on the Sabbath.*  
*If you could give us two*  
*lectures instead of one for*  
*the terms you state we shall*  
*be [happy] to hear you. Other-*  
*wise we shall be obliged to*  
*wait [till] we gain a stronger*  
*hold on the public mind, and*  
*thereby increase [or] better our*  
*financial condition.*  
*Please answer if possible by*  
*return of mail.*  
*Yours Respectfully[,]*  
*Charles P. Ricker*

SEPTEMBER 1860

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September 1860 \(æf. 43\)](#)



1860-1861

1860-1861



September 1, Saturday: After all that hoo-hah, when the official date rolled around the [Billerica dam](#) did not get taken down. At the last moment there was a legal stay, one that simply infuriated [John Shepard Keyes](#):

*September 1, 1860 was the day scheduled for the teardown of the Billerica dam, as specified by state law. "Mesrs. Hudson of Lexington, Bellows of Pepperell, and Bigelow of New Bedford" were getting ready to execute the teardown when they were stopped by a court injunction. The factory owners, Talbot and Faulkner, had somehow convinced a judge to halt the process. Concord's J.S. Keyes was outraged by this local strategic move; he believed that the owners of the "river meadows were being cheated out of all they had hoped from their bill," which had state and national significance.*

*"When the day came for these [commissioners] to take down the dam," Keyes wrote in his autobiography, "they were met by a bill in equity asking for an injunction on them upon the pretense that the damagers were not secure by the obligation of the state to pay them." This "pretense" typified the whole of the [flowage](#) controversy, which had always been more about legal maneuvers by vested interests than about the scientific causes behind the appearances that Thoreau was investigating. Keyes emphasized that the lateness of the injunction did not allow the petitioners time to "file an answer ... and have a hearing" that summer, because key members of "the board took that opportunity to go West and be gone." This put off any hope of a hearing until "it was too late that season to do anything more with the dam." Keyes suspected that bribery was involved: "Who paid their expenses of the trip I wish I knew."*

*Simon Brown, president of the Meadow Association, was also outraged. Editorializing in the [New England Farmer](#), he later accused the newly elected General Court of corruption. He wrote that the previous legislature considered the dam "a public calamity, destroying a vast amount of property and spreading desolation and death through one of the most lovely and fertile regions of the State." But "in the meantime fall elections were corrupted by the test question 'Will you pledge yourself to urge and vote for the repeal of the bill directing the dam be taken down?'" After the elections, he described a widely circulated anonymous pamphlet that was full of "gross misrepresentations." He alleged that "most of the members" of the General Court "had been visited by the Dam-holders themselves, or their agents." This he considered a "most shameful and unjustifiable 'lobbying'."*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), [THE BOATMAN](#), pages 217-218



September 1. P.M.— To Walden.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Saw a fish hawk yesterday up the Assabet. In one position it flew just like a swallow; of the same form as it flew. We could not judge correctly of distances on the mountain, but greatly exaggerated them. That surface was so

1860-1861

1860-1861

novel,—suggested so many thoughts,—and also so uneven, a few steps sufficing to conceal the least ground, as if it were half a mile away, that we would have an impression as if we had travelled a mile when we had come only forty rods. We no longer thought and reasoned as in the plain.

Now see many birds about E. Hubbard's elder hedge,—bobolinks, kingbirds, pigeon woodpeckers,—and not elsewhere.

Many pine stipules fallen yesterday. Also see them on Walden to-day.

Hear that F. Hayden saw and heard geese a fortnight ago!

I see within an oak stump on the shore of Walden tomato plants six or eight inches high, as I found them formerly about this pond in a different place. Since they do not bear fruit the seed must be annually brought here by birds, yet I do not see them pecking the tomatoes in our gardens, and this is a mile and a half from the village and half a mile from the nearest house in Lincoln.

TOMATO

River about eight inches above summer level yesterday.

We are so accustomed to see another forest spring up immediately as a matter of course, whether from the stump or from the seed, when a forest is cut down, never troubling about the succession, that we hardly associate the seed with the tree, and do not anticipate the time when this regular succession will cease and we shall be obliged to plant, as they do in all old countries. The planters of Europe must have a very different, a much correcter, notion of the value of the seed of forest trees than we. To speak generally, they know that the forest trees spring from seeds, as we do of apples and pears, but we know only that they come out of the earth.

See how artfully the seed of a cherry is placed in order that a bird may be compelled to transport it. It is placed in the very midst of a tempting pericarp, so that the creature that would devour a cherry must take a stone into its mouth. The bird is bribed with the pericarp to take the stone with it and do this little service for Nature. Cherries are especially birds' food, and many kinds are called birds' cherry, and unless we plant the seeds occasionally, I shall think the birds have the best right to them. Thus a bird's wing is added to the cherry-stone which was wingless, and it does not wait for winds to transport it. If you ever ate a cherry, and did not make two bites of it, you must have perceived it. There it is, right in the midst of the luscious morsel, an earthy residuum left on the tongue. And some wild men and children instinctively swallow it, like the birds, as the shortest way to get rid of it. And the consequence is that cherries not only grow here but there, and I know of some handsome young English cherries growing naturally in our woods, which I think of transplanting back again to my garden. If the seed had been placed in a leaf, or at the root, it would not have got transported thus. Consider how many seeds of plants we take into our mouths. Even stones as big as peas, a dozen at once.

The treatment of forests is a very different question to us and to the English. There is a great difference between replanting the cleared land from the super-abundance of seed which is produced in the forest around it, which will soon be done by nature alone if we do not interfere, and the planting of land the greater part of which has been cleared for more than a thousand years.<sup>9</sup>

Thoreau as  
Ornithologist


9. Brad Dean published, in FAITH IN A SEED:

For several years I have noticed small tomato plants growing in the woods in various places about Walden Pond, sometimes within hollow stumps, at least three-fourths of a mile from the nearest house or garden. The seeds may possibly have been carried there annually by picnic parties. Otherwise they must have been dropped by birds each year, for they do not bear fruit there. Yet I have not chanced to see the birds pecking at tomatoes in our gardens, nor have I ever seen seedling potato plants which were not sown by man, though they are a kindred plant and far more extensively cultivated.

Approximately one year before he died, Thoreau had a good laugh about the practice of law in general and water law in particular. "I hear the Judge Minott of Haverhill once told a client, by way of warning, that two millers who owned mills on the same stream went to law about a dam, and at the end of the lawsuit one lawyer owned one mill and the other the other." This black humor from the April 11, 1861 entry in his journal nicely summarized the final result of the flowage controversy. When the gavel came down in the General Court at Boston on April 25, 1862, the result was a big fat zero, except for three years' worth of gainful employment for the attorneys on opposite sides, and for those within the legislature.

After more than 1,100 days of meetings, hearings, experiments, and writing sessions coordinated by half a dozen government-funded committees and commissions, the final result looped back to where it all started. The last of four legislative acts repealed the first. First came the act to appoint a Joint Committee to study the situation (April 1, 1859). Next, based on that study, came the act to tear down the Billerica dam (September 1, 1860). After that came the act to suspend the teardown and study the matter once again (April 9, 1861). Finally came the act to repeal the initial act, which brought everything back to the beginning (April 25, 1862). All of this time and money, especially during preparations for Civil War, could have been saved by asking one local genius to weigh in. Of course, Thoreau would not have rendered the Solomon-like judgment that the law so craves. Rather, after eighteen months of river investigations, he had become convinced that the entire watershed of Musketaquid above its natural outlet was behaving as one big coherent system within which humans were pervasive and ubiquitous players.

- Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, page 231




September 2, Sunday: Due to the ill health of his wife, the Reverend E.S. Dwight left the First Church of Amherst, Massachusetts and relocated his family to Maine.



September 2: P.M.- To Annurnsnack.


[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

Solidago nemoralis apparently in prime, and S. stricta. The former covers A. Hosmer's secluded turtle field near the bridge, together with johnswort, now merely lingering.

1860-1861

1860-1861

 September 3, Monday: Alyeksandr Borodin arrived in Karlsruhe for a 4-day stay attending an international meeting of chemists.

The 22d anniversary of [Frederick Douglass](#)'s freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate **in lieu of an unknown slave birthday**.



Here is a Daguerreotype, by an unidentified photographer in the 1850-1855 timeframe.



*"It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday."*



September 3. P.M.– To Bateman's Pond.

2 P.M.– River six and seven eighths above [SUMMER LEVEL].

Here is a beautiful, and perhaps first decidedly autumnal, day,—a cloudless sky, a clear air, with, maybe, veins of coolness. As you look toward the sun, the [SIC] shines more than in the spring. The dense fresh green grass which has sprung up since it was mowed, on most ground, reflects a blaze of light, as if it were morning all the day. The meads and slopes are enamelled with it, for there has been no drought nor withering. We see the smokes of burnings on various sides. The farmers are thus clearing up their pastures,—some, it may be, in preparation for plowing. Though it is warm enough, I notice again the swarms of fuzzy gnats dancing in the cooler air, which also is decidedly autumnal.

See on the two pear trees by the Boze cellar ripe pears, some ripe several days. Most are bitter, others mealy, but one was quite sweet and good, of middling size, and prettier than most cultivated ones. It had a few faint streaks of red and was exceeding wax-like.

1860-18



September 4, Tuesday: P.M.—To Conantum.

At my Swamp Brook crossing at Willow Bay, I see where a great many little red maples have sprung up in a potato-field, apparently since the last plowing or cultivating this year. They extend more or less thickly as much as eleven rods in a northwest direction from a small tree, the only red maple in that neighborhood. And it is evidently owing to the land having been cultivated this year that the seed vegetated there; otherwise there would now be no evidence that any such seeds had fallen here. Last year and for many years it has been a pasture. It is evident that land may be kept as a pasture and covered with grass any number of years, and though there are maples adjacent to it, none of the seed will catch in it; but at last it is plowed, and this year the seed which falls on it germinates, and if it chances not to be plowed again, and cattle are kept out, you soon have a maple wood there. So of other light-seeded trees.

It is cooler these days and nights, and I move into an eastern chamber in the morning, that I may sit in the sun. The water, too, is cooler when I bathe in it, and I am reminded that this recreation has its period. I feel like a melon or other fruit laid in the sun to ripen. I grow, not gray, but yellow.



September 4, Tuesday: Saw flocks of pigeons [American Passenger Pigeons *Ectopistes migratorius*] the 2d and 3d.

I see and hear on Conantum an upland plover. The goldfinch is very busy pulling the thistle to pieces.

What I have called *Muhlenbergia sobolifera* is in prime (say a week); the *M. Mexicana* not quite (say in two or three days).



September 5, Wednesday: William Leonard Hunt, AKA Signor Guillermo Antonio Farini “The Great Farini,” crossed the gorge of the [Niagara](#) above the [Falls](#) on a tightrope carrying an Irish washerwoman on his back (this must have seemed appropriate at the time, for at the time who would have ever thought to risk one’s existence on account of something considered entirely worthless and beneath consideration — such as one or another anonymous bulky item of utility, such as an Irish washerwoman).



[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

September 5: Went down on Spring Creek and got three bag full of buffalo hair from dead buffalo.



September 5. P.M.— To Ball’s Hill.

The brink of the river [Vide Aug. 22d] is still quite interesting in some respects, and to some eyes more interesting than ever. Though the willows and button-bushes have already assumed an autumnal hue, and the pontederia is extensively crisped and blackened, the dense masses of mikania, now, it may be, paler than before, are perhaps more remarkable than ever. I see some masses of it, overhanging the deep water and completely concealing the bush that supports them, which are as rich a sight as any flower we have,—little terraces of contiguous corymbs, like mignonette (?). Also the dodder is more revealed, also draping the brink over the water. The mikania is sometimes looped seven or eight feet high to a tree above the bushes,—a manifest vine, with its light-colored corymbs at intervals.

See the little dippers back. Did I not see a marsh hawk in imperfect plumage? Quite brown, with some white midway the wings, and tips of wings black?

What further adds to the beauty of the bank is the hibiscus, in prime, and the great bidens.

Having walked through a quantity of desmodium under Ball’s Hill, by the shore there (*Marilandicum* or *rigidum*), we found our pants covered with its seeds to a remarkable and amusing degree. These green scales closely covering and greening my legs reminded me of the lemna on a ditch. It amounted to a kind of coat of mail. It was the event of our walk, and we were proud to wear this badge, as if he were the most distinguished who had the most on his clothes. My companion expressed a certain superstitious feeling about it, for he said he thought it would not be right to walk intentionally amid the desmodium so as to get more of the ticks on us, nor yet to pick them off, but they must be carried about till they are rubbed off accidentally. I saw that Nature’s design was furthered even by his superstition.



September 6, Thursday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

1860-1861



1860-1861

1860-1861

Went with Spillman and Flagg to hunt turkey.

5,000 Bavarians, constituting the Royal Neapolitan Army, fled from [Naples](#) before an [Italian](#) army of about a tenth their size led by [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#).

Friedrich Wilhelm replaced Georg Wilhelm as Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird") delivered a poem at the Marysville, [California](#) Fair, that was printed in the [Grass Valley Union](#).

At about this point [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by Charles P. Ricker in Lowell, Massachusetts.

*Lowell, Sept. [6.] '60  
Mr. H. D. Thoreau:  
Yours of the 31st[ ] is received. We shall expect you to address our people next Sabbath. Arriving at Lowell, you will find me at No 21 Central Street, or at residence No. 123 East Merrimack Street, or you can take a [coach] direct to Mr. Owen's, No 52 East Merrimack Street, who will be in readiness to entertain you, and with whom you will find a pleasant home during your stay among us[.]  
Hoping to see you soon I remain  
Yours Respectfully  
Charles P. Ricker*



September 6. The willows and button-bushes have very rapidly yellowed since I noticed them August 22d. I think it was the 25th of August that I found the lower or older leaves of the willow twigs decidedly and rapidly yellowing and decaying on a near inspection. Now the change is conspicuous at a distance.

**1860-1861****1860-1861**

September 7, Friday: Anna Mary “Grandma Moses” Robertson was born. (At the age of 92 she would publish an autobiography, MY LIFE’S HISTORY.)

Only a few hours after King Francesco II fled to Gaeta, [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)’s forces entered [Naples](#):



Garibaldi’s government would begin to allow people to view the pornographic images excavated at [Pompeii](#). (The Savoy kings, and, in a later timeframe, [Benito Mussolini](#)’s government, would suppress such embarrassing images from the time of the [Roman](#) empire.)

On a Friday, two days before [Henry Thoreau](#) was scheduled to deliver Sunday lectures at Welles Hall in



Lowell, Massachusetts, the Lowell Weekly Journal ran this article:

HENRY D. THOREAU, one of the most original and radical thinkers and free-speakers that we know anything about, is expected to lecture at Welles Hall next Sunday, September 9th. Mr. Thoreau is the author of several volumes of some note, and is an attractive contributor to the Atlantic Monthly. One of his books relates his experience, while living one year solitary and alone, on the shores of Walden Pond, a body of water lying in the towns of Concord and Lincoln. During the period named, he proved to his own satisfaction that a man could live and have all the real necessities of life, for \$15 a-year. The volume is an entertaining one, and no contributor to the Atlantic writes more interestingly. We shall expect to hear something original at least in the two lectures he will read next Sunday before our Spiritualistic friends. We do not know [sic], however, that Thoreau is a Spiritualist; rather think he is not; but, the believers in that doctrine said that they did not employ Mr. Emerson to come here and talk their ideas and beliefs, but his own. The same, we suppose, is the condition on which Mr. Thoreau lectures to them. [page 2, column 6]



September 7. P.M.— To Cardinal Shore.

I see many seedling shrub oaks springing up in Potter's field by the swamp-side, some (of last year) in the open pasture, but many more in the birch wood half a dozen rods west from the shrub oaks by the path. The former were dropped by the way. They plant in birch woods as in pines. This small birch wood has been a retreat for squirrels and birds. When I examine the little oaks in the open land there is always an effete acorn with them. Common rose hips as handsome as ever.



September 8, Saturday: M. Jean-François Gravelot, "The Great Blondin," made his final tightrope crossing of the gorge of the [Niagara](#) above the [Falls](#).

Popular uprisings began in the Papal States.

Il quattro giugno, a cantata by Arrigo Boito and Franco Faccio to words of Boito, was performed for the 1st time, at Milan Conservatory. This piece of music celebrated the Battle of Magenta, during which a friend and classmate of the composer had been killed.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Shot a buffalo this morning before breakfast from my door.



September 8. To Lowell via Boston.  
Rainy day.

1860-1861

1860-1861

Pursh's [SIC] *Brassica Napus* is "radice caulescente fusiformi, fol. laevibus, superioribus cordato-lanceolatis amplexicaulibus, inferioribus lyratis dentatis." Frequently found wild. The lower leaves of mine are considerably bristly. Sowerby's *Botany at Cambridge* says of *B. campestris*, "Pods upright, cylindrical, or very obscurely quadrangular, veiny, the seeds slightly projecting, the beak awl-shaped, striated, square at its base." *B. Napus*,—"Pod on a slender stalk, spreading, round, beaded, with an angular point." Mine is apparently *B. Napus*, judging from pods, for the lower leaves are all eaten. Vide young plants in spring. [Vide back, Aug. 19th.]



September 9, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) took the opportunity to explore the Merrimack and lower Concord Rivers.



*On September 9, eight days after the teardown was supposed to have taken place, Henry explored the lowermost reach of the Concord River below the [Billerica dam](#) when making a lecture trip to Lowell. It was near here that, twenty years earlier, he had traveled with his brother en route to the Merrimack in 1839. This reach wasn't part of his river project because it lay downstream of the alluvial valley, where the legal wrangling and scientific investigations were taking place. Nevertheless, Thoreau's descriptions of this lower reach bring his study of the Concord River all the way to its mouth. He specifically contrasts this lowermost, heavily industrialized reach of the Concord River with the six agricultural reaches on the main stem, where there wasn't a single dam for twenty-five miles. Thoreau also puts the Billerica dam in context. Though a single villain to the upstream farmers, it was simply the uppermost one of a group of four in the same vicinity. For these industrial people, the entirety of Musketaquid was little more than a colossal millpond.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, page 218



Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein saw Pope Pius IX about her annulment. Of course, His Holiness promised her that he'd look into the case.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Sunday. Went to Methodist Meeting. Went turkey hunting in the afternoon and got none.



September 9. In Lowell. — My host says that the thermometer was at 80° yesterday morning, and this morning is at 52°. Sudden coolness.

Clears up in afternoon, and I walk down the Merrimack on the north bank. I see very large plants of the lanceolate thistle, four feet high and very branching. Also *Aster cordata* with the corymbosus.

Concord River has a high and hard bank at its mouth, maybe thirty feet high on the east side; and my host thinks it was originally about as high on the west side, where now it is much lower and flat, having been dug down. There is a small isle in the middle of the mouth. There are rips in the Merrimack just below the mouth of the Concord. There is a fall and dam in the Concord at what was Hurd's factory, — the principal fall on the Concord,

in Lowell, – one at a bleachery above, and at Whipple’s, – three in all below [Billerica dam](#).



That Sunday, at Welles Hall in Lowell, Massachusetts, appears to have been the final time [Thoreau](#) delivered “LIFE MISSPENT”. He spoke both in the morning and in the afternoon, and it is unclear which of these was his sermon. Bradley P. Dean suggests he did not repeat the sermon, because it would likely have been the same

**Brad Dean’s  
Commentary**

group of people at both hours. The circumstantial evidence Dean turned up that [Thoreau](#) read “Life Misspent” in Lowell on this date was found in an article written in 1879 by Z.E. Stone:

I remember very well on one occasion, some years ago, when listening to a lecture by a late Concord scholar and philosopher, to have heard a most entertaining denunciation of those who find satisfaction in reading the mere news of the day; and I was assured by the speaker, so indifferent was he to what was going on outside of himself and the things he deemed of practical value, that he would not go to the corner to see the world blow up! ... To be sure the Concord man was by some people called “a child of nature,” and took special delight in lying around on mother earth, indolently watching the active squirrels, the habits of the fishes, and characteristics of bugs and things; and I suppose he had a right to be indifferent to what was going on in the world among his fellowmen, and to spend his time as he pleased, if he paid taxes, but he didn’t-willingly. But the doubt his remark called up has ever beset me.

—Z.E. Stone, “General Jackson in Lowell,” CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE OLD RESIDENT’S HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF LOWELL, 1 (June 1879): 105.

The lecture Stone found “most entertaining” was obviously one of the two early “LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE” lectures, and if we can assume he heard the lecture in Lowell, then the lecture he heard must have been “LIFE MISSPENT” because the only time Thoreau is known to have lectured in Lowell was on September 9, 1860.<sup>10</sup> The two lectures Thoreau delivered in Lowell were advertised in each of that city’s four major newspapers. He was referred to in the Daily Citizen and the Daily Evening Advertiser as “the naturalist” and in the Daily Journal and Courier as “a gentleman of marked ability and great originality.”<sup>11</sup>

It might be worth mentioning at this point, that Arthur Versluis has recently bemoaned the fact that [Thoreau](#) never made personal contact with a genuine Oriental guru, and has asserted that he remained “very much a child of Emerson’s literary religion” and that therefore with age his religious impulse most certainly

10. See Harding, “Check List of Thoreau’s Lectures,” 79-87.

11. Lowell Daily Citizen, September 8, page 2, column 3; Lowell Daily Evening Advertiser, September 8, page 2, column 3; Lowell Daily Journal and Courier, September 8, page 2, column 3.

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deteriorated:

Because his was a literary religion, Thoreau finally left it behind; the experiment could not be sustained for a lifetime. Literary religion is not religion.

One thing that Versluis has picked up on loud and clear was that “curiously”

Thoreau seems to have been little interested in the Christian illuminationism of Jacob Böhme, the Quakers, or the Shakers.

(Nice to know, isn't it, not only that Quakers were all of a piece in Thoreau's day, but also that Quakers and Shakers were all of a piece — and Böhme esotericists as well. Such simplicitudes make life, the universe and everything so much easier to comprehend.)

Versluis offers 3 supports for his allegation of [Thoreau](#)'s deteriorating religiosity:

- 1st, the man quite failed to learn Sanskrit.
- 2d, his writings after 1854, such as THE MAINE WOODS, make few references to Oriental religion and pagan myth.
- 3d,

His almost sole interest in the last years of his life was the natural world.

(Hey, I'm almost persuaded, how about you?)

That pretty well shoots the Far East in the head, but what about the Middle East? There were gurus there, also. Versluis's take on it was that Alcott stood alone among the Transcendentalists (was the “lamentable exception” to use Versluis's own remarkable description) in paying attention to fuzzy esoteric nonsense such as Hermeticism, Orphism, Pythagoreanism. He points out that only Alcott was in correspondence with James Pierrepont Greaves and Christopher Walton, the English followers of Jacob Böhme. So if it was only Alcott standing alone, then the Middle East is pretty well shot in the head as well, for he points out that Alcott's religion-speak was little more than a show the man put on for the benefit of his audience, was hardly anything integral to his life.

I think you will recognize what I am leading up to saying. If Thoreau's discourse did change after 1854 as Versluis alleges, I am going to suggest, if he stopped talking directly about his own religious modes of feeling, this was probably as a result of his difficulties in communicating with a New England audience that was quite obviously unprepared for any such discourse and unwilling to submit to it or to learn from it, and as a result of his learning the idiom into which he needed to translate his religious modes of feeling in order to make better communication possible with such people. That is, as he learns, his public discourse tells us more and more about his audience, and about his perceptions as to what they could be able to cope with — and hence less and less, in any direct fashion, about himself.

## THOREAU'S SERMON

[Various versions of [“LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE”](#), variously titled, would be delivered:



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

- [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) on December 6th, 1854 at Railroad Hall in [Providence](#)
- [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) on December 26th, 1854 in the [New Bedford](#) Lyceum
- [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) on December 28th, 1854 at the Athenaeum on [Nantucket Island](#)
- On January 4th, 1855 in the [Worcester](#) Lyceum, as “The Connection between Man’s Employment and His Higher Life”
- [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) on February 14th, 1855 in the [Concord](#) Lyceum
- [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) on November 16th, 1856 for the [Eagleswood](#) community
- “Getting a Living” on December 18th, 1856 in the vestry of the [Congregational Church](#) of Amherst, [New Hampshire](#)
- [“LIFE MISSPENT”](#) on Sunday morning, October 9th, 1859 to the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)’s 28th Congregational Society in [Boston Music Hall](#)
- [“LIFE MISSPENT”](#) on Sunday, September 9th, 1860 at Welles Hall in [Lowell](#).]



September 10, Monday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Bishop was chosen preacher instead of Morrison.

[Henry Thoreau](#) obtained at the [Harvard Library](#) the 1633 expanded edition of [John Gerard](#)’s THE HERBALL OR GENERALL HIFTORIE OF PLANTES.

### GREAT HERBALL OF 1597

(He would copy materials into his 2d Commonplace Book and into his Indian Notebook #12.)

**CAPE COD:** Old Gerard, the English herbalist, says, p. 1250: "I find mention in Stowe's Chronicle, in Anno 1555, of a certain pulse or pease, as they term it, wherewith the poor people at that time, there being a great dearth, were miraculously helped: he thus mentions it. In the month of August (saith he), in Suffolke, at a place by the sea side all of hard stone and pibble, called in those parts a shelf, lying between the towns of Orford and Aldborough, where neither grew grass nor any earth was ever seen; it chanced in this barren place suddenly to spring up without any tillage or sowing, great abundance of peason, whereof the poor gathered (as men judged) above one hundred quarters, yet remained some ripe and some blossoming, as many as ever there were before: to the which place rode the Bishop of Norwich and the Lord Willoughby, with others in great number, who found nothing but hard, rocky stone the space of three yards under the roots of these peason, which roots were great and long, and very sweet." He tells us also that Gesner learned from Dr. Cajus that there were enough there to supply thousands of men. He goes on to say that "they without doubt grew there many years before, but were not observed till hunger made them take notice of them, and quickened their invention, which commonly in our people is very dull, especially in finding out food of this nature. My worshipful friend Dr. Argent hath told me that many years ago he was in this place, and caused his man to pull among the beach with his hands, and follow the roots so long until he got some equal in length unto his height, yet could come to no ends of them." Gerard never saw them, and is not certain what kind they were.

PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD

JOHN GERARD



September 10. Lowell to Boston and Concord.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

There was a frost this morning, as my host, who keeps a market, informed me.

Leaving Lowell at 7 A.M. in the cars, I observed and admired the dew on a fine grass in the meadows, which was almost as white and silvery as frost when the rays of the newly risen sun fell on it. Some of it was probably the frost of the morning melted. I saw that this phenomenon was confined to one species of grass, which grew in narrow curving lines and small patches along the edges of the meadows or lowest ground, – a grass with very fine stems and branches, which held the dew; in short, that it was what I had falsely called *Eragrostis capillaris*, but which is probably the *Sporobolus serotinus*, almost the only, if not the only, grass there in its prime. And thus this plant has its day. Owing to the number of its very fine branches, now in their prime, it holds the dew like a cobweb, – a clear drop at the end and lesser drops or beads all along the fine branches and stems. It grows on the higher parts of the meadows, where other herbage is thin, and is the less apt to be cut; and, seen toward the sun not long after sunrise, it is very conspicuous and bright a quarter of a mile off, like frostwork. Call it dew-grass. I find its hyaline seed. [Also saw it the 16th.]

Almost every plant, however humble, has thus its day, and sooner or later becomes the characteristic feature of some part of the landscape or other.

Almost all other grasses are now either cut or withering, and are, beside, so coarse comparatively that they can never present this phenomenon. It is only a grass that is in its full vigor, as well as fine-branched (capillary), that can thus attract and uphold the dew. This is noticed about the time the first frosts come.

If you sit at an open attic window almost anywhere, about the 20th of September, you will see many a milkweed down go sailing by on a level with you, – though commonly it has lost its freight, – notwithstanding that you



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may not know of any of these plants growing in your neighborhood.

My host, yesterday, told me that he was accustomed once to chase a black fox [Like the silver, made a variety of the red by Baird] from Lowell over this way and lost him at Chelmsford. Had heard of him within about six years. A Carlisle man also tells me since that this fox used to turn off and run northwest from Chelmsford, but that he would soon after return.

## “MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



September 11, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Paxson and Baxter went buffalo hunting. Baxter came home and said Paxson got lost.

Forces of King Vittorio Emanuele entered the Papal States in support of insurrections.

The [New York Times](#) would report on this night's demonstration by the "Wide-Awakes" of Albany, New York:

A grand demonstration of the Wide-Awake clubs of Albany and adjacent cities took place to-night, and was fully equal to the anticipations of its projectors, and the grandest display yet made during the campaign of uniformed political clubs. A large number of persons were congregated in the city to see the torchlight parade, and many buildings on the line of march were illuminated.

The appearance of the Procession was most brilliant. The line was formed at about 8 o'clock, the numbers being so large as to occupy over an hour in forming. Visiting clubs from Kingston, Hudson, Valatie, Ghent, Stuyvesant, Saratoga Ballston Troy, Lansingburgh, Kinderhook, Chatham, Schenectady, Johstown, Waterford, Canajoharie, Mohawk, Gloversville, Rondout, and most towns of Albany County were present, some with large delegations. The whole procession numbered to the neighborhood of 4,000 torches.

In the afternoon a handsome banner was hung across State-street from the Journal office, bearing a handsome device and the names of the candidates. The clubs were accompanied by several bands of music and torches, decorated with flags and bouquets. The Albany clubs were under the command of their President, J.

[Stanza of Poem of Life](#)

[“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project](#)

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MEREDITH READ, and made a handsome appearance, and the whole affair reflects great credit on the President and his assistants.

Among the procession were several Clubs of Railsplitters, wearing blue shirts and carrying mauls. They were apparently one thousand strong. The procession will not close until a very late hour. On the line of march several handsome displays of fireworks took place, and visiting clubs were loudly cheered. Persons thronged the streets to witness the parade, which has been thus far the largest and handsomest parade of the campaign.



September 11. George Melvin came to tell me this forenoon that a strange animal was killed on Sunday, the 9th, near the north line of the town, and it was not known certainly what it was. From his description I judged it to be a Canada lynx. In the afternoon I went to see it. It was killed on Sunday morning by John Quincy Adams, who lives in Carlisle about half a mile (or less) from the Concord line, on the Carlisle road.

CAT  
 [Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Some weeks ago a little girl named Buttrick, who was huckleberrying near where the lynx was killed, was frightened by a wild animal leaping out of the bushes near her – *over* her, as she said – and bounding off. But no one then regarded her story. Also a Mr. Grimes, who lives in Concord just on the line, tells me that some month ago he heard from his house the loud cry of an animal in the woods northward, and told his wife that if he were in Canada he should say it was a bob-tailed cat. He had lived seven years in Canada and seen a number of this kind of animal. Also a neighbor of his, riding home in the night, had heard a similar cry. Jacob Farmer saw a strange animal at Bateman's Pond a year ago, which he thinks was this.

Adams had lost some of his hens, and had referred it to a fox or the like. He being out, his son told me that on Sunday he went out with his gun to look after the depredator, and some forty or fifty rods from his house northwesterly [*Vide forward*] (on Dr. Jones's lot, which I surveyed) in the woods, this animal suddenly dropped within two feet of him, so near that he could not fire. He had heard a loud hiss, but did not mind it. He accordingly struck it with the butt of his gun, and it then bounded off fifteen feet [*Another says he told him thirty feet and that they went and measured it. Vide forward.*] or more, turned about, and faced him, whereupon he fired directly into its eyes, putting them out. His gun was loaded with small shot, No. 9. The creature then bounded out of sight, and he had a chance to reload, by which time it appeared again, crawling toward him on its belly, fiercely seeking him. He fired again, and, it still facing him, he fired a third time also, and finally finished it with the butt of his gun.

It was now skinned and the skin stuffed with hay, and the skull had been boiled, in order to be put into the head. I measured the stuffed skin carefully. From the forehead (the nose pointing down) to end of tail, 3 feet 4 1/2 [inches]. Tail stout and black at the abrupt end, 5 inches. Extreme length from fore paws to hind paws, 4 feet 8 inches, when stretched out, the skin being *stiff*. (They said it measured 5 feet before it was skinned, which is quite likely.) Forehead to extremity of hind feet, 50 1/2 inches. It stood, as nearly as I could measure, holding it up, 19 to 20 inches high from ground to shoulder. From midway between the legs beneath, the hind legs measured 19 inches, within; the fore legs, 16 inches, within. From skull to end of tuft on ear, 4 1/2 inches; tuft on ear (black and thin), 1 1/2 inches. The width of fore paw gently pressed was 3 1/2 inches; would have made a track perhaps four inches wide in snow. There was a small *bare* brown tubercle of flesh to each toe, and also a larger one for the sole, amid the grayish-white hair. A principal claw was 3/4 inch long measured directly, but it was very curving.



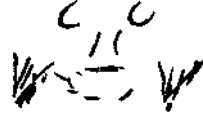
For color: It was, above, brownish-gray, with a dark-brown or black line down the middle of the back. Sides gray, with small dark-brown spots, more or less within the hair. Beneath, lighter, hoary, and long-haired. Legs gray, like the sides, but more reddish-brown behind, especially the hind legs, and these, like the belly and sides, were indistinctly spotted with dark brown, having the effect more of a dark-brown tinge at a little distance than of spots. General aspect brownish-hoary. Tail, above, more reddish than rest of back, much, and conspicuously



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black at end. Did not notice any white at tip. Throat pretty white. Ears, without, broadly edged with black half an inch or more, wide, the rest being a triangular white. There was but a small muffler, chiefly a triangular whitish and blackish tuft on the sides of the face or neck, not noticeably under the chin.



It weighed, by their account, nineteen pounds. This was a female, and Farmer judged from his examination of the mammæ – two or more of them being enlarged, and the hair worn off around them – that it had suckled young this year. The fur was good for nothing now.

I cannot doubt that this is a Canada lynx; yet I am somewhat puzzled by the descriptions of the two lynxes. Emmons says of the Canada lynx that it has “no naked spots or tubercles [on the soles of its feet] like the other species of the feline race;” and Audubon says, “Soles, hairy;” but of the *Lynx rufus*, “Soles ... naked.” It is Audubon’s *L. rufus* in the naked soles, also in “ears, outer surface, a triangular spot of dull white, ... bordered with brownish-black,” not described in his *Canadensis*. It is his *L. Canadensis* in size, in color generally, in length of ear-tuft (his *L. rufus* tufts being only half an inch), in “upper surface of the tail, to within an inch of the tip, and exterior portion of the thighs, rufous,” in tail being stout, not “slender” like *rufus*. Audubon says that the *L. rufus* is easily distinguished from small specimens of the female *L. Canadensis* by “the larger feet and more tufted ears of the latter, ... as well as its grayer color.” This is four inches longer than his smaller Canada lynx and exactly as long as his larger one, – both his being males. Emmons’s one is also just 37 inches, or the same length. Emmons’s largest *L. rufus* is, thus measured, only 29 inches long and Audubon’s “fine specimen” only 30 inches.

EMMONS

J.J. AUDUBON

Grimes, who had lived seven years in Canada, called this a “bob-tailed cat,” and said that the Canada lynx was as dark as his dog, which would be called a black dog, though somewhat brownish.

They told me there that a boy had seen another, supposed to be its mate, [Only a stone] this morning, and that they were going out to hunt it toward night. [Vide next page]

The water is cold to-day, and bathing begins to be questionable.

The turtles, painted and sternotherus, are certainly less timid than in the spring. I see a row of half a dozen or more painted turtles on a slanting black willow, so close together that two or three of them actually have their fore feet on the shells of their predecessors, somewhat like a row of bricks that is falling. The scales of some are curled up and just falling.

September 12, Wednesday: Edward Dickinson was nominated to be Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (he would late decline this nomination).

In this timeframe Emily Dickinson had “a terror —since September— I could tell to none.”

After having attempted to capture the state of Sonora, Mexico, North American “filibuster” William Walker was shot by a firing squad in Honduras. This brought his filibustering career to an abrupt end.



Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his Kansas diary:

Paxson came home. Had been lost.



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September 12. Very heavy rain to-day (equinoctial), raising the river suddenly. I have said, within a week, that the river would rise this fall because it did not at all in the spring, and now it rises. A very dark and stormy night (after it); shops but half open. Where the fence is not painted white I can see nothing, and go whistling for fear I run against some one, though there is little danger that any one will be out. I come against a stone post and bruise my knees; then stumble over a bridge,— being in the gutter. You walk with your hands out to feel the fences and trees. There is no vehicle in the street to-night.

The thermometer at 4 P.M. was 54°.

There was pretty high wind in the night.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



September 13, Thursday: John J. Pershing was born in Laclede, Missouri.

The Argus of Melbourne, Australia reported on the condition of the heavens, to wit, that on the previous afternoon there had been a fine halo surrounded the sun for a considerable time, along with the striking phenomenon of two mock suns. It also reported on the condition of the remnant aborigines, who were in great need of being put away on some small reservation somewhere in order to preserve them from the continuing benevolence of white intrusives:

The remnant of the aboriginal people of Victoria is so small, and their ultimate extinction at no distant period seems so certain, that they attract very little attention. Their appearance, moreover, is unprepossessing, and more likely to excite disgust than to awaken curiosity. The filthy, half-naked, leering savages, who go about soliciting sixpences from township to township, will not be regretted when they are gathered to the blankets of their forefathers, and can beat their lubras no more. Yet the Australian negroes, despise them as we may, are entitled to our merciful consideration. We have usurped their territory; banished them, from their hunting-grounds and their battle-fields. "We have insinuated ourselves," as a learned judge said the other day, "into their country by a kind of intimidation, amounting to conquest." We have denied them the privileges of citizens, but subjected them to our criminal laws. As aliens and sojourners we treat them in their native land. Their condition is hardly better now than in the early times, when the settlers, for self-protection, hunted them as they would the kangaroo, or shot them down, like opossums, by moonlight.

Very soft-hearted philanthropists may feel a genuine pity for the impending doom of the blacks. We are not so susceptible to sentiment as to lament the decree that has gone forth against them. Barbarians must give place to civilized men. Wherever the whites choose to settle upon the domains of coloured tribes, the latter must resign their ancestral possessions, and, if they cannot lose themselves amongst the invaders, must retire or perish beneath their onward march. This has for centuries been the invariable law, to which the boldest and most intelligent, as well as the most brutish,



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savages have alike succumbed. But if the whites become the instruments of fate, they are bound to perform their mission with tenderness, and to postpone as long as they can the inevitable conclusion. The aborigines of Victoria are not so utterly stupid and bad that humanity will abandon in despair all attempts at improving them. Many of them, it has been proved, are capable of at least some degree of regular exertion, when either their reward or their employer is to their choice. Common opinion, indeed, imputes to the whole race an inveterate laziness and unconquerable aversion to steady labour. How deeply this vice is ingrained in their character has been remarkably exhibited in the case of some of the native boys, who having been carefully educated until the age of puberty, and shown an uncommon quickness and aptitude, have subsequently relapsed into barbarism, and, disdainng all the comforts of civilized life, have recurred with an imbecile delight to their hereditary mia-mias and maggots. It is probable, however, that the public will soon obtain more accurate information than we can at present furnish concerning the habits of the aborigines, the number now remaining in the colony, and their principal haunts and avocations. In pursuance of the instructions which were some time since issued by the Government, a collection of statistics with reference to these matters should be now in course of preparation. Some singular ethnological facts may possibly be elicited, for the edification of speculative inquirers into the origin of species. We should rather hope, however, that a better knowledge of our blacks will lead to their elevation in the social scale. If neither their morals nor their intellects can be improved, their physical condition may, at any rate, be ameliorated.

If the present Ministers are touched with compunction for the indifference and neglect with which the natives have been treated, they can make some amends towards the remnant yet wandering in the bush. A small tract of land to call their own might be an acceptable present to such of the surviving aborigines as have found no settled occupation. There they might still play at savages, and dream away a free and idle, but a harmless life. Should, the old antipathies of sects, and the attachment to particular localities, still flourish so as to prevent them from all congregating together in one place, a few acres might be set apart within the ancient domains of each of the tribes that have say representatives yet left, and within those narrow limits they might be permitted to enjoy themselves after their own fashion. It would not cost much to supply them with rations sufficient for their sustenance. If thus kept apart, regulations might easily be framed to restrain them from becoming troublesome or disorderly, without going so far as to punish them, as is now the practice, according to our penal code for every violation of our laws, which they cannot understand. Compared to Europeans, they are

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like crazy children; and it is as unjust as useless to deal with them as with white men in the full enjoyment of all their faculties. An American author, of great legal celebrity, speaking of the Indians, has indicated the most humane and sensible policy that could be adopted by Europeans towards their savage neighbours. "To leave the Indians in the possession of the country," says Chancellor KENT, "was to leave the country a wilderness; and to govern them as a distinct people, or to mix with them, and to admit them to an intercommunity of privileges, was impossible, under the circumstances of their relative condition. The peculiar character and habits of the Indian nations rendered them incapable of sustaining any other relation with the white man than that of dependence and pupilage. There was no other way of dealing with them than that of keeping them separate, subordinate, and dependent, with a guardian care thrown around them for their protection." One might almost fancy that the Chancellor had been writing in Victoria, after a residence of several years, while corroborations were yet in fashion.

*On September 13 and 14 Henry made the serendipitous discovery that the channel near his boat place behaved very much like a coastal estuary, having top and bottom currents flowing in opposite directions within a single channel. The top current was a coherent mass of warmer Sudbury River water flowing gently northward over a stronger southerly current of colder Assabet River water moving up that valley. Here there were two rivers in one place, moving in opposite directions.*

- Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, page 218



September 13. I go early to pick up my windfalls. Some of them are half buried in the soil, the rain having spattered the dirt over them.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

The river this morning, about 7 A.M., is already twenty-eight and a half inches above summer level, and more than twenty inches of this is owing to the rain of yesterday and last night!! By 1.30 P.M., when it has risen two or three inches more, I can just cross the meadow in a straight line to the Rock. I see a snake swimming on the middle of the tide, far from shore, washed out of the meadow, and myriads of grasshoppers and beetles, etc., are wrecked or clinging to the weeds and stubble that rises above the flood. At evening the river is five inches higher than in the morning.

There is very little current at my boat's place this evening, yet a chip floats down (and next morning, the 14th, I see that a large limb has been carried up-stream during the night, from where it lay at evening, some twenty rods above the junction, to a place thirty rods above the junction). Yet, when I try the current (in the evening of the 13th) with a chip, it goes down at Heron Rock, but the limb was large and irregular, and sank very deep in the water; so I think that the Assabet water was running up beneath while the Musketaquid flowed down over it slowly.

A Carlisle man tells me of a coon he killed in Carlisle which weighed twenty-three and a half pounds and dressed fourteen pounds. He frequently sees and hears them at present.

On the 13th I go to J. Q. Adams's again to see the lynx. Farmer said that if the skin was tainted the hair would

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come off.

The tail is black at extremity for one inch, and no white at tip; the rest of it above is rust-color (beneath it is white), with the slightest possible suggestion of white rings, i. e. a few white hairs noticed. When stretched or spread the fore foot measured just 5 inches in width, the hind foot scarcely less than 6 inches. The black border on the ear was broadest on the inner (i.e. toward the other ear) and forward side,—1/2 inch and more. The tufts on the ears only about 1/8+ inch wide.

Adams went to show me the carcass. It was quite sweet still (13th, in afternoon), only a little fly-blown. No quadruped or bird had touched it. Remarkably long and slender, made for jumping. The muscles of the thigh were proportionately very large. I thought the thigh would measure now 9 inches in circumference. I had heard that there was nothing in its stomach, but we opened the paunch and found it full of rabbits' fur. I cut off a fore leg.

He said that he had lost two or three hens only, and apparently did not think much of that. The first he knew the animal was within three feet of him, so that he could hardly turn his gun to strike him. He did not know where he came from,—whether from over the wall, to which he was near, or from a chestnut, for he was in the midst of the woods of Jones's lot, not cut. He felt somewhat frightened. Struck him with the butt of his gun, but did not hurt him much, he was so quick. He jumped at once thirty feet, turned round, and faced him. He then fired, about thirty feet, at his eyes, and destroyed one,—perhaps put out the other, too. He then bounded out of sight. When he had loaded he found him crawling toward him on his belly as if to spring upon him; fired again, and thinks he mortally wounded him then. After loading, approached, and the lynx faced him, all alive. He then fired, and the lynx leapt up fifteen feet, fell, and died. Either at the second or last shot leapt within ten feet of him. He was much impressed by his eyes and the ruff standing out on the sides of his neck.

This was about one hundred and thirty rods easterly from his house.

The skinned tail measured 5 inches. I boiled the leg on the 14th (five days after it was killed) for the bone. It smelled and looked like very good meat, like mutton.

Vide Salem lynxes, September 23d, 1858. [Vide extract from Richardson, Nov. 10, 1860.]

It is remarkable how slow people are to believe that there are any wild animals in their neighborhood. They who have seen this generally suppose that it got out of a menagerie; others that it strayed down from far north. At most they call it Canada lynx. In Willey's White Mountain book the same animal is spoken of as a terror to the hunter and called the "Siberian Lynx." What they call it I know not.

I do not think it necessary even to suppose it a straggler, but only very rare hereabouts. I have seen two lynxes that were killed between here and Salem since '27. Have heard of another killed in or near Andover. There may have been many more killed as near within thirty years and I not have heard of it, for they who kill one commonly do not know what it is. They are nocturnal in their habits, and therefore are the more rarely seen, yet a strange animal is seen in this town by somebody about every year, or its track. I have heard of two or three such within a year, and of half a dozen within fifteen years. Such an animal might range fifteen to twenty miles back and forth from Acton to Tewksbury and find more woodland than in the southern part of New Hampshire generally.

Farmer says that a farmer in Tewksbury told him two or three years ago that he had seen deer lately on the pine plain thereabouts.

Adams got a neighbor to help him skin the lynx, a middle-aged man; but he was "so nervous" and unwilling to touch even the dead beast, when he came to see it, that he gave him but little assistance.

Dr. Reynolds tells me of a lynx killed in Andover, in a swamp near Haggerty's Pond, one winter when he kept school in Tewksbury, about 1820. At first it was seen crossing the Merrimack into Tewksbury, and there was accordingly a story of an animal about that was ten feet long. They turned out, all the hunters of the neighborhood, and tracked it in the snow, across Tewksbury to the swamp in Andover and back again to Tewksbury. One old hunter bet something that they could not show him a track which he did not know, but when they showed him this he gave up. Finally they tracked it to the Andover swamp, and a boy shot it in a tree, though it leapt and fell within a few feet of him when shot.

Rice tells of a common wildcat killed in Sudbury some forty years ago, resting on some ice as it was crossing the Sudbury meadows amid ice and water.

Mr. Boutwell of Groton tells me that a lynx was killed in Dunstable within two or three years. Thinks it is in the State Museum. [Vide "New England's Prospect" near beginning of Indian Book No. 9.]

This makes five that I have heard of (and seen three) killed within some fifteen or eighteen miles of Concord within thirty years past, and no doubt there have been three times as many of them killed here. [Vide Sept. 29, 1856. Walcott (?) saw a lynx of some kind which was killed in (his father's?) barn in Bolton (?) some twenty-five years ago; not so big as mine. Bradford says the Essex Institute have another killed in that neighborhood more recently.

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September 14, Friday: The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported that James Fitzgerald, formerly of Boston, who had come to San Francisco recently from the City of Nations “and has ever since managed to live without soiling his hands with work,” had been taken into custody by Officer Chappelle, on charges of having gashed the face of one Annie Fitzgerald, “a Jackson street nymph.” “This is not the first time the coward has raised his hand in violence against a woman.” Over and above that, the gazette reported, there had been a knife fight over a laundry bill, between a couple of Frenchmen and a number of Chinese, in a Celestial laundry house in an alley connecting Broadway and Pacific streets. It seemed, from the sad conditions of the faces of these Frenchmen, that they had not won this fight: “Ordinarily the Chinese are more sinned against than sinning, but lately the Johns [*sic*] are getting to be right valiant in the use of knives and slungshots.”

Separated from his mistress the Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, distressed by the death of his son, troubled by the letter from Brahms, Joachim, Grimm, and Scholz printed in the Berlin [Echo](#) protesting the new German School, Franz Liszt penned his 1st will.



September 14. – Channing reads in papers that within a few days a wildcat was killed in Northampton weighing twenty-two pounds and another in Tyringham, Berkshire County, of thirty-six pounds (of course L. Canadensis both).]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



A.M. – River still rising; at 4 P.M. one and an eighth inches higher than in morning.



September 15, Saturday: On this day [Henry Thoreau](#) took a look at a museum being created in [Concord](#) by a Mr. Davis, and on this day he also had occasion to comment “I love to see anything that implies a simpler mode of life and greater nearness to the earth.” It is because of this that the present-day [Concord Museum](#) is able to urge tourists passing through Concord to “follow in Thoreau’s footsteps and visit ‘Mr. Davis’s museum’.” Over the years the collections have expanded, and become quite different from what Thoreau himself saw, for in their advertisements they now recommend themselves as “The Concord Museum / A Museum of Concord History and Decorative Arts / Including Thoreau’s Bed, Desk and Chair from Walden Pond / His Surveying Equipment, Walking Stick, Spyglass and Snowshoes / Thoreau Family Possessions / Ralph Waldo Emerson’s Study / Open daily all year / Call for hours and admissions / 200 Lexington Road / Concord, MA 01742 / (508) 369-9609.



September 15. In morning river is three feet two and a half plus inches above summer level.

[Transcript]

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6 P.M., river is slightly higher than in morning, or at height. Thus it reached its height the third day after the rain; had risen on the morning of the third day about thirty inches on account of the rain of one day (the 12th). Joe Smith’s man brings me this forenoon a fish hawk which was shot on George Brooks’s pigeon-stand last evening. It is evidently a female of this year, full grown. Length 23 inches; alar extent 5 feet 6 1/2 inches. It probably lit there merely for a perch.

Looked at Mr. Davis’s museum. Miss Lydia Hosmer (the surviving maiden lady) has given him some relics which belonged to her (the Hosmer) family. A small lead or pewter sun-dial, which she told him was brought over by her ancestors and which has the date 1626 scratched on it. Also some stone weights in an ancient linen bag, said to have been brought from England. They were oval stones or pebbles from the shore,—or might have been picked up at Walden. There was a pound, a half-pound, a quarter, a two-ounce, and several one-ounce weights, now all rather dark and ancient to look at, like the bag. This was to me the most interesting relic in his collection. I love to see anything that implies a simpler mode of life and greater nearness to the earth.



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September 16, Sunday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Took buffalo hair to Mrs. Sharp to make mattress for me.



September 16. 7 A.M.— River fallen one and a half inches. Is three feet and seven eighths of an inch above summer level, i.e. at notch on tree. I mark a willow eight feet above summer level. See no zizania seed ripe, or black, yet, but almost all is fallen.



September 17, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) replied to a form letter from the publishers of [The World](#) to have them include his name in their list of lecturers:

*Concord Mass.  
Sep 17" 1860  
To the Publishers  
of "the World"*

Groups of British and French negotiators were taken captive at T'ungchow. Some were taken to [Peking](#) for torture and public humiliation.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Phillips and Maxwell went on a buffalo hunt. I killed a buffalo just after work tonight in Bob Crawford's field.

The Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#) reported that:

ANOTHER PRISONER ESCAPED.— Thomas Robertson, who is five feet six or seven inches in hight [sic], stout built, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, has light sandy whiskers; and is of light complexion, was brought to town by Constable Dean, of Franklin township, on a Commitment for assault to rape the daughter of Captain Blum, of said township. The child is only eight years of age. The Constable and an assistant, with the prisoner, arrived here on Saturday morning about two o'clock, at which time he was heard to inquire at the corner of I and Tenth street for the residence of Sheriff Marshall. When last seen by our informant the prisoner and attendant was standing near the center of the plaza, while Constable Deal rode up Tenth street. He returned soon after, and found that his assistant had taken the prisoner to the open stand at the corner of J and Ninth streets, where be had gone to sleep, and the prisoner, profiting by the opportunity, had escaped. If the Constable had had sense enough to have taken the prisoner to the county jail, instead of riding about the city in search of the Sheriff, all would have been right. That commitment, "to deliver the prisoner into the bands of the Sheriff," he construed literally, and consequently his search for the Sheriff in person.

IMPOUNDING COWS. — Yesterday morning, the Poundmaster, Eli Mayo, found about twenty cows feeding on the straw spread on Q street

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to lay the dust, by the Managers of the State Agricultural Society, and commenced driving three of them toward the Pound, when he was interrupted and prevented by Mr. O'Connor, the owner. Mayo then went before Justice Harr and swore out a warrant against O'Connor for resisting an officer in his official capacity. The Poundmaster has frequently been interrupted in this manner, and now brings complaint to settle the question. Parties are in the habit, says Mayo, of letting their cows run under the pretence that they have this right, if they watch them. But Mayo further says that they watch him instead of the cows, and when he commences to drive them off, they interpose the plea that they are in the care of a boy or man, and he must desist.

A MODEL STEAM WAGON. — J.P. Overton has come again with a new edition of his steam wagon, and which is on exhibition. It seems to run very well on a smooth floor, and we cannot see far enough into the shades of cause and effect, to tell why it will not run equally as well on terra firma. At any rate, Overton is a genius in his way, and is sure to figure in the future annals of inventors. He has also a patent revolving plow, and a quartz amalgamator, both of which seem to be practical inventions. The mechanical work is all done by his own hands although he is no mechanic by apprenticeship. His agent exhibiting the above inventions says Overton has been offered \$10,000 for his inventions and services for a year, by an English company, but he declines all proffers from capitalists.

CITIZENS' SUBSCRIPTION. — A Committee of prominent citizens will to-day canvass the city to collect a sum of money for the furtherance of the objects of the State Fair that opens Wednesday evening. At Stockton and Marysville the citizens of each place donated \$5,000 for the use of their local societies, and it should be the aim to raise at least an equal amount here. The disbursements of last year were upwards of \$30,000, and it will take an equal amount now. The detraction that has been so prominently published of the citizens of Sacramento for their locating the Fair a second time here should stimulate every one to extra exertions to prevent its failing in any respect, pecuniarily or otherwise.

A TROUBLESOME HUSBAND. — William Burns, residing on Fifth street, between M and N, was yesterday morning, arrested on a warrant issued by Justice Barr, a complaint of Mary Burns, his wife, for threats against life. The husband has been so boisterous for the past two days as to intimidate the wife and induce her to seek lodging under her house instead of on her bed. She asks that William may be placed under bonds to keep the peace.

ANOTHER TRAIN. — The Burtnett train from Illinois, composed of two wagons and thirteen head of cattle, passed through the city Wednesday, en route to Napa Valley. This train crossed with the greatest success, losing not a single head of stock. Burtnett reports that the train immediately preceding him met with extraordinary bad luck, having nearly one hundred head of horses stampeded by the Indians.

ACCIDENT TO THE GOVERNOR DANA. — The steamer Governor Dana, on her upward trip Saturday, struck a snag and stove her larboard bow. The damage was temporarily repaired, and she was enabled to





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resume her trip. She returned yesterday, and was hauled out on the company's stocks at Washington, but will be ready to take her place this morning.

BIGELOW'S CASE. — This man, who is under sentence to State Prison for one year, is yet in the County Jail awaiting the clemency of the Governor. It seems that if the Governor intends to act he should at once do so for or against this simple man. We suppose there is no authority by which he is held to await action.

GIN MAD. — Daniel Sheridan, who was placed in the Station House on Friday night, believed to be insane, was examined on Saturday by Drs. Nixon and Oatman, and found to be insane from too frequent potations of gin. They recommended that he be held in confinement for a few days.

CHURCH INCIDENT. — Last evening, while Rev. W.H. Hill was preaching his sermon, a person was attacked with mania a potu, and for a short time interrupted the theme. He was soon removed.

FIRST FLOCK.— A flock of about sixty wild geese, the first of the season, passed over the city yesterday. By statute, wild game is protected until the 15th day of September, when it is lawful prey to the sportsman.

UNITED STATES TRAIN. — A long train of United States wagons, loaded with provisions and tools, passed through the city on Saturday, en route for Fort Churchill, Utah Territory.

PUBLIC BATHING. — Men and boys are in the habit of bathing in the Sacramento river, near the Yolo bridge, and in sight of females passing to and from the city.

INSANE. — H.J. Mellen, Deputy Sheriff of Placer county, arrived in this city last night with an insane man named Alpha Matteson, resident of Michigan Bluff, en route for Stockton.



September 17. 6.30 A.M.— River thirty-four and an eighth above summer level, or fallen about four inches since evening of 15th. It flows now (a sunk bottle) one hundred feet in two minutes at boat's place, there being no wind.

P.M.— Up river.

*"Up river," "To Fairhaven," and "To Clamshell" were other common opening phrases. This signified a southward trip up the lakelike Sudbury River, which zigzagged between rocky cliffs and lush meadows. Its current could be detected only at narrows and shallows. Parallel lines of sweet-scented lily pads, aquatic flowers rooted in shoreline mud, and buttonbush swamps flanked the river for much of its length. With a breeze from the north or east, he would usually sail. Otherwise he would row.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11

Pontederia seeds falling.

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See a flock of eight or ten wood ducks on the Grindstone Meadow, with glass, some twenty-five rods off,—several drakes very handsome. They utter a creaking scream as they sail there,—being alarmed,—from time to time, shrill and loud, very unlike the black duck. At last one sails off, calling the others by a short creaking note.



September 18, Tuesday: [Sir Charles Lyell](#) wrote to [Charles Darwin](#), mentioning a factoid from H.R. Göppert's *ÜBERWALLUNG DER TANNENSTÖCHE* (Bonn 1842) to which Darwin would quickly respond:

In y<sup>f</sup> chapter on grafting you might, it struck me, have alluded to those wonderful cases of nat<sup>l</sup>. grafting recorded in the fir-woods of Germany. I think I could find a reference to it, where a totally leafless stump keeps alive by its roots, borrowing from the roots of adjoining fir-trees till the bark closes over. It answers the question why Nature has given such a power & was it for the mere sake of human gardeners.

British and French forces captured Chang-chia-wan in [China](#) and plundered the city.

Sardinian forces defeated papal troops at Castelfidaro, essentially ending the army of the Pope (what begins as tragedy eventually amounts to a bad joke: eventually [Jusef Stalin](#) would be enabled to inquire sarcastically, of French Foreign Minister Pierre Laval, in regard to the Pope — how many divisions he had).

The USS *Levant*, a 22-gun sloop of war with approximately 190 men on board, was somehow lost at sea sometime after this date. No trace has ever been found.

LOST AT SEA



[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Bob came with Joseph and wife, Mrs. Muir and Bean.



September 18. According to all accounts, very little corn is fit to grind before October 1st (though I have one kind ripe and fit to grind September 1st). It becomes hard and dry enough in the husk in the field by that time, much of it. But long before this, or say by the 1st of September, it begins to glaze (or harden on the surface), when it begins to be too hard to boil.

P.M.— To beeches.



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This is a beautiful day, warm but not too warm, a harvest day (I am going down the railroad causeway), the first unquestionable and conspicuous autumnal day, when the willows and button-bushes are a yellowed bower in parallel lines along the swollen and shining stream. The first autumnal tints (of red maples) are now generally noticed. The shrilling of the alder locust fills the air. A brightness as of spring is reflected from the green shorn fields. Both sky and earth are bright. The first clear blue and shining white (of clouds). Cornstalk-tops are stacked about the fields; potatoes are being dug; smokes are seen in the horizon. It is the season of agricultural fairs. If you are not happy to-day you will hardly be so to-morrow.

Leaving Lowell on the morning of the 10th, after the rain of the day before, I passed some heaps of brush in an opening in the woods,—a pasture surrounded by woods,—to which the owner was just setting fire, wet as they were, it being the safest time to bum them. Hence they make so much smoke sometimes. Some farmer, perhaps, wishes to plow this fall there, and sow rye perchance, or merely to keep his pasture clear. Hence the smokes in the horizon at this season. The rattle-pod (in Deep Cut) has begun to turn black and rattle for three or four days. Notice some green pods of lady's-slipper still, full of chaffy seed.

The beechnut burs are browned but not falling. They open directly in my chamber. The nuts are all empty.

White pine cones (a small crop), and all open that I see. [Are they not last year's?]

The toadstools in wood-paths are perforated (almost like pepper-boxes) by flattish slippery insects, bronze and black, which are beneath and within it. Or you see their heads projecting and the dust (or exuviae) they make like a curb about the holes.

Smooth sumach berries are about past their beauty and the white creamy incrustation mostly dried up.

I see in the Walden road two dead shrews and some fox-dung by them. They look as if bitten and flatted by the fox. Were they not dropped there by him? Perhaps they will not eat one. [Vide 24th.]

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September 19, Wednesday: Thomas Dartmouth "T.D." "Daddy" Rice, originator of the stage character "Jim Crow" of the minstrel show, died in near poverty in [New-York](#).



### ME HAPPY SO ME SING

The [New-York Herald](#) reported that [Dirty Bertie the Prince of Wales](#) seemed to have had a swell time at one of the balls in his honor in Canada:



Never has the Prince seemed more manly nor in better spirits. He talked away to his partner.... He whispered soft nothings to the ladies as he passed them in the dance, directed them how to go right, & shook his finger at those who mixed the figures.... In short was the life of the party. During the evening though he and the Duke of Newcastle enquired for a pretty American lady Miss B. of Nachez, whom they met at Niagara Falls and with whom the Prince wished to dance. His Royal Highness looks as if he might have a very susceptible nature, and has already yielded to several twinges in the region of his midriff.

Father [Isaac Hecker](#) wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) from New Britain, Connecticut.



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September 19. 4 P.M.– River fallen about one foot.

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### CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



September 20, Thursday: At the 66th exhibition of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, the one for the year 1860, known as the “annual Cattle Show,” although this was a rainy day, [Henry Thoreau](#) lined up at 2PM with the officials of the society at their hall under the direction of N. Henry Warren, Chief Marshal and the assembly marched under escort of Gilmore’s Band to the Town Hall. There Thoreau sat on the platform with President C.C. Felton of Harvard University (his old Greek professor), and President of the Middlesex Agricultural Society George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, a former Massachusetts governor whom Thoreau had criticized (but not by name) for his lack of effectiveness in the case of Simms. President Boutwell introduced Thoreau. At the conclusion of Thoreau’s remarks, Boutwell congratulated the audience on hearing an address “so plain and practical, and at the same time showing such close observation and careful study of natural phenomena.”

The woods-burner stood before the members of the Middlesex Agricultural Society assembled in the Town Hall to read his attempt to persuade the woodlot managers of Concord to save themselves from their own ignorance. Although this essay would have, within his lifetime, [Laura Dassow Walls](#) points out, the most extensive distribution of any he had authored, she has commented as well that



In a moment steeped in ironies, not the least is that the text in which he most artfully negotiated the difficult passage between poetry and science has fallen between them into obscurity.

Why would Walls offer that a [“SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES”](#) text which she has just characterized as the most widely distributed of all was a text which nevertheless fell into obscurity? Because in this text Thoreau was not merely offering a theory of forest succession. He was also demonstrating how science should be done.

He was arguing for a new concept of science, a nonmodern science in which the subject and the object are not split into separate and independent entities but caught mutually in a web of relationship.

Pointing out that the text seems an odd specimen of “scientific” writing, full of jokes and wordplay, asides and parables, so that one might presume Thoreau to have been simply unable/unwilling to follow the established rules for the genre, Wells asks, instead, “how this essay would look if we take his words seriously, as if he



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meant what he said.”

**Walls  
commentary**

She finds in the essay techniques of “feedbacking” and “inversion” designed to destabilize the usual preposterous pretenses of what goes under the rubric “scientific objectivity,” pretenses which are designed to cause the author/scientist to seem to quite vanish as the transparent channel for an objective truth. (In a footnote here, Walls indicates that she is borrowing the methodology for this from the “strong program” of “SSK, the sociology of scientific knowledge,” and that she is borrowing the specific terminology she deploys from Steve Woolgar’s 1988 volume SCIENCE, THE VERY IDEA, published in New York by Tavistock and Ellis in association with Methuen.)

“Feedbacking” focuses on the role of the putative “discoverer,” in this case Thoreau himself. In “objective” science, this role would be that of transparent intermediary between the scientist’s object and ourselves, the readers and witnesses. The act of discovery being essentially passive, anyone, the story goes, could have stumbled across it; I just happened to be the one, and I merely convey my finding to you. The narrating “I/eye” we expect in scientific rhetoric claims merely to record what is there all along for anyone to see, staying rhetorically out of sight, suppressing any sense of its own agency – for, recall, there has been no agency. The very power of this view rests on this premise: command by obedience. But if objectivity is undercut, one can no longer claim simply to channel the docile body of the discovered to its interested onlookers, nor posit oneself as the passive vehicle of intelligence, pure, unmarked, invisible, neutral, and uncontaminating. Feedbacking, therefore, disrupts this fictive role by foregrounding agency. The discoverer/scientist/author will emphasize rather than suppress individual presence, action, and circumstance, through the use of what Steve Woolgar calls “modalizers” which “draw attention to the existence and role of an agent in the constitution of a fact or factual statement.” Or even more dramatically, the author may put in a sudden and unexpected appearance -not an easy thing to do, I’ve noticed- revealing the convention that has kept her “silent” (pages 202-3).

**Cruikshank  
commentary**

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
September 9, 1860	Lowell MA	“Life Misspent”
September 20, 1860	<a href="#">Concord</a>	“The Succession of Forest Trees”
December 11, 1860	Waterbury CT	“Autumnal Tints”



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Thoreau quotes from [John Claudius Loudon](#), in ["SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES"](#):

The very extensive and thorough experiments of the English have at length led them to adopt a method of raising oaks almost precisely like this, which somewhat earlier had been adopted by nature and her squirrels here; they have simply rediscovered the value of pines as nurses for oaks. The English experimenters seem, early and generally, to have found out the importance of using trees of some kind as nurse-plants for the young oaks. I quote from Loudon what he describes as "the ultimatum on the subject of planting and sheltering oaks," – "an abstract of the practice adopted by the government officers in the national forests" of England, prepared by Alexander Milne....

Loudon says that "when the nut [of the common walnut of Europe] is to be preserved through the winter for the purpose of planting in the following spring, it should be laid in a rot-heap, as soon as gathered, with the husk on, and the heap should be turned over frequently in the course of the winter."

Here, again, he is stealing Nature's "thunder." How can a poor mortal do otherwise? for it is she that finds fingers to steal with, and the treasure to be stolen. In the planting of the seeds of most trees, the best gardeners do no more than follow Nature, though they may not know it. Generally, both large and small ones are most sure to germinate, and succeed best, when only beaten into the earth with the back of a spade, and then covered with leaves or straw. These results to which planters have arrived remind us of the experience of Kane and his companions at the North, who, when learning to live in that climate, were surprised to find themselves steadily adopting the customs of the natives, simply becoming Esquimaux. So, when we experiment in planting forests, we find ourselves at last doing as Nature does. Would it not be well to consult with Nature in the outset? for she is the most extensive and experienced planter of us all, not excepting the Dukes of Athol....

So far from the seed having lain dormant in the soil since oaks grew there before, as many believe, it is well known that it is difficult to preserve the vitality of acorns long enough to transport them to Europe; and it is recommended in Loudon's "Arboretum," as the safest course, to sprout them in pots on the voyage. The same authority states that "very few acorns of any species will germinate after having been kept a year," that beech mast "only retains its vital properties one year," and the black-walnut "seldom more than six months after it has ripened." I have frequently found that in November, almost every acorn left on the ground had sprouted or decayed. What with frost, drouth, moisture, and worms, the greater part are soon destroyed. Yet it is stated by one botanical writer that "acorns that have lain for centuries, on being ploughed up, have soon

vegetated."

On September 20 Henry gave a speech at the Middlesex Society Cattle Show in Concord, titled "The Succession of Forest Trees." The day before and the day after that speech, he was busy monitoring river stage, proving that his river project overlapped in time with his most important contribution to proto-ecology. Two weeks later, on October 6, this lecture was published in Horace Greeley's New-York Weekly Tribune. It's a wonderfully argued, albeit obliquely presented, work that he began four years earlier, and which was indirectly informed by his meadow investigations. The last of Henry's systematic observations of river stage for the year came on September 27. After contemplating the persistence of Heywood Meadow on October 22, he combined his observations of plant succession and river history to propose that it takes a "geological change" to create such meadows.

- Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, pages 218-219



September 20. Cattle-Show.

Rainy in forenoon.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Mr. George B. Emerson, in his valuable REPORT ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS OF THIS STATE, says of the pines: "The tenacity of life of the seeds is remarkable. They will remain for many years unchanged in the ground, protected by the coolness and deep shade of the forest above them. But when the forest is removed, and the warmth of the sun admitted, they immediately vegetate." Since he does not tell us on what observation his remark is founded, I must doubt its truth.

- "The Succession of Forest Trees"

Simon Brown made a journal entry about this:

Our annual Agricultural Festival. It began to rain at 8 o'clock and rained through most of the forenoon. No cattle were exhibited this year on account of the disease. The show of horses and Fruits was very fine. The Address was by Mr. Thoreau, President Felton of Harvard College, Levi Stockbridge of South



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Hadley and Mr. Hudson, of Lexington spoke well.



 September 21, Friday: British and French troops defeated the [Chinese](#) at Palikao.

[Arthur Schopenhauer](#) died in Frankfurt-am-Main at the age of 72.

James Whitford was [hanged](#) in the jailyard in San Francisco, [California](#) for having shot Edward Sheridan on February 1, 1860 over a pay dispute.



September 21, Friday: Hard rain last night. About one and seven eighths inches fallen since yesterday morning, and river rising again. See, at Reynolds's, Hungarian millet raised by Everett. It is smaller and more purple than what is commonly raised here.

P.M.— To Easterbrooks Country.

The fever-bush berries have begun some time,—say one week; are not yet in prime. Taste almost exactly like lemon-peel. But few bushes bear any.

The bayberries are perhaps ripe, but not so light a gray and so rough, or wrinkled, as they will be.

The pods of the broom are nearly half of them open. I perceive that one, just ready to open, opens with a slight spring on being touched, and the pods at once twist and curl a little. I suspect that such seeds as these, which the winds do not transport, will turn out to be more sought after by birds, etc., and so transported by them than those lighter ones which are furnished with a pappus and are accordingly transported by the wind; i. e., that those which the wind takes are less generally the food of birds and quadrupeds than the heavier and wingless seeds.

Muhlenbergia Mexicana by wall between E. Hosmer and Simon Brown, some time. Some large thorn bushes quite bare.



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September 22, Saturday: The Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 was able to have an interview with the *Chun Wang* Loyal King of the Taipings with the [Chinese Christian Army](#) at Soochow, with the honorary beating of gongs and a review of the troops (news of this meeting, and of the Baptist missionary's intention to make his residence in [Nanking](#), would of course immediately be sent to the *T'ien Wang* Heavenly King, [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全).

What did they talk about? This is a matter of record. They discussed the inconsistency of the British and the French, who while themselves Christians opposed to idolatry had entered into a political alliance with that potfull of Manchu idolators in Peking who were currently ruling most of China, while scheming to defeat the Chinese Christian army that had arrived virtually at their Shanghai city gates. On this the two of them were in perfect concord. The missionary proposed a propaganda campaign, to take the matter to the common people of these Western nations, over the heads of the Queen of England, the Emperor of France, and the President of the United States of America. The Taiping Christian king wrote a letter which the missionary was to translate and see published in the Western newspapers, promising fair trade and emphasizing their religious common ground. The Christian monarch suggested in this letter to the west a novel conceit — that Christians ought not be fighting one another.

The Emperor Hsien Feng (and [Tz'u-hsi](#) 慈禧) retreated slowly toward the resort palaces of Jehol from the Forbidden City in the center of [Peking](#), under siege by foreign devils.

The Holy Congregation of Cardinals convened in Rome to discuss the annulment of the marriage of Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein (the body ruled in her favor).

[Henry Thoreau](#) responded to the letter he had received from [Augustus Sabin Chase](#) on behalf of the Young Men's Institute in Waterbury, [Connecticut](#):

*Concord Mass  
Sep 22<sup>d</sup> '60*

*Mr A.S. Chase  
Dear Sir,*

*I will read a lecture before your Institute, on any evening in December,  
for thirty dollars; but I should prefer to come early rather than late.*

*Yrs respectfully*

*Henry D. Thoreau*



September 22, Saturday: P.M.— To Clamshell by boat.  
Find more pieces of that Indian pot. Have now thirty-eight in all.  
Evidently the recent rise of the river has caused the lower leaves of the button-bush to fall. A perfectly level line on these bushes marks the height to which the water rose, many or most of the leaves so high having fallen.  
The clematis yesterday was but just beginning to be feathered, but its feathers make no show. Feathers out next day in house.  
See a large flock of crows.  
The sweet-gale fruit is yet quite green, but perhaps it is ripe. The button-bush balls are hardly reddened.  
Moreover the beach plum appears to prefer a sandy place, however far inland, and one of our patches grows on the only desert which we have.  
Some of the early botanists, like [Gerard](#), were prompted and compelled to describe their plants, but most nowadays only measure them, as it were. The former is affected by what he sees and so inspired to portray it; the latter merely fills out a schedule prepared for him,—makes a description pour servir. I am constantly assisted by the books in identifying a particular plant and learning some of its humbler uses, but I rarely read a sentence in a botany which reminds me of flowers or living plants. Very few indeed write as if they had seen the thing which they pretend to describe.



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September 23, Sunday: [Charles Darwin](#) responded to [Sir Charles Lyell](#)'s comment in his letter of [September 18th](#) in regard to the stumps of cut-down trees, that sometimes "are kept alive for years by their roots being inarched or grafted":

That is a good bit about grafting of roots, & the stumps kept thus alive. I remember reading the paper & sh<sup>d</sup>. much like to have reference to it. But my impression is pretty strong that authors say that the case is confined to Coniferæ.— Perhaps we are thinking of something different: I refer to cut-down stumps (which in the fir-tribe never spring up again) but which are kept alive for years by their roots being inarched or grafted.

[\(That this sort of thing continues to amaze us is something we can find abundant evidence of in current scientific monographs and newspaper articles.\)](#)



September 23, Sunday: P.M.— To Cliffs.

Some small botrychium ripe.

I see on the top of the Cliffs to-day the dung of a fox, consisting of fur, with part of the jaw and one of the long rodent teeth of a woodchuck in it, and the rest of it huckleberry seeds with some whole berries. I saw exactly the same beyond Goose Pond a few days ago, on a rock.—except that the tooth (a curved rodent) was much smaller, probably of a mouse. It is evident, then, that the fox eats huckleberries and so contributes very much to the dispersion of this shrub, for there were a number of entire berries in its dung,—in both the last two I chanced to notice. To spread these seeds, Nature employs not only a great many birds but this restless ranger the fox. Like ourselves, he likes two courses, rabbit and huckleberries.

I see everywhere in the shady yew wood those pretty round-eyed fungus-spots on the upper leaves of the blue-stemmed goldenrod (vide press), contrasting with the few bright-yellow flowers above them,—yellowish-white rings (with a slate-colored centre), surrounded by green and then dark.

Red pine-sap by north side of Yew Path some ten rods east of yew, not long done. The root of the freshest has a decided checkerberry scent, and for a long time—a week after—in my chamber, the bruised plant has a very pleasant earthy sweetness.

I hear that a large owl, probably a cat owl, killed and carried off a full-grown turkey in Carlisle a few days ago.



September 24, Monday: Pope Pius IX granted the request of Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein that her marriage with her husband Nicholas be annulled (she was finally free to wed with Franz Liszt).

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Jones and Baxter returned this evening. Killed sixteen buffalo.  
Frank Robinson killed a buffalo on my claim today.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [DR. R.M.S. JACKSON](#), who had sent him a copy of his new book THE MOUNTAIN. We note that he did not comment on the inclusion of an extended quote from [WALDEN](#) at the front of this volume.

*Concord Sep 24<sup>th</sup> 1860  
Dr R.M.S. Jackson  
Dear Sir  
I wish to thank*

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*you for your book called  
 “The Mountain”, which,  
 owing to many engagements,  
 I have but lately read  
 through. I relished especially  
 the Prolegomenon, which  
 struck me as the best  
 specimen of the Carlyle  
 style, which I have met  
 with out of Carlyle’s own  
 books. I was also attracted  
 and detained wherever the  
 idea of “The Mountain”  
 shone through. I think  
 that I use the expression*

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*“The Wild” with a similar  
 meaning. It is a fine  
 theme.  
 I have been quite a moun-  
 tain climber myself — indeed  
 am pretty familiar with  
 the mts of New England.  
 Some two months ago,  
 I took my hatchet, blanket,  
 and provisions, and squatted  
 for six days and nights  
 on the summit of Monad-  
 nock in N.H., in order that  
 the mt, with its rocks & its  
 fauna & flora, might  
 have time to make their  
 due impression on me.  
 I have also read, in this  
 connexion, an interesting  
 paper, (which you may  
 not have seen) in the  
 Revue des Deux Mondes  
 for last May. It is by*

Page 3

*Alfred Maury, and gives  
 the last results of Science  
 as applied to mts. I should*

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*like well to see also "Das Thierleben (vie des animaux) der Alpenwelt" by Frederick Tschudi, which is one of the books he reviews.*

*Yrs truly  
Henry D. Thoreau*



September 24. P.M.— To Flint's Pond via Smith's chestnut grove.

See a dead shrew in road on Turnpike Hill. (Had hard rain the night of the 20th.) Vide back, 18th.

It is remarkable how persistently Nature endeavors to keep the earth clothed with wood of some kind, — how much vitality there is in the stumps and roots of some trees, though small and young. For example, examined the little hickories on the bare slope of Smith's Hill. I have observed them endeavoring to cover that slope for a dozen years past, and have wondered how the seed came there, planted on a bare pasture hillside, but I now see that the nuts were probably planted just before the pine wood (the stumps of which remain) was cut down, and, having sprung up about that time, have since been repeatedly cut down to keep the pasture clear, till now they are quite feeble or dying, though many are six feet high. When a part of the hill has been plowed and cultivated I examine the roots which have been turned out, and find that they are two inches thick at the ground though only one to three feet high above. I judge that it is fifteen years since the pine wood was cut, and if the hickories had not been cut down and cattle been kept out, there would have been a dense hickory wood there now fifteen to twenty feet high at least. You see on an otherwise perfectly bare hillside or pasture where pines were cut, say fifteen years before, remote from any hickories, countless little hickories a foot high or little more springing up every few feet, and you wonder how they came there, but the fact that they preserve their vitality, though cut down so often and so long, accounts for them.

This shows how heedlessly wood-lots are managed at present, and suggests that when one is cut (if not before) a provident husbandman will carefully examine the ground and ascertain what kind of wood is about to take the place of the old and how abundantly, in order that he may act understandingly and determine if it is best to clear the land or not. I have seen many a field perfectly barren for fifteen or twenty years, which, if properly managed, or only let alone, would naturally have yielded a crop of birch trees within that time.

In Wood Thrush Path at Flint's Pond, a great many of the geiropodium fungus now shed their dust. When closed it is [A] roundish or conical orange-colored fungus three quarters of an inch in diameter, covered with a mucilaginous matter. The thick outer skin of many (it is pink-red inside) had already curled back (it splits into segments and curls parallel to the axis of the plant) and revealed the pinkish fawn-colored puffball capped with a red dimple or crown. This is a hollow bag, which, when you touch it, spurts forth a yellowish-white powder three or four inches through its orifice.

See two very handsome butterflies on the Flint's Pond road in the woods at Gourgas lot, which C. had not seen before. I find that they are quite like the Vanessa Atalanta, or red admiral, of England.

2 P.M.— The river risen about thirty-three inches above summer level



1860-1861

1860-1861

**WALDEN:** Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple-tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

**DIFFERENT DRUMMER**  
**THE INNER LIGHT**



1860-1861

1860-1861

WALDEN: There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself, It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and as he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for they grew old in their works and died, but he grew not older by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stock in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Candahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last of that race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kalpa was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times. But why do I stay to mention these things? When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with full and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

CANDAHARS?

KALPA?

## ARTIST OF KOUROO



September 25, Tuesday: [Carl Friedrich Zöllner](#) died at the age of 60.



September 25. Hard, gusty rain (with thunder and lightning) in afternoon. About seven eighths of an inch falls.

1860-1861

1860-1861

 September 26, Wednesday: A combined British-French expeditionary force arrived at [Peking](#).

Mihailo Obrenovic III replaced Milos Obrenovic I as Prince of Serbia.

Off the mouth of the Congo River, the [USS Constellation](#) captured the slaver barque *Cora*. This painting of the occasion is by Arthur Disney:



The commander sent the message “... report the capture of a Barque with no flag and a cargo of 705 slaves....”

Landsman William H. French, a *Constellation* crew member from 1859 to 1861, would later be able to describe what had happened in considerably greater detail: “We caught ... the fast little bark, Cora.... Commodore Inman called on the entire crew to trim the vessel for the chase ... several of the crew manned the pumps to wet the sails so they would push the sloop along. Once in a while we’d fire a shot, but ... we didn’t try to hit them. The minute it became dark, Commodore Inman ordered the course changed, and we nearly ran the Cora down.... He sent us to pull up the hatches, and 705 natives came tumbling out of the hold, yelling and cringing. They ran forward and crouched on the bow.... It was a fearful job, cleaning and doctoring those natives. They were nearly starved, but they responded to treatment and after keeping them awhile we landed them in Monrovia....” The U.S. government paid a bounty of \$25 for each slave freed, and “prize money” for each impounded ship, to be divided among the crew proportionally according to rank.



September 26. P.M.— Round Walden and Pleasant Meadow.  
 Small oaks in hollows (as under Emerson Cliff) have fairly begun to change.  
 The taller grass and sedge is now generally withered and brown, and reveals the little pines in it.  
 I see that acorns—white oak, etc.—have fallen after the rain and wind, just as leaves and fruit have.  
 I see, just up, the large light-orange toadstools with white spots,—at first:



then:



**1860-1861****1860-1861**

September 27, Thursday: Gunning had returned to Canada with witnesses from Missouri, and [John Anderson](#) had been arrested a third time. On this day William C. Baker of Howard County, Missouri, appeared and testified, along with two of the deceased Diggs's sons — and a lawyer named Holliday, and a constable named Hazlehurst, and a slave named Phil.



### **JACK BURTON AS THE CANADIAN “JOHN ANDERSON”**

Huh? It's reality-check time — a slave named Phil? Did they actually dare take an American slave into Canada? —Why didn't this man just run away? —Did the guy like being their slave? —What the hey is going on here???



1860-1861

1860-1861



September 27, Thursday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#), back from his excellent trip around the world, was not about to allow himself to be intercepted in the vicinity of Boston and arraigned for treason by the federal prosecutor. Almost immediately he would embark on a 2d such trip.

US naval forces put ashore in the Bay of Panama, a shoreline of the nation of Columbia, in order to provide protection for American investments during a local revolution (they would remain until October 8th).

**US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS**

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

About twelve or fifteen returned Pikes Peakers came today.




September 27. A.M.– Sawing up my raft by river.

[Transcript]

### **THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

River about thirty-five inches above summer level, and goes no higher this time.

Monroe's tame ducks sail along and feed close to me as I am working there. Looking up, I see a little dipper [**Horned Grebe**  *Podiceps auritus*], about one-half their size, in the middle of the river, evidently attracted by these tame ducks, as to a place of security. I sit down and watch it. The tame ducks have paddled four or five rods down stream along the shore. They soon detect the dipper three or four rods off, and betray alarm by a twittering note, especially when it dives, as it does continually. At last, when it is two or three rods off and approaching them by diving, they all rush to the shore and come out on it in their fear, but the dipper shows itself close to the shore, and when they enter the water again joins them within two feet, still diving from time to time and threatening to come up in their midst. They return upstream, more or less alarmed and pursued in this wise by the dipper, who does not know what to make of their fears, and soon the dipper is thus tolled along to within twenty feet of where I sit, and I can watch it at my leisure. It has a dark bill and considerable white on the sides of the head or neck, with black between it, no tufts, and no observable white on back or tail. When at last disturbed by me, it suddenly sinks low (all its body) in the water without diving. Thus it can float at various heights. (So on the 30th I saw one suddenly dash along the surface from the meadow ten rods before me to the middle of the river, and then dive, and though I watched fifteen minutes and examined the tufts of grass, I could see no more of it.)

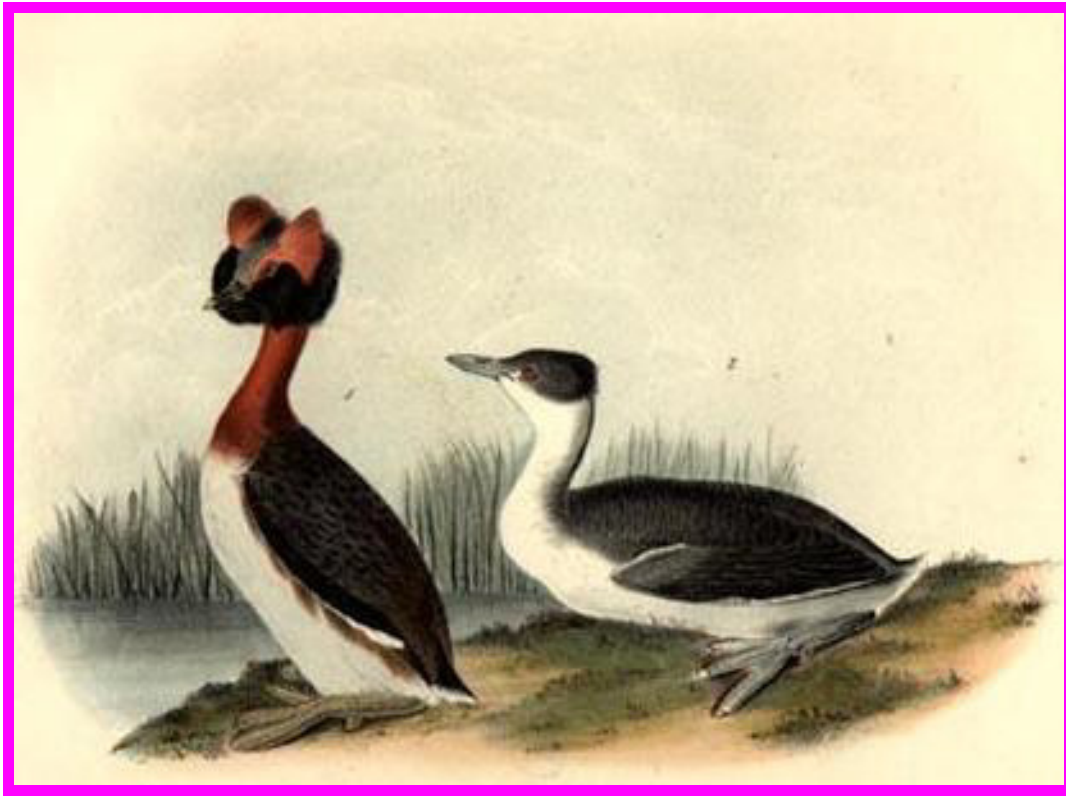
HDT

WHAT?

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1860-1861

1860-1861

During the summer of 1859, [Thoreau](#) worked nearly full-time for eight weeks. And in 1860 he worked nearly full-time for another two weeks and part-time for months. The totality of his project spans eighteen months, from March 17, 1859 to September 27, 1860. To my knowledge, Thoreau's river project is the most wide-ranging scientific (i.e. theoretical) investigation of any American river prior to 1877, when Grove Karl Gilbert, a charter member of the U.S. Geological Survey, reported on the streams of the Henry Mountains in Utah. This claim excludes the equally sophisticated engineering studies of America's larger rivers because the interest there didn't involve natural science. Thoreau's study is a pioneering examination of a disrupted river system that predates, by half a century, Gilbert's early twentieth-century study of rivers impacted by gold rush mining in California.

Henry's transition to river work began on June 16. That's when his normal routine of botanical inventory abruptly shifts to a systematic transect across the Great Meadow. The result was a flora base on distance from the natural levee of the Concord River and the elevation above standing water. He repeated this transect on July 7 suggesting he was monitoring botanical change through time. Among the plants, he lists six different kinds of sedges alone. I interpret this task as the first of many he carried out for himself that summer. His flora matches the nineteenth-century summary provided by historian Brian Donahue from other sources, with meadows "dominated by cord-grass (*Spartina pectinata*), reed canary grass (*Phalaris arundinacea*), fowl meadow grass (*Poa palustris* and *Glyceria striata*), blue joint (*Calamagrostis canadensis*), red top (*Agrestis alba*), and a number of other grasses and sedges.

- [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 157-158



September 28, Friday: [John Anderson](#) was consigned to the common jail of Brantford "to be there safely kept, until he should be delivered by due course of law" on a warrant signed by Mathews and 2 other Justices of the Peace.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Bishop came with a load of goods. A drove of about fifty buffalo passed across my claim today. They crossed the Smoky east of David Phillip's field.



September 28. Butternuts still on tree and falling, as all September.

This morning we had a very severe frost, the first to kill our vines, etc., in garden; what you may call a black frost,—making things look black. Also ice under pump.




**1860-1861**

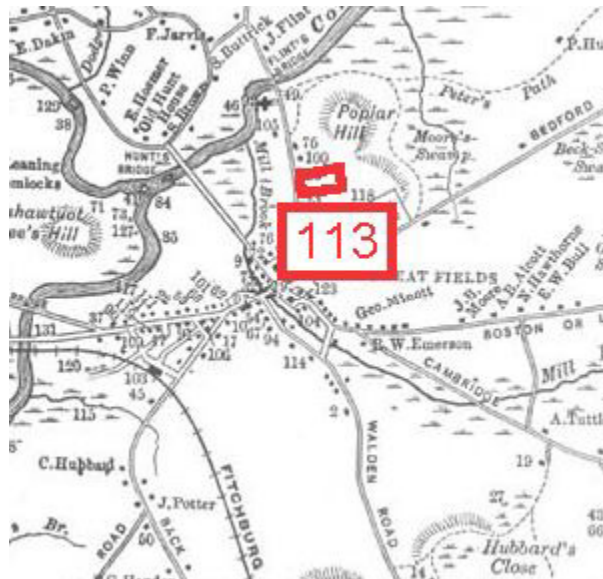
**1860-1861**

1860-1861

1860-1861

 September 29, Saturday: Ancona, in the Papal States, surrendered to Sardinian troops.

Henry Thoreau surveyed, for Daniel Shattuck, on a portion of the estate which would eventuate in the Colonial Inn on Concord Common near Monument Street. His sketch shows as neighbors Joseph Reynolds, Aunt Maria Thoreau, John Shepard Keyes, and Mrs. Charles W. Goodnow.



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](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm)

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View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:



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[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/113.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/113.htm)

Also, [Thoreau](#) was working on his natural history materials. He posted to editor [Horace Greeley](#) his "[SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES](#)" for publication in the [New-York Weekly Tribune](#).

**ROSS/ADAMS  
COMMENTARY**

*Concord Sep 29<sup>th</sup> 1860*

*Friend Greeley,*

*Knowing your interest in whatever relates to Agriculture, I send you with this a short Address delivered by me before "The Middlesex Agricultural Society", in this town, Sep. 20<sup>th</sup>; on The Succession of Forest Trees. It is part of a chapter on the Dispersion of Seeds. If you would like to print it, please accept it. If you do not wish to print it entire, return it to me at once, for it is due to the Societys "Report" a month or 6 weeks hence*

*Yrs truly*

*Henry D. Thoreau*



September 29. Another hard frost and a very cold day.

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1860-1861

In the hard frost of September 29th and 30th and October 1st the thermometer would go all the way down to 20° and all [Ephraim Wales Bull](#)'s Concord grapes, some 50 bushels of them, would be frozen.



[Theodore Henry Hittell](#)'s THE ADVENTURES OF [JAMES CAPEN ADAMS](#),<sup>12</sup> MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER, OF [CALIFORNIA](#) (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company. 117 Washington Street. San Francisco: Towne and Bacon). The book contained a dozen woodcuts by Charles Nahl.

## JAMES CAPEN ADAMS



September 30, Sunday: In [North Kingstown, Rhode Island](#), Daniel Browning killed his 69-year-old mother Content Browning. There are comments in the record about insanity in this family of color. In 1836 the father of the family, James Browning, had killed a man named Cato Room — and when this father died, he was still in gaol as a consequence of this killing.



September 30. Frost and ice.

12. Hittell had completely bought into Grizzly Adams's story that his real name was James Capen Adams rather than John Adams.





1860-1861

1860-1861

OCTOBER 1860

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for October 1860 (æf. 43)



October 1, Monday: Bedrich Smetana reopened his music institute in Göteborg.

[Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)'s forces defeated the royal army of Naples at the Volturno.



In Syracuse, New York, the 9th annual "Jerry Celebration" sponsored by the Unitarian congregation of the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#), honoring the freeing of [Jerry McHenry](#) from the federal marshals who had been seeking to "return" him to his "owner" on October 1, 1851.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

[Henry Thoreau](#) sketched, for Mr. Rhodes representing the Town of Concord, the boundaries of the eight towns in Concord area ([Concord](#), [Carlisle](#), [Bedford](#), [Lincoln](#), [Wayland](#), [Sudbury](#), [Maynard](#), and [Acton](#), totaling 127.49 square miles).



"So long as the past and present are outside one another, knowledge of the past is not of much use in the problems of the present. But suppose the past lives on in the present: suppose, though encapsulated in it, and at first sight hidden beneath the present's contradictory and more prominent features, it is still alive and active; then the historian may very well be related to the non-historian as the trained woodsman is to the ignorant traveller."



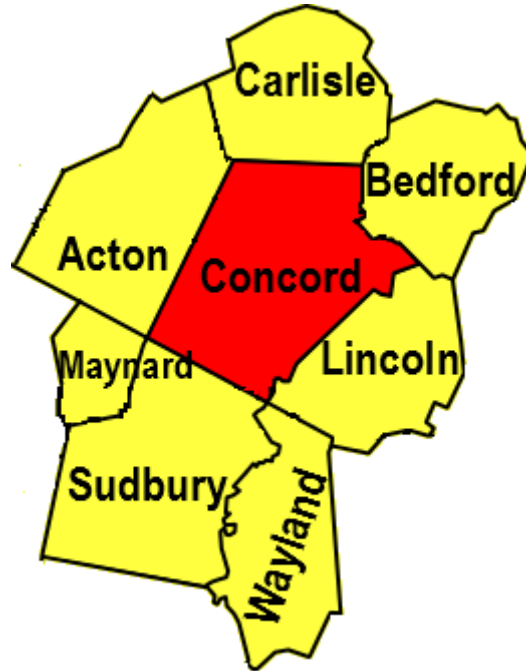
— R.G. Collingwood, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1939, page 100

[Concord](#) is surrounded by nearby little Massachusetts towns like [Lexington](#), [Lincoln](#), [Acton](#), [Bedford](#), [Sudbury](#), [Maynard](#), [Wayland](#), [Waltham](#), and [Carlisle](#), each having its own Common and its own militia and

1860-1861

its own drummer-boy and its own tradition of military heroism.

1860-1861



All these youths within earshot of each other –in particular from [Concord](#) you can hear the church bells of [Lincoln](#), [Acton](#), and [Bedford](#)– so that these heros could conceivably step to the beat of the wrong drum and get out of step:

1860-1861

1860-1861

**WALDEN:** On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash, until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the "trainers." It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed, and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared.

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame, and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish, -for why should we always stand for trifles?- and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine, and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

VIRGIL

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

WAR ON MEXICO



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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](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm)

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[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/23.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/23.htm)



October 1. Remarkable frost and ice this morning; quite a wintry prospect. The leaves of trees stiff and white at 7 A.M. I hear it was 21° this morning early. I do not remember such cold at this season. This is about the full of the moon (it full at 9 P.M. the 29th) in clear, bright moonlight nights. We have fine and bright but cold days after it. One man tells me that he regretted that he had not taken his mittens with him when he went to his morning's work, –mowing in a meadow,– and when he went to a spring at 11 A.M., found the dipper with two inches of ice in it frozen solid.

P.M.– Rain again.

Button-bush balls were fairly reddened yesterday, and the *Andropogon scoparius* looked silvery in sun. Gossamer was pretty thick on the meadows, and noticed the round green leafy buds of the *utricularia* in the clear, cold, smooth v water. Water was prepared for ice, and C. saw the first *Vanessa Antiopa* since spring.



October 2, Tuesday: Maskenzug-Polka op.240 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in Pavlovsk.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Worked for myself. Phillips is about out of lumber. He went west after lath timber.


1860-1861

1860-1861

It would appear that the prosecutors of [John Anderson](#) had wasted no time in applying to our federal government in [Washington DC](#), for on this day the Secretary of State, General Cass, addressed a letter to the British Minister, requesting her Majesty's government to issue the necessary warrant to "deliver up the person of John Anderson, otherwise called Jack, a man of color, charged with the commission of murder in the State of Missouri." Note carefully that this letter characterized Anderson not as a slave but as a man of color. Why? Presumably this was because the British Embassy in the District of Columbia and the Foreign and Colonial offices in London might have been unwilling to proceed in so peculiar a case, had they not been under the presumption that a person being accused in this way would of course have been a free man, and that he was being charged with the crime of murder in the capacity of a free man — for it is not possible for a chattel to commit a crime, any more than it is possible for, say, a bull to commit a crime of murder by goring someone who has come into its pasture. Lord Lyons, on receiving the requisition of General Cass, therefore of course transmitted it to the Foreign office in London on the understandable presumption that it had to do with a free man.



**JACK BURTON AS THE CANADIAN "JOHN ANDERSON"**

 October 2, Tuesday: The Emperor Hsien Feng (and Tz'u-hsi 慈禧) arrived at the “imperial hunting lodge” at Jehol, in the desert on the far side of the Great Wall. This was not a hermit shanty. The half-million servants who staffed this complex of pleasure palaces included, for instance, troops of jugglers and clowns, who functioned as that century’s version of prime-time cable TV. The library included one of the seven “Complete Works of Four Treasuries” copies that had been made in 1772-1782 at the order of the Ch’ien-lung emperor, of the some 3,500 scholarly works which comprised the core of Chinese classical learning (eschewing politically incorrect learning).<sup>13</sup>

CHINA



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 2d]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 October 3, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed some of Cyrus Temple’s meadow land north of Spencer Brook and Samuel Barrett’s land on Baret’s Mill Road (Temple was selling four acres to Samuel Barrett).



View [Henry Thoreau](#)’s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

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[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/128.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/128.htm)



October 3. See Vanessa Antiopa.

The hard frost of September 28th, 29th, and 30th, and especially of October 1st, has suddenly killed, crisped, and caused to fall a great many leaves of ash, hickory, etc., etc. These (and the locusts, generally) look shrivelled

13. It had taken a team of 160 scribes eight years to produce these seven sets of copies of the 38,304 volumes involved. In about a week another of the seven sets would be being put to the torch by the foreign devils who were investing Beijing.



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and hoary, and of course they will not ripen or be bright. They are killed and withered green,—all the more tender leaves. Has killed all the burdock flowers and no doubt many others.

Sam Barrett says that last May he waded across the [Assabet River](#) on the old dam in front of his house without going over his india-rubber boots, which are sixteen and a half inches high. I do not believe you could have done better than this a hundred years ago, or before the canal dam was built.

Bay-wings about.

I have seen and heard sparrows in flocks, more as if flitting by, within a week, or since the frosts began.

Gathered to-day my apples at the Texas house. I set out the trees, fourteen of them fourteen years ago and five of them several years later, and I now get between ten and eleven barrels of apples from them.



October 4, Thursday: The *Chun Wang* Loyal King of the Taipings and the Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 left Soochow together, heading toward [Nanking](#).

The French Ivory Coast-Gabon Colony was created.

A concert waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), Schwärmereien op.253, was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabad-saal of Vienna.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Went out on fork of Gypsum Creek to hunt buffalo. Found David's oxen and drove them to Iron Mound where I met him.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 4th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



October 5, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Augustus Sabin Chase](#), corresponding secretary of a lyceum group, the "Young Men's Institute," in Waterbury, [Connecticut](#).



*Waterbury Conn  
Oct 5 1860*

*Dear Sir*

*I have yours of the*

*22<sup>d</sup> ulti— We accept your offer  
to lecture here and have assigned*

*you for Tuesday evening December 11<sup>th</sup>.*

*We have Rev H.N. [Henry W.] Bellows for the 4<sup>th</sup>  
& Bayard Taylor for the 18<sup>th</sup>.*

*Please name your subject in advance  
of the time if convenient as we would  
like to be able to state it.*



1860-1861

1860-1861

*Truly Yours*

*Mr  
Henry D. Thoreau*

*A.S Chase  
Cor Sy*

**BAYARD TAYLOR**



October 5. Rain, more or less, yesterday afternoon and this forenoon.

P.M.– To Walden.

The frosts have this year killed all of Stow's artichokes before one of them had blossomed, but those in Alcott's garden had bloomed probably a fortnight ago. This suggests that this plant could not have grown much further north than this. I see a great many young hickories fifteen feet high killed, turned brown, almost black, and withering in the woods, as I do not remember to have seen them before. Indeed, the woods have a strong decaying scent in consequence. Also much indigo-weed is killed and turned black and broken off, as well as ferns generally. The butternut is also killed, turned dark-brown, and the leaves mostly fallen, – not turning yellow at all. The maples generally are what Gerard would have called an "over-worn" scarlet color.

About 4 P.M. it is fast clearing up, the clouds withdrawing, with a little dusky scud beyond their western edges against the blue. We came out on the east shore of Walden. The water is tolerably smooth. The smooth parts are dark and dimpled by many rising fishes. Where it is rippled it is light-colored, and the surface thus presents three or four alternate light and dark bars. I see a fish hawk, skimming low over it, suddenly dive or stoop for one of those little fishes that rise to the surface so abundantly at this season. He then sits on a bare limb over the water, ready to swoop down again on his finny prey, presenting, as he sits erect, a long white breast and belly and a white head. No doubt he well knows the habits of these little fishes which dimple the surface of Walden at this season, and I doubt if there is any better fishing-ground for him to resort to. He can easily find a perch overlooking the lake and discern his prey in the clear water.

The sporobolus grass in the meadows is now full of rain (as erst of dew) and would wet you through if you walked there.

Apparently all the [celtis](#) and horse-chestnut leaves are killed, turned dark-brown and withering, before changing or ripening, so severe has been the frost, and, looking from hills over huckleberry-fields, the sweet-fern patches are turned a dark brown, almost black (mulberry black) amid the crimson blueberry and huckleberry, so that the surface is parded black and scarlet from the same cause.



October 6, Saturday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Put out wolf bait.



British and French troops completed the conquest of [Peking](#). They ransacked and plundered the Summer Palace.

The paper "[SUCCESION OF FOREST TREES,](#)" which [Henry Thoreau](#) had delivered at the Middlesex Agricultural Fair, was published by [Horace Greeley](#) in the [New-York Weekly Tribune](#). In his cover letter to Greeley, Thoreau had described this piece as "part of a chapter on the Dispersion of Seeds," and later Thoreau simply pasted newspaper clips into his developing "Dispersion" manuscript, rather than copy these passages in longhand.



Cruickshank  
commentary

Walls  
commentary



October 6. P.M.— Over hill to Woodis Park.

I see not one hemlock cone of this year at the Hemlocks, but very many of last year holding on. Apparently they bore so abundantly last year that they do not bear at all this year.

I hear that the late cold of September 29 and 30 and October 1 froze all Bull's grapes (papers say some fifty bushels), the thermometer going down to 20°.

As I go over the hill, I see a large flock of crows on the dead white oak and on the ground under the living one. I find the ground strewn with white oak acorns, and many of these have just been broken in two, and their broken shells are strewn about, so that I suppose the crows have been eating them. Some are merely scratched, as if they had been pecked at without being pierced; also there are two of the large swamp white oak acorn-cups joined together dropped under this oak, perhaps by a crow, maybe a quarter of a mile from its tree, and that probably across the river. Probably a crow had transported one or more swamp white oak acorns this distance. They must have been too heavy for a jay.

The crow, methinks, is our only large bird that hovers and circles about in flocks in an irregular and straggling manner, filling the air over your head and sporting in it as if at home here. They often burst up above the woods where they were perching, like the black fragments of a powder-mill just exploded.

One crow lingers on a limb of the dead oak till I am within a dozen rods. There is strong and blustering northwest wind, and when it launches off to follow its comrades it is blown up and backward still nearer to me, and it is obliged to tack four or five times just like a vessel, a dozen rods or more each way, very deliberately, first to the right, then to the left, before it can get off; for as often as it tries to fly directly forward against the wind, it is blown upward and backward within gunshot, and it only advances directly forward at last by stooping very low within a few feet of the ground where the trees keep off the wind. Yet the wind is not remarkably strong.

Horace Mann tells me that he saw a painted turtle in this town eating a [unio](#), in our river, in the shell, it evidently having just caught and opened it. He has been collecting shells in Ohio recently, and was obliged to wade at least knee-deep into the streams for mussels, the hogs, which run at large there, having got them all in the shallower water.



October 7, Sunday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Went out to see what haven I had made. Found only two little fellows. Put out more bait.



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At Columbia, South Carolina a group organized itself under the name “Minute Men for the Defense of Southern Rights” to march from their Palmetto State northward to Washington DC and there prevent the “destruction of our property and the ruin of our land,” by intercepting the inauguration of [Abraham Lincoln](#) as President of the United States of America (presumably, unlike in [Peking](#), this would not be followed by a general looting and torching of the capitol buildings). Members were to bring their own rifle and identify themselves by the wearing of a blue cockade on the left side of their hats. Prior to the beginning of this march on Washington, the 20,000 members were to train themselves by drilling, by taking action to prevent slave insurrections, and by dealing with suspected abolitionists. Minute Men units would spread across South Carolina’s Piedmont region. There would be grand parades and torchlit processions. They would hang at least 6, probably more, northern men. Members of this white terrorist group included former state governor James Adams, Barnwell Rhett, David R. Jones, and Francis Pickens.<sup>14</sup>

Foreign devils began the sack of the treasures of the modernistic Summer Palace complex and its associated Yuanmingyuan gardens outside [Peking](#).

The *Chun Wang* Loyal King of the Taipings and the Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 arrived at Tan-yang where the missionary was given a horse, a guide, and a servant and had an opportunity to tour the city while the king was engaging in a military conference (from this point the missionary would be accompanied by an escort as he made his way toward [Nanking](#) and the *T’ien Wang* Heavenly King, [Hung Hsiu Ch’üan](#) 洪秀全).

In Concord, a foreign devil name of [Henry Thoreau](#) was more or less behaving himself:



October 7. P.M.— To Hubbard’s Bath and Grove.

Now and for a week the chip-birds in flocks; the withered grass and weeds, etc., alive with them.

Rice says that when a boy, playing with darts with his brother Israel, one of them sent up his dart when a flock of crows was going over. One of the crows followed it down to the earth, picked it up, and flew off with it a quarter of a mile before it dropped it. He has observed that young wood ducks swim faster than the old, which is a fortunate provision, for they can thus retreat and hide in the weeds while their parents fly off. He says that you must shoot the little dipper as soon as it comes up,—before the water is fairly off its eyes,—else it will dive at the flash.

I see one small but spreading white oak full of acorns just falling and ready to fall. When I strike a limb, great numbers fall to the ground. They are a very dark hazel, looking black amid the still green leaves,—a singular contrast. Some that have fallen have already split and sprouted, an eighth of an inch. This when, on some trees, far the greater part have not yet fallen.

Probably the blueberry and huckleberry, amelanchier, and other bushes which spring up immediately when the woods are cut have been already planted and started annually, as the little oaks have. Nature thus keeps a supply of these plants in her nursery (i. e. under the larger wood), always ready for casualties, as fires, windfalls, and clearings by man. Birds and foxes, etc., are annually conveying the seed into the woods.

Rice reminds me that when the maples in a blueberry swamp have got up high, the blueberries die, and you have at length a maple wood clear of underwood.

Remarking to old Mr. B the other day on the abundance of the apples, “Yes,” says he, “and fair as dollars too.” That’s the kind of beauty they see in apples.

Looked over Hayden’s farm and granary. He now takes pleasure in his field of corn just ready for harvesting,—the rather small ears fully filled out and rounded at the end, setting low and many on one stalk. He loves to estimate the number of bushels he will have; has already calculated the number of hills,—some forty thousand in this field,—and he shows some one the ear in his granary. Also his rye in barrels and his seed-corn tucked into the mow as he was husking,—the larger and fuller ears picked out, with the husk on. But all this corn will be given to his pigs and other stock. Three great hogs weighing twelve hundredweight lie asleep under his barn already sold. Hears of one man who sold his fat hog for \$75.00. He has two high and very spreading apple trees, looking like one, they are so close together, from which he gathered one year twenty-one barrels of sound Hubbardston’s nonesuch and five barrels of windfalls, grafted on to it within a few years.

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14. Schultz, Harold S. NATIONALISM AND SECTIONALISM IN SOUTH CAROLINA, 1852-1860. Durham NC: Duke UP, 1950, page 226.

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If we have not attended to the subject, we may think that the activity of the animals is not enough to account for the annual planting of such extensive tracts; just as we wonder where all the flies and other insects come from in the spring, because we have not followed them into their winter quarters and counted them there. Yet nature does preserve and multiply the race of flies while we are inattentive and sleeping.

Many people have a foolish way of talking about small things, and apologize for themselves or another having attended to a small thing, having neglected their ordinary business and amused or instructed themselves by attending to a small thing; when, if the truth were known, their ordinary business was the small thing, and almost their whole lives were misspent, but they were such fools as not to know it.

 October 8, Monday: The British and French negotiators who had been taken prisoner at T'ungchow on September 17th, some of whom had been subjected to [torture](#) and public humiliation in [Peking](#), were freed.

The US naval forces that had put ashore in the Bay of Panama, a shoreline of the nation of Columbia, having provided protection for American investments during a local revolution, re-embarked and sailed away.


[US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS](#)



October 8. P.M.— To Damon's wood-lot, part of the burnt district of the spring.

Am surprised to see how green the forest floor and the sprout-land north of Damon's lot are already again, though it was a very severe burn. In the wood-lot the trees are *apparently* killed for twenty feet up, especially the smaller, then six or ten feet of green top, while very vigorous sprouts have shot up from the base below the influence of the fire. This shows that they will die, I think. The top has merely lived for the season while the growth has been in their sprouts around the base. This is the case with oaks, maples, cherry, etc. Also the blueberry (*Vaccinium vacillans*) has sent up very abundant and vigorous shoots all over the wood from the now more open and cleaned ground. These are evidently from stocks which were comparatively puny before. The adjacent oak sprout-land has already sprung up so high that it makes on me about the same impression that it did before, though it [WAS] from six to ten feet high and was generally killed to the ground. The fresh shoots from the roots are very abundant and three to five feet high, or half as high as before. So vivacious are the roots and so rapidly does Nature recover herself. You see myriads of little shrub oaks and others in the woods which look as if they had just sprung from the seed, but on pulling one up you find it to spring from a long horizontal root which has survived perhaps several burnings or cuttings. Thus the stumps and roots of young oak, chestnut, hickory, maple, and many other trees retain their vitality a very long time and after many accidents, and produce thrifty trees at last.

In the midst of the wood, I noticed in some places, where the brush had been more completely burned and the ground laid bare, some fire-weed (*Senecio*), goldenrods, and ferns.

Standing by a pigeon-place on the north edge [of] Damon's lot, I saw on the dead top of a white pine four or five rods off – which had been stripped for fifteen feet downward that it might die and afford with its branches a perch for the pigeons about the place, like the more artificial ones that were set up – two woodpeckers that were new to me. They uttered a peculiar sharp *kek kek* on alighting (not so sharp as that of the hairy or downy woodpecker) and appeared to be about the size of the hairy woodpecker, or between that and the golden-winged. I had a good view of them with my glass as long as I desired. With the back to me, they were clear black all above, as well as their feet and bills, and each had a yellow or orange (possibly orange-scarlet?) front (the anterior part of the head at the base of the upper mandible). A long white line along the side of head to the neck, with a black one below it. The breast, as near as I could see, was gray specked with white, and the under side of the wing expanded was also gray, with small white spots. The throat white and vent also white or whitish. Is this the arctic three-toed [**Black-backed Woodpecker**  *Picoides arcticus*]? Probably many trees dying on this large burnt tract will attract many woodpeckers to it.

I find a great many white oak acorns already sprouted, although they are but half fallen, and can easily believe that they sometimes sprout before they fall. It is a good year for them. It is remarkable how soon and unaccountably they decay. Many which I cut open, though they look sound without, are discolored and decaying on one side or throughout within, though there is no worm in them. Perhaps they are very sensitive to moisture. Those which I see to-day are merely hazel and not nearly so black as what I saw yesterday. Trees that stand by themselves without the wood bear the most.

The sugar maple seeds are now browned—the seed end as well as wing—and are ripe. The severe frosts about the first of the month ripened them.



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October 9, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Got four wolves last night.

Hans Christian Anderson left Nuremberg on his way toward Leipzig. While in Leipzig he would be informed that the Germans harbored strong feelings of antipathy toward Denmark.

By this point the looting by Anglo/French troops of the some 1,500,000 precious objects of the 3½-square-kilometer [Yuanmingyuan "Summer Palace."](#) main residence of the [Qing](#) imperial family, had been completed. There was nothing any longer to stand between these thousands of magnificent palaces, temples, shrines, pagodas, galleries, audience halls, libraries, theatres, model farms, mosques, aviaries, and a maze, in their environment of placid lakes, ponds, streams, canals, gorges, fountains, artificial hills, and classical gardens, and the torch of colonialist retribution.



October 9. P.M.– Up Assabet.

*"Up Assabet" is probably the most common opening phrase in Thoreau's two-million-word journal. This was his favorite destination under default conditions, meaning the wind was light and the river stage was neither in flood nor in drought.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, page 10



See one crow chasing two marsh hawks over E. Hosmer's meadow. Occasionally a hawk dives at the crow, but the crow perseveres in pestering them. Can it now have anything to do with the hawk's habit of catching young birds? In like manner smaller birds pursue crows. The crow is at length joined by another.

See several squirrels' nests of leaves formed in the maples lately.

Though the red maples have not their common brilliancy on account of the very severe frost about the end of September, some are very interesting. You cannot judge a tree by seeing it from one side only. As you go round or away from it, it may overcome you with its mass of glowing scarlet or yellow light. You need to stand where the greatest number of leaves will transmit or reflect to you most favorably. The tree which looked comparatively lifeless, cold, and merely parti-colored, seen in a more favorable light as you are floating away from it, may affect you wonderfully as a warm, glowing drapery. I now see one small red maple which is all a pure yellow within and a bright red scarlet on its outer surface and prominences. It is a remarkably distinct painting of scarlet on a yellow ground. It is an indescribably beautiful contrast of scarlet and yellow. Another is yellow and green where this was scarlet and yellow, and in this case the bright and liquid green, now getting to be rare, is by contrast as charming a color as the scarlet.

I met in the street afterward a young lady who rowed up the river after me, and I could tell exactly where she plucked the maple twig which she held in her hand. It was the one so conspicuous for a quarter of a mile in one reach of the river.

I wonder that the very cows and the dogs in the street do not manifest a recognition of the bright tints about and above them. I saw a terrier dog glance up and down the painted street before he turned in at his master's gate, and I wondered what he thought of those lit trees, – if they did not touch his philosophy or spirits, – but I fear he had only his common doggish thoughts after all. He trotted down the yard as if it were a matter of course after all, or else as if he deserved it all.

Wood ducks are about now, amid the painted leaves.

For two or more nights past we have had remarkable glittering golden sunsets as I came home from the post-office, it being cold and cloudy just above the horizon. There was the most intensely bright golden light in the west end of the street, extending under the elms, and the very dust a quarter of a mile off was like gold-dust. I wondered how a child could stand quietly in that light, as if it had been a furnace.

This haste to kill a bird or quadruped and make a skeleton of it, which many young men and some old ones exhibit, reminds me of the fable of the man who killed the hen that laid golden eggs, and so got no more gold.

DOG

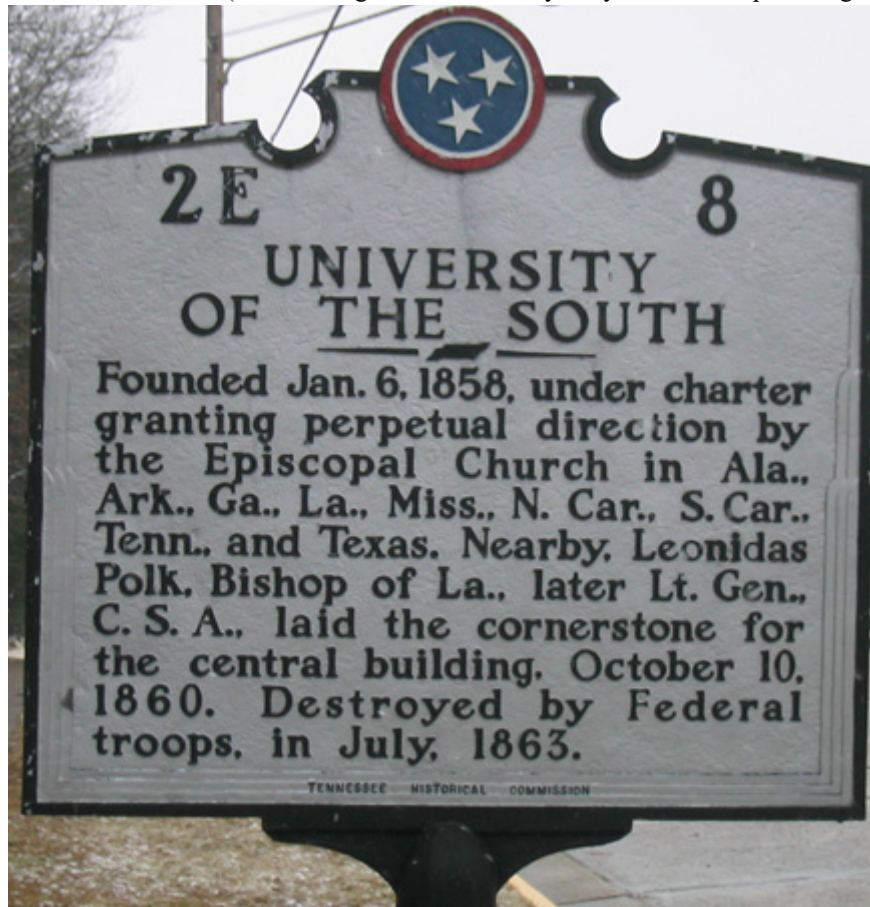
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It is a perfectly parallel case. Such is the knowledge which you may get from the anatomy as compared with the knowledge you get from the living creature. Every fowl lays golden eggs for him who can find them, or can detect alloy and base metal.



October 10, Wednesday: A cornerstone was set in place for the central building of the new University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee (this building would be destroyed by Federal troops during July 1863).



October 10: In August, '55, I levelled for the artificial pond at Sleepy Hollow. They dug gradually for three or four years and completed the pond last year, '59. It is now about a dozen rods long by five or six wide and two or three deep, and is supplied by copious springs in the meadow. There is a long ditch leading into it, in which no water now flows, nor has since winter at least, and a short ditch leading out of it into the brook. It is about sixty rods from the very source of the brook. Well, in this pond thus dug in the midst of a meadow a year or two ago and supplied by springs in the meadow, I find to-day several small patches of the large yellow and the kalmiana lily already established. Thus in the midst of death we are in life. The water is otherwise apparently clear of weeds. The river, where these abound, is about half a mile distant down the little brook near which this pond lies, though there may be a few pads in the ditched part of it at half that distance. How, then, did the seed get here? I learned last winter (vide December 23, 1859) that many small pouts and some sizable pickerel had been caught here, though the connection with the brook is a very slight and shallow ditch. I think, therefore, that the lily seeds have been conveyed into this pond from the river immediately, or perchance from the meadow between, either by fishes, reptiles, or birds which fed on them, and that the seeds were not lying dormant in the mud. You have only to dig a pond anywhere in the fields hereabouts, and you will soon have not



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only water-fowl, reptiles, and fishes in it, but also the usual water-plants, as lilies, etc. You will no sooner have got your pond dug than nature will begin to stock it. I suspect that turtles eat these seeds, for I often see them eating the decayed lily leaves. If there is any water communication, perhaps fishes arrive first, and then the water-plants for their food and shelter.

Horace Mann shows me the skeleton of a blue heron. The neck is remarkably strong, and the bill. The latter is 5+ inches long to the feathers above and 6 1/2 to the gape. A stake-driver which he has, freshly killed, has a bill 3 inches long above and 4 1/8 to the gape and between 5/8 and 6/8 deep vertically at the base. This bird weighs a little over two pounds, being quite large and fat. Its nails are longer and less curved than those of the heron. The sharp bill of the heron, like a stout pick, wielded by that long and stout neck, would be a very dangerous weapon to encounter. He has made a skeleton of the fish hawk which was brought to me within a month. I remark the great eye-sockets, and the claws, and perhaps the deep, sharp breast-bone. Including its strong hooked bill it is clawed at both ends, harpy-like.

P.M.– Went to a fire–or smoke–at Mrs. Hoar’s. There is a slight blaze and more smoke. Two or three hundred men rush to the house, cut large holes in the roof, throw many hogsheads of water into it,–when a few pails full well directed would suffice,–and then they run off again, leaving your attic three inches deep with water, which is rapidly descending through the ceiling to the basement and spoiling all that can be spoiled, while a torrent is running down the stairways. They were very forward to put out the [FIRE], but they take no pains to put out the water, which does far more damage. The first was amusement; the last would be mere work and utility. Why is there not a little machine invented to throw the water out of a house?

They are hopelessly cockneys everywhere who learn to swim with a machine. They take neither disease nor health, nay, nor life itself, the natural way. I see dumb-bells in the minister’s study, and some of their dumbness gets into his sermons. Some travellers carry them round the world in their carpetbags. Can he be said to travel who requires still this exercise? A party of school-children had a picnic at the Easterbrooks Country the other [DAY], and they carried bags of beans from their gymnasium to exercise with there. I cannot be interested in these extremely artificial amusements. The traveller is no longer a wayfarer, with his staff and pack and dusty coat. He is not a pilgrim, but he travels in a saloon, and carries dumb-bells to exercise with in the intervals of his journey.



October 11, Thursday: A parade held in [New-York](#) for [Edward, Prince of Wales](#) drew 200,000 people. A Colonel Michael Corcoran who refused –for obvious reasons– to parade would of course be court-martialed.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Hugh, Andrew and Bean went hunting and took two of the Morrison girls with them.



MINOT PRATT

October (10 and) 11: P.M.– To Sleepy Hollow and north of M. Pratt’s.

There is a remarkably abundant crop of white oak acorns this fall, also a fair crop of red oak acorns; but not of scarlet and black, very few of them. Which is as well for the squirrel. The acorns are now in the very midst of their fall. The white oak acorn is about the prettiest of ours. They are a glossy hazel (while the red and black are more or less downy at first) and of various forms, –some nearly spherical but commonly oblong and pointed, some more slender oval or elliptical; and of various shades of brown, –some almost black, but generally a wholesome hazel. Those which have fallen longest, and been exposed to the severe frosts on the ground, are partly bleached there. The white oak acorns are found chiefly on trees growing in the open or on the edge of the wood, and on the most exposed side of these trees. They grow either singly or in twos and threes.

This afternoon (11th) the strong wind which arose at noon has strewn the ground with them. I could gather many bushels in a short time. This year is as good for white oak acorns as for apples and pears. What pleasant picking on the firm, green pasture sod which is browned with this glossy fruit! The worms are already at work in them, –sometimes three or four in one,– and some are already decayed and decaying on the tree without a worm. The fibery inner bark of the nut appears to retain moisture and hasten rot, especially when the fruit has once been swollen by the wet. The best time to gather these nuts is now, when a strong wind has arisen suddenly in the day, before the squirrels have preceded you; and so of chestnuts.

Of red oak acorns, some are short and broad, others longer. I see some pretty shrub oak acorns longitudinally striped. Chestnuts also are frequently striped, but before they have been exposed to the light, and are completely



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ripe.

The season is as favorable for pears as for apples. R.W.E.'s garden is strewn with them. They are not so handsome as apples, –are of more earthy and homely colors, –yet they are of a wholesome color enough. Many, inclining to a rough russet or even ferruginous, both to touch (rusty) and eye, look as if they were proof against frost. After all, the few varieties of wild pears here have more color and are handsomer than the many celebrated varieties that are cultivated. The cultivated are commonly of so dull a color that it is hard to distinguish them from the leaves, and if there are but two or three left you do not see them revealing themselves distinctly at a distance amid the leaves, as apples do, but I see that the gatherer has overlooked half a dozen large ones on this small tree, which were concealed by their perfect resemblance to the leaves, – a yellowish green, spotted with darker-green rust or fungi (?). Yet some have a fair cheek, and, generally, in their form they are true pendants, as if shaped expressly to hang from the trees.

They are a more aristocratic fruit. How much more attention they get from the proprietor! The hired man gathers the apples and barrels them. The proprietor plucks the pears at odd hours for a pastime, and his daughter wraps them each in its paper. They are, perchance, put up in the midst of a barrel of Baldwins as if something more precious than these. They are spread on the floor of the best room. They are a gift to the most distinguished guest. Judges and ex-judges and honorables are connoisseurs of pears, and discourse of them at length between sessions. I hold in my hand a Bonne Louise which is covered with minute brown specks or dots one twelfth to one sixteenth [OF AN INCH] apart, largest and most developed on the sunny side, quite regular and handsome, as if they were the termination or operculum of pores which had burst in the very thin pellicle of the fruit, producing a slight roughness to the touch. Each of these little ruptures, so to call them, is in form a perfect star with five rays; so that, if the apple is higher-colored, reflecting the sun, on the duller surface of this pear the whole firmament with its stars shines forth. They whisper of the happy stars under whose influence they have grown and matured. It is not the case with all of them, but only the more perfect specimens.

Pears, it is truly said, are less poetic than apples. They have neither the beauty nor the fragrance of apples, but their excellence is in their flavor, which speaks to a grosser sense. They are glouts-morceaux. Hence, while children dream of apples, ex-judges realize pears. They are named after emperors and kings and queens and dukes and duchesses. I fear I shall have to wait till we get to pears with American names, which a republican can swallow.

Looking through a more powerful glass, those little brown dots are stars with from four to six rays, –commonly five, – where a little wart-like prominence (perhaps the end of a pore or a thread) appears to have burst through the very thin pellicle and burst it into so many rays.

**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**



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EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

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October 12, Friday: A ball was given at the Academy of Music in [New-York](#) for [Edward, Prince of Wales](#). Part of the temporary dance floor collapsed.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 12th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



**1860-1861****1860-1861**

October 13, Saturday: What were believed to be the 1st extant aerial photographs were taken by James Wallace Black from a balloon operated by Professor Samuel Archer King, 350 meters above [Boston](#)'s Common (aerial photography had been introduced, by Nadar in Europe, in 1858, and such observations balloons would have a place in our Civil War).



In [New-York](#), [Edward, Prince of Wales](#) was photographed by Matthew Brady. (Presumably, since this was before the prince became widely known as "[Dirty Bertie](#)," he wouldn't have been hiding anything that looks

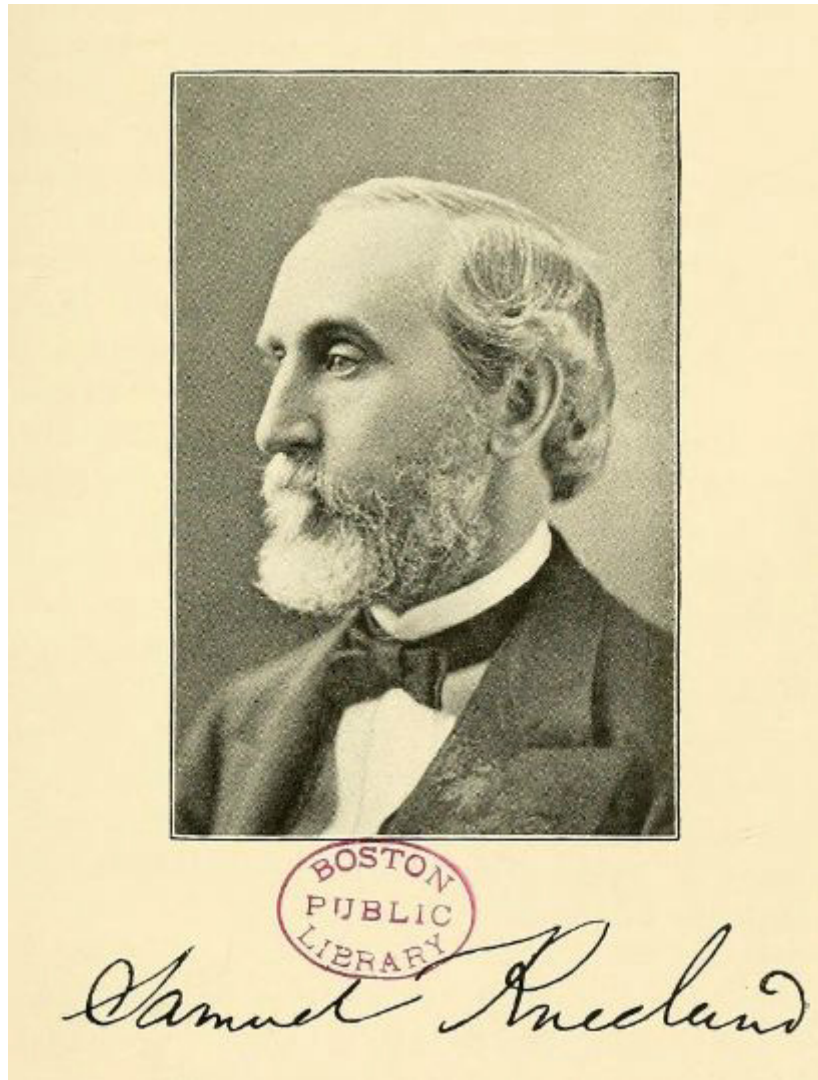
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like a stinkhorn mushroom behind that hat.)



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Jr.](#) of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#).



In the course of this communication he made reference to [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#)'s MAMMALS OF NORTH

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1860-1861

AMERICA. THE DESCRIPTIONS OF SPECIES BASED CHIEFLY ON THE COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION (Philadelphia: J.B. Lipincott & Co., 1859).



*Concord Oct 13<sup>th</sup>*

*1860*

*Dr. Samuel Kneeland*

*Dear Sir,*

*The members  
of the Nat. Hist. Soc. may  
be interested to hear, that  
a female Canada Lynx  
(L. Canadensis, or Loup  
[Cervier]) was killed, on the  
9.<sup>th</sup> of September, in Carlisle,  
about three miles from  
the middle of Concord.*

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*I saw the carcass, & have  
the skin & skull, which  
I have set up. It is as  
large as any of its kind  
which I find described. I  
was at first troubled  
to identify it in the books,  
because it has naked  
soles, though [I] believed*

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*it to be the Canadensis.  
Audubon & Bachman give  
“soles hairy” as one of the  
specific characters of this  
species, and “soles naked”  
as a specific character of  
L. Rufus. Emmons [(]in  
the Massachusetts['] Reports)  
says further & more par-  
ticularly, “The two most  
remarkable characters  
of the Lynx [[i.e. [the] Canadensis]]  
are the beautiful pencils  
of black hair which orna-  
ment the ears, and the  
perfect hairiness of the soles  
of the feet, which have no  
naked spots or tubercles  
like the other species of the  
feline race:” and, speaking  
of the Bay Lynx, he says  
that it “is easily distinguished  
from the preceding by*

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*the shorter pencils of hair  
upon the ear, and by  
the nakedness of the balls  
of the toes. This last char-  
acter, it appears to me,  
is sufficiently important  
in the borealis [i.e. Canadensis]  
to constitute it a genus  
by itself[.]”  
At length, I obtained a  
copy of Baird's “Mammals[“;]*

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*but still I was not satisfied till I had read to near the end of his account, when he says that he has received a second specimen, "in summer pelage", and that "the pads of the feet in this specimen are distinctly visible, not being at all overgrown, as in winter specimens." This is my animal, both in this*

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[and] *in other respects.*

*I am thus minute*

*because it is not yet made quite distinct enough, that hairy soles are no more characteristic of this Lynx than naked soles are.*

*Judging from the above descriptions, the only peculiarity in any specimen is a distinct black line commencing at the eye and terminating in the black portion of the ruff.*

*I suspect that some of the Lynxes killed in this vicinity of late years, and called the Bay Lynx, were the Canada Lynx.*

*Yrs truly*

*Henry D. Thoreau*



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[Henry Thoreau](#) notified the Boston Society of Natural History of the discovery of a Canadian lynx in Concord.

The rooms of the BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY are in the brick building adjoining the Boston Theatre, in Mason Street. They are nine in number. One of them is occupied by the librarian, and each of the others by objects of interest in the different departments of natural history. All who desire have free access to the cabinet every Wednesday; and strangers in the city, who cannot conveniently visit it on that day, can obtain admission at any time by application to an officer of the society. The main room, which is entered from the first floor, contains skeletons of different animals from all parts of the world, from that of the huge mastodon to slender bones of the sprightly squirrel. In an anteroom cases filled with rare specimens of geology and mineralogy. Around the main room is a light iron balcony, giving access to the glass cases, which are likewise filled with things strange and wonderful from all parts of the known world. Here are skulls and mummies, and serpents, fossil remains and foot marks of those huge animals that walked, or birds that flew, before Adam arose from kindred earth. Ascending to the next story, we enter a room nearly filled with every variety of birds, from the albatross to the minute hummingbird, while in the centre are long cases filled with eggs of the different species, and many kinds of nests. One of the anterooms is filled with shells, seemingly in endless variety, specimens of moss, sponges, corals, and aquatic plants enliven the collection with their singular beauty. Another anteroom is filled with fishes. In yet another room various members of the serpent family are present. Here we may see the enormous boa, the fairy green snake, the agile black snake, the famed hooded snake of India, and the poisonous copper head of our own country. Here, also, is the *fascinating* rattlesnake, and such numbers of the creeping race that a crawling feeling comes over us, and we quit the room with a feeling of relief.

Many strangers leave the city without seeing the splendid cabinet of this society, and many residents are even aware of its existence. But whether resident or stranger, the visitor will be well repaid for the expenditure of time.

The library belonging to the Massachusetts Society of Natural History contains several thousand volumes and a number of valuable manuscripts. The society holds monthly meetings, and several of their proceedings have been published. The institution now owns the building which was formerly occupied by the Massachusetts Medical College; but the building has been remodelled, to adapt it to its present purposes. The whole estate cost about thirty thousand dollars, which was obtained by subscription from the liberal citizens of Boston.

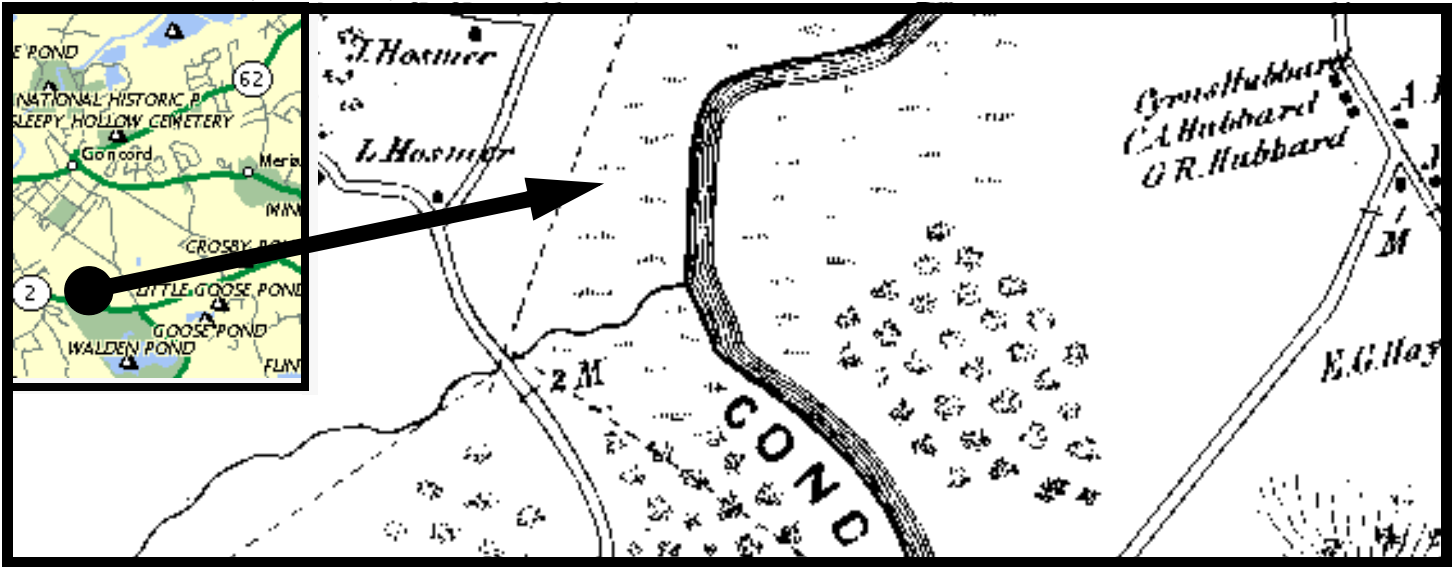


October 13. P.M.— Up river.

I find no new cones on Monroe's larch by the river, but many old ones (the same was the case with the hemlocks on Assabet), unless those imperfect ones with a twig growing from their extremity were this year's, — but I think they were last year's. Last year both white pine, hemlock, and larches bore abundantly and there were very few white oak acorns. This year, so far as I observe, there are scarcely any white pine cones (were there any?) or hemlock or larch, and a great abundance of white oak acorns in all parts of the town. So far as I have observed, if pines or oaks bear abundantly one year they bear little or nothing the next year. This is a white oak year, not a pine year. It is also an apple and a potato year. I should think that there might be a bushel or two of acorns on and under some single trees. There are but few in the woods. Those spreading trees that stand in open pastures fully exposed to the light and air are the most fertile ones. I rejoice when the white oaks bear an abundant crop. I speak of it to many whom I meet, but I find few to sympathize with me. They seem to care much more for potatoes. The Indians say that many acorns are a sign of a cold winter. It is a cold fall at any rate. The shore at Clamshell is greened with pontederia seed which has floated up and been left there, with some button-bush seed and some of those slender bulbs of the lysimachia and those round green leaf-buds of the *Utricularia vulgaris*. Thus, probably, are all these dispersed. I also see large masses of the last-named weed lodged against the bridges, etc., with the conspicuous greener leaf-buds attached. I find no yellow lily seeds, only a few white lily seed-pods. These are full of seeds the color of apple seeds and but a quarter as big. They sink in water as soon as the slimy matter which invests them is washed off. I see a white lily stem coiled up with many whorls like a wire spring.

Lily

They are almost only white lily pads that are left now. There is some of the fresh-water sponge in this the main stream too. The *F. hyemalis* back, and I think I see and hear the shore larks. The shrub oaks on J. Hosmer's hillside this side of Hollowell place have already passed the height of their beauty. Is it not early on account of frost?



At Holden Swamp.—Now, as soon as the frost strips the maples, and their leaves strew the swamp floor and conceal the pools, the note of the chickadee sounds cheerfully wintryish. I see many pine and oak tree tops in the woods that were blown off last spring. They lie many rods from their trunks, so that I have to look a little while to tell where they came from. Moreover, the butt of the piece over which I stand looks so large compared with the broken shaft up there so high that I at first feel sure it did not come from there, — which [?] it did, — and so am puzzled to locate it. The lentago fruit is quite sweet and reminds me of dates in their somewhat mealy pulp. It has large flat black



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seeds, somewhat like watermelon seeds, but not so long.

The scientific differs from the poetic or lively description somewhat as the photographs, which we so weary of viewing, from paintings and sketches, though this comparison is too favorable to science. All science is only a makeshift, a means to an end which is never attained. After all, the truest description, and that by which another living man can most readily recognize a flower, is the unmeasured and eloquent one which the sight of it inspires. No scientific description will supply the want of this, though you should count and measure and analyze every atom that seems to compose it.

Surely poetry and eloquence are a more universal language than that Latin which is confessedly dead. In science, I should say, all description is postponed till we know the whole, but then science itself will be cast aside. But unconsidered expressions of our delight which any natural object draws from us are something complete and final in themselves, since all nature is to be regarded as it concerns man; and who knows how near to absolute truth such unconscious affirmations may come? Which are the truest, the sublime conceptions of Hebrew poets and *seers*, or the guarded statements of modern geologists, which we must modify or unlearn so fast?

As they who were present early at the discovery of gold in California, and observed the sudden fall in its value, have most truly described that state of things, so it is commonly the old naturalists who first received American plants that describe them best. A scientific description is such as you would get if you should send out the scholars of the polytechnic school with all sorts of metres made and patented to take the measures for you of any natural object. In a sense you have got nothing new thus, for every object that we see mechanically is mechanically daguerreotyped on our eyes, but a true description growing out [OF] the perception and appreciation of it is itself a new fact, never to be daguerreotyped, indicating the highest quality of the plant, – its relation to man, – of far more importance than any merely medicinal quality that it may possess, or be thought to-day to possess. There is a certainty and permanence about this kind of observation, too, that does not belong to the other, for every flower and weed has its day in the medical pharmacopoeia, but the beauty of flowers is perennial in the taste of men.

Truly this is a world of vain delights. We think that men have a substratum of common sense but sometimes are peculiarly frivolous. But consider what a value is seriously and permanently attached to gold and so-called precious stones almost universally. Day and night, summer and winter, sick or well, in war and in peace, men speak of and believe in gold as a great treasure. By a thousand comparisons they prove their devotion to it. If wise men or true philosophers bore any considerable proportion to the whole number of men, gold would be treated with no such distinction. Men seriously and, if possible, religiously believe in and worship gold. They hope to earn golden opinions, to celebrate their golden wedding. They dream of the golden age. Now it is not its intrinsic beauty or value, but its rarity and arbitrarily attached value, that distinguishes gold. You would think it was the reign of shams.

The one description interests those chiefly who have not seen the thing; the other chiefly interests those who have seen it and are most familiar with it, and brings it home to the reader. We like to read a good description of no thing so well as of that which we already know the best, as our friend, or ourselves even. In proportion as we get and are near to our object, we do without the measured or scientific account, which is like the measure they take, or the description they write, of a man when he leaves his country, and insert in his passport for the use of the detective police of other countries. The men of science merely look at the object with sinister eye, to see if [it] corresponds with the passport, and merely vise or make some trifling additional mark on its passport and let it go; but the real acquaintances and friends which it may have in foreign parts do not ask to see nor think of its passport.

**Gerard** has not only heard of and seen and raised a plant, but felt and smelled and tasted it, applying all his senses to it. You are not distracted from the thing to the system or arrangement. In the true natural order the order or system is not insisted on. Each is first, and each last. That which presents itself to us each moment occupies the whole of the present and rests on the very topmost point of the sphere, under the zenith. The species and individuals of all the natural kingdoms ask our attention and admiration in a round robin. We make straight lines, putting a captain at their head and a lieutenant at their tails, with sergeants and corporals all along the line and a flourish of trumpets near the beginning, insisting on a particular uniformity where nature has made curves to which belongs their own sphere-music. It is indispensable for us to square her circles, and we offer our rewards to him who will do it.

Who [*sic*] describes the most familiar object with a zest and vividness of imagery as if he saw it for the first time, the novelty consisting not in the strangeness of the object, but in the new and clearer perception of it.



**BETWEEN ANY TWO MOMENTS ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOMENTS,  
AND BETWEEN THESE OTHER MOMENTS LIKEWISE AN INFINITE NUMBER,**






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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 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.

 October 13, Saturday: The Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 arrived finally at the capital of the [Chinese Christian](#) empire, [Nanking](#) on the Yangtze River, after having been delayed in Shanghai for some 15 months, and after a day or two of waiting would be given a proper set of colorful silk court clothing and be allowed his audience with his dear old friend the *T'ien Wang* Heavenly King [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全. After a bit of difficulty when the missionary was unwilling to go down on both his knees before the monarch, the monarch would relent slightly on this ceremonial detail<sup>15</sup> and offer the missionary life-and-death authority over the affairs of all individual foreigners visiting this Peaceable Kingdom, and an opportunity to become spiritual father over 30,000,000 [Chinese](#) souls. However, it was soon to become unavoidable that the rebel emperor in addition to sponsoring a version of Christianity was directly channeling God, and frequently saying things such as “I am the one savior of the chosen people.”

### THE TAEPING REBELLION

At one point during the conversation the king offered the missionary three Chinese wives. He proposed that the missionary return to the foreign world to inform Christians of details of the Taiping faith such as, for instance, that this Chinese monarch was Jesus Christ's younger brother. The missionary was disturbed to note that these Chinese Christians were worshiping God when the Jews did, on a Saturday, rather than as proper Christians did, on the Sunday holy day of rest.

Stanza of Poem of Life

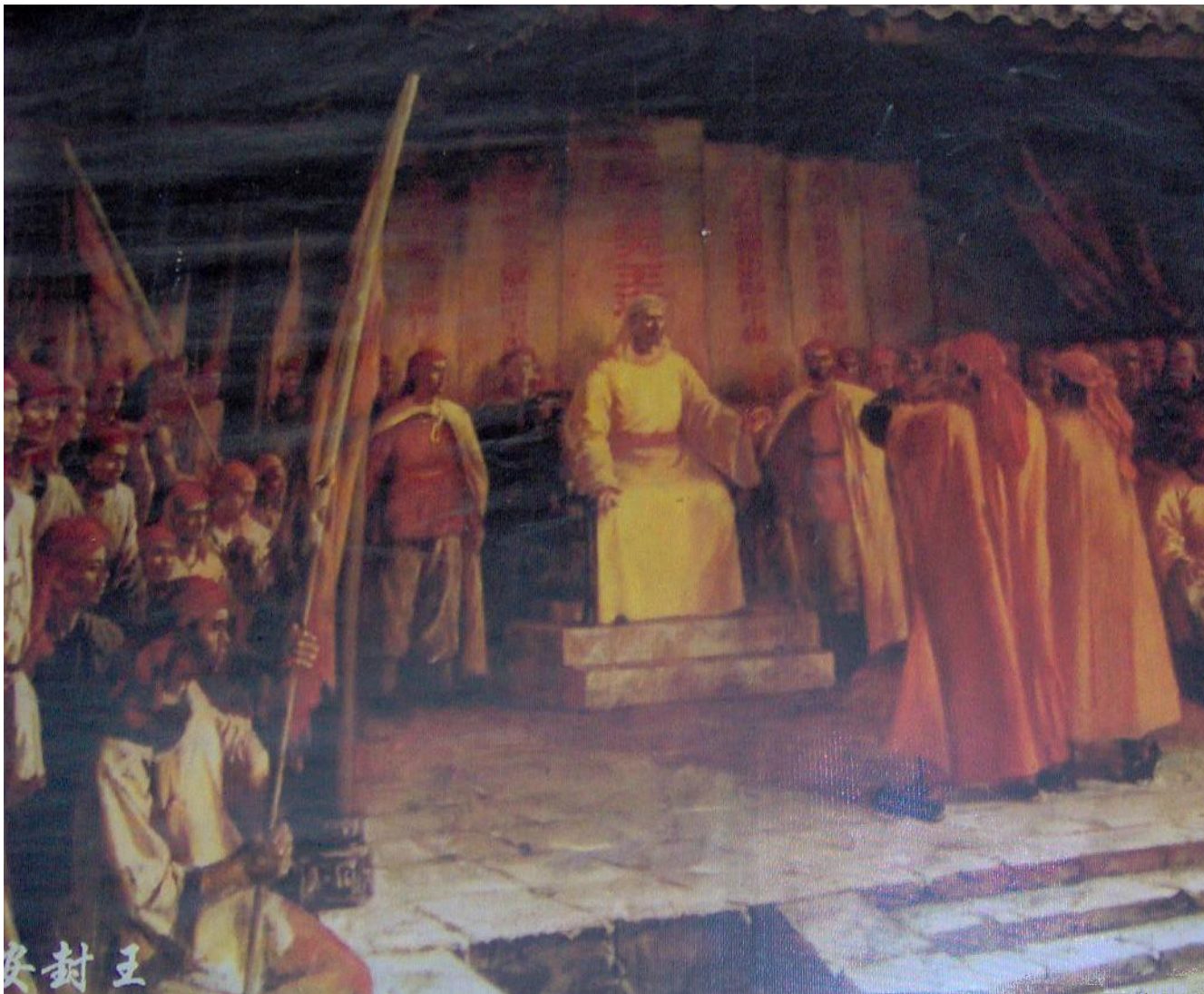
“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

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15. What happened was that as the missionary was waiting with a group of other dignitaries, the prime minister, standing near the monarch, suddenly cried out: “Mr. Roberts, worship the Heavenly Father.” The group of dignitaries fell to their knees, Roberts included, and a Christian prayer was offered. During the prayer the missionary managed to turn his body away from the monarch. When all rose from their knees, with the exception of Roberts they genuflected in the direction of the monarch.

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It was also soon to be noticed that court etiquette was going to require the foreign minister to kneel repeatedly before the emperor while doing him worship as the younger brother of Jesus Christ. The relationship between the emperor and the minister was clearly to be identical to the relationship that had been established in England between King Henry VIII and his Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Cranmer, in which the monarch did double duty as chief theologian while the cleric did double duty as primary loyal flunky and bottle washer and apologist and executioner. Roberts had brought with him new translations of books of the BIBLE, commented by [Baptist](#) scholars. But in his palace, Hung had for some time been busily making corrections in the margins of the translations already in his possession, corrections such as deleting the modifier “only” in the phrase “only begotten son.” No, this just wasn’t going to work!

**MILLENNIALISM****1860-1861**



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October 14, Sunday: After having burned down during January 1859, the permanent home of the Russian Opera reopened in St. Petersburg and was named as the “Mariinsky Theater.”

In Pavlovsk, Fantasieblümchen op.241, a polka mazur by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made a reference in his journal to Professor [Harland Coultas](#) and Frédéric Jacob Soret’s WHAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM A TREE (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. London: Little Britain).<sup>16</sup>

## HARLAND COULTAS

Here is a sampling of the sort of thing the general public may have been learning from this early ecologist:

Is nature then exhausted? Is there nothing new to be discovered? Far otherwise ... Can you thoroughly explain the physiology of a single plant in your collection? Can you account for the shape of its leaves, or their arrangement around the stem?

...If we remove trees from the mountain side, from a low, sandy coast, or from an inland district only scantily supplied with water, there is no end to the mischievous consequences which will ensue. By such ignorant work as this the equilibrium in the Household of Nature is fearfully disturbed.

From [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote to [Thoreau](#), apologizing for bad conduct and blaming it on indulgence in [tobacco](#), which he has discontinued:

*I am by nature very easily disturbed mentally & physi[cally] and this tendency, or infi[rmit]ty, has been increas[ed] by smoking. I have at last abandoned the use of the weed. It is now about four months since I have made any use whatever of ~~it~~ tobacco & nearly a year since I began to battle seriously with this enemy of my soul's & body's peace. When I was last at Concord, owing to bad sleep and the consequent nervous irritability aggravat[ed] by smoking, I was particularly out of orde[r] and like an intoxicated or crazed man, hardly responsible for my conduct[.] Wherefore if I betrayed any want of kindly or gentlemanly feeling, which I fear may have been the case, I trust you will pardon the same & attribute it to a source not normal with me.*



October 14. This year, on account of the very severe frosts, the trees change and fall early, or fall before fairly changing. The willows have the bleached look of November. Consider how many leaves there are to fall each year and how much they must add to the soil. Coultas (in “What may be Learned from a Tree”) finds that a single beech twig twenty-seven inches and three lines long and six years old was “the leaf-labor of one hundred and fifty-five leaves,” and quotes from Asa Gray’s “First Lessons in Botany” that “the Washington Elm at Cambridge—a tree of no extraordinary size—was some years ago estimated to produce a crop of seven millions of leaves, exposing a surface of 200,000 square feet, or about five acres, of foliage.” Supposing this to be true, and that the horizontal spread of this (like other the largest elms) is one hundred feet, then, if all its leaves should be spread evenly on the ground directly under it, there would be about twenty-five thicknesses. An ordinary forest would probably cover the ground as thickly as this tree would. Supposing a leaf to be of the same

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16. He copied from this source into his 2d Commonplace Book. Harland Coultas was Professor of General and Medical Botany in the Penn Medical University, was the North American collector for the Herbarium at Oxford University, and was a prolific contemporary author of popular science literature.

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WHAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM A TREE :  
By HARLAND COULTAS. New-York : D. APPLETON  
& Co. 1. vol., 8vo. pp. 199.

A volume dedicated, like this, to "all lovers and friends of Nature," might reasonably be expected to furnish a natural account of the subject whereof it treats ; an account divested of truisms and destitute of platitudes, and so fresh and free and graceful that no reader who loves Nature would willingly pass it by. *What May be Learned, &c.*, gives no such account. On the contrary, although starting out with a fair promise, it lapses speedily and irrecoverably into the dismal dullness of commonplace. The author seems to have devoted numerous hours of contemplative leisure to the minute inspection of trunks, branches, leaves, soils and organisms, and all other things connected in any way with the growth of trees, until he had hammered out a sufficient array of words to make a book ; and then the book was made. In parts, but scattered at wide intervals, there are bits of fair writing, and occasionally we get a fleeting glimpse of an idea,—but the bulk of the volume consists of such namby-pamby talk as the following :

"The truth is, that society in America resembles a wide-spread and well-developed tree, where a great many branches make an equally powerful growth on all sides, so that it is not easy to distinguish amongst them any particular branch which takes the lead. It is not an easy thing for any man to render himself conspicuous by his abilities in a country where there is so much individual talent called forth by education. Now this is all right. It is good policy founded on Nature.

*Continue to educate thy children, Columbia ! Inspire them with an indistinguishable love of truth and freedom, and thy place shall be foremost among the nations in wealth, in science, and in empire ! Oh ! tyranny, leave these shores forever ! There is no chance for thee here ! Away with thy dungeons and thy chains ! It is not in America that enfranchised humanity can ever be incarcerated !*" &c.

HARLAND COULTAS has appeared on one other occasion, as the author of *Organic Life the Same in Animals as in Plants*, and could have been spared from the catalogue of writers immediately after the publication of that work. The present volume tells nothing about trees that the reader cannot find in DOWNING or BROWN ; while its attempts at the inculcation of moral precepts are simply lamentable failures.

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thickness with an ordinary sheet of letter-paper, and that the mass is compressed as much as paper packed in a ream, the twenty-five would be about one sixteenth of an inch thick. This is a rude calculation. We have had a remarkably fertile year. Let us see now if we have a cold winter after it.

P.M.— Up Groton Turnpike.

If you examine a wood-lot after numerous fires and cuttings, you will be surprised to find how extremely vivacious are the roots of oaks, chestnuts, hickories, birches, cherries, etc. The little trees which look like seedlings of the year will be found commonly to spring from an older root or horizontal shoot or a stump. Those layers which you may have selected to transplant will be found to have too much of old stump and root underground to be removed. They have commonly met with accidents and seen a good deal of the world already. They have learned to endure and bide their time. When you see an oak fully grown and of fair proportions, you little suspect what difficulties it may have encountered in its early youth, what sores it has overgrown, how for years it was a feeble layer lurking under the leaves and scarcely daring to show its head above them, burnt and cut, and browsed by rabbits. Driven back to earth again twenty times,—as often as it aspires to the heavens. The soil of the forest is crowded with a mass of these old and tough fibres, annually sending up their shoots here and there. The underground part survives and holds its own, though the top meets with countless accidents; 50 that, although seeds were not to be supplied for many years, there would still spring up shoots enough to stock it. So with the old and feeble huckleberry roots. Nay, even the sedge (*Carex Pennsylvanica*) is already rooted in most woods, and at once begins to spread and prevail when the wood is cut, especially if a frost or fire keeps down the new wood.

I examine the John Hosmer wood-lot (sprout-land) cut off last winter on the north side at Colburn Hill. Next to the conspicuous sprouts from the large stumps (of which the white birch have here grown the most,—commonly four or five feet) you notice an increased growth of weeds, as goldenrods (especially *S. puberula*), the two fire-weeds, asters, everlasting (fragrant), hawk-weeds, yarrow, low blackberry, cinquefoil, etc. All of these, I believe, except the erechthites, are perennials, and those which blossomed this year (with this exception) must have sprung up before the wood was cut. The others were probably planted last fall or in the winter, unless their seed endures in the soil. I see, for example, what I consider seedling goldenrods, everlasting, and yarrow, i. e. mere radical leaves without any stem, which will bloom next year. The seedling trees of this year, of course, will be scarcely noticed among the sprouts and weeds. I chance to see none. I see, however, many young black cherry trees, three to six inches high, which are just three years old, with roots partly coiled up (as if they had met with difficulties in their upward growth) and much larger than their stems. These, then, were planted in the midst of this pine and oak and birch wood at least two years before it was cut, though the tree they came from is so far off that I know not where it is, and they have not effectually risen above the surface till this year. If you look through a sprout-land you will find no tree, not strictly speaking a forest tree, and which at the same time did not attain to its growth there before, so common as these little black cherries, the birds having conveyed the stones into the midst of the woods and dropped them there; i. e. they are planted chiefly before the wood is cut. These cherry trees are, however, short-lived. They live a few years and bear large and pleasant-tasted fruit, but when the forest trees have grown up around them they die.

I see that a great part of the club-moss (*Lycopodium complanatum*) which was so abundant in the lower part of this wood has already been killed, and is completely withered and bleached white, probably by the cold last winter, if not also by exposure to the light and heat of the summer.

This lot is thickly covered with the rubbish or tops. I suspect that it is, on the whole, better to leave this than to clear the ground,—that when it is not too thick (as masses of pine-tops) it is an important protection to the seedling trees (gardeners find that seedling pines require shade in their nurseries), and of course the soil is enriched by its decay.

Under one white oak where, on the 8th, the ground was strewn with acorns, I find but a single sound one left to-day, and under another, though many acorns are left, all of them are decayed, so rapidly are they gathered by the squirrels. I take them from the tree already decayed without a worm in them. Far the greater part that you find destroyed (this does not include those eaten by animals) have thus decayed, and I think that the cause was the severe frost of about October 1st, which especially injured those on the ground. It is surprising that any escape the winter. I am not sure that white oak acorns do (as I am that many scarlet and red oak, etc., do). These are not protected by any downiness, and their shoots and leaves I know are the most tender in the spring. Probably almost all the white oak acorns would be destroyed by frost if left on the surface in pastures, and so it may be that more escape because the squirrels carry them off and bury them, or leave them under the shelter of the woods and leaves, though they consume so many, than would if they were not disturbed. Also I find many full-grown worms in them, and the acorn all powder, on the tree.

Do I not see yellow-crowned warblers? Much yellow on shoulders or sides, and white in wings when they fly. [Yes. They fly up against the windows the next day.]

Acorns that fall in open pastures decay so fast that you might wonder how any survived the winter, but the fact is that they are not suffered to lie long, but are picked up and carried off by animals, and either deposited in holes or buried under the leaves in the forest, or consumed; and so, probably, more of these survive than would if they were not carried off.



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October 15, Monday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Camping tonight with Reed and two others at the old Delaware camp on Turkey Fork.

A description of white people venturing on a hunt in the neighborhood of Devil's Lake on the Great Plains, per page 4 of [The Nor'-Wester](#) magazine:

### **Hunting at Devil's Lake**

A letter has reached us from Mt. G.W. Northrup, who is acting as guide to a party of English gentlemen, hunting in the neighborhood of Devil's Lake, correcting some misapprehensions which have prevailed regarding that section of the country, and giving other particulars of interest to the general reader.

From 200 to 300 carts (he writes) composing the last brigade of hunters, are encamped about six miles from here (Devil's Lake), to the southward. They are now on their return, and have not been very successful. Many carts are light. They state that the other divisions are more heavily laden.

The Sioux have returned homewards, via the Missouri River. They keep a sharp eye upon their Sisitonan brethren who, having been more industrious with the hoe, are now hopping through the Green Corn Dance and luxuriating on succotash.

We have now been out ten days. Leaving Georgetown, we proceeded directly to the Butte Michaux, and thence north to Wamelushka Lake, up to which point we had not encountered a single buffalo or crossed a fresh trail made this summer. We are now engaged in hunting elk upon the islands and in the heavy timber on the south side of the Lake, varying the sport by taking out of the water some of the finest pike I have ever seen.

All agree that the scenery of the Devil's Lake is unsurpassed, and I know well that no scenery in any other part of Minnesota or Dakota can equal it. On the south side and near the middle of the Lake, rises up to a height of 300 feet the "Mini-wakan Chantay," from which the view is perfectly charming. Almost the entire Lake can be seen at once. The long black points and islands are densely covered with timber, and the rugged shores and steep bluffs give it a wild and savage aspect. Our Englishmen are delighted with the trip, thus far. Although we have not fallen in with the buffalo yet, we have had a quantity of fresh provisions in the shape of elk, geese, hares, and fish. In regard to fish, I think this lake cannot be excelled. The size of the pike approaches the incredible. I will merely say, that the smallest caught weigh eight or nine pounds, and dead ones to be found occasionally along the shore, would in a healthy state weigh 30 lbs.

We are about to direct our course westward, and expect to fall in with buffalo near the Coteau du Missouri. We shall follow the Coteau towards the White Earth, to hunt antelope, and then proceed along the east bank of the Missouri for the Black Tail or Jumping Deer, returning by the head of the Coteau des Prairies



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and Big Stone Lake.

A paragraph noticing the return of Sir Grenville Smith and other Englishmen, appeared in the St. Paul Pioneer, stating also that the waters of Devil's Lake were salty and unfit for use. Now I write you from the shore of the lake, and assure you that we use the water, and have not discovered in it the least particle of saline impregnation. It has a sweetish taste, but is not at all disagreeable. Wamelushka Lake is strongly impregnated with alkaline, not saline, matter. This is a lake about fifteen miles long, and in the shape of a horse-shoe, Devil's Lake is nearly forty miles between the extreme points. Should you notice the fact of our party of hunters being on the plains, you might wish to know our "Ogima's" name. Mr. Madden is an English officer, who has hunted over most countries—is finishing up on buffalo, elk, and antelope—and has great hopes of punishing a "grizzly" before his return. As guide, I should certainly like to have him meet one, but hardly think that we will be fortunate enough to see one so low down the Missouri.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 15th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



October 16, Tuesday: Confederate emissaries [James Murray Mason](#) and [John Slidell](#) arrived at [Havana](#).

Federal troops occupied Lexington, Missouri.

**US CIVIL WAR**

Count N.P. Ignatyev, a Russian diplomat, persuaded the government of [Peking](#) to surrender to the combined British and French force that was besieging it.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



October 17, Wednesday, 11:15AM: An [earthquake](#) struck [the St. Lawrence River](#) north of the mouth of Rivière Ouelle, but was not noticed in [Concord](#). A Quebec gazette would note:

The buildings situated on each side of our river (Rivière Ouelle) suffered in a general way. One chimney on the home of E. Chas. Tetu, two on the home of M.C. Casgrain, one on the home of M. Frenette, one on the home of Auguste Casgrain, one on the home of Madam Frs. Casgrain and on the homes of a dozen other persons were thrown down. The cross of our church and the weathervane surmounting it are now on the ground; the walls of our fine church are cracked. The shocks were frightening; the first, the most violent, began at 6:15 and lasted four minutes and forty seconds, very violent for ten seconds and gradually weakening; a weaker shock at 6:20 lasted three or four seconds, and the third began at 6:30 and lasted two or three seconds; but like the first it was a staccato jolting that made the furniture


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dance and unhooked pictures, clocks, etc.

[Waldo Emerson](#) would record an interesting domestic dispute about this in his journal:<sup>17</sup>

Queenie's private earthquake. We had disputed about the duration of the vibrations, which I thought lasted 12 seconds, and she insisted returned at intervals of two minutes. Of course our accounts could not agree; but, yesterday, it chanced to turn out, that her earthquake was **in the afternoon**, & that of the rest of the world at 6 in the morning.



LIDIAN EMERSON

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Killed six wolves last night. Camped on a creek about ten miles east of Spillman Creek.



October 17. P.M.—To Walden Woods.

The trees which with us grow in masses, i. e. not merely scattering, are:—

- 1, 2. White and pitch pine
3. Oaks
4. White birch
5. Red maple
6. Chestnut
7. Hickory
- Alder
- Hemlock, spruce, and larch
- Cedar (white and red)
- Willow
- Locust
- Apple Red cherry (in neighboring towns) W. [SIC]
- Sugar maple (rare)

Of these only white and pitch pine, oaks, white birch, and red maple are now both important and abundant. (Chestnut and hickory have become rare.)

It is an interesting inquiry what determines which species of these shall grow on a given tract. It is evident that the soil determines this to some extent, as of the oaks only the swamp white stands in our meadows, and, so far as these seven trees are concerned, swamps will be composed only of red maples, swamp white oaks, white birch, and white pine. By removing to upland we get rid of the swamp white oak and red maples in masses, and are reduced to white and pitch pine, oaks, and white birch only, i. e. of those that are abundant and important. Secondly, ownership, and a corresponding difference of treatment of the land as to time of cutting, etc., decides the species.

Third, age, as, if the trees are one hundred years old, they may be chestnut, but if sprout-land are less likely to be; etc., etc., etc.

The noblest trees and those which it took the longest to produce, and which are the longest-lived, as chestnuts, hickories (?), oaks, are the first to become extinct under our present system and the hardest to reproduce, and their place is taken by pines and birches, of feeble growth than the primitive pines and birches, for want of a change of soil.

There is many a tract now bearing a poor and decaying crop of birches, or perhaps of oaks, dying when a quarter grown and covered with fungi and excrescences, where two hundred years ago grew oaks or chestnuts of the

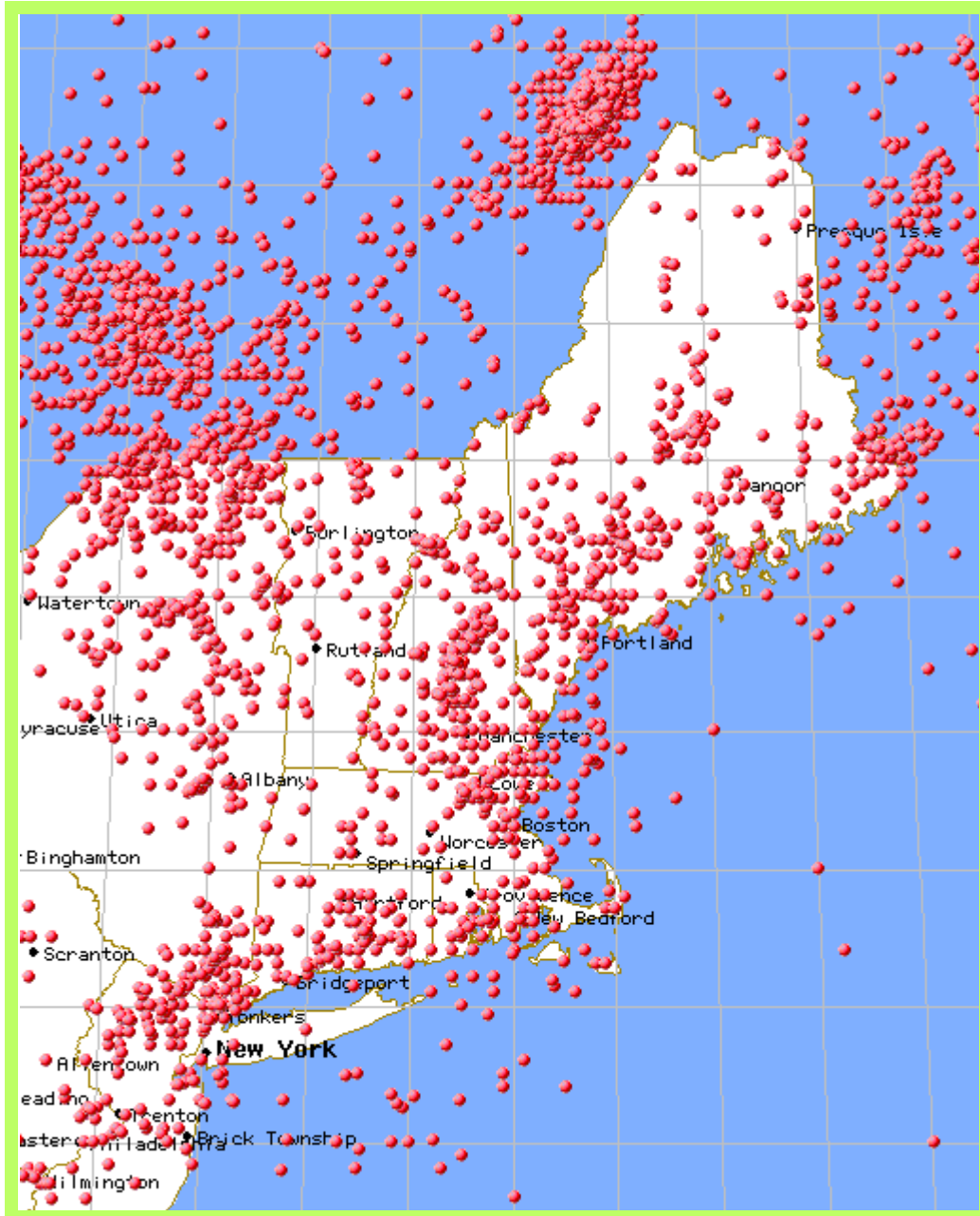
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17. There had been two magnitude-4 earthquakes in the early hours of March 17th off Provincetown, but these had not been noticed in Concord. This particular quake occurred at 11:15AM Greenwich Mean Time and was of magnitude 6 centered at Riviere Ouelle in Québec.



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largest size.

I look through a lot of young oaks twenty or twenty-five years old (Warren's, east of the Deep Cut, exclusively oak, the eastern part). There are plenty of little oaks from a few inches to a foot in height, but on examination I find fewer seedlings in proportion to the whole (i. e. manifestly seedlings) and they have much older and larger and poorer or more decayed roots than the oaks in dense pine woods. Oftenest they are shoots from the end of a horizontal twig running several feet under the leaves and leading to an old stump [?] under the surface. But I must examine again and further.

Looking through this wood and seeking very carefully for oak seedlings and anything else of the kind, I am surprised to see where the wood was chiefly oak a cluster of little chestnuts six inches high and close together. Working my hand underneath, I easily lift them up with all their roots,—four little chestnuts two years old, which partially died down the first year,—and to my surprise I find still attached four great chestnuts from which they sprang and four acorns which have also sent up puny little trees beneath the chestnuts. These eight nuts all lay within a diameter of two inches about an inch and a half beneath the present leafy surface, in a very loose soil



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of but [?] half decayed leaves in the midst of this young oak wood. If I had not been looking for something of the kind, I should never have seen either the oaks or the chestnuts. Such is the difference between looking for a thing and waiting for it to attract your attention. In the last case you will probably never see it [AT] all. They were evidently planted there two or three years ago by a squirrel or mouse. I was surprised at the sight of these chestnuts, for there are not to my knowledge any chestnut trees—none, at least, nearly large enough to bear nuts—within about half a mile of that spot, and I should about as soon have expected to find chestnuts in the artificial pine grove in my yard. The chestnut trees old enough to bear fruit are near the Lincoln line about half a mile east of this through the woods and over hill and dale. No one acquainted with these woods—not the proprietor—would have believed that a chestnut lay under the leaves in that wood or within a quarter of a mile of it, and yet from what I saw then and afterward I have no doubt that there were hundreds, which were placed there by quadrupeds and birds. This wood lies on the south of the village, separated from it by a mile of open fields and meadows. It is the northern part of an extensive pine and oak forest which half a mile eastward, near the Lincoln line, begins to contain a few chestnuts. These little chestnuts were growing well, but the oaks appeared to be dead and dying. [I dug up three or four more a few days after, and found that they had not the very large roots that young oaks have.]

It is well known that the chestnut timber of this vicinity has rapidly disappeared within fifteen years, having been used for railroad sleepers, for rails, and for planks, so that there is danger that this part of our forest will become extinct.

The last chestnut tracts of any size were on the side of Lincoln. As I advanced further through the woods toward Lincoln, I was surprised to see how many little chestnuts there were, mostly two or three years old and some even ten feet high, scattered through them and also under the dense pines, as oaks are. I should say there was one every half-dozen rods, made more distinct by their yellow leaves on the brown ground, which surprised me because I had not attended to the spread of the chestnut, and it is certain that every one of these came from a chestnut placed there by a quadruped or bird which had brought it from further east, where alone it grew.

You would say that the squirrels, etc., went further for chestnuts than for acorns in proportion as they were a greater rarity. I suspect that a squirrel may convey them sometimes a quarter or a half a mile even, and no doubt as soon as a young chestnut fifteen or twenty feet high, far advanced beyond the chestnut woods, bears a single bur, which no man discovers, a squirrel or bird is almost sure to gather it and plant it in that neighborhood or still further forward. A squirrel goes a-chestnutting perhaps as far as the boys do, and when he gets there he does not have to shake or club the tree or wait for frost to open the burs; he walks [?] up to the bur and cuts it off, and strews the ground with them before they have opened. And the fewer they are in the wood the more certain it is that he will appropriate every one, for it is no transient afternoon's picnic with him, but the pursuit of his life, a harvest that he gets as surely as the farmer his corn.

Now it is important that the owners of these wood-lots should know what is going on here and treat them and the squirrels accordingly. They little dream of what the squirrels are about; know only that they get their seed-corn in the adjacent fields, and encourage their boys to shoot them every day, supplying them with powder and shot for this purpose. In newer parts of the country they have squirrel-hunts on a large scale and kill many thousands in a few hours, and all the neighborhood rejoices.

Thus it appears that by a judicious letting Nature alone merely we might recover our chestnut wood in the course of a century.

This also suggests that you cannot raise one kind of wood alone in a country unless you are willing to plant it yourself. If no oaks grow within miles of your pines, the ground under the pines will not be filled with little oaks, and you will have to plant them. Better have your wood of different kinds in narrow lots of fifty acres, and not one kind covering a township.

I took up a red oak seedling of this year five inches high. In this case the top is larger, putting length and breadth together, than the root, and the great acorn is still perfectly sound, lying on its side, and the plant this first year evidently derives a great part of its nourishment from it. The root is abruptly curved back under the acorn, and I find that seedling or young oaks generally have roots which slant off more or less horizontally from where the acorn lay two to five or six inches, and then, having acquired their greatest thickness, descend straight downward. To this irregularity is sometimes added a half-turn or spiral in the upper part of the root:

[Thoreau's sketch to be scanned]

or, looking down on it:

[Thoreau's sketch to be scanned]



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The acorn is still so sound that I think it must continue to furnish nourishment to the plant a part of next year. Apparently the pine woods are a natural nursery of oaks, from whence we might easily transplant them to our grounds, and thus save some of those which annually decay, while we let the pines stand. Experience has proved, at any rate, that these oaks will bear exposure to the light. It is remarkable that for the most part there are no seedling oaks in the open grassy fields and pastures. The acorns are little likely to succeed if dropped there. Those springing up in such places appear to have been dropped or buried by animals when on their way with them to another covert.

I examine under the pitch pines by Thrush Alley to see how long the oaks live under dense pines. The oldest oaks there are about eight or ten years old. I see none older under these and other dense pines, even when the pines are thirty or more years old, though I have no doubt that oaks began to grow there more than twenty years ago. Hence they must have died, and I suppose I could find their great roots in the soil if I should dig for them. I should say that they survived under a very dense pine wood only from six to ten years. This corresponds exactly with the experience of the English planters, who begin to shred the branches of the nursing pines when the oaks are six or seven years old and to remove the pines altogether when the oaks are eight to ten years old. But in openings amid the pines, though only a rod in diameter, or where the pines are thin, and also on their edges, the oaks shoot up higher and become trees, and this shows how mixed woods of pine and oak are produced. If the pines are quite small or grow but thinly, fewer acorns will be planted amid them, it is true, but more will come to trees, and so you have a mixed wood. Or when you thin out a pine wood, the oaks spring up here and there; or when you thin an oak wood, the pines plant themselves and grow up in like manner.

It is surprising how many accidents these seedling oaks will survive. We have seen [?] that they commonly survive six to ten years under the thickest pines and acquire stout and succulent roots. Not only they bear the sudden exposure to the light when the pines are cut, but, in case of a more natural succession, when a fire runs over the lot and kills pines and birches and maples, and oaks twenty feet high, these little oaks are scarcely injured at all, and they will still be just as high the next year, if not in the fall of the same year if the fire happens early in the spring. Or if in the natural course of events a fire does not occur nor a hurricane, the soil may at last be exhausted for pines, but there are always the oaks ready to take advantage of the least feebleness and yielding of the pines.

Hereabouts a pine wood, or even a birch wood, is no sooner established than the squirrels and birds begin to plant acorns in it. First the pines, then the oaks; and coniferous trees, geologists tell us, are older, as they are lower in the order of development,—were created before oaks.

I observe to-day a great many pitch pine plumes cut off by squirrels and strewn under the trees, as I did yesterday. [The next day (18th) I see twenty pine twigs, some three-plumed, at Beck Stow's, recently gnawed off and lying under one tree. This is to be seen now on all sides of the town. Why so? Saw the same last fall and before.]

I count the rings of a great white pine sawed off in Laurel Glen a few years ago,—about one hundred and thirty. This, probably, was really of the second growth, at least, but probably now even the second growth is all gone in this town. We may presume that any forest tree here a hundred and thirty years old belongs to the second growth, at least. We may say that all pines and oaks of this age or growth are now extinct in this town, and the present generation are not acquainted with large trees of these species.

A month ago I saw the smoke of many burnings in the horizon (even now see one occasionally), and now in my walks I occasionally come to a field of winter-rye already greening the ground in the woods where such a fire was then kindled.

If any one presumes that, after all, there cannot be so many nuts planted as we see oaks spring up at once when the pines are cut, he must consider that according to the above calculation (two pages back) there are some ten years for the animals to plant the oak wood in; so that, if the tract is ten rods square or contains one hundred square rods, it would only be necessary that they should plant ten acorns in a year which should not be disturbed, in order that there might be one oak to every square rod at the end of ten years. [But some English planters plant only an acorn to two or three rods, others four or five times as many.] This, or anything like this, does not imply any very great activity among the squirrels. A striped squirrel could carry enough in his cheeks at one trip.

While the man that killed my lynx (and many others) thinks it came out of a menagerie, and the naturalists call it the Canada lynx, and at the White Mountains they call it the Siberian lynx,—in each case forgetting, or ignoring, that it belongs here,—I call it the Concord lynx.



October 18, Thursday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Got home at sundown. Found six or eight teams of hunters here.



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[“Dirty Bertie” the Prince of Wales](#) visited [Boston](#) and rode the length of the Beacon Street mall atop the biggest black horse they could find, in a colonel’s uniform. Among the people introduced to him on this visit would be [Waldo Emerson](#). [Louisa May Alcott](#) found all this so appealing that she would craft a reference to the “Prince of Whales.”<sup>18</sup>

The British set the Summer Palace near [Peking](#), and its 200 buildings, on fire.

Beginning on October 7th, the foreign devils had been sacking the treasures of the modernistic Summer Palace complex and its associated Yuanmingyuan gardens outside Beijing, [China](#). Among the objects stolen were the

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18. He was already huge but his special sex stool had yet to be created in Paris.

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bronze heads of some nonfunctional garden fountain statuary, zodiac heads that had been created on commission by the artist Giuseppe Castiglione. Objects they did not consider it worthwhile to steal, they would slash with their bayonets. At this point, in part as punishment for some official having pulled the hair of Harry Parkes and in part to conceal evidence of the looting, at the direct order of Captain [Charles George Gordon](#) a series of charges of explosives were distributed through the various palaces and a general conflagration was begun.<sup>19</sup> “Throughout the whole of that day and the day following a dense cloud of black and heavy smoke hung over those scenes of former magnificence.”

DOPERS



To get the barbarians to depart from the capitol of the nation, the Chinese government agreed to lease the coastal peninsula of Kowloon, where an army was at the time encamped, along with Stonecutters Island, to the British Crown, “with a view to the maintenance of law and order in and about the harbour of [Hong Kong](#).”



October 18 P.M. – To Merriam’s white pine grove.

I often see amid or beside a pitch or white pine grove, though thirty years old, a few yet larger and older trees, from which they came, rising above them, like patriarchs surrounded by their children.

Early cinquefoil again.

I find fair-looking white oak acorns, which abound on the trees near Beck Stow’s, to be decayed on the tree. Wishing to see what proportion were decayed I pull down a bough, and pluck forty-one acorns, which I cut open

19. Shades of Alexander the Great at Persepolis! Shades of the burning of the great library of Cairo! It had taken a team of 160 scribes eight years to produce seven sets of copies of the 38,304 scholarly volumes which comprised the core of Chinese classical learning — and one of these seven sets was in this Summer Palace, feeding the flames.

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successively with my knife. Every one is soft and spoiled, turned black or dark-brown within, though there is not a single worm in them. Indeed, abundant and beautiful as the crop is, they are all decayed on that and the neighboring trees, and I only find one sound one after long search. This is probably the reason why they hold on still so numerous, and beside the squirrels do not disturb them. I suspect that they were killed by the severe frost of about October 1st. Abundant as the crop is, perhaps half of them have already been destroyed thus. Those that were touched first and most severely are paler-brown on one or both sides. Here, on **these** trees, is a whole crop destroyed before it fell, though remarkably abundant. How many thousand bushels there must be in this state in this town!

See how an acorn is planted by a squirrel, just under a loose covering of moist leaves where it is shaded and concealed, and lies on its side on the soil, ready to send down its radicle next year.

If there are not so many oak seedlings in a deciduous wood as in a pine one, it may be because both oaks (and acorns) and squirrels love warmth. The ground does not freeze nearly so hard under dense pines as in a deciduous wood.

Look through an oak wood, say twenty-five or thirty years old, north of the Sherman grove on the road. It appeared to me that there were fewer seedling oaks under this than under pines, and the roots of the other little ones that looked like seedlings were old and decaying, and the shoots slender, feeble, and more or less prostrate under the leaves. You will find seedling oaks under oaks, it is true, but I think that you will not find a great many of them. You will not find, as under pines, a great many of these little oaks one to eight or ten years old, with great fat, or fusiform, roots, all ready to spring up when the pines are cut.

If it were true that the little oaks under oaks steadily grew and came to trees there, then even that would be a reason why the soil would not be so well stocked with them when the wood was cut as when a pine wood is cut, for there would be only ten trees in the first case to one hundred in the last (according to our calculation before). Most of the little oaks here were little or dwarfed, apparently because they were shoots from poor and diseased rootstocks, which were common in the ground.

But I think that neither pines nor oaks do well under older trees.

Methinks you do not see numerous oaks of all ages and sizes in an old oak wood, but commonly large trees of about the same age and little ones like huckleberry bushes under your feet; and so commonly with pine woods. In either case, if the woods are well grown and dense, all the trees in them appear to have been planted at the same time.

For aught that I know, I would much rather have a young oak wood which has succeeded to pines than one that has succeeded to oaks, for they will make better trees, not only because the soil is new to them, but because they are all seedlings, while in the other case far the greater part are sprouts; just as I would prefer apple trees five or six years from the seed for my orchard to suckers from those which have come to maturity or decayed. Otherwise your young oaks will soon, when half grown, have the diseases of old trees, – warts and decay.

I find that Merriam's white pine grove is on the site of an oak wood, the old oak stumps being still very common. The pines appear to be some forty years old. The soil of pine leaves is an inch to an inch and a half thick. The oldest little oaks here are five years old and six inches high.

Am surprised to see that the pasture west of this, where the little pitch pines were cut down last year, is now even more generally green with pines than two years ago.

What shall we say to that management that halts between two courses, – does neither this nor that, but botches both? I see many a pasture on which the pitch or white pines are spreading, where the bush-whack is from time to time used with a show of vigor, and I despair of my trees, – I say mine, for the farmer evidently does not mean they shall be his, – and yet this questionable work is so poorly done that those very fields grow steadily greener and more forest-like from year to year in spite of cows and bush-whack, till at length the farmer gives up the contest from sheer weariness, and finds himself the owner of a wood-lot. Now whether wood-lots or pastures are most profitable for him I will not undertake to say, but I am certain that a wood-lot and pasture combined is not profitable.

I see spatter-dock pads and pontederia in that little pool at south end of Beck Stow's. How did they get there? There is no stream in this case? It was perhaps rather reptiles and birds than fishes, then. Indeed we might as well ask how they got anywhere, for all the pools and fields have been stocked thus, and we are not to suppose as many new creations as pools. This suggests to inquire how any plant came where it is, – how, for instance, the pools which were stocked with lilies before we were born or this town was settled, and ages ago, were so stocked, as well as those which we dug. I think that we are warranted only in supposing that the former was stocked in the same way as the latter, and that there was not a sudden new creation, – at least since the first; yet I have no doubt that peculiarities more or less considerable have thus been gradually produced in the lilies thus planted in various pools, in consequence of their various conditions, though they all came originally from one seed.

We find ourselves in a world that is already planted, but is also still being planted as at first. We say of some plants that they grow in wet places and of others that they grow in desert places. The truth is that their seeds are scattered almost everywhere, but here only do they succeed. Unless you can show me the pool where the lily was created, I shall believe that the oldest fossil lilies which the geologist has detected (if this is found fossil) originated in that locality in a similar manner to these of Beck Stow's. We see thus how the fossil lilies which

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the geologist has detected are dispersed, as well as these which we carry in our hands to church. The development theory implies a greater vital force in nature, because it is more flexible and accommodating, and equivalent to a sort of constant *new* creation.

Mr. Alcott tells me that the red squirrels which live in his elms go off to the woods (pitch pines behind his house) about June, and return in September, when the butternuts, etc., are ripe. Do they not go off for hazel-nuts and pine seed? No doubt they are to be found where their food is.

Young oaks, especially white oaks, in open woodland hollows and on plains [ARE] almost annually killed down by frost, they are so tender. Large tracts in this town are bare for this reason. Hence it is very important that the little oaks, when they are tenderest, should have the shelter of pines and other trees as long as they can bear it, or perhaps till they get above the level of the frosts. I know of extensive open areas in the woods where it would be of no use to sow acorns or to set seedling oaks, for every one would be killed by the frost, as they have already been; but if you were to plant pines thinly there, or thickly at first and then thin them out, you could easily raise oaks, for often you have only got to protect them till they are five or six feet high, that they may be out of the way of ordinary frosts, whose surface is as level as that of a lake.

According to Loudon (*vide* Emerson on oaks), the best authorities say plant some two hundred and fifty acorns to an acre (*i.e.* some from three hundred to five hundred, others from sixty to one hundred), or about one and one half acorns to a rod, or two hundred and forty to an acre.

In my walk in Walden Woods yesterday I found that the seedling oaks and chestnuts were most common under the fullest and densest white pines, as that of Brister Spring.

BRISTER'S SPRING

FIGURING OUT WHAT AMOUNTS TO A “HISTORICAL CONTEXT” IS WHAT THE CRAFT OF HISTORICIZING AMOUNTS TO, AND THIS NECESSITATES DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN THE SET OF EVENTS THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE BEFORE EVENT E COULD BECOME POSSIBLE, AND MOST CAREFULLY DISTINGUISHING THEM FROM ANOTHER SET OF EVENTS THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY OCCUR UNTIL SUBSEQUENT TO EVENT E.



October 19, Friday: At the Royal Chapel in Copenhagen, Denmark, Prince Frederick and Princess Alexandra were confirmed.

In Oudong, Cambodia, [King Ang Duong](#) died.



October 19. P.M.– To Conantum.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Indian-summer-like and gossamer. That white oak in Hubbard Grove which on the 7th was full of those glossy black acorns is still hanging full, to my surprise. Suspecting the cause, I proceed to cut them open, and find that they are all decayed or decaying. Even if not black within, they are already sour and softened. Yet Rice told me that he collected from this tree about a week ago some thousands of acorns and planted them in Sudbury. I can tell him that probably not more

Stanza of Poem of Life

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

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than half a dozen of them were alive, though they may then have looked well, as they do now externally. First, then, I was surprised at the abundance of the crop this year. Secondly, by the time I had got accustomed to that fact I was surprised at the vast proportion that were killed, apparently by frost. The squirrels are wiser than to gather these, but I see where they have gathered many black oak acorns, the ground beneath being strewn with their cups, which have each a piece bitten out in order to get out the acorn. I suspect that black and red oak acorns are not so easily injured by frost. Indeed, I find this to be the case as far as I look.

Sophia tells me that the large swamp white oak acorns in their cups, which she gathered a fortnight ago, are now all mouldy about the cups, or base of the acorn.

It is a remarkable fact, and looks like a glaring imperfection in Nature, that the labor of the oaks for the year should be lost to this extent. The softening or freezing of cranberries, the rotting of potatoes, etc., etc., seem trifling in comparison. The pigeons, jays, squirrels, and woodlands are thus impoverished. It is hard to say what great purpose is served by this seeming waste.

I frequently see an old and tall pine wood standing in the midst of a younger but more extensive oak wood, it being merely a remnant of an extensive pine wood which once occupied the whole tract, but, having a different owner, or for some other reason, it has not been cut. Sometimes, also, I see these pines of the same age reappear at half a mile distant, the intermediate pines having been cut for thirty or forty years, and oaks having taken their place. Or the distant second growth of pines, especially if they stand on the land of another than he who owns the oaks, may, as we have seen, be a generation smaller and have sprung from the pines that stood where the oaks do. Two or three pines will run swiftly forward a quarter of a mile into a plain, which is their favorite field of battle, taking advantage of the least shelter, as a rock, or fence, that may be there, and intrench themselves behind it, and if you look sharp, you may see their plumes waving there. Or, as I have said, they will cross a broad river without a bridge, and as swiftly climb and permanently occupy a steep hill beyond.

At this season of the year, when each leaf acquires its peculiar color, Nature prints this history distinctly, as it were an illuminated edition. Every oak and hickory and birch and aspen sprinkled amid the pines tells its tale a mile off, and you have not to go laboriously through the wood examining the bark and leaves. These facts would be best illustrated by colors, –green, yellow, red, etc.

Pines take the first and longest strides. Oaks march deliberately in the rear.

The pines are the light infantry, voltigeurs, supplying the scouts and skirmishers; the oaks are the grenadiers, heavy-paced and strong, that form the solid phalanx.

It is evident to any who attend to the matter that pines are here the natural nurses of the oaks, and therefore they grow together. By the way, how nearly identical is the range of our pines with the range of our oaks? Perhaps oaks extend beyond them southward, where there is less danger of frost.

The new woodlands, i. e., forests that spring up where there were no trees before, are pine (or birch or maple), and accordingly you may see spaces of bare pasture sod between the trees for many years. But oaks, in masses, are not seen springing up thus with old sod between them. They form a sprout-land, or stand amid the stumps of a recent pine lot.

It will be worth the while to compare seedling oaks with sprout-lands, to see which thrive best.

I see, on the side of Fair Haven Hill, pines which have spread, apparently from the north, one hundred rods, and the hillside begins to wear the appearance of woodland, though there are many cows feeding amid the pines. The custom with us is to let the pines spread thus into the pasture, and at the same time to let the cattle wander there and contend with the former for the possession of the ground, from time to time coming to the aid of the cattle with a bush-whack. But when, after some fifteen or twenty years, the pines have fairly prevailed over us both, though they have suffered terribly and the ground is strewn with their dead, we then suddenly turn about, coming to the aid of the pines with a whip, and drive the cattle out. They shall no longer be allowed to scratch their heads on them, and we fence them in. This is the actual history of a great many of our wood-lots. While the English have taken great pains to learn how to create forests, this is peculiarly our mode. It is plain that we have thus both poor pastures and poor forests.

I examine that oak lot of Rice's next to the pine strip of the 16th. The oaks (at the southern end) are about a dozen [October 31, count ten rings on one sprout] years old. As I expected, I find the stumps of the pines which stood there before quite fresh and distinct, not much decayed, and I find by their rings that they were about forty years old when cut, while the pines which sprang from [THEM] are now about twenty-five or thirty. But further, and unexpectedly, I find the stumps, in great numbers, now much decayed, of an oak wood which stood there more than sixty years ago. They are mostly shells, the sap-wood rotted off and the inside turned to mould. Thus I distinguished four successions of trees.

Thus I can easily find in countless numbers in our forests, frequently in the third succession, the stumps of the oaks which were cut near the end of the last century. Perhaps I can recover thus generally the oak woods of the beginning of the last century, if the land has remained woodland. I have an advantage over the geologist, for I can not only detect the order of events but the time during which they elapsed, by counting the rings on the stumps. Thus you can unroll the rotten papyrus on which the history of the Concord forest is written.

It is easier far to recover the history of the trees which stood here a century or more ago than it is to recover the history of the men who walked beneath them. How much do we know –how little more can we know– of these two centuries of Concord life?



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Go into a young oak wood, and commonly, if the oaks are not sprouts, then they were preceded by pines. Of course, the gradual manner in which many woodlots are cut –often only thinned out– must affect the truth of my statements in numerous instances. The regularity of the succession will be interfered with, and what is true of one end of a lot will not be true of the other.

If the ground chances to be broken or burned over or cleared the same year that a good crop of pine seed falls, then expect pines; not otherwise.

I examined the huckleberry bushes next the wall in that same dense pitch and white pine strip. I found that the oldest bushes were about two feet high and some eight or ten years old, and digging with spade and hands, I found that their roots did not go deep, but that they spread by a vigorous shoot which forked several times, running just under the leaves or in the surface soil, so that they could be easily pulled up. One ran seven feet before it broke, and was probably ten feet or more in length. And three or four bushes stood on this shoot, and though these bushes after a few years did not grow more than an inch in a year, these subterranean shoots had grown six to twelve inches at the end, and there seemed to be all the vigor of the plant. The largest bushes preserved still a trace of their origin from a subterranean shoot, the limbs being one-sided and the brash aslant. It is very likely, then, if not certain, that these roots are as old as the pine wood which over-shadows them; or it is so long since the seedling huckleberry came up there. The pines were thirty years old, but some of the separate huckleberry bushes were ten, and were sending up new vigorous shoots still. The same was the case with the *Vaccinium vacillans* and the *Pennsylvanicum*, the last one, of course, on a smaller scale. You could see the *V. vacillans* growing in rows for several feet above the subterranean shoots, indicating where it was. The shoot turns up to make a bush thus:

**[Thoreau's sketch to be scanned]**

Thus the roots of huckleberries may survive till the woods are cut again. They certainly will here. A huckleberry bush is apparently in its prime at five to seven years, and the oldest are ten to twelve years. Plants of this order (*Ericaceae*) are said to be among the earlier ones among fossil plants, and they are likely to be among the last. The oldest oak, fairly speaking, in this wood was a black, thirteen years old. Its root, as usual, ran not straight down but with a half-turn or twist (as well as to one side), which would make it harder to pull up at any rate. The white oak acorn has very little bitterness and is quite agreeable to eat. When chestnuts are away I am inclined to think them as good as they. At any rate it braces my thought more, and does me more good to eat them, than it does to eat chestnuts. I feel the stronger even before I have swallowed one. It gives me heart and back of oak.

I found that the squirrels, or possibly mice, which have their holes about those old oak stumps ran along in various directions through the roots, whose insides are rotted away, leaving a wall of thin bark which prevents the earth falling in. Such are their highways underground. The holes above led to them.

On the monuments of the old settlers of this town, if they can be found, are recorded their names and ages and the time of their death, and so much can be read on these monuments of the oaks, with some additional reliable information, as where they lived, and how healthily, and what trees succeeded them, etc., etc.

Looking at Sophia's large collection of acorns from Sleepy Hollow and elsewhere, I cannot find a sound white oak one (i. e. not decayed and blackened), but the black and shrub oaks at least are sound. This suggests that the very fertile shrub oaks are more sure of succeeding and spreading, while the noblest oak of all may fail.

First, by examining the twigs (vide Coultas) you tell the age and the number of shoots and the leaves and the various accidents of the tree for half a dozen years past, – can read its history very minutely; and at length, when it is cut down, you read its ancient and general history on its stump.

If you would know the age of a young oak lot, look round for a sprout, –for there will commonly be some to be found even in a seedling wood, – cut, and count the rings. But if you have to count the rings of a seedling, begin about six inches from the ground, for it was probably so high when the previous wood was cut.



1860-1861

1860-1861



October 20, Saturday: From 1856 [John "Grizzly" Adams](#) had been using the name "[James Capen Adams](#)," which was the name of a younger brother. While "Grizzly" was on tour with the circus in New England, a monkey bit him on his open skull wound. After more than four months performing with his animals in [New-York](#), Connecticut, and Massachusetts, Adams was unable to continue. [Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) handed him his final paycheck (\$500, don't spend it all in one place) and purchased the other half of the menagerie, while Adams retired to his wife's and daughter's home in Neponset, 25 miles southeast of Concord. Barnum paid \$150 to have a new costume made of beaver skins, and hired a Herr Driesbach as his replacement — however, Adams did persuade Barnum to allow him to wear this new fur costume, until he would die.

The "October Diploma" was signed (its publication date would be October 24th). This document claimed as the basic law of the Austrian Empire, the unrestricted authority of the monarch.

Miklos Baron Vay de Vaja et Luskod was named Chancellor of Hungary.

At Hanover, String Sextet no.1 by [Johannes Brahms](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Saal des Museums.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Started out on a wolf hunt. Got Baxter to draw my traps. Camped at the springs on the head of Spring Creek.



October 20 E. Hosmer tells me to-day that while digging mud at the Pokelogan the other day he found several fresh acorns planted an inch or two deep under the grass just outside the oaks and bushes there. Almost every observant farmer finds one such deposit each year.

If that Merriam lot is fifteen rods square, then, instead of there being no oaks in it, there are some twenty-five hundred oaks in it, or far more oaks than pines, — say five times as many, for there are probably not nearly five hundred pines in the lot. This is only one of the thousand cases in which the proprietor and woodchopper tell you that there is not a single oak in the lot. So the tables were turned, and, so far as numbers were concerned, it would have been truer to say that this was an exclusively oak wood and that there were no pines in it. Truly appearances are deceptive.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

P.M. — To Walden Woods to examine old stumps.

In Trillium Wood the trees are chiefly pine, and I judge them to be forty to fifty years old, though there are not a few oaks, etc. Beneath them I find some old pitch pine stumps and one white pine. They would not be seen by a careless observer; they are indistinct mounds and preserve no form nor marks of the axe. This is low ground. Part of the cores, etc., of the stumps are, nevertheless, preserved by fat.

I then look at Farrar's [?] hill lot east of the Deep Cut. This is oak, cut, as I remember, some twenty-five years ago, the trees say five to eight inches [IN] diameter. I find beneath the oaks innumerable pitch pine stumps, well preserved, or rather, distinct, some of them two feet and more in diameter, with bark nearly three inches thick at the ground, but generally fifteen inches in diameter. Though apparently thoroughly rotten and of a rough (crumbly) conical form and more or less covered with fine moss (hypnum), they were firm within on account of the fat in flakes on the whole core, and frequently showed the trace of the axe in the middle. I could get cartloads of fat pine there now, often lifting out with my hands the whole core, a clear mass of yellow fat. When the stump was almost a mere mound mossed over, breaking off an inch or two deep of the crust, with the moss, I could still trace on one side the straight edge made by the axe. There were also, especially on the lower, or northern, side, some large oak stumps, no doubt of the same age. These were much better preserved than the pines, — at least the part above ground. The whole shape and almost every stroke of the axe apparent sometimes, as in a fresh stump. I counted from seventy to seventy-five rings on one. The present wood appears to be chiefly from the seed, with some sprouts. The latter two or more close together, with the old stump more or less overgrown. The sprouts, I think, were from small trees. (Methinks you do not see trees which have sprouted from old or large stumps two or three feet in diameter. I doubt if a very old wood, like E. Hubbard's, would send up sprouts from the stump.) I saw one large oak stump so much decayed that it may have belonged to a generation further back.

I next examined Ebby Hubbard's old oak and pine wood. The trees may be a hundred years old. The older or

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decaying trees have been cut out from time to time, neglecting these more recent stumps. The very oldest evidences of a tree were a hollow three or four feet across, in which you often slumped, – a hollow place in which squirrels have their holes covered with many layers of leaves, and perhaps with young oaks springing up in it, for the acorns rolled into it. But if you dug there, from under the moss (there was commonly a little green moss around it) and leaves and soil. in the midst of the virgin mould which the tree had turned to, you pulled up flakes and shoulder-blades of wood that might still be recognized for oak, portions preserved by some quality which they concentrated, like the fat leaves or veins of the pine, – the oak of oak. But for the most part it was but the mould and mildew of the grave, – the grave of a tree which was cut or died eighty or a hundred years ago there. It is with the graves of trees as with those of men, – at first an upright stump (for a monument), in course of time a mere mound, and finally, when the corpse has decayed and shrunk, a depression in the soil. In such a hollow it is better to plant a pine than an oak. The only other ancient traces of trees were perhaps the semiconical mounds which had been heaved up by trees which fell in some hurricane.

I saw where Ebby had tried a pitch pine with his axe, though there was not a green twig on it, and the woodpeckers had bored it from top to bottom, – effectually proved it, if he had not been blind.

Looked at that pitch and white pine wood just east of Close at Brister Spring, which I remember as pasture some thirty years ago. The pasture is still betrayed under the pines by the firmer, sward-like surface, there being fewer leaves and less of leafy mould formed, –less virgin soil, –and by the patches of green (pine) moss and white cladonia peeping out here and there.

Young chestnuts (I dig up three or four) have not the large roots that oaks have.

I see the acorn after the tree is five or six years old.

Brassica Napus, or rape, a second crop, is blooming now, especially where grain has been cut and the field laid down to grass and clover. It has there little slender plants; rough, or bristly, lower leaves.

1st. There is the primitive wood, woodland which was woodland when the township was settled, and which has not been cut at all. Of this I know of none in Concord. Where is the nearest? There is, perhaps, a large tract in Winchendon.

2d. Second growth, the woodland which has been cut but once, – true second growth. This country has been so recently settled that a large part of the older States is covered now with this second growth, and the same name is-occasionally still applied, though falsely, to those wood-lots which have been cut twice or many more times. Of this second growth I think that we have considerable left, and I remember much more. These are our forests which contain the largest and oldest trees, – shingle pines (very few indeed left) and oak timber.

3d. Primitive woodland, i. e., which has always been woodland, never cultivated or converted into pasture or grain-field, nor burned over intentionally. Of two kinds, first, that which has only been thinned from time to time, and secondly, that which has been cut clean many times over. A larger copsewood.

4th. Woodland which has been cleared one or more times, enough to raise a crop of grain on it, burned over and perhaps harrowed or even plowed, and suffered to grow up again in a year or two. Call this “interrupted woodland” or “tamed.”

5th. New woods, or which have sprung up de novo on land which has been cultivated or cleared long enough to kill all the roots in it. (The 3d, 4th, and 5th are a kind of copsewood.)

6th. Artificial woods, or those which have been set out or raised from the seed, artificially.

It happens that we have not begun to set out and plant till all the primitive wood is gone. All the new woods (or 5th kind) whose beginning I can (now) remember are pine or birch (maple, etc., I have not noticed enough). I suspect that the greater part (?) of our woodland is the 3d kind, or primitive woodland, never burned over intentionally nor plowed, though much of it is the 4th kind. Probably almost all the large wood cut ten or fifteen years ago (and since) here was second growth, and most that we had left was cut then.

Of the new woods I remember the beginning of E. Hubbard’s east of Brister Spring; Bear Garden, pitch pine; Wheeler’s pigeon-place, pitch pine; also his blackberry-field, pitch pine and a few white; West Fair Haven Spring woods, pitch pine and white; E. Hubbard’s Close Mound, pitch pine; Conantum-top, pitch pine; Mason’s pasture (?), white pine; behind Baker’s (?), pitch pine; my field at Walden, pitch pine; Kettle Hill, pitch pine; Moore’s corn-hill, pitch pine, cut say ’59; behind Moore’s house (??), pitch pine (was it new?); front of Sleepy Hollow, poplars, pitch pine; E. Wood’s, front of Colburn place (??), pitch pine, not new wood; John Hosmer’s, beyond house (?), pitch pine; Fair Haven Hill-side, white pine, just begun; Merriam’s pasture, beyond Beck Stow’s, just begun, pitch pine; old coast behind Heywood’s, pitch pine; Conant’s white pine crescent in front of W. Wheeler’s; J.P. Brown pasture, white pine; at Hemlocks, pitch pine; northwest of Assabet stone bridge, pitch pine; Tarbell’s pitch pines; Baker’s, above beech, pitch pine; Henry Shattuck’s, pitch pine; northwest of Farmer’s, pitch pine; William Brown’s, pitch pine; north of H. Shattuck’s, pitch pine; white and pitch pine south of Rice’s lot; pitch pine northwest of old Corner schoolhouse, pitch pine southeast of new Corner schoolhouse; large pitch pine hill behind Hagar’s in Lincoln.

In several of these new woods –pitch pine and birches– can see the old corn-hills still.

The woods within my recollection have gradually withdrawn further from the village, and woody capes which jutted from the forest toward the town are now cut off and separated by cleared land behind. The Irish have also made irruptions into our woods in several places, and cleared land.

Edmund Hosmer tells me of a gray squirrel which he kept in his old (Everett) house; that he would go off to the

BRISTER’S SPRING

BEAR GARDEN HILL

HENRY L. SHATTUCK

CORN HILLS



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woods every summer, and in the winter come back and into his cage, where he whirled the wire cylinder. He would be surprised to see it take a whole and large ear of corn and run out a broken window and up over the roof of the corn-barn with it, and also up the elms.

We have a kitten a third grown which often carries its tail almost flat on its back like a squirrel.

CAT



October 21, Sunday: A plebiscite in Naples favored union with Sardinia.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Came home.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 21st]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

**1860-1861****1860-1861**

October 22, Monday: Lord John Russell requested the Secretary of State for the Colonies “to take the necessary steps for complying with the application [to return the prisoner [John Anderson](#) to the United States of America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, for trial for murder] should there be no objection thereto.”



**JACK BURTON AS THE CANADIAN “JOHN ANDERSON”**



**1860-1861**

**1860-1861**



October 22, Monday: On his 49th birthday, the city of Weimar made Franz Liszt an honorary citizen and gave him a torchlight parade.

Bernhard Mahler relocated his family, consisting of his wife Marie and infant son Gustav, from Kalischt (Kaliste), Bohemia to Iglau (Jihlava), Moravia.

1860-1861

1860-1861

Thoreau went for a walk in Walden Woods. Did he see what Cindy Kassab saw?



*On September 20 Henry gave a speech at the Middlesex Society Cattle Show in Concord, titled "The Succession of Forest Trees." The day before and the day after that speech, he was busy monitoring river stage, proving that his river project overlapped in time with his most important contribution to proto-ecology. Two weeks later, on October 6, this lecture was published in Horace Greeley's New-York Weekly Tribune. It's a wonderfully argued, albeit obliquely presented, work that he began four years earlier, and which was indirectly informed by his meadow investigations. The last of Henry's systematic observations of river stage for the year came on September 27. After contemplating the persistence of Heywood Meadow on October 22, he combined his observations of plant succession and river history to propose that it takes a "geological change" to create such meadows.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, pages 218-219





**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

See in the yard many chip-birds, but methinks the chestnut crown is not so distinct as in the spring,—has a pale line in middle of it,—and many, maybe females or young, have no chestnut at all. I do not find them so described. Are not maples inclined to die in a white pine wood? There was the one in Merriam’s grove and the sickly ones in our grove in the yard.

I notice that the first shrubs and trees to spring up in the sand on railroad cuts in the woods are sweet-fern, birches, willows, and aspens, and pines, white and pitch; but all but the last two chiefly disappear in the thick wood that follows. The former are the pioneers. Such sandy places, the edges of meadows, and sprout-lands are almost the only localities of willows with us.

In the Deep Cut big wood (Stow’s), pines and oaks, there are thousands of little white pines as well as many oaks. After a mixed wood like this you may have a mixed wood, but after dense pines, commonly oak chiefly, yet not always; for, to my surprise, I find that in the pretty dense pitch pine wood of Wheeler’s blackberry-field, where there are only several white pines old enough to bear, and accordingly more than a thousand pitch pine seeds to one white pine one, yet there are countless white pines springing up under the pitch pines (as well as many oaks), and very few or scarcely any little pitch pines, and they sickly, or a thousand white pine seedlings to one pitch pine,—the same proportion reversed (in inverse proportion). It is the same in the pigeon-place lot east of this. So if you should cut these pitch pines you would have next a white pine wood with some oaks in it, the pines taking the lead. Indeed, these white pines bid fair to supplant the pitch pines at last, for they grow well and steadily. This reminds me that, though I often see little white pines under pines and under oaks, I rarely if ever (unless I am mistaken) see many young pitch pines there. How is it? Do the pitch pines require more light and air?

You may conveniently tell the age of a pine, especially white pine, by cutting off the lowest branch that is still growing and counting its rings. Then estimate or count the rings of a pine growing near in an opening, of the same height as to that branch, and add the two sums together.

I found in the midst of this pitch pine wood a white oak some eight feet high and an inch and a half thick at ground, which had borne a great many—say sixty or a hundred—large oak-balls, and the ground beneath and near by was strewn with the fragments of fifty of them, which some creature, probably a squirrel,—for a bird could hardly have opened the hard nut-like kernel within,—had opened, no doubt for their living contents, and all the inside was gone. They looked like egg-shells strewn about. Opening one, I found within the hard kernel a humpbacked black fly nearly half an inch long, body and wings, with a very large or full shining black abdomen and two small black spots on each wing. The only two that I open have flies in them. Harris says that this fly is the Cynips confluens, and that the grub becomes a chrysalis in the autumn and not, commonly, a fly till spring, though he has known this gall-fly to come out in October. It must have been squirrels (or mice) that opened them, for birds could not break into the hard kernel.

Counted the rings of a white pine stump in Hubbard’s owl wood by railroad. Ninety-four years. So this was probably second growth.

Swamps are, of course, least changed with us,—are nearest to their primitive state of any woodland. Commonly they have only been cut, not redeemed.

I see how meadows were primitively kept in the state of meadow by the aid of water,—and even fire and wind. For example, Heywood’s meadow, though it may have been flowed a hundred years ago by the dam below, has been bare almost ever since in the midst of the wood. Trees have not grown over it. Maples, alders, birches, pitch and white pines are slow to spread into it. I have named them in the order of their slowness. The last are the foremost,—furthest into the meadow,—but they are sickly-looking. You may say that it takes a geological change to make a wood-lot there.

Looked at stumps in J. Hosmer’s lot, hillside south of first Heywood meadow, cut eleven (?) years ago. One white pine perfect in shape, forty-one rings; two large oak stumps, each one hundred and nine rings; and a large pitch pine, probably same age. These stumps are all well preserved. The whole outline and the rings can for most part be counted; but they are successive ridges, and the bark is ready to fall off, and they are more or less mossed over with cockscomb moss. The main part of this lot north of this hole is apparently oak sprouts next railroad.

I next look through Emerson’s lot (half-burned and cut last spring). The last year’s growth (and present) chiefly oak, with a little pine. The stumps are chiefly oak and pitch pine, with apparently some hemlock (?) and chestnut and a little white pine. (So it seems the pitch pine and hemlock did not survive the old cutting; the pitch pine did not come up under itself.) The pitch pine stumps are all decayed but the core and the bark, and hardly in any instance show a trace of the axe. They are low rounded mounds, yet the inmost parts are solid fat, and the bark edge is very plain. The oak stumps are very much better preserved,—have half or two thirds their form, and show that proportion of the cutting,—yet the sap-wood is often gone (with the bark), and as often the inmost heart. You can partially count rings even. Yet some of these are as decayed as the pines, and all flaky, and, turned up, look like stumps of old teeth with their prongs. They (the oaks) are all loose to the foot, yet you will see the white





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bark lying about a white oak stump when all the rest is about gone. Most of the old stumps, both oaks and pines, can easily be found now, but the rings of not one oak even can be wholly counted, or nearly. I could not be sure about the hemlock and chestnut, only that there was some of both. There was little moss on these stumps, either pine or oak; the latter too crumbly.

The southeast part of this lot, beyond the deep cove, is apparently an oak sprout-land and good part pine. I see what were sprouts from a scarlet oak stump eighteen or more inches in diameter and from white oaks one foot in diameter; yet in the other lot, though there were so many large oak stumps, I did not notice that trees had ever sprung from them. You find plenty of old oak stumps without their trees in the woods, which (if nothing else) shows that there is an end to this mode of propagation.

I could tell a white pine here when it was for the most part a mere rotten mound, by the regularity crosswise of the long knots a foot from the ground in the top of the rotten core, representing the peculiarly regular branches of the little white pine and the best preserved as the hardest and pitchiest part.

It is apparent that fires often hasten the destruction of these stumps. They are very apt to be charred.

I dug in the hollow where an oak had been, and though it was so completely decayed that I found not a particle that looked like decayed wood or even bark and my spade met with no resistance, yet there were perfectly open channels raying out from this hollow with the pellicle of the root for a wall still, which for a hundred years the earth had learned to respect. Indeed, these stumps, both of this age and more recent, are the very metropolis of the squirrels and mice. Such are their runways.

Yet what is the character of our gratitude to these squirrels, these planters of forests? We regard them as vermin, and annually shoot and destroy them in great numbers, because—if we have any excuse—they sometimes devour a little of our Indian corn, while, perhaps, they are planting the nobler oak-corn (acorn) in its place. In various parts of the country an army of grown-up boys assembles for a squirrel hunt. They choose sides, and the side that kills the greatest number of thousands enjoys a supper at the expense of the other side, and the whole neighborhood rejoices. Would it [NOT] be far more civilized and humane, not to say godlike, to recognize once in the year by some significant symbolical ceremony the part which the squirrel plays, the great service it performs, in the economy of the universe?

The Walden side of Emerson's main wood-lot is oak (except a few pines in the oaks at the northwest or railroad end), and the oaks are chiefly sprouts, some thirty years old. Yet, not to mention the pitch pine stumps, there are a great many oak stumps without sprouts, and yet not larger stumps than the others. How does this happen? They are all of the same age, i. e. cut at the same time.

Sometimes, evidently, when you see oak stumps from which no trees have sprung in the midst of a pine or birch wood, it may be because the land was cleared and burned over and cultivated after the oaks were cut.



October 23, Tuesday: Louis Moreau Gottschalk conducted an opera for the initial time, *Les Martyrs* of Gaetano Donizetti, in the Teatro Principal, [Havana](#). Reviewers deemed the performance “abysmal,” although they did not fault its conductor.

Efram Nute, Jr. wrote from Medford, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), accepting an invitation to speak. He planned to provide his audience with his reminiscences of [Italy](#) (especially [Rome](#) and [Firenze](#)).



October 23. Anthony Wright tells me that he cut a pitch pine on Damon's land between the Peter Haynes road and his old farm, about '41, in which he counted two hundred and seventeen rings, which was therefore older than Concord, and one of the primitive forest. He tells me of a noted large and so-called primitive wood, Inches Wood, between the Harvard turnpike and Stow, sometimes called Stow Woods, in Boxboro and Stow. Also speaks of the wood north of Wetherbee's mill near Annursnack and belonging to W., as large and old, if not cut.

Melvin thinks that a fox would not on an average weigh more than ten pounds. Says that he saw a flock of brant yesterday by day. (Rarely seen by day or even by night here.) He says that Hildreth collects moss (probably *cladonia*) from the rocks for kindling.

There is no such mortality in nobler seeds—seeds of living creatures, as eggs of birds, for instance—as I have noticed in white oak acorns. What if the eggs of any species of bird should be added to this extent, so that it should be hard to find a sound one? In Egypt, where they hatch eggs artificially in an oven, they can afford to return one chicken for every two eggs they receive (and do so) and yet find it profitable. It is true one third of human infants are said to die before they are five years old, but even this is a far less mortality than that of the acorns. The oak is a scarce bearer, yet it lasts a good while.

More or less rain to-day and yesterday.



October 24, Wednesday: With British and French forces occupying the city, the [Chinese](#) government signed the Convention of [Peking](#) ending the Second Opium War. China agreed to all concessions in the Treaty of Tientsin of 1858, legalized the opium trade, gave part of Kowloon to Great Britain, opened Tientsin to trade, granted full rights to Christians, allowed emigration and agreed to pay quadruple the indemnity called for in the Treaty of Tientsin. (What a wonderful opportunity this was! –This was going to grant to all the Chinese a heavenly opportunity to be bearing bitter resentments and grudges against all the non-Chinese, for lo how many generations? –Had they not been egregiously wounded by outsiders in this contemptuous manner, it of course could have never crossed the minds of any of these Chinese people that there would be profit in it, for them to be entitled righteously to be bearing bitter resentments and grudges against non-Chinese for generation after generation after generation!)

A plebiscite in [Sicily](#) favored union with Sardinia.

[Abraham Lincoln](#) replied to an inquiry he had received from John C. Lee, president of the Young Men’s Republican Association of Jacksonville, [Illinois](#) (presumably Lee had inquired whether the Democrats were correct in alleging that the candidate had contributed money to [John Brown](#)’s cause):

Confidential  
 J.C. Lee, Esq Springfield, Ills.  
 Dear Sir Oct. 24, 1860  
 Yours of the 14th. was received some days ago, and should have been answered sooner.  
 I never gave fifty dollars, nor one dollar, nor one cent, for the object you mention, or any such object.  
 I once subscribed twentyfive dollars, to be paid whenever Judge Logan would decide it was necessary to enable the people of Kansas to defend themselves against any force coming against them from without the Territory, and not by authority of the United States. Logan never made the decision, and I never paid a dollar on the subscription. The whole of this can be seen in the files of the Illinois Journal, since the first of June last.  
 Yours truly  
 A. LINCOLN



October 24. P.M.– To Walden Woods.

See three little checkered adders lying in the sun by a stump on the sandy slope of the Deep Cut; yet sluggish. They are seven or eight inches long. The dark blotches or checkers are not so brown as in large ones. There is a transverse dark mark on the snout



and a forked light space on the back part [OF] the head.



Examine again Emerson’s pond lot, to learn its age by the stumps cut last spring. I judge from them that they were some five (?) years cutting over the part next the water, for I count the rings of many stumps and they vary in number from twenty-four or five to thirty, though twenty-six, seven, and eight are commonest, as near as I can count. It is hard to distinguish the very first ring, and often one or more beside before you reach the

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circumference. But, these being almost all sprouts, I know that they were pretty large the first year. I repeatedly see beside the new tree (cut last spring) the now well-rotted stump from which it sprang. But I do not see the stump from which the last sprang. I should like to know how long they may continue to spring from the stump. Here are shoots of this year which have sprung vigorously from stumps cut in the spring, which had sprung in like manner some twenty-eight or thirty years ago from a stump which is still very plain by their sides. I see that some of these thirty-year trees are sprouts from a white oak stump twenty inches in diameter,—four from one in one case. Sometimes, when a white pine stump is—all crumbling beside, there is a broad shingle-like flake left from the centre to the circumference, the old ridge of the stump, only a quarter of an inch thick, and this betrays the axe in a straight inclined surface.



The southeast part of Emerson's lot, next the pond, is yet more exclusively oak sprouts, or oak from oak, with fewer pine stumps. I examine an oak seedling in this. There are two very slender shoots rising ten or more inches above the ground, which, traced downward, conduct to a little stub, which I mistook for a very old root or part of a larger tree, but, digging it up, I found it to be a true seedling. This seedling had died down to the ground six years ago, and then these two slender shoots, such as you commonly see in oak woods, had started. The root was a regular seedling root (fusiform if *straightened*), at least seven eighths of an inch thick, while the largest shoot was only one eighth of an inch thick, though six years old and ten inches high. The root was probably ten years old when the seedling first died down, and is now some sixteen years old. Yet, as I say, the oak is only ten inches high. This shows how it endures and gradually pines and dies. As you look down on it, it has two turns, and three as you look from the side, so firmly is it rooted. Any one will be surprised on digging up some of these lusty oaken carrots.



Look at stumps in Heywood's lot, southeast side pond, from Emerson's to the swimming-place. They are white pine, oak, pitch pine, etc. I count rings of three white pine (from sixty to seventy). There are a few quite large white pine stumps; on one, ninety rings. One oak gives one hundred and sixteen rings. A pitch pine some fifteen or sixteen inches over gives about one hundred and thirty-five. All these are very easy, if not easier than ever, to count. The pores of the pines are distinct ridges, and the pitch is worn off.



(Many white and pitch pines elsewhere cut this year cannot be counted, they are so covered with pitch.) I remember this as a particularly dense and good-sized wood, mixed pine and oak.

Mrs. Heywood's pitch pines by the shore, judging from some cut two or three years ago, are about eighty-five years old. As far as I have noticed, the pitch pine is the slowest-growing tree (of pines and oaks) and gives the most rings in the smallest diameter.

Then there are the countless downy seeds (thistle-like) of the goldenrods,



so fine that we do not notice them in the air. They cover our clothes like dust. No wonder they spread over all fields and far into the woods.

I see those narrow pointed yellow buds now laid bare so thickly along the slender twigs of the *Salix discolor*, which is almost bare of leaves.

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 October 25, Thursday-26, Friday: [Friend Lucretia Mott](#) attempted some spin-doctoring at the 24th annual



meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in [Philadelphia](#), spin-doctoring which would be reported on November 3, 1860 in the [National Anti-Slavery Standard](#). According to that source, she had been glad that the



resolution accepted by the meeting did not sanction the measures resorted to by [John Brown](#) rather than those which had always been approved by the Pennsylvania branch of this society, and by the national organization of which it was a part. She had read, from the society's Declaration of Sentiments, what she had said were not only her own views, but also the views always sponsored by this society:

"Our principles lead us to reject and to intreat the oppressed to reject all carnal weapons, relying solely on those which are might through God to the pulling down of strongholds." We did not countenance force, and it did not become those -Friends and others- who go to the polls to elect a commander-in-chief of the army and navy, whose business it would be to use that army and navy, if needed, to keep the slaves of the South in their chains, and secure to the masters the undisturbed enjoyment of their system - it did not become such to find fault with us because we praise John Brown for his heroism. For it is not John Brown the soldier that we praise; it is John Brown the moral hero; John Brown the noble confessor and martyr whom we honor, and whom we think it proper to honor in this day when men are carried away by the corrupt and pro-slavery clamor against him. Our weapons were drawn only from the armory of Truth; they were those of faith and hope and love. They were those of moral indignation strongly expressed against wrong. [Robert Purvis](#) has said that I was "the most belligerent non-resistant he ever saw." I accept the character he gives me; and I glory in it. I have no idea, because I am a non-resistant, of submitting tamely to injustice inflicted either on me or on the slave. I will oppose it with all the moral powers with which I am endowed. I am no advocate of passivity. Quakerism, as

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I understand it, does not mean quietism. The early Friends were agitators; disturbers of the peace; and were more obnoxious in their day to charges, which are now so freely made, than we are.

Friend Lucretia concluded by expressing her pleasure that the new resolution committed the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society to nothing inconsistent with the high moral grounds it had ever occupied. She reported a comment by O'Connell, that no revolution was worth the cost of a single drop of human blood. She indicated that John Brown had well illustrated in his own case the superiority of moral power to physical power — of the sword of the spirit to the sword of the flesh.

[Robert Purvis](#) also addressed this assembly:

What is the attitude of your boasting, braggart republic toward the 600,000 free people of colour who swell its population and add to its wealth? I have already alluded to the dictum of Judge Taney in the notorious [Dred Scott](#) decision. The dictum reveals the animus of the whole government; it is a fair example of the cowardly and malignant spirit that pervades the entire policy of the country. The end of the policy is, undoubtedly, to destroy the coloured man, as a man. With this view, it says a coloured man shall not sue and recover his lawful property; he shall not bear arms and train in the militia; he shall not be a commander of a vessel, not even of the meanest craft that creeps along the creeks and bays of your Southern coast; he shall not carry a mailbag, or serve as a porter in a post-office.



October 25, Thursday: Benevento was annexed by the Kingdom of Sardinia.

In Grass Valley, [California](#), at 3PM during the firing of a salute by the Republicans on the receipt of the Pony [Express] intelligence, Thomas Whiting and Gaylord Compton were dreadfully burnt and lacerated by the premature discharge of the canon [*sic*]. They were ramming down the cartridge at the time. It was feared Compton would lose his eyes, and one knee was badly fractured.

[John "Grizzly" Adams](#) died (meningitis?) at the age of 48. The body would be placed in the family plot at Bay Path Cemetery in Charlton, Massachusetts, beneath a gravestone that exhibits a man and a bear walking side by side through the woods.



As the dying man's last request, the body was buried in the new beaver-skin mountaineering costume that [Phineas Taylor Barnum](#) had intended to be worn by Adams's replacement at the American Museum in [New-York](#), Herr Driesbach. The verse on the tombstone, since eroded, ran as follows:

And silent now the hunter lays  
Sleep on, brave tenant of the wild

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Great Nature owns her simple child  
 And Nature's God to whome alone  
 The secret of the heart is known  
 In silence whispers that his work is done



October 25. P.M.— To Eb. Hubbard's wood and Sleepy Hollow.

See a little reddish-brown snake (bright-red beneath) in the path; probably *Coluber amoenus*.

Cut one of the largest of the lilacs at the Nutting wall, eighteen inches from the ground. It there measures one and five sixteenths inches and has twenty distinct rings from centre, then about twelve very fine, not thicker than previous three; equals thirty-two in all. It evidently dies down many times, and yet lives and sends up fresh shoots from the root.

Jarvis's hill lot is oak, pitch pine, and some white, and quite old. There are a great many little white pines springing up under it, but I see no pitch. Yet the large pitch are much more common than the large white. Nevertheless the small white have come on much faster and more densely in the hollows just outside the large wood on the south.

E. Hubbard's mound of pitch pines contains not one seed-bearing white pine, yet there are under these pines many little white pines (whose seed must have blown some distance), but scarcely one pitch pine. The latter, however, are seen along its edge and in the larger openings. So at Moore's pitch pine promontory south of the Foley house, cut off lately by Walcott. Where the large pines had stood are no little ones, but in the open pasture northward quite a little grove, which had spread from them. Yet from a hasty look at the south end of the Sleepy Hollow Cut pitch pines, it appeared that small pitch pines were abundant under them. Vide again.

I have seen an abundance of white oak acorns this year, and, as far as I looked, swamp white oak acorns were pretty numerous. Red oak acorns are also pretty common. Black and scarlet oak I find also, but not very abundant. I have seen but few shrub oak, comparatively. Of the above, only the white oak have decayed so remarkably. The others are generally sound, or a few wormy. The red oak, as far as I notice, are remarkably sound. The scarlet oak I cut this afternoon are some of them decaying, but not like the white oak. Only the white have sprouted at all, as far as I perceive.

I find some scarlet oak acorns on the back side northeast end of Sleepy Hollow which are rounder than usual, considerably like a filbert out of the shell. They are indistinctly marked with meridional lines and thus betray a relation to the black and black shrub oak. [Vide swamp white oak, (PAGE 180).]

I see an immense quantity of asparagus seed in the mist of its dead branches, on Moore's great field of it, near [Hawthorne's](#). There must be a great many bushels of the seed, and the sight suggested how extensively the birds must spread it. I saw, accordingly, on [Hawthorne's](#) hillside, a dozen rods north of it, many plants (with their own seed) two or three feet high. It is planted in the remotest swamps in the town.

Saw in E. Hubbard's clintonia swamp a large spider with a great golden-colored abdomen as big as a hazel-nut, on the wet leaves. There was a figure in brown lines on the back, in the form of a pagoda with its stories successively smaller. The legs were pale or whitish, with dark or brown bars.

Find many of those pale-brown roughish fungi (it looks like Loudon's plate of *Scleroderma*, perhaps *verrucosum*), two to three inches in diameter. Those which are ripe are so softened at the top as to admit the rain through the skin (as well as after it opens), and the interior is shaking like a jelly, and if you open it you see what looks like a yellowish gum or jelly amid the dark fuscous dust, but it is this water colored by the dust; yet when they are half full of water they emit dust nevertheless. They are in various states, from a firm, hard and dry unopen[ED] to a half-empty and flabby moist cup.

See the yellow butterfly still and great devil's-needles.

Dug up and brought home last night three English cherry trees from Heywood's Peak by Walden. There are a dozen or more there, and several are as handsome as any that you will find in a nursery. They remind me of some much larger which used to stand above the cliffs. This species too comes up in sprout-lands like the wild rum cherry. The amount of it is that such a tree, whose fruit is a favorite with birds, will spring up far and wide and wherever the earth is bared of trees, but since the forest overpowers and destroys them, and also cultivation, they are only found young in sprout-lands or grown up along fences. It looks as if this species preferred a hilltop. Whether the birds are more inclined to convey the seeds there or they find the light and exposure and the soil there which they prefer. These have each one great root, somewhat like a long straight horn, making a right angle with the stem and running far off one side close to the surface.

The thistles which I now see have their heads recurved, which at least saves their down from so great a soaking. But when I pull out the down, the seed is for the most part left in the receptacle (?), in regular order there, like the pricks in a thimble. A slightly convex surface. The seeds set like cartridges in a circular cartridge-box, in hollow cylinders which look like circles crowded into more or less of a diamond, pentagonal, or hexagonal form. The perfectly dry and bristly involucre which hedges them round, so repulsive externally, is very neat and attractive within,—as smooth and tender toward its charge as it is rough and prickly externally toward the foes that might do it injury. It is a hedge of imbricated thin and narrow leaflets of a light-brown color, beautifully



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glossy like silk, a most fit receptacle for the delicate downy parachutes of the seed, a cradle lined with silk or satin. The latter are kept dry under this unsuspected silky or satiny ceiling, whose old and weather-worn and rough outside alone we see, like a mossy roof, little suspecting the delicate and glossy lining. I know of no object more unsightly to a careless glance than an empty thistle-head, yet, if you examine it closely, it may remind you of the silk-lined cradle in which a prince was rocked. Thus that which seemed a mere brown and worn-out relic of the summer, sinking into the earth by the roadside, turns out to be a precious casket.

I notice in the pitch pine wood behind Moore's the common pinweed (*Lechea major* or the next) growing on the top of a pitch pine stump which is yet quite in shape and firm, one foot from the ground, with its roots firmly set in it, reaching an inch or two deep. Probably the seed was blown there, perhaps over the snow when it was on a level with the stump.



October 26, Friday: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) met [King Victor Emanuel](#) of Sardinia at Teano, north of [Naples](#), and proclaimed him to be King of [Italy](#).

Franz Liszt was granted the freedom of the city of Weimar.

John Morris, a miner living near Shirt Tail cañon in Placer county, [California](#), committed [suicide](#) by cutting his throat with a razor.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Got a big gray wolf this morning. Kaw Indians in town. Some of them have some money.



October 26. P.M.— To Baker's old chestnut lot near Flint's Pond.

As I go through what was formerly the dense pitch pine lot on Thrush Alley (G. Hubbard's), I observe that the present growth is scrub oak, birch, oaks of various kinds, white pines, pitch pines, willows, and poplars. Apparently, the birch, oaks, and pitch pines are the oldest of the trees. From the number of small white pines in the neighboring pitch pine wood, I should have expected to find larger and also more white pines here. It will finally become a mixed wood of oak and white and pitch pine. There is much *cladonia* in the lot.

Observed yesterday that the row of white pines set along the fence on the west side of Sleepy Hollow had grown very fast, apparently from about the time they were set out, or the last three years. Several had made about seven feet within the three years. Do they not grow the fastest at just this age, or after they get to be about five feet high?

I see to-day sprouts from chestnut stumps which are two and a half feet in diameter (i. e. the stumps). One of these large stumps is cut quite low and hollowing, so as to hold water as well as leaves, and the leaves prevent the water from drying up. It is evident that in such a case the stump rots sooner than if high and roof-like.

I remember that there were a great many hickories with R. W. E.'s pitch pines when I lived there, but now there are but few comparatively, and they appear to have died down several times and come up again from the root. I suppose it is mainly on account of frosts, though perhaps the fires have done part of it. Are not hickories most commonly found on hills? There are a few hickories in the open land which I once cultivated there, and these may have been planted there by birds or squirrels. It must be more than thirty-five years since there was wood there.

I find little white pines under the pitch pines (of E.), near the pond end, and few or no little pitch pines, but between here and the road about as many of one as of the other, but the old pines are much less dense that way, or not dense at all.

This is the season of the fall when the leaves are whirled through the air like flocks of birds, the season of birch spangles, when you see afar a few clear-yellow leaves left on the tops of the birches.

It was a mistake for Britton to treat that Fox Hollow lot as he did. I remember a large old pine and chestnut wood there some twenty years ago. He came and cut it off and burned it over, and ever since it has been good for nothing. I mean that acre at the bottom of the hollow. It is now one of those frosty hollows so common in Walden Woods, where little grows, sheep's fescue grass, sweet-fern, hazelnut bushes, and oak scrubs whose dead tops are two or three feet high, while the still living shoots are not more than half as high at their base. They have lingered so long and died down annually. At length I see a few birches and pines creeping into it, which at this

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rate in the course of a dozen years more will *suggest* a forest there. Was this wise?

Examined the stumps in the Baker chestnut lot which was cut when I surveyed it in the spring of '52. They were when cut commonly from fifty to sixty years old (some older, some younger). The sprouts from them are from three to six inches thick, and may average –the largest– four inches, and eighteen feet high. The wood is perhaps near half oak sprouts, and these are one and a half to four inches thick, or average two and a half, and not so high as the chestnut. Some of the largest chestnut stumps have sent up no sprout, yet others equally large and very much more decayed have sent up sprouts. Can this be owing to the different time when they were cut? The cutting was after April. The largest sprouts I chanced to notice were from a small stump in low ground. Some hemlock stumps there had a hundred rings.

Was overtaken by a sudden thunder-shower.

Cut a chestnut sprout two years old. It grew about five and a half feet the first year and three and a half the next, and was an inch in diameter. The tops of these sprouts, the first few inches, had died in the winter, so that a side bud continued them, and this made a slight curve in the sprout, thus:



There was on a cross-section, of course, but one ring of pores within the wood, just outside the large pith, the diameter of the first year's growth being just half an inch, radius a fourth of an inch. The thickness of the second year's growth was the same, or one fourth, but it was distinctly marked to the naked eye with about seven concentric lighter lines, which, I suppose, marked so many successive growths or waves of growth, or seasons in its year. These were not visible through a microscope of considerable power, but best to the naked eye. Probably you could tell a seedling chestnut from a vigorous sprout, however old or large, provided the heart were perfectly sound to the pith, by the much more rapid growth of the last the first half-dozen years of its existence.

There are scarcely any chestnuts this year near Britton's, but I find as many as usual east of Flint's Pond.



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October 27, Saturday: A dispatch from the Colonial office, and a letter from the Foreign office, were sent to Canada, instructing Sir Edmund Head “to take such measures as were authorized by the laws of Canada, for the extradition to the authorities of the State of Missouri, of the person of [John Anderson](#), otherwise called Jack, charged with the commission of murder in that State.”



### JACK BURTON AS THE CANADIAN “JOHN ANDERSON”



October 27. Emerson planted his lot with acorns (chiefly white oak) pretty generally the other day. There were a few scarlet oak acorns planted there on the south side in spring of '59. There is on the Lee farm, west of hill, a small wood-lot of oak and hickory, the south end chiefly hickory.

I have come out this afternoon to get ten seedling oaks out of a purely oak wood, and as many out of a purely pine wood, and then compare them. I look for trees one foot or less in height, and convenient to dig up. I could not find one in the last-named wood. I then searched in the large Woodis Park, the most oaken parts of it, wood some twenty-five or thirty years old, but I found only three. There were many shrub oaks and others three or four feet high, but no more of the kind described. Two of these three had singularly old large and irregular roots, mere gnarled oblong knobs, as it were, with slender shoots, having died down many times. After searching here more than half an hour I went into the new pitch and white pine lot just southwest, toward the old Lee cellar, and there were thousands of the seedling oaks only a foot high and less, quite reddening the ground now in some

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places, and these had perfectly good roots, though not so large as those near the Corner Spring (next to Rice's wall).

Here is a new but quite open pitch and white pine wood (with birches on south) on cladonia ground. It is so open that many pitch pines are springing up.

E. Wood's dense pitch (and white) pine wood in front of Lee house site conforms to the rule of few or no little pitch pines within it, but many white pines (though not many far within), while the pitch pines are springing up with white pines on the edge and even further toward the road.

The white pine wood southeast of this and not far north of railroad, against Wood's open land, is a new wood.



October 27. [The white pine wood southeast of E. Wood's.] As I am coming out of this, looking for seedling oaks, I see a jay [Blue Jay *Cyanocitta cristata*], which was screaming at me, fly to a white oak eight or ten rods from the wood in the pasture and directly alight on the ground, pick up an acorn, and fly back into the woods with it. This was one, perhaps the most effectual, way in which this wood was stocked with the numerous little oaks which I saw under that dense white pine grove. Where will you look for a jay sooner than in a dense pine thicket? It is there they commonly live, and build.

By looking to see what oaks grow in the open land near by or along the edge where the wood is extensively pine, I can tell surely what kinds of oaks I shall find under the pines.

What if the oaks are far off? Think how quickly a jay can come and go, and how many times in a day! [Vide (PAGE 188).]

Swamp white oak acorns are pretty thick on the ground by the bridge, and all sound that I try. They have no more bitterness than the white oak acorns.

I have now examined many dense pine woods, both pitch and white, and several oak woods, in order to see how many and what kind of oak seedlings there were springing up in them, and I do not hesitate to say that seedlings under one foot high are very much more abundant under the pines than under the oaks. They prevail and are countless under the pines, while they are hard to find under the oaks, and what you do find have commonly—for whatever reason—very old and decayed roots and feeble shoots from them.

If you expect oaks to succeed a dense and purely oak wood you must depend almost entirely on sprouts, but they will succeed abundantly to pine where there is not an oak stump for them to sprout from. Notwithstanding that the acorns are produced only by oaks and not by pines, the fact is that there are comparatively few seedling oaks a foot or less in height under the oaks but thousands under the pines. I would not undertake to get a hundred oaks of this size suitable to transplant under a dense and pure oak wood, but I could easily get thousands from under pines. What are the reasons for this? First it is certain that, generally speaking, the soil under old oaks is more exhausted for oaks than under old pines. Second, seedling oaks under oaks would be less protected from frosts in the spring just after leafing, yet the sprouts prevail. Third, squirrels and jays resort to evergreens with their forage, and the oaks may not bear so many acorns but that the squirrels may carry off nearly all the sound ones. These are some of the reasons that occur to me.

To be more minute:—

I dug up three oak seedlings in the Woodis Park oaks, nine in the small open pitch and white pine and adjoining on southwest, and ten in the pitch and white pine of wood between road and railroad.

Woodis Park is oak and pine some twenty-five years old (the oak). I chose the oaken parts, but there was always a pine within a rod or two. I looked here till I was discouraged, finding only three in three quarters of an hour. One was like those in pine woods; the other two had singular gnarled and twisted great roots. You would think you had come upon a dead but buried stump. The largest, for instance, was perhaps a red oak nine inches high by one eighth inch at ground and apparently three years old, a slender shoot. The root broke off at about eighteen inches depth, where it was one eighth inch thick, and at three inches below the surface it was one and three eighths inches thick by one inch (being flattish). Two or three of the side or horizontal fibres had developed into stout roots which ran quite horizontally twenty inches and then broke off, and were apparently as long as the tap-root. One of these at three inches below surface was about half an inch thick and perfectly horizontal. It was thus fixed very firmly in the ground. I counted the dead bases or stubs of shoots (beside the present one) and several two or three times as large as this, which had formerly died down, being now perfectly decayed. If there was but one at a time and they decayed successively after living each three years only,—and they probably lived twice as long,—then the root would be thirty years old. But supposing there were one and a half shoots at a time, it would then be some twenty years old. I think that this root may be as old as the large oaks around, or some twenty-five years, more or less.

My next nine oaks, from the pines southwest, may be put with the ten from the E. Wood pines (leaving out one which was twice the required height). Their average age, i. e. of the present shoot, was four years, and average height seven inches. (This includes white oak, shrub oak, black, and apparently red oak.) The roots averaged about ten inches long by three eighths thick at thickest part. Quite a number were shrub oak, which partly accounts for their slenderness. But the rest were not so thick as those near Rice's wall. Of all the above roots, or the whole twenty-two, none ran directly and perpendicularly downward, but they turned to one side (just under the acorn) and ran more or less horizontally or aslant one to five inches, or say three inches on an average.



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Of the last nineteen, more than half had died down once at least, so that they were really considerably older than at first appeared. There are, in all cases, at the surface of the ground or head of the root, a ring of dormant buds, ready to shoot up when an injury happens to the original shoot. One shoot at least had been cut off, and so killed, by a rabbit.

See a very large flock of crows.

To speak from recollection of pines and oaks, I should say that our woods were chiefly pine and oak mixed, but we have also (to speak of the large growth, or trees) pure pine and pure oak woods. How are these three produced? Are not the pure pine woods commonly new woods, i. e. pioneers? After oaks have once got established, it must be hard to get them out without clearing the land. A pure oak wood may be obtained by cutting off at once and clean a pure and dense pine wood, and again sometimes by cutting the same oak wood. But pines are continually stealing into oaks, and oaks into pines, where respectively they are not too dense, as where they are burned or otherwise thinned, and so mixed woods may arise.



October 28, Sunday: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) and [King Victor Emanuel II](#) met in Teano, [Italy](#).

[Kanō Jigorō](#) was born in a sake-brewing family near what is now Kobe, [Japan](#).

A [California](#) newspaper conveyed an alarming warning to its white audience, about suspicious and dangerous activity among the Indians:

LAYING IN MILLITARY [*SIC*] STORES. — The Trinity *JOURNAL* is informed by a citizen of Bear river, in Humboldt, that the Indians are gathering lead at the old camping grounds in the Redwoods and elsewhere, where packers and others have amused themselves for years in firing at some old knot or particular spot on the neighboring trees. The Indians have by means of scaffolds or other contrivance, cut out the old bullets, and he believes that in some instances from two to four pounds has been obtained from a single tree. The people of that section are becoming alarmed.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Got a skunk. Got over a quart of oil from him.



October 28. In a pine wood are the little oak seedlings which I have described, also, in the more open parts, little oaks, three to six feet high, but unnoticed, and perhaps some other hardwood trees. The pines are cut, and the oaks, etc., soon fill the space, for there is nothing else ready to grow there.

Are not the most exclusively pine woods new woods, i.e., those which have recently sprung up in open land, where oaks do not begin a forest? It may be that where evergreens most prevail in our woods, there at the date of their springing up the earth was most bare.

P.M.— To Lincoln.

Do I not see tree sparrows?

I see little larches two to six feet high in the meadow on the north side the Turnpike, six to twelve rods from Everett's seed-bearing ones. The seed was evidently blown from these.

There is quite a dense birch wood in the field north of the Cut on the Turnpike hill.

See much cat-tail whose down has recently burst and shows white on the south side of the heads. The *Polygonum aviculare* is in bloom as freshly and abundantly in some places as ever I saw it. Those great tufts of sedge in the meadows are quite brown and withered. I suppose they have been so since the beginning of the month.

Smith's black walnuts are about half of them fallen.

Measure the chestnut stump near the brook northeast of the old Brooks Tavern on Asa White's land. Its height from the ground u-ill average but twenty inches. Measured one way, its diameter is six feet nine inches, and at right angles with this, eight feet five inches. Its average diameter seven feet seven inches. You might add three to four feet more for the whole stump above ground. Beginning at the outside, I count one hundred and two



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rings distinctly and am then fifteen inches from the apparent centre of the tree, for the middle is mostly rotted and gone. Measuring back fifteen inches and counting the rings, I get thirty-nine, which, added to one hundred and two, equals one hundred and forty-one for the probable age of the tree. This tree had grown very fast till the last fifty years of its existence, but since comparatively slowly. It had grown nine inches in the last forty-nine years, or one seventh [SIC] of an inch in a year, but fifteen inches in the previous forty, or three eighths of an inch in a year. There may possibly have been two shoots or trees grown together, yet I think not. I measured this June 1st, 1852, and it had then been cut, as I remember, but a short time,—a winter, perhaps two winters, before. This would carry its origin back to about 1710. Probably chestnuts did not grow so large in the primitive woods, and this was a forest tree, which, as it stood near the edge of the meadow, was left standing. Another much smaller was cut apparently at the same time near by. Having light and air and room, it grew larger than it would have done if its neighbors had not been cut.

I also measured the stumps of the two great chestnuts which were cut on Weston's land south of the pond some five or six years ago.

They are cut low, some eight or nine inches above ground. The southeasternmost one measures four feet in diameter and has about eighty rings only (I estimate the first five or six, the heart or core being gone). The other is four and five twelfths feet in diameter and has seventy-three rings only. Or, putting both together, you have an average growth of about a third of an inch in a year. These were as large as any I know standing hereabouts except the Strawberry Hill one, and yet it seems they [WERE] only some eighty years old. Another, half a mile east of there, cut perhaps some dozen years ago, was twenty-three inches in diameter and had sixty-three rings, and I saw one which had grown faster than any of the above. Yet another stump near the last on the high woodland near the pond was but just two feet in diameter and had one hundred and one rings distinct to the very core, and so fine there I think it was a seedling. From this sprouts had grown some fifteen years ago and [HAD BEEN] cut last winter on account of a fire, and fresh shoots several feet high had put out from the last. The one that had grown slowly was soundest at the core. None of the three largest stumps described had sprouts from them. Is not the very rapid growth and the hollow or rotten core one sign of a sprout? We make a great noise going through the fallen leaves in the woods and wood-paths now, so that we cannot hear other sounds, as of birds or other people. It reminds me of the tumult of the waves dashing against each other or your boat. This is the dash we hear as we sail the woods.

Cut a limb of a cedar (near the Irishman's shanty-site at Flint's Pond) some two inches thick and three and a half feet from the ground. It had about forty-one rings. Adding ten, you have say fifty years for the age of the tree. It was one foot in diameter at one foot above ground and twenty or more feet high, standing in the young wood. A little cedar five feet high near it had some fifteen to seventeen rings. See a great many chestnut sprouts full six feet high and more and an inch or more thick the first year.

Aaron's-rod has minute chaffy seeds, now ripe, which by their very lightness could be blown along the highways.

 October 29, Monday: "The prayer of [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) to [James Buchanan, President of the United States](#), in behalf of [Kansas](#), asking for a Postponement of all the Land Sales in that Territory, and for other relief; together with correspondence and other documents setting forth its deplorable destitution from the drought and famine: submitted under oath, October 29, 1860" (Washington: Henry Polkinhorn, Printer).

**... IN BEHALF OF KANSAS ...**

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

This morning at daylight a prairie fire came from the south, ran around west of town, humped Dry Creek, Mulberry and the Saline.

A description of white people returning from a buffalo hunt on the Great Plains, per page 2 of [The Nor'-Wester](#) magazine:

### **Returned from the Buffalo Hunt**

Lieut. Dunn, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, returned a few days ago, from a hunting excursion in the west. He was six or seven weeks away, and had excellent sport. He set out with the St. Joseph Brigade, but joined the Red River party before returning.

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The hunt, he says, was on the whole a success. Those in quest of fresh meat were a good deal disconcerted by the extremely fine, warm weather. He went as far as Rivière aux Souris, close to the Grand Coteau. But we forbear at present to enter upon any details—reserving them until the different parties shall have arrived, when we may be enabled to furnish some statistics as well as descriptive sketches.



October 29: P.M.— To Eb. Hubbard's old black birch hill.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

**HENRY L. SHATTUCK**

Henry Shattuck's is a new pitch pine wood, say thirty years old. The western, or greater, part contains not a single seed-bearing white pine. It is a remarkable proof of my theory, for it contains thousands of little white pines but scarcely one little pitch pine. It is also well stocked with minute oak seedlings. It is a dense wood, say a dozen rods wide by three or four times as long, running east and west, with an oak wood on the north, from which the squirrels brought the acorns. A strip of nearly the same width of the pitch pine was cut apparently within a year on the south (a part of the above), and has just been harrowed and sown with rye, and still it is all dotted over with the little oak seedlings between the [STUMPS], which are perhaps unnoticed by Shattuck, but if he would keep his plow and fire out he would still have a pretty green patch there by next fall. A thousand little red flags (changed oak leaves) already wave over the green rye amid the stumps. The farmer stumbles over these in his walk, and sweats while he endeavors to clear the land of them, and yet wonders how oaks ever succeed to pines, as if he did not consider what these are. Where these pines are dense they are slender and tall. On the edge or in open land they are more stout and spreading.

Again, as-day before yesterday, sitting on the edge of a pine wood, I see a jay fly to a white oak half a dozen rods off in the pasture, and, gathering an acorn from the ground, hammer away at it under its foot on a limb of the oak, with an awkward and rapid seesaw or teetering motion, it has to lift its head so high to acquire the requisite momentum. The jays scold about almost every white oak tree, since we hinder their coming to it.

At some of the white oaks visited on the 11th, where the acorns were so thick on the ground and trees, I now find them perhaps nearly half picked up, yet perhaps little more than two thirds spoiled. The good appear to be all sprouted now. There are certainly many more sound ones here than at Beck Stow's and Hubbard's Grove, and it looks as if the injury had been done by frost, but perhaps some of it was done by the very heavy rains of September alone.

Yesterday and to-day I have walked rapidly through extensive chestnut woods without seeing what I thought was a seedling chestnut, yet I can soon find them in our Concord pines a quarter or half a mile from the chestnut woods. Several have expressed their surprise to me that they cannot find a seedling chestnut to transplant. I think that [IT] is with them precisely as with the oaks; not only a seedling is more difficult to distinguish in a chestnut wood, but it is really far more rare there than in the adjacent pine, mixed, and oak woods. After considerable experience in searching for these and seedling oaks, I have learned to neglect the chestnut and oak woods and go only to the neighboring woods of a different species for them. Only that course will pay.

On the side of E. Hubbard's hill I see an old chestnut stump some two feet in diameter and nearly two feet high, and its outside and form well kept, yet all the inside gone; and from this shot up four sprouts in a square around it, which were cut down seven or eight years ago. Their rings number forty-six, and they are quite sound, so that the old stump was cut some fifty-three years ago. This is the oldest stump of whose age I am certain. Hence I have no doubt that there are many stumps left in this town which were cut in the last century. I am surprised to find on this hill (cut some seven or eight years ago) many remarkably old stumps wonderfully preserved, especially on the north side the hill,—walnuts, white oak and other oaks, and black birch. One white oak is eighteen and a half inches in diameter and has one hundred and forty-three rings. This is very one-sided in its growth, the centre being just four inches from the north side, or thirty-six rings to an inch. Of course I counted the other side. Another, close by, gave one hundred and forty-one rings, another white oak fifteen and a half inches in diameter had one hundred and fifty-five rings. It has so smooth (sawed off) and solid, almost a polished or marble-like, surface that I could not at first tell what kind of wood it was. [Was it not a walnut?] Another white oak the same as last in rings, i. e. one hundred and fifty-five, twenty-four inches [IN] diameter. All these were sound to the very core, so that I could see the first circles, and I suspect that they were seedlings. The smaller, but oldest ones had grown very slowly at first, and yet more slowly at last, but after some sixty-five years they had then grown much faster for about fifteen years, and then grew slower and slower to the last. The rings were exceedingly close together near the outside, yet not proportionably difficult to count. For aught that appeared, they might have continued to grow a century longer. The stumps are far apart, so that this formed an open grove, and that probably made the wood sounder and more durable. On the south slope many white

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pinus had been cut about forty-six years ago, or when the chestnut was, amid the oaks. I suppose that these were seedlings, and perhaps the hill was cleared soon after the settlement of the town, and after a while pines sprang up in the open land, and seedling oaks under the pines, and, the latter being cut near the end of the seventeenth century, those oaks sprang up, with or without pines, but all but these were cut down when they were about sixty years old.

If these are seedlings, then seedlings make much the best timber. I should say that the pasture oaks generally must be seedlings on account of their age, being part of the primitive wood.

I suspect that sprouts, like the chestnut, for example, may grow very rapidly, and make large trees in comparatively few years, but they will be decaying [?] as fast at the core as they are growing, at the circumference. The stumps of chestnuts, especially sprouts, are very shaky. It is with men as with trees; you must grow slowly to last long. The oldest of these oaks began their existence about 1697.

I doubt if there were any as old trees in our primitive wood as stood in this town fifty years ago. The healthiest of the primitive wood, having at length more room, light, and air, probably grew larger than its ancestors.

Some of the black birch stumps gave about one hundred rings.

The pasture oak which Sted Buttrick cut some seven or eight years ago, northeast of this, was, as near as I could tell, —one third was calculation,— some one hundred years old only, though larger than any of these.

The fine chips which are left on the centre of a large stump preserve it moist there, and rapidly hasten its decay. The site of the last-named pasture oak was easily discovered, by a very large open grass-sward where no sweet-fern, lambkill, huckleberry, and brakes grew, as they did almost everywhere else. This may be because of the cattle assembling under the oak, and so killing the bushes and at the same time manuring the ground for grass. There is more chestnut in the northern part of the town than I was aware of. The first large wood north of Ponkawtasset is oak and chestnut. East of my house.



October 30, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau was being written to by Welch, Bigelow, & Company in Cambridge:

*Cambridge, Oct 30 18[6]0[ ]*  
*Mr H D Thoreau*  
*Dear Sir*  
*Please*  
*send us another installment*  
*of Black Lead as before.*  
*Only you should pay express*  
*chg to Boston as heretofore*  
*with the exception of the last*  
*Yours truly*  
*Welch Bigelow & Co[.]*

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Very cold. Morrison promised to haul my stove for me, but put it off until tomorrow.



October 30. P.M.— To Tarbell pitch pines, etc.

Quite a sultry, cloudy afternoon,—hot walking in woods and lowland where there is no air.

J. Hosmer cut off the northernmost part of his pitch pine between roads, i.e. next the factory road, last winter. Here was a remarkable example of little white pines under pitch pines with scarcely any little pitch pines. He has accordingly cut off all the pitch pines—and they are some thirty-five years old—and left the white pines, now on an average five to eight feet high and forming already a pretty dense wood (E. Wood is doing the same thing now opposite the Colburn place), a valuable and salable woodland, while a great many little oaks, birches, black cherries, etc., are springing up in their midst; so that it may finally be a mixed wood, if the pines do not overshadow it too quickly. Yet there were only three or four seed-bearing white pines in the grove,—or as big as the pitch pines were. The white pines left are as thick as the pitch pines were under which they sprang up; quite dense enough to grow. I am more and more struck by the commonness of this phenomenon of seedling white



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piners under older pitch pines and the rareness with which pitch pines spring up under older pitch pines. Yet, going to the open land on east side of the wood, I find that it is mainly the little pitch pines that are spreading into the field there and extending the wood, some a dozen rods from its edge in the grass; and their relative proportion is reversed, i.e., there are fifty to one hundred little pitch pines here to one white pine. He had also cut off some, a few, birches, and their sprouts had come up, as well as seedlings.

The oak seedlings between the young pitch pines were manifestly springing up with new vigor, though many may finally be choked by the white pines. Omitting such as were of the character of sprouts, though not cut (i. e., had shot up from old roots to three feet high merely on account of the influx of light and air), I measured this year's growth of the first four which were under a foot high, here where the pitch pines had been cut, and found it to average five and a half inches. The growth of [THE] first four in the adjacent pitch pine wood not cut averaged seven and a half. As may be seen, this was not nearly fair enough to the partially cleared part, for I should have included the higher shoots.

The higher parts of this lot are cladonia land. I measured the diameter of several of the pitch pine stumps and counted the rings, with this result:—

Diameter (exclusive of bark)	Rings
7 1/4 inches	29
7 1/2	55
6	40
6 1/2	33
6	40
8 1/2	35
7	30
7)48 3/4	7)240
7	34

That is, they averaged seven inches in diameter (or eight with bark) and were thirty-four years old. Had grown (68)7.0(.10) about one tenth of an inch a year from the centre.

White pines will find their way up between pitch pines if they are not very large and exceedingly dense, but pitch pines will not grow up under pitch pines.

I see nowadays in the pitch pine woods countless white toadstools which have recently been devoured and broken in pieces and left on the ground and occasionally on the branches or forks of trees, no doubt by the squirrels. They appear to make a considerable part of their food at this season.

See a small copper butterfly.

In what I have called the Loring lot, next west of Hosmer's pitch pine on the back road, though far the greater part numerically is still shrub oak, there is now a considerable growth of young oaks rising above the shrub oaks. These oaks, as far as I observe, are almost, if not quite, all sprouts from small stumps which were unnoticed at first, and there are also a very few seedling white and other oaks no higher than the shrub oaks; i. e., though you may think his oak sprout-land all shrub oak, it probably is not, as will appear when the other kinds rise above the shrubs. Probably the shrub oaks can bear exposure when young better than the nobler oaks, and if the squirrels plant other acorns under them,—which may be doubted,—then it will turn out that they serve as nurses to the others.

I measure amid these young oaks a white pine stump.

Diameter (exclusive of bark)	Rings
13 1/2 inches	35
Another 28	52
24	46
3)65 1/2	133
22	44

Average growth one half inch a year at the level at which stumps are sawed.

This lot is now as exclusively oak as it was pines before. You must search to find a few little white pines scattered in it. But why, if there are so many little white pines under the adjacent pitch pines, which are left when the pitch pines are cut, were there no more to be left under the pitch pine part (along the road) of this lot? I think of no reason, unless the pitch pines on this lot were too old and dense. Again, I notice that Hosmer's pitch pines have not spread west at all into this clearing, but only east into the grass ground.

Into this Loring lot years ago the squirrels brought acorns, and hence the oaks which now cover it. Also the wind blew its own seeds into an open strip across the road, and a dense pitch and white pine wood sprang up there. Already, the Loring lot having been cut seven or eight years, the squirrels are carrying the shrub oak acorns from it into that pine strip, and the pine seed from the most forward of that strip is blowing back into the shrub oak land.

Another advantage the shrub oak has over other oaks [IS] that it gets to fruit so quickly—certainly in three or

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four years after the pines are cut—and then bears so profusely.

See a great flock of blackbirds, probably grackles.

Examine Tarbell's pitch pine grove. This is all of one age and very dense. The largest trees on the north side, as estimated by sawing a branch, are twenty-eight to thirty years old. Tarbell says this grove came up in 1826 on land which had been burnt over,—in fact open land. It is so dense that, though it has been thoroughly trimmed up and is only a dozen or fifteen rods wide, you cannot see through it in some directions. About as dense a pitch pine grove as I know. It is twenty rods from the nearest wood on one side and five times as far from any other, and yet it is well planted with seedling oaks. Looking hastily to where they are most numerous, I counted ten within fifteen square feet, but only five pitch pines within any equal area; i.e. there were twice as many oaks as large pines there.

This wood also proves my theory of little white pines in large pitch pines. There is not a seed-bearing white pine, or one six feet high, in the wood, nor less than twenty rods from it, and yet there is a thriving little white pine some two feet high at every rod or two within this wood, and though not very numerous, they are conspicuously more numerous and thriving than the pitch pines, yet on the edge the little pitch pines were as much more numerous than the white.

Having seen this fall a great many pitch pine twigs which had been cut off and dropped under the trees by squirrels, I tried the other night while in bed to account for it. I began by referring it to their necessities, and, remembering my own experience, I said then it was done either for food, shelter, clothing, or fuel, but throwing out the last two, which they do not use, it was either for food or shelter. But I never see these twigs used in their nests. Hence I presume it was for food, and as all that I know them to eat on the pitch pine is its seeds, my swift conclusion was that they cut off these twigs in order to come at the cones and also to make them more portable. I am to-day convinced of this,—for I have been looking after it for a day or two. As usual, the ground under this grove is quite strewn with the twigs, but here is one eleven inches long and nearly half an inch thick cut off close below two closed cones, one cone-stem also being partly cut. Also, three or four rods west from this grove, in open land, I see three twigs which have been dropped close together. One is just two feet long and cut off where half an inch thick and more than one foot below three cones (two on one branch and one on another), and the cones are left. Another is still larger, and the other smaller, but their cones are gone. The greater part of the twigs have been cut off above the cones,—mere plumes.

So even the squirrels carry and spread the pine seed far over the fields. I suspect that they bury these cones like nuts. I have seen the cones collected ready to be carried off, where they did not live. It is remarkable to consider how rudely they strip and spoil the trees. It is remarkable how they carried some of these great twigs with their burden of cones. [Vide Hosmer's gray squirrel.]

The fact that the lower limbs of pines growing within a wood always die shows how much they depend on light and air. They are only a green spiring top.

Measure one of Tarbell's black birch stumps: 23 inches [IN] diameter (exclusive of bark), 60 rings. A log from a different one: 21 inches, 71 (?) rings. A white oak stump near by: 15 inches, 90 rings (on brow of bank). A black (?) oak stump: 32 inches [IN] diameter, 84 rings.

Examine a dozen white pines in a field, and conclude from these that they begin to grow faster the fifth or sixth year, counting by the whorls of branches.

J. Hosmer cut off his little pitch pine grove west of Clamshell, and left the single large old pine which seeded it to do him the same service again; and here now, where for the second time (since) he has sown winter-rye, I see the ineffectual oak sprouts uplifting a few colored leaves still and blushing for him.

The squirrels have no notion of starving in a hard winter, and therefore they are unceasingly employed in the fall in foraging. Every thick wood, especially evergreens, is their storehouse against necessity, and they pack it as thickly as they can with nuts and seeds of all kinds. The squirrel which you see at this season running so glibly along the fence with his tail waving over his head, with frequent pauses on a post or stone, which you watch, perhaps, for twenty or thirty rods, has probably a nut or two in his mouth which he is conveying to yonder thicket.

Evidently a great deal depends on the locality and other conditions of a stump to affect its durability. The oak stump at Clamshell cut some twenty years since barely shows a trace of the axe, while the chestnut stump on Hubbard's hill, cut more than fifty years ago, is much better preserved.



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October 31, Wednesday: [Juliette "Daisy" Gordon Low](#) was born in Savannah, Georgia.

At the [Oxford](#) Commemoration, the prize poem "The Life and Character of [Sir John Franklin](#)" was read by Mr. Owen Alexander Vidal of Trinity College (this would be printed at Oxford by T. and G. Shrimpton).

### READ IT AND WEEP?



[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Drew two loads of stone from east of Casses.



October 31. P.M.— To Wheeler's artificial pine wood.

Exclusive and dense white pine woods are not nearly so common in this town as the same kind of pitch pine woods. They are more likely to have oaks in them. There is a dense birch wood in Witherell Vale.

Among old stumps I have not named those white pine ones used as fences with their roots. I think that some of these must be older than any left in the ground. I remember some on the Corner road, which apparently have not changed for more than thirty years, and are said to be ninety years old. Lying thus high and dry, they are almost indestructible, and I can still easily count the rings of many of these. I count one hundred and twenty-six rings on one this afternoon, and who knows but it is a hundred years since it was cut? They decay much faster left upright in the ground than lying on their sides on the surface, supposing it open land in both cases.

Perhaps these great pine roots which grew in a swamp were provided with some peculiar quality by which to resist the influence of moisture and so endure the changes of the weather.

Yes, these dense and stretching oak forests, whose withered leaves now redden and rustle on the hills for many a New England mile, were all planted by the labor of animals. For after some weeks of close scrutiny I cannot avoid the conclusion that our modern oak woods sooner or later spring up from an acorn, not where it has fallen from its tree, for that is the exception, but where it has been dropped or placed by an animal. Consider what a vast work these forest-planters are doing!

I do not state the facts exactly in the order in which they were observed, but select out of very numerous observations extended over a series of years the most important ones, and describe them in their natural order. [EVIDENTLY WRITTEN FOR HIS LECTURE ON "[THE SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES](#)".]

So far as our noblest hardwood forests are concerned, the animals, especially squirrels and jays, are our greatest and almost only benefactors. It is to them that we owe this gift. It is not in vain that the squirrels live in or about every forest tree, or hollow log, and every wall and heap of stones.

Looked at the white pine grove set out by the father of Francis Wheeler some twenty-two or three years ago southwest of his house. They are in three or four irregular rows some eighteen rods long by four wide,—some one hundred trees, covering half an acre of sandy hillside. Probably not so many trees as Emerson's, but making more show. They are trimmed up. There are neither small white nor pitch pines beneath them, but I see that the seeds of the pitch pines which grow below them have been blown through this grove and come up thickly along its outer edge.



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Look at a pure strip of old white pine wood on the hillside west of this. There are no little white pines coming up under them, but plenty of them in the open hollows around and under its edge. This I commonly notice. White pines, it is true, may come up in the more open parts of any wood, whether a pine or oak or mixed wood, in more open places caused by cutting, for instance; but the pitch pine requires much more of an opening. I see by the road east of White Pond a large white pine wood with some oaks in it. There are no little white pines where it is dense, but one rod off across the road eastward there is a dense row concealing the lower rail (many quite under it) for many rods,—the only place where they are allowed to grow there. Many a man's field has a dense border of pitch pines which strayed into it when the adjacent woods were of that species, though they are now hardwood. Consider what a demand for arrowheads there must be, that the surface of the earth should be thus sprinkled with them,—the arrowhead and all the disposition it implies toward both man and brute. There they lie, pointed still, making part of the sands of almost every field. I cut two shrub oaks (in different places) which have respectively ten and twenty rings. The last was a large and old one in a hedge. [Vide (PAGE 208).] I first noticed the pitch pine twigs cut off by squirrels the 16th. Think how busy they were about that time in every pitch pine grove all over the State, cutting off the twigs and collecting the cones! While the farmer is digging his potatoes and gathering his corn he little thinks of this harvest of pine cones which the squirrel is gathering in the neighboring woods still more sedulously than himself. I saw on the 28th, close by the stump of the eastern-most big chestnut at Flint's Pond, the *Phallus impudicus*. I hear the sound of the flail in M. Miles's barn, and gradually draw near to it from the woods, thinking many things. I find that the thresher is a Haynes of Sudbury. and he complains of the hard work and a lame back. Indeed, he cannot stand up straight. So all is not gold that glitters. This sound is not so musical after I have withdrawn. It was as well to have heard this music afar off. He complains also that the weather is not fit for his work,—that it is so muggy that he cannot dry the sheaves, and the grain will not fly out when struck. The floor, too, is uneven, and he pointed out one board more prominent on which he had broken two or three swingles. He thought that there were larger trees in Sudbury, on what was John Hunt's land, now occupied by Thompson, near the old store, than in Inches Woods. Said there was a tree by the roadside on the farm of the late William Read in West Acton which nobody thereabouts knew the name of, but he had been South, and knew it to be a China-berry tree planted by a robin, for they are very fond of its fruit.

NOVEMBER 1860



November: When a band of Pinal Apaches raided the cattle ranch of John Ward near Fort Buchanan, Arizona, kidnapping his stepson and running off with the cattle, and Ward took the news of this to the fort, for some unknown reason he informed its commander falsely that the raid had been conducted by Cochise, and that he had been leading a band of not Pinal Apaches but Chiricahua Apaches.

So, do you have any clue, what was going on in this guy's head?

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

Charles Spencer, a Mississippian who was in the North as an observer of its political climate shortly after the election of Lincoln as President, reported back to the white people of Mississippi that as slaveholders they could "safely rely on" immigrants from [Ireland](#) in New-York to "hate the [African-American] as they do the devil."

Read [\[ \]](#) Henry Thoreau's Journal for November 1860 (æf. 43)

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1860-1861****1860-1861** November 1, Thursday: [Nehemiah Ball](#) died at the age of 69.

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out [David Cranz](#)'s THE HISTORY OF GREENLAND: CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY, AND ITS INHABITANTS AND PARTICULARLY, A RELATION OF THE MISSION, CARRIED ON FOR ABOVE THESE THIRTY YEARS BY THE UNITAS FRATRUM, AT NEW HERRNHUTH AND LICHTENFELS, IN THAT COUNTRY. BY DAVID KRANTZ [SIC]. TRANFLATED FROM THE HIGH-DUTCH AND ILLUFRATED WITH MAPS AND OTHER COPPER-PLATES. (London: Printed for the Brethren's SOCIETY for the furtherance of the GOSPEL among the HEATHEN: and fold by J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall; T. BECKET and P.A. DE HONDT; and T. CADELL, Succeffor to A. MILLAR, in the Strand; W. SANDBY, in Fleet-ftreet; S. BLADON, in Pater-nofter-row; E. and C.DILLY, in the Poultry; and at all the BRETHERN'S CHAPELS) from the [Harvard Library](#).



*David Cranz: Eskimo im Kajak auf der Robbenjagd, Stich von 1770*

**CRANZ'S GREENLAND I****CRANZ'S GREENLAND II**

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**CAPE COD:** Crantz, in his account of Greenland, quotes Dalager's relation of the ways and usages of the Greenlanders, and says, "Whoever finds drift-wood, or the spoils of a shipwreck on the strand, enjoys it as his own, though he does not live there. But he must haul it ashore and lay a stone upon it, as a token that some one has taken possession of it, and this stone is the deed of security, for no other Greenlander will offer to meddle with it afterwards." Such is the instinctive law of nations. We have also this account of drift-wood in Crantz: "As he (the Founder of Nature) has denied this frigid rocky region the growth of trees, he has bid the streams of the Ocean to convey to its shores a great deal of wood, which accordingly comes floating thither, part without ice, but the most part along with it, and lodges itself between the islands. Were it not for this, we Europeans should have no wood to burn there, and the poor Greenlanders (who, it is true, do not use wood, but train, for burning) would, however, have no wood to roof their houses, to erect their tents, as also to build their boats, and to shaft their arrows, (yet there grew some small but crooked alders, &c.,) by which they must procure their maintenance, clothing and train for warmth, light, and cooking. Among this wood are great trees torn up by the roots, which by driving up and down for many years and rubbing on the ice, are quite bare of branches and bark, and corroded with great wood-worms. A small part of this drift-wood are willows, alder and birch trees, which come out of the bays in the south (i. e. of Greenland); also large trunks of aspen-trees, which must come from a greater distance; but the greatest part is pine and fir. We find also a good deal of a sort of wood finely veined, with few branches; this I fancy is larch-wood, which likes to decorate the sides of lofty, stony mountains. There is also a solid, reddish wood, of a more agreeable fragrance than the common fir, with visible cross-veins; which I take to be the same species as the beautiful silver-firs, or *zirbel*, that have the smell of cedar, and grow on the high Grison hills, and the Switzers wainscot their rooms with them." The wrecker directed us to a slight depression, called *Snow's Hollow*, by which we ascended the bank -for, elsewhere, if not difficult, it was inconvenient to climb it on account of the sliding sand which filled our shoes.

PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD

DAVID CRANZ

**CAPE COD:** Near the eastern side we started up a fox in a hollow, the only kind of wild quadruped, if I except a skunk in a salt-marsh, that we saw in all our walk (unless painted and box tortoises may be called quadrupeds). He was a large, plump, shaggy fellow, like a yellow dog, with, as usual, a white tip to his tail, and looked as if he fared well on the Cape. He cantered away into the shrub-oaks and bayberry-bushes which chanced to grow there, but were hardly high enough to conceal him. I saw another the next summer leaping over the top of a beach-plum a little farther north, a small arc of his course (which I trust is not yet run), from which I endeavored in vain to calculate his whole orbit: there were too many unknown attractions to be allowed for. I also saw the exuvia of a third fast sinking into the sand, and added the skull to my collection. Hence I concluded that they must be plenty thereabouts; but a traveller may meet with more than an inhabitant, since he is more likely to take an unfrequented route across the country. They told me that in some years they died off in great numbers by a kind of madness, under the effect of which they were seen whirling round and round as if in pursuit of their tails. In Crantz's account of Greenland, he says: "They (the foxes) live upon birds and their eggs, and, when they can't get them, upon crow-berries, mussels, crabs, and what the sea casts out."

DAVID CRANZ



November 1. 2 P.M.— To Tommy Wheeler wood-lot.

A perfect Indian-summer day, and wonderfully warm. 72+ at 1 P.M. and probably warmer at two.

The butterflies are out again,—probably some new broods. I see the common yellow and two *Vanessa Antiopa*, and yellow-winged grasshoppers with blackish edges.

A striped snake basks in the sun amid dry leaves. Very much gossamer on the withered grass is shimmering in the fields, and flocks of it are sailing in the air.

Measure some pine stumps on Tommy Wheeler's land, about that now frosty hollow, cut as I judge from sprouts four years ago.

First the pitch pine:—

1	18 1/2 inches [IN]	diameter	and has	145 (?)	rings
2	18 "	"	"	137 "	"
3	20 "	"	"	128 "	"
4	21 "	"	"	148 "	"
5	21 "	"	"	140 "	"
6	22 3/4 "	"	"	160+4	"

(Counted the last 64 at home)

7	20 "	"	"	167 or 168 (?)
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7)141 1/4	7)1026+4
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Average 20	Average 147+1, or 148
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That is, they all together averaged in growth from first to last about a fifteenth of an inch in a year. But they grew very slowly indeed for the last fifty or more years. They did nearly half (?) their growing in the first third of their existence. For example, (I measure now on that side where I counted, i.e. the broadest, so that my figures are not absolutely but relatively true),—

No. 2 grew 5 inches in first 32 years

5 "	4 1/2 "	"	50	and	3 3/8	in	second	50
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6 "	7 1/4 "	"	50 "	2 1/2 "	"	"
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$$7 \frac{4 \frac{1}{2}}{21 \frac{1}{4}} \quad " \quad \frac{50}{182} \quad \frac{2 \frac{3}{4}}{3)8 \frac{1}{2}} \quad " \quad "$$

A little more than 1/9 inch a year. Average 1/18 inch.

The 7th grew only something less than three inches (which was all of the sap) in the last sixty-seven or eight years, or one twenty-second of an inch a year only. Indeed, in one case, the 6th, the outside had grown only one and one fourth inches in sixty-four years, or about one fiftieth of an inch in a year, just one inch in the last fifty-three years, or one fifty-third of an inch a year,—equal to the finest scales. I should say that they averaged but one thirty-sixth part of an inch the third or last fifty years.

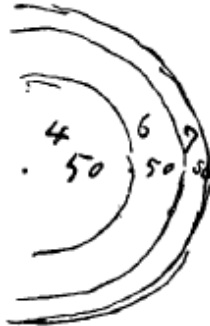
1st 50      2d 50      3d 50

1/9 inch    1/18      1/36

That is, their rate of growth the three successive periods of fifty years diminishes in geometrical progression, the quotient being two.

The seven pitch pine stumps measured on the 30th averaged thirty-four years and had grown a tenth of an inch in a year. This is a perfect and remarkable agreement, and quite unlooked for. They were a mile apart, and I was not reminded of those previous measurements until I chanced to compare them afterward.

I may therefore take this to be [THE] average growth of a pitch pine for the first fifty years. But I have not yet taken into the account the fact that, though the thickness of the layer is less, its superficies, or extent, is greater, as the diameter of the tree increases. Let us compare the three portions of wood.



If the diameter at the end of the first fifty years is four, the second fifty, six, and the third fifty, seven, then the amount of wood added each term will be (to omit very minute fractions) twelve and a half, fifteen and a half, and ten respectively. [Or, actually averaging eight trees under November 10th, it is 7, 10+, 10-.] So that, though in the second fifty the rings are twice as near together, yet considerably more wood is produced than in the first, but in the third fifty the tree is evidently enfeebled, and it probably is not profitable (so far as bulk is concerned) to let it grow any more.

The very oldest trees whose rings I have counted (i.e. these pitch pines and the oaks on Eb. Hubbard's hill) grew thus slowly at last, which I think indicates that a tree has a definite age after which it grows more languidly or feebly, and thus gradually ceases to grow at all,—dies and decays. I should say that these pitch pines flourished till they were about a hundred years old, and that they then began to grow with less vigor, though their old age (in this sense) might be a third or more of their whole life. Two or three more were dead or nearly dead when sawed four years ago, and I saw the rotted stumps of some others.

There were twenty or thirty of the pitch pines,—though I measured the largest of them,—and they were all but one or two perfectly sound to the core, and the inmost rings were the plainest. The sap was only from one and three quarters to three inches thick, and was the most decayed. (It was one and three quarters inches thick in No. 6.) The bark was generally from two to two and three quarters inches thick. This would have added four and three quarters to the average diameter of the trees, or made it twenty-four and three quarters. That is, where sawed off, which was rather low, or say eight to ten inches above ground.

There were also as many or more large white pines mixed with them. One of 24 inches diameter had 78 rings; second, 31 inches, 96 rings. Also one hemlock 21 inches, 81 rings. This had grown with remarkable equality throughout [And so it is generally] and was very easy to count. An oak (probably black), 14 inches, 94 rings.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, then, there came up in and around this hollow in the woods a grove of pitch pines. Perhaps some came up twenty or thirty years earlier, which have now died and decayed. When the first had grown for about sixty years, many white pines sprang up amid and under them, as we see happen to-day.

I occasionally (or frequently) see white pines springing up in a sprout-land when other trees have failed to fill it up for some years.

No. 6, having 161 rings and having been cut four years, sprang up at least one hundred and sixty-eight years ago, or about the year 1692, or fifty-seven years after the settlement, 1635.

In another case I counted fifteen rings (with a microscope) within the last quarter of an inch, which was at the rate of one sixtieth of an inch in a year,—equal, I think, to the finest scales ordinarily used.

WHITE PINE WOODS



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The small dense grove of Clark's (?), north of Boze's [SIC] Meadow.  
Near road, southwest of Tarbell's.  
Abel Hosmer's, north and northwest of house.  
Mason's pasture (south of this, younger white pine with cedars intermixed).  
The Holden Swamp woods as seen from north (except southwest part).  
Northeast part of Baker Farm, quite young.  
Behind Martial Miles's, southwest of cold pond-hole.  
East side Second Division Brook, very extensive.  
I have seen that a great many pitch pine cones have been cut off this fall, but it chances that I have not seen where they were eaten or stripped. I conclude, therefore, that they must be collected into some hole in a tree or in the earth,—there can hardly be a doubt of this,—and possibly some are buried as nuts are. What stores of them there must be collected in some places now!  
PITCH PINE WOODS  
Young, north of Loring's Pond.  
Just beyond Concord bound on right hand, this side Wetherbee's, extensive and large. (Tarbell says that when he came to town in '26 these were just about as large as his now. Sixty to seventy years old, then.)  
Heywood's small grove southeast of Peter's.  
Large, southeast Copan.  
Beyond Nathan Barrett's, both sides road, large.  
Hill behind Abner Buttrick's.  
Lane south of second Garfield house.  
Southwest of Brooks's Pigeon-Place.  
North G. M. Barrett's, by College Road.  
Northeast of Sam Barrett's mill.  
Northwest of Sam Barrett's mill, west of pond.



November 2, Friday: The Daily Dispatch of Richmond, Virginia reported that there had been, at a recent date, an attempt made by a young lady to commit suicide by poison, that had been intercepted by an alert apothecary:

In one of our most flourishing suburban villages, a young man has recently established himself in the apothecary business, with a good degree of success. A short time since, a daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of the place called upon him, and said she wanted to buy some strychnine. He looked at her, and noticing marks of confusion in her countenance, had a vague suspicion of something wrong. He accordingly answered by an evasive question, as to whether she knew that apothecaries were not allowed to sell poison, telling her that if she would bring the prescription of a physician it would be all right. She answered, with a smile, that she only wanted to kill a cat; that she was somewhat attached to the animal, hated to kill it, and therefore would like something that would cause as little pain as possible, but would be sure death. The apothecary did not like to offend the young lady, but still had his suspicions. He accordingly mixed a preparation and gave it to her. As he suspected, she went home, took it, was very sick, and finally, calling her father, told him she was tired of this world, had taken strychnine, and had only a few minutes to live. The father, after much persuasion, obtained the name of the apothecary and rushed to him. The latter received him

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without emotion, and in response to the anxious parent's inquiries, told him the circumstances, and explained that he had given her a dose which would only produce a very nauseating, and perhaps beneficial effect. This proved true, the young lady, who was only about 17 years of age, being made very sick, and now having recovered entirely.-

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Went to board at Jones again. Am to let him have my wolf skins.



November 2. P.M.- To D. Wetherbee's old oak lot.

As several days past, it has been cloudy and misty in the morning and fairer and warmer, if not Indian summer, in the afternoon; yet the mist lingers in drops on the cobwebs and grass until night.

#### HARDWOOD LOTS

Wetherbee's.

Blood's.

G.M. Barrett's hillside, behind house.

Walnuts (young) of Smith's Hill, Lincoln.

" " " Annurnack, above orchard.

" " Fair Haven Hill slope.

Also north side of path from Springs to bars.

" " site of Britton's shanty.

South side of Bear Hill, Lincoln.

Saw off a very large and old-looking shrub oak on a pitch pine plain, twelve or more feet in height and three and one half inches in diameter (the wood) at one foot from the ground, where it has just twenty-seven rings. The first fourteen rings occupied one and a quarter inches from the centre, where the whole radius was but one and three quarters. It evidently began to grow more slowly when fifteen years old.

Wetherbee's oak lot may contain four or five acres. [He says eight.] The trees are white, red; scarlet, and swamp white oaks, maple, white pine, and ash. They are unusually large and old. Indeed, I doubt if there is another hereabouts of oaks as large. It is said that Wetherbee left them for the sake of mast for pigeons.

I measure a white oak at three feet from the ground,-eight feet four and one half inches in circumference. Another white oak at same height is six and three quarters in circumference; a red oak is six feet two inches in circumference; another, eight and a half; another, seven and four twelfths; and the scarlet oaks are of the same character, though the above were the largest, or among the largest. These oaks, though they form a wood, are some of them about as spreading as a pasture oak (i. e. one or two white ones near the outside), but generally they rise much higher before they branch. The white oaks have peculiarly smooth tawny-white boles for eight or ten feet up, the coarser flakes of the bark having scaled off so far. The red oaks, as well as scarlet, have a coarser and rougher, more deeply furrowed bark, and the trees rise higher before branching (commonly). One not very large had no limb for thirty feet or more, standing aslant. In the lowest part, on the brook, they were swamp white oaks and maples. The maples, being old, had a rough, dark, scaly bark. There were a few white pines straggling into this wood (only one large one).

Many of the oaks have been cut, and I counted about one hundred and ten rings on one small white oak, from which I should infer that the trees would average much more than that, perhaps between a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Such a wood has got to be very rare in this neighborhood. Even the gray brushy tops of this attract your attention at a distance.

As you approach the wood, and even walk through it, the trees do not affect you as large, but as surely as you go quite up to one you are surprised. The very lichens and mosses which cover the rocks under these trees seem, and probably are in some respects, peculiar. Such a wood, at the same time that it suggests antiquity, imparts an unusual dignity to the earth.

It is pleasing to see under the trees great rocks covered with polypody, which has caught a great crop of shining brown oak leaves to contrast with its green. This oak wood is now bare and the leaves just fairly fallen.

This is probably one of those woods, like Ebby Hubbard's, which was never cut off but only cut out of.

I think it would be worth the while to introduce a school of children to such a grove, that they may get an idea of the primitive oaks before they are all gone, instead of hiring botanists to lecture to them when it is too late. Why, you do not now often meet with a respectable oak stump even, for they too have decayed.

I see a this year's sound red oak acorn tucked into a crevice in the bark of a white oak a foot or more from the ground.



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Even in this old oak wood there is to be observed a resemblance to the primitive woods. The ground, never having been cleared nor cultivated, has a more primitive look; there are more ferns on it, and the rocks are far greener, with these and with lichens, never having been burned and bleached white by sun and fire.

Lee of the Corner speaks of an oak lot of his in Sudbury, which he bought in '31 and cut off (last and all of it last winter), but from the older stumps no sprouts have come up, but good ones from the younger.

You see the tufts of indigo now broken off and dropped exactly bottom up in the pastures, as if an industrious farmer had been collecting it by handfuls, which he had dropped thus.

It would be just as sensible for them to treat their young orchards or nurseries of apple trees in the same way, i. e., to burn them over and raise rye there a year or two, thinking to do them good.

As for the *Vaccinia*, I am disposed to agree with those who derive the name from *bacca*, a berry, for one species or another of this large family is the berry of berries in most northern parts of the world. They form an under-shrub, or sort of lower forest, even throughout our woodlands generally, to say nothing of open fields and hills. They form a humble and more or less dormant, but yet vivacious forest under a forest, which hides its time.

This wonderful activity of the squirrels in collecting and dispersing and planting nuts and acorns, etc., etc., every autumn is the more necessary since the trees on whose fruit they mainly live are not annual plants like the wheat which supplies our staff of life. If the wheat crop fails this year, we have only to sow more the next year, and reap a speedy harvest, but if the forests were to be planted only at intervals equal to the age of the trees, there would be danger, what with fires and blight and insects, of a sudden failure and famine. It is important that there be countless trees in every stage of growth,—that there be an annual planting, as of wheat. Consider the amount of work they have to do, the area to be planted!

More or less rainy to-day.

I hear that geese went over to-day, alighted in Walden.



November 3, Saturday: Professor [William Henry Harvey](#) wrote to [Harvard professor Asa Gray](#) about the completion of his reading of [Charles Darwin](#)'s ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES:

I have no objection *per se* to a doctrine of derivative descent.... I have had a short friendly correspondence with Darwin on the subject, but without much result one way or the other.... His latter chapters are those which have most impressed me.... Certainly there are many *broad facts* which can be read by a supposition of descent with variation. *How broad* those facts are, and how broad the limits of descent with variation may be, are questions which I do not think his theory affords answer to. It opens vistas vast, and so it evidently points whence, through time, light may come by which to see the objects in those vistas, but to my mind it does no more.... A good deal of Darwin reads to me like an ingenious dream.

**ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES**

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Friend [Lucretia Mott](#), the foremost spokesperson for nonviolence in the abolitionist movement in America, brought forward the position she had taken in regard to the “[Christiana](#) riot” near [Philadelphia](#) by declaring in regard to the raid by [John Brown](#) that<sup>20</sup>

It is not John Brown the soldier we praise, it is John Brown the moral hero; John Brown the noble confessor and patient martyr we honor, and whom we think it proper to honor in this day when men are carried away by the corrupt and proslavery clamour against him. Our weapons were drawn only from the armory of Truth; they were those of faith and love.



Nevertheless, in this supercharged atmosphere in which men were just then being asked to abandon the arms of faith and love in order to pick up the “New Minnie,” Lucretia’s use of the vocabulary of violence, her use of terms like “weapons” and “armory,” were bound to be problematic, bound to be misused by those, such as [Horace Greeley](#), who were determined to misunderstand and mock.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 3d]

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20. We might say that HDT was the most belligerent nonresistor of evil the world had yet seen, but in fact that description had already been awarded to someone. It was awarded by [Robert Purvis](#) to [Lucretia Mott](#), and there is no shadow of a doubt that Friend Lucretia was a convinced disbeliever in violence. These words of hers are from the [National Anti-Slavery Standard](#) of November 3, 1860.



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November 4, Sunday: [Waldo Emerson](#) lectured before the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society at the [Boston Music Hall](#):

Oppression is felt, when it is not seen. The public interest demands the abatement of all these injuries which are breeding bad blood long before the injured know who it is that injures them. Wherever there is a wrong, the response is pain. The rowdy eyes that glare on you from the mob say plainly, that they feel that you are doing them to death; you have got the chain somehow round their limbs, and, though they know not how, war to the knife is between us and you. Your six percent is as deadly a weapon as the gun and tomahawk. And the result is the accumulation of abuses, of wrongs, to classes by classes; of tyranny, jealousy, fraud, and pampered sense, and smothered reason, which make the evil of life.



THE LIST OF LECTURES

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#).

*Concord Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 1860*  
*Mr Blake,*  
*I am glad to hear any*  
*particulars of your excursion. As for myself,*  
*I looked out for you somewhat on that*  
*Monday, when, it appears, you passed Monad-*  
*nock — turned my glass upon several parties*  
*that were ascending the mountain[ ]half a mile*  
*on one side of us. In short, I came as near*  
*to seeing you as you to seeing me. I have*  
*no doubt that we should have had a good*  
*time if you had come, for I had, all*  
*ready, two good spruce houses, in which*  
*you could stand up, complete in all*  
*respects, half a mile apart, and you*  
*& B. could have lodged by yourselves in one,*  
*if not with us.*  
*We made an excellent beginning of*  
*our mt life. You may remember that*  
*the Saturday previous was a stormy day. Well,*  
*we went up in the rain — wet through,*  
*and found ourselves in a cloud there at*  
*mid pm, in no situation to look about*  
*for the best place for a camp. So I pro-*  
*ceeded at once, through the cloud, to that*  
*memorable stone “chunk yard”, in which*  
*we made our humble camp once, and*



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*there, after putting our packs under a rock, having a good hatchet, I proceeded to build a substantial house, which C. declared the handsomest he ever saw. (He never camped out before, and was, no doubt, prejudiced in its favor.) This was done about dark, and by that time we were nearly as wet as if we had stood in a hogshead of water. We then built a fire before the door, directly on the site of our little camp of two years ago, and it took a long time to burn thro' its remains to the earth beneath. Standing before this, and turning, round slowly, like meat that is roasting, we were as dry if not drier than ever after a few hours, & so, at last, we "turned in."*

*This was a great deal better than going up there in fair weather, & having no adventure (not knowing how to appreciate either fair weather or foul) but dull common-place sleep in a useless house, & before a comparatively useless fire — such as we get every night. Of course, we thanked our stars, when we saw them, which was about midnight, that they had seemingly [withdrawn] for a season. We had the mt all to ourselves that pm afternoon & night.*

*mountain*

*There was nobody going up that ^ day to engrave his name on the summit,*

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*nor to gather blueberries. The Genius of the Mts. saw us starting from Concord & it said, — There come two of our folks. Let us get ready for them — Get up a serious storm, that will send a packing these holiday guests (They may have their say another time) Let us receive them with true mt. hospitality — kill the fatted cloud — Let them know the value of a spruce roof, & of a fire of dead spruce stumps. Every bush dripped tears of joy at our advent. Fire did its best & received our thanks. — What could fire have done in fair weather? — Spruce roof got its share of our blessings. And*

*then such a view of the wet rocks with the wet lichens on them, as we had the next morning, but did not get again!  
 We & the Mt had a sound season, as the saying is. How glad we were to be wet in order that we might be dried! — how glad we were of the storm which made our house seem like a new home to us! This day's experience was indeed lucky for we did not have a thunder shower during all our stay. Perhaps our host reserved this attention in order to tempt us to come again.  
 Our next house was more substantial still. One side was rock, good for durability & the floor the same, & the roof which I made would have upheld a horse. I stood on it*

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*to do the shingling.  
 I noticed, when I was at the White Mts last, several nuisances which render travelling there abouts unpleasant. The chief of these was the mtn houses. I might have supposed that the main attraction of that region even to citizens, lay in its wildness and unlikeness [to] the city, & yet they make it as much like the city as they can afford to. I heard that the Crawford House was lighted with gas, & had a large saloon, with its band of music, for dancing. But give me a spruce house made in the rain.*

*An old Concord farmer tells me that he ascended Monadnock once, & danced on the top. How did that happen? Why, he being up there, a party of young men & women came up bringing boards + a fiddler, and having laid down the boards they made a level floor, on which they danced to the music of the fiddle. I suppose the tune was "Excelsior." This reminds me of the fellow who climbed to the top of a very high spire, stood upright on the ball, & then hurrahed for — what? Why for Harrison & Tyler. That's the kind of sound emit which most ambitious people ~~make~~ when*



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*they culminate. They are wont to be singularly frivolous in the thin atmosphere*

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*they can't contain themselves, though our comfort & their safety require it; it takes the pressure of many atmospheres to do this; & hence they helplessly evaporate there. It would seem, that, as they ascend, they breathe shorter and shorter, and at each expiration, some of their wits leave them, till when they reach the pinnacle, they are as light headed as to be fit only to show how the wind sits. I suspect that Emersons Criticism called Monadnock — not by ^ remembering the inhabitants of N.H. as they are in the valleys, so much as by meeting some of them on the mt top.*

*After several nights' experience to C. came t the conclusion that he was "lying out doors", and inquired what was the largest beast that might nibble his legs there. I fear that he did not improve all the night, as he might have done, to sleep. I had asked him to go and spend a week there. We spent [5] nights, being gone 6 days, for C. suggested that 6 working days made a week, & I saw that he was ready to de-camp.*

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*However, he found his account in it, as well as I.  
We were seen to go up in the rain, grim & [s]ilent like 2 Genii of the storm, by Fassett's men or boys, but we were [ ] never identified afterward, though we were the subject of some conversation which persons we overheard. Five hundred at least ^ came [into] the Mt. while we were there,*

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*but not one found our camp[.] We saw one party of three ladies & two gentlemen spread their blankets ~~on the top~~ and spend the night on the top, & heard them converse, but they did not know that they had neighbors, who were comparatively old settlers. We spared them the chagrin which that knowledge would have caused them, & let them print their story in a newspaper, accordingly. From what I heard of Fassett's infirmities I concluded that his partner was Tap. He has moved about thirty rods further down the [mt.], & is still hammering at a new castle there, when you go by, while Tap is probably down cellar. Such is the Cerberus that guards this passage. There always is one you know. This is not so bad to go by as the Glen House. However, we left those*

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*Elysian fields by a short cut of our own which departed just beyond where he is stationed.*

*Yes, to meet men on an honest and simple footing, meet with rebuffs, suffer from sore feet, as you did, aye from a sore heart, as perhaps you also did, — all that is excellent. What a pity that that young prince could not enjoy a little of the legitimate experience of travelling, be dealt with simply & truly though rudely. He might have been invited to some hospitable house in the country, had his bowl of bread & milk set before him, with a clean pin-a-fore, been told that there were the punt & the fishing rod, and he could amuse himself as he chose — might have swung a few birches, dug out a wood-chuck, & had a regular good time, & finally been sent to bed with the boys, — and so never have been introduced to Mr. Everett at all. I have no doubt that that*



*would have been a far more memorable  
& valuable experience than he got.  
The snow-clad summit of [mt.]  
Washington must have been a very interesting*

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*sight from Wachusett. How wholesome  
winter is seen far or near, how good  
above all mere sentimental warm-  
blooded — short-lived, softhearted moral  
goodness commonly so called. Give me  
the goodness which has forgotten its own  
deeds, — which God has seen to be good  
and let be. . . None of your just made all that will save them will be  
their picturesqueness, as with blasted perfect — pick[el]ed eels!*

*Whatever is trees*

*^ and is not ashamed to be is good. I value  
no moral goodness or greatness unless it  
is good or great even as that snowy  
peak is. Pray how could thirty feet  
of bowels improve it? Nature is goodness  
crystalized. You looked into the land  
of promise. Whatever beauty we behold,  
the more it is distant, serene, and cold,  
the purer & more durable it is. It is  
better to warm ourselves with ice than with  
fire.*

*Tell Brown that he sent me more  
than the price of the book — viz a word  
from himself, for which I am  
greatly his debtor.*

*H. D. T.*



November 4. P.M.— To Tommy Wheeler's lot.

As I go over John Hosmer's High Level, there being considerable wind, I notice for the first time that peculiar blueness of the river agitated by the wind and contrasting with the tawny fields, a fall phenomenon. Tarbell's white pine grove northwest of the Irishman's, in the swamp, and some thirty to forty years old, is so dense that there is no growth under it, only a tawny carpet of pine-needles.

In the Tommy Wheeler lot south of the old pitch pine hollow, I see the stumps of many white pines and oaks which were cut some four years ago, and no fire has been set there. These oak stumps have generally fifty-three or fifty-four rings, though some pitch pines and oaks are much older; but I scarcely see a stump of this age even which has sent up any shoots. I notice one. The sprouts are from a much younger growth. It is evident that all the larger stumps were too old and effete, young as they were. In two or three cases I notice these stumps of oaks cut some four years ago and having fifty-three or four rings (from which no shoot has put forth), two together, half inclosing in a semicircle a very old and almost completely decayed stump, which, of course, was cut some fifty-eight years ago. These sprouts are rarely sound quite to the core. Perhaps the rest are sprouts whose stumps have quite disappeared, and this, i.e. the great age of the roots, may account for its sending up no

more sprouts. I see, then, that the stumps of trees which were cut sixty years ago are still very common to be seen in our woods.

I have but little doubt that if Wetherbee's old oak lot should now be cut no sprouts would come up from the stumps. It is by seeds that oaks would have to be renewed there, if at all; but rather it is time for a different growth, i. e. for pines, and if he contemplates the removal of these oaks he should be considering how to favor the growth of pines there. They are already appearing thinly on various sides within that wood.

I frequently notice the seeds of small fruits and weeds left on stumps by birds and mice and even foxes (in their excrement).

There is primitive wood which has never been touched by the civilized man. We have none of this.

Then there is primitive woodland, i.e., which has never been cut clean off, and which in age now is mostly second growth.

Then there is primitive copsewood, i.e., which has been cut clean off but suffered to grow up again without further clearing or burning.

Then copsewood of other kinds.

Sophia brings me the drawer which held her acorns (almost all red oak). It is seventeen and a half inches by twelve and a half and two inches deep, and I count, crawling about on the bottom, one hundred and seventy-three great full-grown grubs with brown heads, which have come out of the acorns by a hole, oftenest at the edge of the cup on one side. And many of the grubs had been thrown away, and probably some had crawled away within a month, and no doubt more are still to come out. Also the bottom of this box is covered with four or five times as many minute pink grubs which may be the progeny of the former: here are at least eight hundred and sixty-five (or say one thousand) grubs to about four quarts of acorns with their cups (the box was hardly more than half full). I find that sixty red oak acorns with their cups make one pint. There were, therefore, about five hundred acorns to one hundred and seventy-three large grubs already out in the box, to say nothing of those that have been thrown and have crawled away, nor of the seven or eight hundred young grubs and probably more yet to be produced. Not quite half of the acorns, then, have grubs in them.<sup>21</sup> Now add the squirrels, jays, crows, and other birds and quadrupeds that feed on them, and the effect of the winter's cold and rain, and how many of the acorns of this year will be fit to plant next spring?

It appears that nearly half of these red oaks have already manifestly been destroyed by worms. It is evident that there will be at least two grubs to one of these acorns, though of course the grubs will not always be with the acorn. This is one of the nut weevils, and since they come from eggs laid by a beetle, it would seem that many eggs must have been recently laid.

White birch seed has but recently begun to fall. I see a quarter of an inch of many catkins bare. May have begun for a week. To-day also I see distinctly the tree sparrows, and probably saw them, as supposed, some days ago. Perhaps they feed on the birch seed as the linarias do. Thus the birch begins to shed its seed about the time our winter birds arrive from the north.



November 5, Monday: A plebiscite in the Legations favored union with Sardinia.

[Henry Thoreau](#) recorded a sky event, that "Last evening, the weather being cooler, there was an arch of northern lights in the north, with some redness. Thus our winter is heralded":

AURORA BOREALIS

SKY EVENT

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Started on a buffalo hunt with Sanford Leonard and took my new gun. I made a long shot at a cow, but only broke her hind leg. Camped on the Sharps Creek near Prater's ranch.



November 5. P.M.— To Blood's oak lot.

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21. [November 22, about a third as many more grubs have come out of these acorns,—both large and small grubs,—which will make nearly half as many large grubs as acorns; and each of these large grubs has been the destruction of an acorn, so that already one half of these acorns have been destroyed by worms.]

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Measure the great white oak near the bars of the bridle-road just beyond the northeast corner of the Holden (?) farm. At the ground it is about nineteen feet in circumference. At three feet from the ground it is eleven feet and seven inches in circumference, and the same at five feet and apparently more above this. It is about sixteen feet to the lowest limb. The whole trunk standing aslant. It has a black and quite rough bark, not at all like that of the white oaks of Wetherbee's and Blood's lots. There is a large open space amid the huckleberry bushes beneath it, covered with a short and peculiarly green sward, and this I see is the case with other oaks a quarter of a mile off.

There is a large chestnut in the lot east of this, and I observe that its top is composed of many small branches and twigs disposed very regularly and densely, brush-wise, with a firm, distinct, more than semicircular edge against the horizon, very unlike the irregular, open, and more scraggy-twigged oak.

Blood's oak lot may contain about a dozen acres. It consists of red, black, white, and swamp white oaks, and a very little maple. The following are some of the largest that I saw. I measured one black oak which was, at three feet high, four feet eight inches in circumference; another, five feet six inches; and another the same. A red oak was six feet three inches; another, seven feet four inches; another, seven feet four inches; another, seven feet. One swamp white oak was six feet four inches. A white oak was seven feet seven inches, and another the same. The diameter of a third at one foot from ground (sawed off) was thirty-one and a half inches average.

This is quite a dense wood-lot, even without considering the size of the trees, and I was rather surprised to see how much spread there was to the tops of the trees in it, especially to the white oaks. The trees here rise far higher before branching, however, than in open land; some black oaks (if not others) were very straight and thirty to forty feet high without a limb. I think that there was not so much difference in color between the trunks of black and red oaks as commonly. The red oaks were oftener smooth, or smoothish, the largest of them. I saw very little decay. Considering their number and closeness, the trees were on the whole larger than I should have expected, though of course not nearly so large as the largest pasture oaks,—one to two and a half feet in diameter, or say generally (the sizable trees) a foot and a half in diameter. This will probably do for a specimen of a primitive oak forest hereabouts. Such probably was the size and aspect of the trees.

As for its age, I saw the stump of a white oak (not quite so large as those I measured) which had been sawed off at about one foot from the ground within four or five years, perfectly level and sound to the core, and thirty-one and a half inches in diameter. The first thirty-three (?) rings were so close and indistinct as to be impossible to count exactly (occupying three quarters of an inch of the centre); the rest was perfectly distinct. In all one hundred and forty-seven rings; or, by inches from middle, thirty-nine, nine, six, seven, five, eleven, six, four, four, five, six, nine, ten, twelve, and then three quarters of an inch left. From which it appears that it grew much the fastest at about the age of eighty-nine years and very much the slowest for the first thirty-three years.

I am struck by the fact that the more slowly trees grow at first, the sounder they are at the core, and I think that the same is true of human beings. We do not wish to see children precocious, making great strides in their early years like sprouts, producing a soft and perishable timber, but better if they expand slowly at first, as if contending with difficulties, and so are solidified and perfected. Such trees continue to expand with nearly equal rapidity to an extreme old age.

Another white oak stump, not so large but somewhat decayed, had one hundred and sixty and more rings. So that you may say this wood is a hundred to a hundred and sixty years old.

I was struck by the orderly arrangement of the trees, as if each knew its own place; and it was just so at Wetherbee's lot. This being an oak wood, and like that, somewhat meadow [SIC] in the midst, the swamp white oaks with a very few maples occupied that part, and I think it likely that a similar selection of the ground might have been detected often in the case of the other oaks, as the white compared with the red. As if in the natural state of things, when sufficient time is given, trees will be found occupying the places most suitable to each, but when they are interfered with, some are prompted to grow where they do not belong and a certain degree of confusion is produced. That is, our forest generally is in a transition state to a settled and normal condition.

Many young white pines—the largest twenty years old—are distributed through this wood, and I have no doubt that if let alone this would in a hundred years look more like a pine wood than an oak one.

Hence we see that the white pine may introduce itself into a primitive oak wood of average density.

The only sounds which I heard were the notes of the jays, evidently attracted by the acorns, and the only animal seen was a red squirrel, while there were the nests of several gray squirrels in the trees.

Last evening, the weather being cooler, there was an arch of northern lights in the north, with some redness. Thus our winter is heralded.

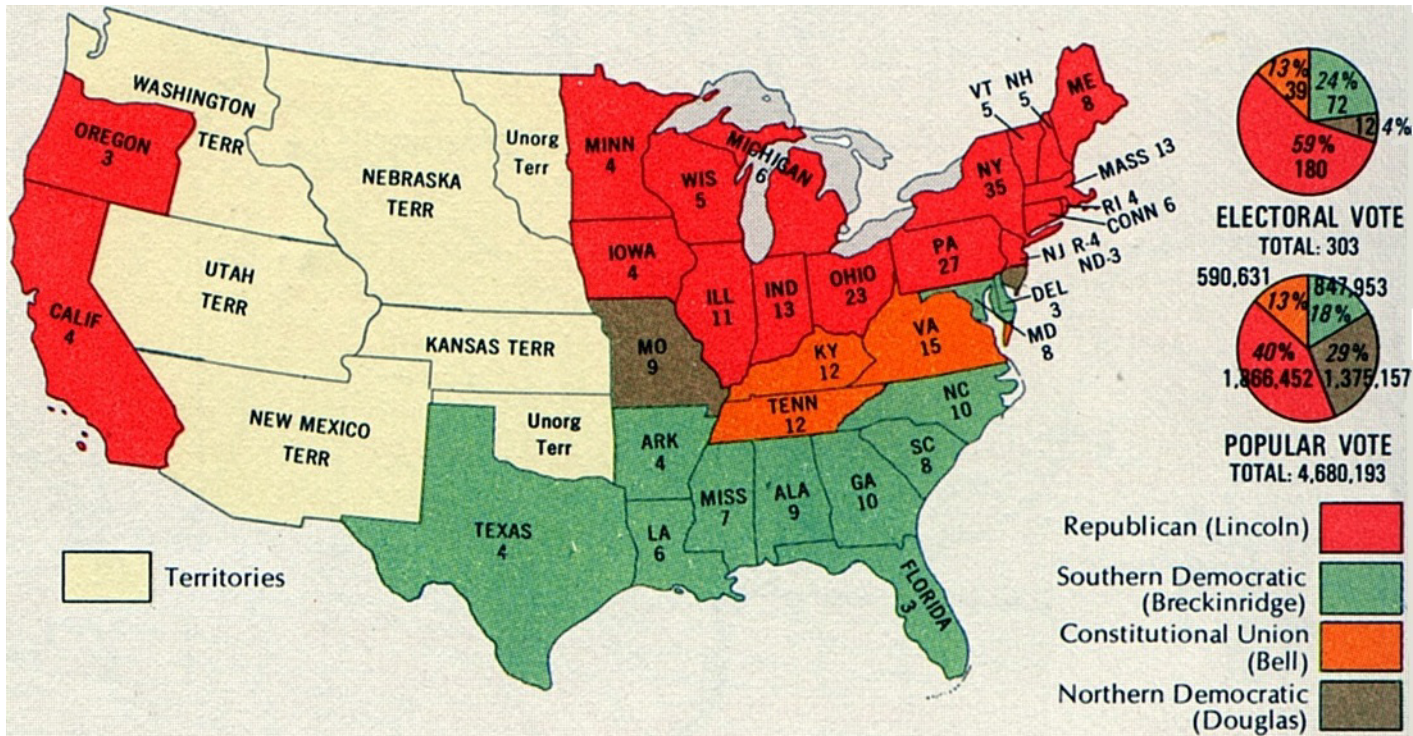
It is evident that the pasture oaks are commonly the survivors or relics of old oak woods,—not having been set out of course, nor springing up often in the bare pasture, except sometimes along fences. I see that on the outskirts of Wetherbee's and Blood's lots are some larger, more spreading and straggling trees, which are not to be distinguished from those. Such trees are often found as stragglers beyond a fence in an adjacent lot. Or, as an old oak wood is very gradually thinned out, it becomes open, grassy, and park-like, and very many owners are inclined to respect a few larger trees on account of old associations, until at length they begin to value them for shade for their cattle. These are oftenest white oaks. I think that they grow the largest and are the hardiest. This final arrangement is in obedience to the demand of the cow. She says, looking at the oak woods: "Your tender twigs are good, but grass is better. Give me a few at intervals for shade and shelter in storms, and let the

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grass grow far and wide between them.”  
 No doubt most of those white pines in pastures which branch close to the ground, their branches curving out and upward harpwise without one erect leading shoot, were broken down when young by cows. The cow does not value the pine, but rubs it out by scratching her head on it.

➡ November 6, Tuesday: [Abraham Lincoln](#) received 180 of 303 possible electoral votes but merely 40 percent of the popular vote (his name hadn't even been printed on the ballots of the southern states), and would be duly chosen by the Electoral College as the 16th US president and the 1st Republican.




The Republican candidate had spent the bulk of the day in his office at the state house in Springfield, [Illinois](#). At about 3PM he had walked to the polling place in the courthouse and cast a ballot. He had then hung around the telegraph office until midnight, as the polling reports were being telegraphed around the nation. Shortly after midnight he and Mrs. Lincoln went to a supper, and then soon home.

📝 November 6. Sawed off half of an old pitch pine stump at Tommy Wheeler's hollow. I found that, though the surface was entire and apparently sound except one or two small worm-holes, and the sap was evidently decaying, yet within, or just under the surface, it was extensively honeycombed by worms, which did not eat out to the surface. Those rings included in the outmost four or five inches were the most decayed,—including the sapwood.

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 November 7, Wednesday: In a ceremony at [Naples](#), [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) officially handed Southern [Italy](#) and [Sicily](#) over to [King Victor Emanuel](#) of Sardinia.

News arrived that the [Republican](#) candidate had won the national election. The officials of [Charleston, South Carolina](#) resigned because of the election of [Abraham Lincoln](#) as President of the United States of America.




US CIVIL WAR

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Rained all day. We did not shoot any buffalo, but went after the meat of the one I killed yesterday. Killed one wolf.



Nov. 7. To Cambridge<sup>22</sup> and Boston.

 November 8, Thursday: The headline of The Kansas Chief:



Franz Liszt's orchestral work, *Künstlerfestzug zur Schillerfeier 1859*, was performed for the initial time, in Weimar.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Killed two wolves, three skunks, two bulls and Leonard shot a turkey.



November 8. 2 P.M.– To Mt. Misery via sugar maples and Lee's Bridge.

[Transcript]



**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The white oak near the English cress at three feet is nine feet and one twelfth in circumference and has a rough and dark bark. By its branching so low, it suggests that it may have stood in comparatively open ground most of its life, or such as the outmost oaks in Blood's wood toward his house.

I notice along the Corner road, beyond Abiel Wheeler's, quite a number of little white pines springing up against the south wall, whose seed must have been blown from Hubbard's Grove some fifty rods east. They extend along a quarter of a mile at least. Also a wet and brushy meadow some forty rods in front of Garfield's is being rapidly filled with white pines whose seeds must have been blown an equal distance.

We need not be surprised at these results when we consider how persevering Nature is, and how much time she has to work in, though she works slowly. A great pine wood may drop many millions of seeds in one year, and if only half a dozen are conveyed a quarter of a mile and lodge against some fence, and only one comes up and lives there, yet in the course of fifteen or twenty years there are fifteen or twenty young trees there, and they begin to make a show and betray their origin. It does not imply any remarkable rapidity or success in Nature's operations.

In the wood north of the sugar maples a hickory but two feet in circumference has eighty-six rings. A white oak twenty-six inches [IN] diameter has one hundred and twenty-eight rings.

22. Was it on November 7, 1859 or November 7, 1860 that [Henry Thoreau](#) checked out [Thomas Jefferson](#)'s NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA. WITH AN APPENDIX (8th American edition; Boston: Printed by David Carlisle, for Thomas & Andrews, J. West, West & Greenleaf, J. White & Co., E. & S. Larkin, J. Nancrede, Manning & Loring, Boston, Thomas & Thomas, Walpole, N.H., and B.B. Macanulty, Salem. 1801) from the Harvard Library? His notes on this reading are in Indian Notebook #12.



**THOMAS JEFFERSON'S NOTES**

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

The sugar maples occupy, together with oaks of the same size, about thirty rods, or say ten rods by three. The largest about five inches [IN] diameter, but generally quite small. They have sprung from quite small stumps, commonly not bigger than themselves at most. They are peculiar among maples in retaining yet a part of their leaves,— a delicate fawn(?)—color, pale brown.

There is quite a pitch pine wood on the lane beyond the second Garfields, but though there are very few little white pines under it (no large ones), these are under the densest part, and there are no little pitch pines, though they are common in the more open parts. Seed-bearing pines are distant here. I observe on the trunk of one of the largest of these pitch pines (which may be forty years old), standing on the outside the wood, minute or short branches, commonly mere tufts of needles in rings around the trunk, —reminding you even of the branches of the horse-tail, they are in this case so regular,— perfectly horizontal and six to twelve inches apart. Some are two or three years old, but only three to six inches long. These seem to represent the old whorls of branches. Perhaps, the tree growing slowly at the top, the dormant buds here are stimulated. I afterward see in another wood an outside pitch pine, a tall one, on which some of these tufts had apparently developed into branches four or five feet long, in imperfect whorls, the top being partly dead.

A white oak stump, roadside west of Abel Minott house site, nineteen and one half inches [IN] diameter (wood), sixty-five rings. A pitch pine standing on opposite side more westerly is five and nine twelfths feet in circumference at three feet.

I observe on the west side of Mt. Misery, cut off apparently last winter, mulleins, very tall, sprung up, — as well as fire-weed and goldenrods. I saw an abundance of mulleins in a young wood-lot with much bare ground, burnt over a year or so ago, behind Mason's on the bridle-road, on the 5th, so that the mullein too might be called a fire-weed. But I notice that those plants so called, as the epilobium and senecio, and which are supposed to owe their origin to the fire, generally spring up on a surface made bare by whatever cause. They are the first weeds after a clearing or cutting.

On this same Mt. Misery (cut last winter), an oak stump (apparently black) eleven and one half inches [IN] diameter, sixty-one rings; a white oak, thirteen inches, fifty-eight rings. I count four or more of these stumps, — which are as plain as usual,— and make from fifty-four to sixty-one rings, say average fifty-eight years. Yet in several of these instances they were manifestly sprouts, and there was the old stump cut 58 + 1 years ago. [Vide November 13.] These stumps did not show any trace of the axe, but there was one which lay on its side, apparently of the same date, but from which no sprout had come, which was much better preserved and did show the traces of the axe plainly. These recent stumps, though only some sixty years old, had in no case sprouted again, and I think that this is because they are sprouts, and that the vitality of the stock was so nearly exhausted. These old stumps are frequently half inclosed in the recent stump. I think that I readily detected the sprout also by the greater breadth of the rings the first few years.

The stumps of trees which were cut in the last century —oaks at least— must be not uncommon in our woods.

Looking from this hill, I think that I see considerably more oak than pine wood.

Edward Hoar's pitch pine and white pine lot on the south side of this hill is evidently a new wood. You see the green moss, the cladonia, and birches (which I think do not spring up within an old wood), and even feel with your feet an old cow-path and see an old apple tree inclosed in the wood. Are not birches interspersed with pines a sign of a new wood?

When a pitch pine wood is cut, that fringe or edging of little pitch pines which commonly surrounds it may remain to grow up and in a measure represent it. Also, apparently, when for any reason, as from frost, land where the wood has been cut remains comparatively bare for several years and becomes only grassy, pitch pines (as well as white pines) may catch there thickly.

I constantly meet now with those tufts of indigo-weed (turned black) now broken off and dropped exactly bottom up, as it were dropped by a careful hand in woodland paths or in pastures, as if an industrious farmer or a simpler had been collecting it by handfuls and had dropped his parcels thus. The fact is that they grow up many stems close together, and their branches are so interlaced as not to be easily separated; so that the wind operates the more powerfully and breaks them all off together at the ground, and then, on account of their form, these parcels are deposited exactly bottom up commonly, and you see three or four to fifteen or more stems within a diameter of four or five inches, looking just as if somebody had plucked them and laid them together. [So these seeds and fly-away grass seed dispersed.] I also see the fly-away grass going over a wall or rock from time to time.


The *Salix sericea* has just blackened the ground with its leaves.

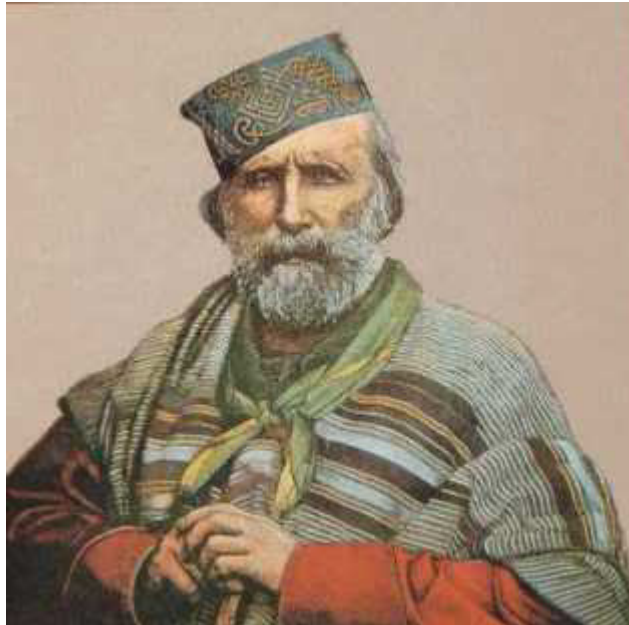
These are annual phenomena.

Dr. (?) Manasseh Cutler, in the first volume of the Boston Academy's Reports for 1785, speaks of whortleberries only in the half-converted or disparaging way in which the English do, —and have reason to,— saying that children love to eat them in milk. His eyes had not been opened to their significance; they were without honor in their native country. But I have no doubt that he ate them himself in secret.<sup>23</sup>

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 November 9, Friday: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) and two close friends left [Naples](#) for his home in Caprera and intended obscurity. In spite of many successes he was bitter over the fact that he had failed to include [Rome](#) in the Kingdom of [Italy](#).



The South Carolina General Assembly passed a “Resolution to Call the Election of Abraham Lincoln as U.S. President a Hostile Act” and stated its intention to declare secession from the United States.



November 9. [Vide also November 16.] 12 M.— To Inches’ Woods in Boxboro.

This wood is some one and three quarters miles from West Acton, whither we went by railroad. It is in the east part of Boxboro, on both sides of the Harvard turnpike. We walked mostly across lots from West Acton to a part of the wood about half a mile north of the turnpike,—and the woods appeared to reach as much further north. We then walked in the midst of the wood in a southwesterly by west direction, about three quarters of a mile, crossing the turnpike west of the maple swamp and the brook, and thence south by east nearly as much [QUERIED IN PENCIL] more,—all the way in the woods, and chiefly old oak wood. The old oak wood, as we saw from the bare hill at the south end, extends a great deal further west and northwest, as well as north, than we went, and must be at least a mile and a half [QUERIED IN PENCIL] from north to south by a mile to a mile and a quarter [QUERIED IN PENCIL] possibly from east to west. Or there may be a thousand [four or five hundred] acres [vide (PAGE 227)] of old oak wood. The large wood is chiefly oak, and that white oak, though black, red, and scarlet oak are also common. White pine is in considerable quantity, and large pitch pine is scattered here and there, and saw some chestnut at the south end. Saw no hemlock or birch to speak of.

Beginning at the north end of our walk, the trees which I measured were (all at three feet from ground except when otherwise stated): a black oak, ten feet [IN] circumference, trunk tall and of regular form; scarlet oak, seven feet three inches, by Guggins Brook; white oak, eight feet; white oak, ten feet, forks at ten feet; white oak, fifteen feet (at two and a half feet, bulging very much near ground; trunk of a pyramidal form; first branch at sixteen feet; this just north of turnpike and near Guggins Brook); white oak, nine feet four inches (divides to two at five feet); white oak, nine feet six inches (divides to two at five feet); red oak, eight feet (south of road); white pine, nine feet; a scarlet or red oak stump cut, twenty and a half inches [IN] diameter, one hundred and

23. [Reverend Manasseh Cutler, LL.D.](#), “An Account of Some of the Vegetable Productions, Naturally Growing in this Part of America, Botanically Arranged.” MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, 1st series, Volume I (Boston 1785): 396-493.

**REV. MANASSEH CUTLER**



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sixty rings.

I was pleased to find that the largest of the white oaks, growing thus in a dense wood, often with a pine or other tree within two or three feet, were of pasture oak size and even form, the largest commonly branching low. Very many divide to two trunks at four or five feet only from the ground. You see some white oaks and even some others in the midst of the wood nearly as spreading as in open land.

Looking from the high bare hill at the south end, the limits of the old oak wood (so far as we could overlook it) were very distinct, its tops being a mass of gray brush,—contorted and intertwined twigs and boughs,—while the younger oak wood around it, or bounding it, though still of respectable size, was still densely clothed with the reddish-brown leaves.

This famous oak lot—like Blood’s and Wetherbee’s—is a place of resort for those who hunt the gray squirrel. They have their leafy nests in the oak-tops.

It is an endless maze of gray oak trunks and boughs stretching far around. The great mass of individual trunks which you stand near is very impressive.

Many sturdy trunks (they commonly stand a little aslant) are remarkably straight and round, and have so much regularity in their roughness as to suggest smoothness. The older or largest white oaks were of a rougher and darker bark than Wetherbee’s and Blood’s, though often betraying the same tendency to smoothness, as if a rough layer had been stripped off near the ground.

I noticed that a great many trunks (the bark) had been gnawed near the ground,—different kinds of oak and chestnut,—perhaps by squirrels.



November 10, Saturday: Upon learning of [Abraham Lincoln](#)’s election, Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) wrote a candid letter to Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr. about the prospects of [secession](#).

US CIVIL WAR

The General Assembly of South Carolina voted a bill whereby delegates to a “[secession](#) convention” would be elected on December 6th, and the convention itself would begin in Columbia, South Carolina on December 17th (this convention would vote unanimously, 169-0, to declare secession from the United States, and then adjourn to Charleston to draft an ordinance of secession.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

We got four large wolves, then started home.



November 10. Cheney gives me a little history of the Inches Woods. He says it was a grant to Jekil (John (?) Jekil) by the crown, and that it amounted to half of Boxboro as well as much of Stow and Acton. That Jekil had a summer house where Squire Hosmer’s house stands in Stow, before the Revolution, but at that time withdrew into Boston. It was a great event when he used to come out to Stow in the summer. Boxboro was a part of Stow then. Mr. Hosmer had charge of the lands for Inches, and the kitchen of his house was partly the old summer house of Jekil, and he also remembered an old negro named York, who had been a slave of Jekil, and he, the negro, said that twenty of the thirty acres bought of Inches by Hosmer, behind his house, was once fenced in with a paling or picket fence ten or fifteen feet high, and formed a park in which Jekil kept deer. The neighbors used to come and peep through the paling at the deer. Henderson Inches, hearing of these lands about the time of the Revolution, went to the heirs of Jekil and purchased the whole tract quite cheap, and they had been a fortune to the family since. Many farms have been made of parts of the wood, and thousands of dollars’ worth of wood have been sold at a time. Had realized maybe \$150,000 from it. Cheney had heard that there were about four hundred acres of the Inches lands left. Henderson Inches died two or three years ago, and now his heirs wished to sell, but would not divide it, but sell in one body. Ruggles, Nourse, and Mason wished to buy, but not the whole. Except what has been sold, or generally, Inches would not have it cut. He was sharp and stood out for his price, and also liked to keep it. Hence it is a primitive oak wood and said to be the most of one in Massachusetts.

Collier tells me that his sunflower-head (now dried) measures just twenty-one and a half inches [IN] diameter, — the solid part.

Most think that Inches Wood was worth more twenty or thirty years ago, — that the oaks are now decayed within. Some have suggested that it would be much for the benefit of Boxboro to have it cut off and made into farms,



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but Boxboro people answer no, that they get a good deal more in taxes from it now than they would then. How little there is on an ordinary map! How little, I mean, that concerns the walker and the lover of nature. Between those lines indicating roads is a plain blank space in the form of a square or triangle or polygon or segment of a circle, and there is naught to distinguish this from another area of similar size and form. Yet the one may be covered, in fact, with a primitive oak wood, like that of Boxboro, waving and creaking in the wind, such as may make the reputation of a county, while the other is a stretching plain with scarcely a tree on it. The waving woods, the dells and glades and green banks and smiling fields, the huge boulders, etc., etc., are not on the map, nor to be inferred from the map.

That grand old oak wood is just the most remarkable and memorable thing in Boxboro, and yet if there is a history of this town written anywhere, the history or even mention of this is probably altogether omitted, while that of the first (and may be last) parish is enlarged on.

What sort of cultivation, or civilization and improvement, is ours to boast of, if it turns out that, as in this instance, unhandelled nature is worth more even by our modes of valuation than our improvements are, – if we leave the land poorer than we found it? Is it good economy, to try it by the lowest standards, to cut down all our forests, if a forest will pay into the town treasury a greater tax than the farms which may supplant it, – if the oaks by steadily growing according to their nature leave our improvements in the rear?

How little we insist on truly grand and beautiful natural features! How many have ever heard of the Boxboro oak woods? How many have ever explored them? I have lived so long in this neighborhood and but just heard of this noble forest, – probably as fine an oak wood as there is in New England, only eight miles west of me.

I noticed young white pines springing up in the more open places and dells. There were considerable tracts of large white pine wood and also pine and oak mixed, especially on the hills. So I see that the character of a primitive wood may gradually change, as from oak to pine, the oaks at last decaying and not being replaced by oaks.

Though a great many of those white oaks of the Inches Wood branch quite as low and are nearly as spreading as pasture oaks, yet generally they rise up in stately columns thirty or forty or fifty feet, diminishing very little. The black and red and scarlet oaks are especially columnar and tall, without branches for a long distance, and these trees are shaped more in their trunks like an elm than a pasture oak. They commonly stand aslant at various angles. When, in the midst of this great oak wood, you look around, you are struck by the great mass of gray-barked wood that fills the air. The leaves of these old oaks are now fairly fallen, and the ground is densely covered with their rustling reddish-brown scales.

A peculiarity of this, as compared with much younger woods, is that there is little or no underwood and you walk freely in every direction, though in the midst of a dense wood. You walk, in fact, *under* the wood.

The wood not having been cut to any extent, and the adjacent country being very little occupied, I did not notice a single cart-path where a wheel-track was visible, – at most a slight vista, and one footpath. I knew that I was near the southwest edge by the crowing of a cock.

This wood is said to have been a great resort for pigeons. We saw one large pigeon-place on the top of the hill where we first entered it. Now used.

Seeing this, I can realize how this country appeared when it was discovered. Such were the oak woods which the Indian threaded hereabouts.

Such a wood must have a peculiar fauna to some extent. Warblers must at least pass through it in the spring, which we do not see here.

We have but a faint conception of a full-grown oak forest stretching uninterrupted for miles, consisting of sturdy trees from one to three and even four feet in diameter, whose interlacing branches form a complete and uninterrupted canopy. Many trunks old and hollow, in which wild beasts den. Hawks nesting in the dense tops, and deer glancing between the trunks, and occasionally the Indian with a face the color of the faded oak leaf.

Grimes said that he could almost clasp the loins of my lynx as it hung up by the heels before it was skinned; it was so slender there that a man with a large hand could have done it.

Richardson in his “Fauna Boreali-Americana,” which I consulted at Cambridge on the 7th, says that the French-Canadians call the Canada lynx indifferently *Le Chat* or *Le Peeshoo*, and [Charlevoix](#) falsely calls it *Carcajou*, which is the wolverene, and hence much confusion and error among naturalists. “Seven to nine thousand are annually procured by the Hudson’s Bay Company. It is found on the Mackenzie River as far north as latitude 66°.” Easily killed by a stroke with a small stick on the back! (?) Breeds once a year and has two young. Never attacks man. A poor runner, but a good swimmer. [Audubon](#) and Bachman repeat Richardson. According to Pennant, Lawson and Catesby repeat the falsehoods about its dropping from trees on deer, etc.

Observed in the dropping of a fox the other day, with fur, some quarter-shaped (or triangular segments) seeds, and roughish, which may have been seeds of rose hips. They were white. So are the sweet-briar hips, but the common wild rose hips are brownish. Were they prinos seeds? If rose hips, then the fox enjoys what Manasseh Cutler in 1785 called “the conserve of hepps of the London dispensatory” without the sugar.

Elijah Wood, senior, tells me that about 1814 (or before 1815, in which year he was married, and while he still lived at his father’s on Carlisle road), as he was riding to town on horseback in the evening alone to singing to prepare for Thanksgiving, he stopped to let his horse drink at the brook beyond Winn’s, when he heard a cry from some wild beast just across the river. It affected him so that he did not stop to let his horse drink much.

J.J. AUDUBON

MARK KATESBY

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When he returned later, –now with others, –they all heard it, as if answering to their shouts, somewhat further up the river. It was also heard by some teamsters, and also an animal supposed to be the same was said to have been seen by a woman crossing the road just west of where Wood now lives. It was thought to be a wolverene. I have now measured in all eight pitch pine stumps at the Tommy Wheeler hollow, sawed off within a foot of the ground.

I measured the longest diameter, and then at right angles with that, and took the average, and then selected that side of the stump on which the radius was of average length and counted the number of rings in each inch, beginning at the centre, thus:–

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	1st inch	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10 in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch	11	12	Radius	Rings, in all
1st tree	9-	12+	9-	7+	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ (?)	26(?)	25	26	17			9 $\frac{1}{2}$	158
2	10+	7+	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	19	33	in $\frac{5}{8}$ inch	11 $\frac{1}{8}$	164
3	13--	11	9	11	15	21	16	20	28	32			10	176 (?); more correctly, 168
4	15	12	10	16	24	19	18	16	15	in $\frac{3}{4}$ + inch	3		9 $\frac{1}{2}$ +	148
5 diam. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	12	9	9	11	23	17	21	32	in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch	25		9 $\frac{3}{4}$	171 I have this; more cor- rectly, 165
6	15	13	11	14	18	19	23	21	21	in $\frac{1}{2}$ + inch	16		9 $\frac{1}{2}$ +	171
7	13	11	11	11	22	29	42	in $\frac{5}{8}$ inch					7 $\frac{1}{8}$	163
8	16	13	12	13	11	14	14	19	28	in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch	10		9 $\frac{1}{4}$	About 150
z	103	91	77	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	148	165 $\frac{1}{2}$	133	163 $\frac{1}{2}$	51	33		Av. R. /about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Av. age 162 or 163 years
	13--	11+	10-	11-	15-	18+	21-	19	23+	25+	33		Av. Diam. 19.	



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Of these eight, average growth about one seventeenth of an inch per year.

Calling the smallest number of rings in an inch in each tree 1, the comparative slowness of growth of the inches is thus expressed, viz.:-

1	1.3	1.7	1.3	1.	1.6	2.3	3.7	3.6	3.7		
2	2.	1.4	1.2	1.1	1.	1.3	1.9	2.1	2.7	3.8	6.6
3	1.4	1.2	1.	1.2	1.7	2.3	1.6	2.2	3.1	3.4	
4	1.5	1.2	1.	1.6	2.4	1.9	1.8	1.6	1.5		
5	1.3	1.3	1.	1.	1.2	2.4	1.9	2.3	3.4		
6	1.4	1.2	1.	1.3	1.6	1.7	2.1	1.9	1.9	2.5	
7	1.2	1.	1.	1.	2.	2.6	3.8	3.6			
8	1.4	1.2	1.1	1.2	1.	1.3	1.3	1.7	2.5	3.6	

From the line x I calculate the average rate of growth in diameter (or radius) each successive ten years thus (in decimals of an inch): [It would have been much easier, as well as more correct if I had counted at first the number of rings to each inch.]-

1 to 10	10 to 20	20-30	30-40	40-50	50-60	60-70
(.77)	(.87)	(.96)	(.95)	(.78+)	(.66)	(.55+)
70-80	80-90	90-100	100-110	110-120	120-130	
(.54-)	(.48-)	(.48+)	(.53-)	(.51)	(.43+)	
130-140	140-150	150-160	160-170	170-180	180-190	
(.43+)	(.403)	(.40)	(.36+)	(.30)	(.30)	

Of course the error is great in proportion as the number of rings in an inch exceeds ten.

They grew in the first decade more than in any decade after their fiftieth year, and continued to grow with pretty regularly accelerated growth up to about the end of the third decade, or say about the twenty-ninth year, when they were increasing fastest in diameter, - 1.92 inches in ten years. They continued to grow at nearly the same rate through the fourth decade, and then their rate of growth very suddenly decreased, -i.e., in fifth decade, or from the fortieth to the fiftieth years, when they grew only about the same as in the first decade. In the sixth and seventh decades the rate of growth steadily decreased as fast as it had increased in the first three decades, and it continued to decrease through the eighth, ninth, and tenth decades, though much more slowly. In the eleventh and twelfth decades, or from one hundred to one hundred and twenty years, the rate was accelerated, or they grew faster than from eighty to one hundred, but after the twelfth decade the rate of growth steadily decreased to the last, when it was less than one third what it was in the third decade. [According to calculation, but *actually* still less.] When growing fastest, or between the twentieth and thirtieth year, the radius often was not increased one inch in ten years. But after they were one hundred and sixty years old they did not grow four tenths [on an average, 28/100ths] of an inch in ten years - or one twenty-fifth [1/36th] of an inch in one year. [and sometimes much less, as has been stated] On an average, by accurate observation these eight trees were gaining the most in diameter at about the thirtieth year, and least (with one exception) in the last ten years of their existence.

Many have inferred that it is most profitable to cut pitch pine when about thirty (or forty) years old, but they seem to forget that the most rapid increase in diameter when the tree is only ten or fifteen years old does not indicate so great bulk of wood added to the tree, as a much less increase in diameter when it is fifty or one hundred years old. Indeed these trees, slowly as they appeared to grow at last, increased in bulk far more rapidly in the last twenty years than in the first twenty, - or as thirty-six to ten.

The absolute area of the annual rings (which is in the same proportion as the bulk of wood formed) each ten years is (calculated from the measurement on the third page back):-

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	1st 10 yrs.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
1st tree	inch 3.9	7.9	16.5	28.1	23.2	21.6	18.1	15.7	15.7	18.8	19.7	20.5	20.5	14.			
2	3.1	17.3	39.3	53.4	43.2	44.8	41.4	33.	31.4	22.3	20.	20.	16.	12.	12.	12.	
3	2.4	6.7	15.6	19.5	19.2	18.4	16.5	17.4	25.5	24.5	23.6	21.3	19.	19.	18.8	18.7	18.7
4	2.1	5.	10.2	15.1	13.8	12.4	11.8	13.7	18.2	20.	22.7	26.7	29.5	35.6	29.7		
5*	2.6	6.8	13.6	22.3	25.4	18.2	15.	18.6	24.	23.	22.4	19.	16.7	16.7	17.2	18.1	18.1
6	2.1	4.7	8.7	14.4	15.7	15.7	15.7	18.	18.2	17.8	17.8	21.	22.4	24.2	25.4	23.4	21.3
7	2.4	6.7	12.	17.1	17.1	12.8	12.7	11.9	11.9	11.2	9.7	9.7	9.7	9.9	11.8	11.8	
8	2.	4	7.8	13.1	16.5	22.2	25.2	25.2	29.2	2.8	24.7	20.2	19.1	19.1	14.9		
	20.6	59.1	123.7	183.0	174.1	166.1	156.4	153.5	174.1	165.6	159.7	157.6	152.9	157.0	143.8	84.0	58.1
Av.	2.6	7.4	15.5	22.9	21.7	20.8	19.5	19.2	21.8	20.7	20.	19.9	19.1	19.6	18.	16.8	13.4

\* By actually measuring the space covered by each successive ten rings for the fifth tree I got .9, .6, 1, 1.1, 1, .7, .5, .5, .56, .5, .5, .37, .25, .44, .25, .31, .25.



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According to the above, most wood is made in the fourth decade, though there is but little decrease in amount afterward.

There is a loss of time if you cut at thirty or even forty years, for, supposing that a new pitch pine were at once to take the place of the old one, at the end of forty years more you would only have got  $(2.6+7.4+15.5+22.9=)$  48.5 of wood more, instead of  $(21.7+20.8+19.5+19.2=)$  81.2 more, which you would have had by this time if you had let the tree stand. Or if you had cut it at eighty years, you would only have 129.7 of wood after eighty years more, instead of the 155.9 that might have grown. Or even if you should cut every forty years, you would after one hundred and sixty years have got only 194 of wood to 285.6 that you might have had. From which I infer that the greater bulk of wood made in the third and fourth decade is so little more than that made in any succeeding ten years of the tree's age, and so much more than that made in the previous ten years, that if you want this kind of wood it is best to let the tree stand as long as it is sound and growing.

To be sure, the above calculation supposes the tree to increase in height in proportion to its age – which is hardly the case – and also that the same number of large trees can stand on the same area as of small ones. But even after these deductions, when we consider the proportionally greater value of large timber of this kind, it must be best to let it grow as long as it will.

The same is true until the last forty years makes less wood than the first forty. The first forty makes 48.5; the last, 76.8. However, the time of cutting may depend partly on the number of trees that stand on a given area and also on whether they are wanted for fuel or for lumber, many small being about as good for the former use as a few large; *i.e.*, these trees made more wood any other forty years than the first. Why, then, employ them then only?



November 10 and 11 were rainy, raising the river considerably on to the meadows.



November 11, Sunday: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco reported on the federal Homestead Bill:

It is the interest of California that the Federal Homestead Bill, adopted by the House of Representatives at its last session, should be again brought forward and urged upon Congress during the coming session, and forced to a passage if possible. The Senate would no doubt amend the bill, as it did last session, and the President would probably veto the amended bill, as he did when it was adopted before. But these are dangers to which we must submit. If the bill be lost finally, our coast will lose nothing thereby; if it can be carried, an important step will be made to advance our interests.

We want a bill substantially the same with that adopted by the House. We object strenuously to all the amendments made by the Senate. The Homestead law should be as broad as the Preemption law; it should include all Government land, and not, as the Senate proposed, exclude all the unsurveyed and one-half of the surveyed public land. It should be a donation, as the House wished—not a sale, as required by the amendment of the Senate. But the Senate bill, unsatisfactory as it is, is better than no Homestead bill at all, and therefore we solicit its adoption, if there be no hope for the House bill at the coming session. And if the Senate bill be carried through both Houses, and vetoed by the President, we believe there is a very fair prospect to carry it over his veto; for the friends of the bill came very near having a two-thirds vote last session when the veto came up in the Senate, and it is not improbable that a full two-thirds will be now in favor of the measure. It will have several active advocates who were not in the Senate at the last session, and some of those who were warmly opposed to it then will now be lukewarm, to say the least.



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The measure is one of great importance to this coast, and indeed, next to the Pacific Railroad, we doubt whether any measure now suggested for Congressional action would do more to draw population to our coast, and to fill up the valleys between us and the border of Missouri, than the Homestead bill, as adopted by the House. It is a measure, which we should urge upon Congress by every means of influence within our reach. The Legislature of Oregon has instructed its Senators to vote for a Homestead bill, and California should do likewise, instructing them not only to vote for it, but to work for it. The subject is well worth a memorial, declaring that the interests of this State demand the passage of a bill as broad as that drafted by Mr. Grow. It is well understood that all the Northern and Western States are in favor of this measure, and that Mr. Douglas is as warm an advocate of it as Mr. Lincoln, and therefore the majority of our Legislature can have no objection to the adoption of such a memorial.

The donation system, as provided by the House bill, is not an untried experiment. A donation law was in operation nine years in Oregon and Washington, and was found to have a very strong influence in securing permanent settlers. Indeed, nearly, if not quite one-half, and, perhaps, much more of the land now owned, by individuals; between the Umpqua River and Puget Sound, is held under the Donation Law of 1850, and its amendatory acts, without which a large proportion of the people of Oregon and Washington would have been attracted from their present homes to California. We have a very distinct recollection of the excitement caused in 1850, by the passage of the Donation Law. All Oregon was in a ferment of rejoicing and business when the news arrived, and the excitement extended to this State; for handbills, announcing the reward offered to settlers in Oregon, were posted about the streets of San Francisco and many persons went from here to take advantage of the offer. The passage of Grow's Homestead Bill would, we hope, cause a similar excitement throughout the West, and exercise similar beneficial influences. Let it, then, be distinctly understood that California urgently demands the passage of the House bill, and never will sympathize with any political party that opposes it.




**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER  
11th-12th]**




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 November 12, Monday: The election of [Abraham Lincoln](#) as President of the United States of America had prompted secessionists to initiate local secession meetings. The main areas of secessionist strength in [North Carolina](#) were coastal counties with large [slave](#) populations, and counties that bordered South Carolina. The initial secession meeting in North Carolina was held on this day by the Democrats of Cleveland County. Governor John W. Ellis, Senator Clingman, Congressman Thomas Ruffin, and former congressman William S. Ashe were leading these secessionists. Their major news outlet would be the [Wilmington Journal](#) of New Hanover County.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER  
11th-12th]**

 November 13, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:  
Morrison brought news of Lincoln's election and Topeka papers.

In the morning [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed a house lot on Monument Street belonging to [Daniel Shattuck](#)<sup>24</sup> and in the afternoon he walked out to Mount Misery and measured the rings in some hickory stumps.



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](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/114.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/114.htm)



November 13. P.M.—To Mt. Misery.

A white birch (*Belula alba*) west edge of Trillium Wood, two feet seven inches [IN] circumference at three feet. On the Moore and Hosmer lot, cut in '52 (I think), west of railroad, south of Heywood's meadow, an oak stump fifteen and a half inches [IN] diameter, ninety-three rings; another, white oak, fourteen and a half inches [IN] diameter, ninety-four rings. In the first case there were two stumps of same age, evidently sprouts from an older stock, they curving around it, but I observed only a slight hollow where apparently the old stump had been. In the second case there was but one stump, but that rather concave on one side where there was a deep hollow in the earth. In both of these cases the tenacious mould, covered slightly with a fine greenish lichen, appeared

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24. The survey shows William Monroe, Jr. was to the East, Nathan Barrett to the West, Emeline Barrett also to the West, and Jack Garrison was in back. Someone has written on the obverse: "Now, Lorenzo Eaton and M. Murray"

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heaved up about where the old stump had been. It was a good hundred years since that old stump was cut. The inmost rings of the recent stumps were coarse, as with sprouts.

Near these apparently a black (?) oak, or maybe a chestnut (?), twenty inches [IN] diameter and seventy-four rings, but the centre was within four inches of the westerly side.

A white oak standing by the fence west of Spanish Brook dam on Morse's lot, circumference six feet and two twelfths at three feet. Near by a hornbeam a foot and a half [IN] circumference at three feet.

J. Baker's pitch pines south of upper wood-path north of his house abundantly confirm the rule of young white pines under pitch pines. That fine young white pine wood west of this is partly of these which were left when the pitch pines were cut.

Baker's hill between-farm and Pleasant Meadow, oak (apparently a black), diameter twenty-six, seventy-one rings. The stumps here were cut some five or six years ago and have fifty to sixty rings. Commonly no sprouts from those of this age here.

On top of Mt. Misery, looked again at those old stumps (of the 8th). There are three or four quite plain, just showing themselves above the surface, with rounded, flaky, decaying and crumbling edge, close to the recent stump of the shoot or shoots which sprang from them and which were cut last winter. One of these recent stumps, counted to-night, gives sixty years, but the first two or three are uncertain. Hence this old stump is as old as the century.

There are several perfectly dry and exposed stumps on bare rocky shelves, or else lying on rocks on their sides, quite well preserved and showing the marks of the axe, which I have but little doubt are of the same age, preserved by being tipped out of the earth many years ago. [Vide account of pine stump, April 5, 1859.]

Am surprised at the very slow growth of some hickory (stumps) along the wall on the top of this hill,—so fine I did not count quite accurately.

One was 10 inches in diameter with	104 rings
" " 61* " " about 115 "	
" " 141 " " " 84 "	
" " 11 3/4 " " 121 "	

\* [Have this. Vide November 19th.]

I think that the oak stumps have lasted unusually long on this hill, on account of their having originally grown slowly here and since been so much exposed to the light and air over and amid the rocks.



November 14, Wednesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

I made a powder horn.

Russia annexed the Maritime (Primorsky) province from [China](#).

[Waldo Emerson](#) and [Professor Agassiz](#) attended the dedication of the Zoological Museum at Cambridge. In the evening Emerson viewed an exhibit of travel photographs hung on the walls of the Concord Lyceum.



November 14, 1860: River two feet four inches above summer level (and at height) on account of rain of 10th and 11th and 12th.

The red maple on south edge of Trillium Wood is six feet three inches in circumference at three feet.



Yellow butterflies still.

Almost all holes in and about stumps have nutshells or nuts in them.



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Because of selective quotation in a popular magazine from the AUTUMN volume of selections from [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal put out by [H.G.O. Blake](#),  the watercolorist [Charles Ephraim Burchfield](#) would be led in 1914  to presume that the sole entry in Thoreau's journal for this day had been a cryptic "Yellow Butterflies Still":

Spent afternoon reading Thoreau's Walden. From a chance quotation from his "Autumn" in a magazine which was, in brief, his sole entry for Nov. 14, 1860 - "Yellow Butterflies Still" - I expected a book more of a chronology of nature than a philosophical treatise, but the book is nonetheless interesting and vital. In it I find that he was pursued at times by the same doubts as I am myself and I have derived from him a new courage, for he speaks from having met & conquered the doubts.





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 November 15, Thursday: [Waldo Emerson](#) recorded in his journal that:

*The news of last Wednesday morning (7th) was sublime, the pronounciation of the masses of America against Slavery. And now on Tuesday 14th I attended the dedication of the Zoological Museum at Cambridge, an auspicious & happy event, most honorable to Agassiz & to the State. On Wednesday 7th, we had Charles Sumner here at Concord & my house. Yesterday eve I attended at the Lyceum in the Town Hall the Exhibition of Stereoscopic views magnified on the wall, which seems to me the last & most important application of this wonderful art: for here was London, Paris, Switzerland, Spain, &, at last, Egypt, brought visibly & accurately to Concord, for authentic examination by women & children, who had never left their state. Cornelius Agrippa was fairly outdone. And the lovely manner in which one picture was changed for another beat the faculty of dreaming. Edward thought that "the thanks of the town should be presented to Mr [James??] Munroe, for carrying us to Europe, & bringing us home, without expense." An odd incident of yesterday was that I received a letter or envelope mailed from Frazer, Pennsylvania enclosing no letter but a blank envelope containing a Ten dollar bank note.*

(This is more likely to have been in regard to Boston printer [James Munroe](#) than to Concord cabinetmaker [William Monroe](#) — but can we be sure?)

An opinion piece, possibly written by a Reverend Cochran, about the buffalo-hunting expeditions staged by white people on the Great Plains, per pages 2 and 3 of [The Nor'-Wester](#) magazine:

### **The Plain-Hunting Business**

The last of the "gens de la prairie" have arrived. For a week past, they have been coming in—the late bad weather having proved too severe a test of strength and speed for them all to arrive together. Generally speaking, the hunters have been very successful: in some cases only partially so. Profitable or not, however, the hunting business is over for the year. The three regular annual hunting expeditions to the western plains of Dacotah have already one their work. All is quiet once more. The occasion is, we think, a fitting one for the consideration of the bearings and influences of buffalo-hunting, viewed as the business, or regular, ordinary pursuit of a large proportion of the Red River people.

Some hundreds of young men and old take a jaunt out west, two or three times every year, to provide themselves with meat provisions. What they do not actually use, they dispose of for clothing, groceries, and other necessities. This seems right and proper enough. Everybody has a right to choose their particular method by which he is to make a living—so long, at least, as he does not engage in any business positively illegal or immoral. Still, there are certain respects in which this mode of obtaining a livelihood must be considered objectionable. We



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believe that it unsettles the minds of those engaged in it—"unsettles" them, in the sense that they become unfit for those steady and sure, though slow, pursuits which characterize the industrious and the successful in every country. It creates an undue relish for the novel and the exciting, and in the same proportion a dislike of honest, genuine labor. Is this merely theory? It is certainly correct in theory, for our love of ease is natural and strong; and when fostered, soon over-rides all the promptings of a wise forethought, self-interest, or ambition. But we are not borne out by reason alone: our statement will bear the test of facts and every-day experience. It might be said that the hunting is not so much a cause of un-settled, indolent habits, as a result or consequence of them—that is, that the plain-hunters do not become careless or slothful by following this occupation, but follow it because they are so. This distinction may be rather nice and metaphysical; yet we must admit that it has some foundation. As a general thing, the hunters are French or English Halfbreeds—principally the former—and they naturally enough possess traits of character peculiar both to the red man and the white. Their tastes and habits are, in fact, a sort of compromise. They follow to some extent, the quiet, plodding occupations of the European; but also the primitive, easy-going, pleasure-giving pursuits of the Indian. This quite natural and reasonable; and therefore we admit that our plain-hunters may be, to a great extent, biased by physical causes independent of, and anterior to, all acquired habits. Still, we hold that the practice of buffalo-hunting is a cause as well as an effect—it is active as well as passive—it creates or strengthens, as well as indicates, restless habits.

It also encourages extravagance. The quantity of meat provisions consumed by the hunters is something enormous. Although numbering but six or seven hundred souls—counting men, women and children—they use, or rather misuse, as much as would suffice for six or seven thousand in Great Britain, France, or Germany. It is no adequate answer to say that, having little else, they are obliged to use more than they otherwise would. We can say, from personal knowledge, that there is as much wasted about a regular hunter's establishment in one year, as would supply a small [illegible] of Europeans for the same period. And hence the reproachful jest frequently cast up to them that one day they are feasting, and the next, starving. This is true of a great many. The abundance in which they revel all summer creates habits of extravagance and waste quite incurable. This system continues in winter, when stores cannot be replenished, and the consequence is that matter of course feasting suddenly gives place to awful fasting. And thus leads to another very prevalent end—that of taking debt. Plain-hunters are everlastingly in debt. So systemic, indeed, has this become among them, that the man who is free from debt is accounted a rare curiosity.

Again. The education and general upbringing of the young are much neglected. Boys and girls instead of being kept at school and otherwise trained in what may be useful and beneficial, are made to wander about all summer, like savages. And as to church going and Sabbath-keeping, they are out of the question. So strongly have the Catholic clergy felt this, that they usually send out a priest with the party.

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This hunting life denotes a rude or primitive state of society. History teaches that a people who live by hunting are only in the first stage of civilisation. The various periods of a nation's growth may be denominated: the hunting, the pastoral, the agricultural, and the manufacturing. We do not believe that this regular series will be developed in this country, for such gradation are traceable only in the case of a people emerging from barbarism by their own exertions; but we do think that the first link in the chain holds good here. Our professional hunters are passionately fond of their occupation. They look forward to the summer's duties with the greatest longing: the pleasures of the chase form the all-absorbing topic at the fireside and by the way. And why so? Because the business just suits the tastes of nature's children. It is pleasant—allows plenty of time for trifling—requires no skill, and no patient or painstaking exertions. This is the reason why it is with them the occupation of occupations; but this very reason stamps it as outlandish, temporary make-shift, quite unworthy of people pretending to a respectable degree of civilisation. We can understand the eagerness and the relish with which the gentleman-traveller betakes himself to buffalo-hunting. It is something new, and something professedly for pleasure. His case is very different, however, from that of those who live by and for it—who attend to it as formally and regularly as the farmer does to his fields, or the merchant to his goods. No. Our hunters ought, as soon as practicable, to relinquish their present method of gaining a livelihood. It is a very precarious one at best, and cannot be expected to last for ever. Either the Minnesota authorities will put a stop to these gratuitous excursions into their territories, or the ruinous annual slaughter will exterminate the buffalo; and then where will our hunting folks be? They will have unfitted themselves and their children for the quiet, plodding pursuits of honest industry, and will prove a burden and a nuisance to the rest of the settlers.

### **The Fall Buffalo Hunt**

On Sunday, the ninth day of September, 1860, the quiet little River Pembina had its solitude invaded by its half yearly visitor; the buffalo hunters of the Red River. On that day, a camp of about sixty lodges and six times as many carts was already formed in the valley of the River, at a distance of about 30 miles S.W. of St. Joseph, the little village on Pembina Mountain; and only a few tardy ones were wanting to complete the brigade. The lodges were pitched without regularity, and wherever the whim of the owner led him: each one was like its neighbor, varying but in size, age, and discoloration; from the new, white twelve-skin habitation of the wealthy man; to the shabby, smoky little affair of the one-horse hunter. The carts were ranged round each tent—their number betokening the importance of the owner; for with the buffalo hunters as with the rest of the world, the power of the almighty dollar or its current equivalent in horses and carts is most keenly appreciated. The men generally sat in groups, or paid long visits in one another's tents, smoking their half and half of weed and tobacco and enjoying a dignified ease; or else shot

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ducks for their families, for before the buffalo are found it is sometimes difficult to keep the family pot a-boiling. They were of course hard at work fixing their things for the two months journey, and children amused themselves as children always do; with, I think if possible more noise than usual. On the day I speak of, laws had been made to take effect the following morning: a Chief, eight councilors and eight Captains had been elected, guides chosen, and an army of forty soldats raised.—these last I fancy on rather uncertain terms of remuneration. About one third of the hunters came from White Horse Plain, the remainder belonged entirely to the Red River. The people of St. Joseph intended to set out from their village by themselves, while the rest of the White Horse Plain people would form a third party.

Everything being ready, on Monday morning the 10th, the brigades started, A large hill called Nepah-we win, about three miles from the [illegible: right track?] may be considered as the point of departure.

This hill, I am told, is almost sacred among the Indians; it being the place where they used to dance long ago; and they came from immense distances to join in [those periodical hops?], which were, no doubt very grand affairs in their own way, and considered quite as pleasant to all parties concerned as the ball at Montreal the other day. From this hill, our course lay about W. S. W. to the Bout des Bois on the Rivière aux Souris; passed by a hill called the Batte des Braireaux, which has a singular [rock of natural obelisk?] on the top, and Lac des [Robes?] and the thence about [ten?] miles to the south of the Turtle hills; passing which no other great land mark is seen, with the exception of the Rivière aux [Sauls?]-a little muddy stream that falls into the Souris; until we arrived at the Boat des Bois where the belt of wood which is on both sides of the river stands. This part of the journey was made in five days, counting the first night at the Butte des Brairreaux, and the three following at certain nameless swamps well known to the buffalo hunters. The rate of travelling was I should say about 20 or 25 miles a day, and on the fourth day the first buffalo were killed; they were bulls, but meat was [earned?] and that is a thing the prairie people will not do without if is to be got for the killing.

The usual hour for marching was between seven and eight; about half an hour before which the cry of "[attende?]" resounded through the camp, and a white flag emblazoned "[Pavilion?] Guide" raised on the guide's cart. At the magic sound a hundred little boys start off to drive the cattle, women bustle and pack the carts, and strike the tents; the children, now quiet as mice make themselves generally useful, the carts are hitched up; the men lit their pipes and all is in readiness to start. At length the guide's cart, his wife acting as standard bearer drives out from among the others and leads off, the rest following in three or more long lines. And so we travel on till about midday when we halt near water for dinner; to yoke again in an hour's time and go on as before until sunset; then the carts are drawn up in a ring, cattle un-yoked, tents pitched, fires lighted, and the pot on.

Supper over, and night coming on, the voice of one of the

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Captains is heard to ring out, "Ho! Ho! Soldats!" Out spring the chosen forty not as one would suppose from their title, to give battle, but to perform the more practical and necessary duty of closing the ring and driving in the cattle, to preserve them from those admirers of horse flesh the Sioux. This duty performed, from some lodge hard by, the prefatory squeak of a fiddle is heard followed by some lively reel or jig as quick as man can scrape cat gut; soon others strike up, accompanied sometimes by a little dancing, performed by a single individual, on a buffalo skin inside a tent. If the night is warm, perhaps a dance is got up outside in which a blushing damsel or two will join, and in such case the evening's amusement is complete, and all hands vote it "a very delightful ball." Then there are singing parties; where they sing terribly long songs well known by the audience who however always applaud vociferously; and card parties: where the stakes are anything you please—bullets and ball [was?] preferred; and gossiping parties among the elderly females, but alas! without the social cup of tea—it is too precious to give away; and pades [sic: parades?] of all sorts, even to one of young men, who go about the camp at midnight, singing Indian war songs in a minor key. But in time all the noise ceases—all is still—every one is asleep, or trying to fancy they are, when a low, doleful moan is set up by one of the dogs, gradually rising into a weird screech, in which dog after dog joins, until they make up the most sleep-preventing melancholy-inspiring noise that man was ever blessed with in the middle of the night. It is annoying to be awakened by a great dog with a bass voice baying with might and main not a yard from one's ear, It made me long for a good blackthorn.

We crossed to the left bank of the Souris on Saturday the 15th Sept., and ran a band of buffalo five miles from the river. They halted that day, and the following; for except when absolutely necessary, the people of the plains never travel or hunt on Sunday. About 8 A.M. all the people meet in the middle of the ring, and the prayers of the Roman Catholic Church are read. It is, I believe, customary for a clergyman of their Church to accompany the hunters, but this Autumn there was none.

From the Bout des Bois the brigade proceeded almost south, bearing a little to the east, and passing certain hills named the Roche Blanche, Loge de Boeuf, and others, and on Saturday 22nd camped at the Butte Noire, a hill about 40 miles north of Fort Mandan on the Missouri, having had some very successful races on the way. On Monday they ran again; and on Tuesday the hunters crossed the river where the buffalo covered the hills for a distance of about three miles, and great was the slaughter. Every one has seen or read of a buffalo run so it is needless in me to describe it here.

After the run is over, the hunter rides to where his buffalo fell, and marks each one; after which he doffs his coat and moccasins, tucks up his shirt sleeves, and proceeds to cut up. And capital butchers these men of the plains are, not very dainty dissections, nor quite the style of an English market, but just in the quickest and simplest way for themselves, and they do it well. Then up jingle the carts sent from camp; the meat is thrown in, and off they go to cut up another, and perhaps a third, or more if the hunter has been fortunate; after which they all jolt



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back to camp, to gladden the hearts of the women with their store.

The brigade remained almost stationary from Tuesday 25th till Monday 1st October, running whenever they had a chance. On Monday we moved, the hunters going on in front, as I expected, to meet buffalo, but we were disappointed; though to make up for it, we met the hunters of a small brigade of 100 carts from the Prairie Portage under Mr. Henry Hallett. We camped about 15 miles farther up the river; and in this place we remained 11 days.

After encamping, according to the usual way of spreading information in the camp, one of the Councillors shouted out with a prefatory "Ho! Ho! nos gens!" that the hunters would proceed the following morning with carts to the Grand Coteau de Missouri, about 15 miles off; that they would run there, and return; and that in the mean time pemican was to be made. They accordingly went, and returned in two or three days having had good success.

Our camp was now about 25 miles north of the Missouri, and 10 north west of Fort Mandan. Close to us, in the woods of the river, were twelve ruined log houses, which were built eight years ago, by some people who wintered there for two years; but I believe the Sioux found them out, and they thought best not to return. The Souris is a beautiful little river, its waters are clear as crystal, and flowing over a sandy bottom, bear a striking contrast [to the turpidity?] with our [fine?] old Assiniboine and its mud banks. The Souris takes its rise in the range of hills I have already mentioned—the Coteau de Missouri, a ridge stretching for a great distance on the left bank of the Grand River—and [runs?] with a singularly roundabout course into the Assiniboine. Both the Missouri and Souris are very much below the level of the prairie the ground suddenly falling in a precipitous descent of two or three hundred feet, with a perfect flat, varying from one mile to [two?] in width, to the [ascent?] on the other side. Through this flat, and bordered with a strip of wood, is the river, but it is evident that its bed at some time covered the whole valley between the heights. I found great pieces of iron in the Souris River, brought down, I fancy, by the water from the Coteau.

As I said before, we remained in our camp from the 1st to the 12th October. All this time the women were engaged in drying the meat and skins. The process of meat drying is very simple: a frame of light poles of about fifteen yards in length and five feet in height, is run out in front of each tent, on which the meat, cut very thin, is hung in large strips; and thus exposed to the heat of the sun, it takes from two to four days to dry. Sometimes, when the sun's rays are not very strong, the process is expedited by fires placed underneath the scaffolding. When the meat is nearly all dried the pemmican making begins: a hole of four feet by two and a half is dug and a large fire made therein. A row of green sticks is then placed a little above the ground and the meat put on to roast. When roasted, about 70 or 60 lbs. is thrown on a buffalo skin, and men and boys set to work to pound the meat, which is performed with heavy flails that soon reduce it to a brown shapeless mass. In the meantime, the grease has been boiling away like mad in a cauldron on

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another fire, and the women have made the bag of skin. The grease is ladled out on to the buffalo skin, and meat and grease being thoroughly incorporated is all shovelled into the bag, pressed down, sewn up, and the "Taureau" is made.

Many were the Councils held in the camp—at least two or three daily—and grave affairs they were. They always met in the centre of the ring, and sat down in a circle with their legs crossed. Some hon. member would then make a proposition, and look round for a seconder, but he would have to wait. Every man sat with arms folded, with bended head, knit brows, and downcast eyes, ruminating for the [bare life?]. At last, some quick-thinker would look up and say that he did not see anything so very wrong in the proposal; but that of course others there knew better than he, &c. &c. In about an hour a conclusion would be arrived at, when they would all separate. They met generally to receive the reports of the young men who had been out "on discovery;" and the [Areopagus?] then determined from their accounts whether there should be a "run" or not. We ran several times whilst in this camp, but after Tuesday, the 25th September, no more was seen of the great bands of buffalo.

On Thursday, the 11th October a general assembly was held to determine whether another band should be sent to the Coteau, which proposition was negatived by an overwhelming majority, who thought better to trust to luck and get the fresh meat out away home. It was accordingly arranged that the Red River folks should start homeward on the following morning, leaving the White Horse Plain people to return by another route. On that night the numbers of the camp were as follows: 107 men capable of carrying arms, 308 women and children, 322 horses, 245 oxen, 440 carts and 72 tents. The number of buffalo brought to camp up to that date was 1 152.

On the morning of the 12th, we turned homeward by the same road that we came. This part of the journey was made quickly, although the cattle were getting very poor. From the Butte Noire to the Bout des Bois, the prairie is very level and uninteresting, with the exception of the country around a hill name Loge de Boeuf (so called from a number of buffalo skins on its summit). At the foot of this hill which is very steep and rises abruptly from the plain, is a beautiful little lake, full of swans, geese and ducks; and from its top a splendid view may be had of the river winding through its ancient bed, with bold bluffs on the other side, stretching far back on the plain. From this my be seen the hill called L'Hivernement, from which, it is said, a man went to the Missouri and back in one day, very long ago. One can also see the Maison du Chien, and Win-se-a-kaw-esin, or the place where the Sioux made a great slaughter of their enemies once upon a time. Good drinking water is not too plentiful on this part of the road—the ponds being generally impregnated with diverse salts.

We crossed the river above the Bout des Bois on the 17th, and continued our march. As we approached the end of the hunting, the laws against independent running and firing in the neighborhood of buffalo, were disregarded and it was every man for himself—kill who can: but after the 18th, no more buffalo were killed. On the 20th we crossed a fire which we had seen for two nights previously, and for that and the two following days



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the animals had only what little herbage was left in the few swamps that we met. We camped on the 21st at a swamp about five miles S.W. of Butte des Braireaux, and starting at two o'clock the following morning, arrived at Pembina River in the afternoon.

Next morning before sunrise, I bade farewell to the buffalo-hunters, and got into the Settlement the evening of the following day, the 24th October.

It would be reported in an Oregon newspaper that on this day a human, assisted by dogs and augmented by firearms, had encountered a wild nonhuman and had then weighed the corpse of the wild nonhuman — while passing around the news that he, the winner, the fortunate survivor, had been perilously placed by this wild nonhuman in a situation of mortal danger:

A FIERCE BATTLE WITH A GRIZZLY.— A German, named William Brahmar, living on Rogue river, two miles below Bethel's Ferry, had a terrible adventure with a grizzly bear on the morning of Thursday of last week. He was out hunting, accompanied by his two dogs. When about two miles from his cabin, in the woods, his dogs started upon the track of some animal, which they traced to a clump of brush. Here they halted, and soon commenced barking violently. Just as he came in front of an old oak stump, a grizzly came charging towards him. When within a few feet, he pulled, but the cap snapped. The bear, rising upon his hind feet, caught the German's right arm between his teeth, and with his fore paws threw his victim to the ground. A futile effort was made by the wounded man to reach his knife, he called to his dogs, who set upon the bear, and whilst they were fighting, escaped a few hundred yards, and fainting, fell, he finally rallied, and crept to his cabin. He had received over fifty wounds, but none of them mortal. Tbs bear weighed over 600 lbs.

(Having weighed the corpse of this wild nonhuman, the human who killed it then as a matter of course proceeded to cook and eat its muscles, until they were all gone.)



November 16, Friday: The Waterbury, [Connecticut American](#) carried an advertisement:

INSTITUTE LECTURES. — The Executive Committee have their engagements nearly completed for the ninth annual course of Lectures before the Young Men's Institute, the ensuing season. Judging from the list of names so far engaged — embracing some of the old favorites, together with a judicious selection from among the popular lecturers whom we have not yet had the pleasure of hearing — we think the course will prove to be fully equal to the best yet given. It is expected that the opening lecture will be given by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., of New York, the first week in December. He will be followed by Henry D. Thoreau, esq., of Concord, Mass., the well-known author; Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, of Elmira, N.Y., (a brother of Henry Ward); B.P. Shillaber, esq., of the Boston Post, (Mrs. Parrington); Geo. W. Curtis, esq.; Rev. Dr. Chapin; Rev. T.L. Cuyler, and one or two others to be announced hereafter.



November 16. This and yesterday Indian-summer days.

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P.M.– To Inches Woods.

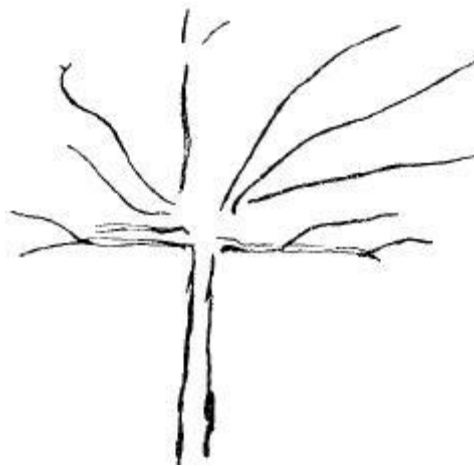
Walked over these woods again, – first from Harvard turnpike at where Guggins Brook leaves it, which is the east edge of the old wood, due north along near the edge of the wood, and at last more northwest along edge to the cross-road, a strong mile.

I observe that the black, red, and scarlet oaks are generally much more straight and perpendicular than the white, and not branched below. The white oak is much oftener branched below and is more irregular, – curved or knobby.

The first large erect black oak measured on the 9th was by the path at foot of hill southeast of pigeon-place. Another, more north, is (all at three feet when not otherwise stated) ten and a half [FEET] in circumference.

There is not only a difference between most of the white oaks within Blood's wood and the pasture oaks without, – the former having a very finely divided and comparatively soft tawnyish bark, and the latter a very coarse rugged and dark-colored bark, – but there is here a similar difference within this wood; i.e., some of the white oaks have a hard, rugged bark, in very regular oblong squares or checkers (an agreeably regular *roughness* like a coat of mail), while others have a comparatively finely divided and soft bark.

I see one white oak shaped like this:–



It happens oftenest here, I think, that the very largest white oaks have the most horizontal branches and branch nearest the ground, which would at first suggest that *these* trees were a different variety from the more upright and rather smaller ones, but it may be that these are older, and for that reason had more light and room and so temptation to spread when young.

Northwesterly from pigeon-place (near base of hill),–

A white oak 6 3/4 in circumference  
 " " " 8 4/12  
 " " " 6 11/12

The last one grows close against a rock (some three feet high), and it has grown over the top and sides of this rock to the breadth of twelve and eighteen inches in a thin, close-fitting, saddle-like manner, very remarkable and showing great vigor in the tree.

Here, too, coming to water, I see the swamp white oak rising out of it, elm-like in its bark and trunk. Red maples also appear here with them. It is interesting to see thus how surely the character of the ground determines the growth. It is evident that in a wood that has been let alone for the longest period the greatest regularity and harmony in the disposition of the trees will be observed, while in our ordinary woods man has often interfered and favored the growth of other kinds than are best fitted to grow there naturally. To some, which he does not want, he allows no place at all.

Hickories occasionally occur, – sometimes scaly-barked, if not shagbarks, – also black birch and a few little sugar maples.

Still going north, a white pine nine feet [IN] circumference.

The wood at the extreme north end (along the road) is considerably smaller. After proceeding west along the road, we next went west by south through a maple and yellow birch swamp, in which a black oak eight feet and four twelfths [IN] circumference, a red maple six feet and a half, a black birch seven feet, a black birch eight feet. And in the extreme northwesterly part of the wood, close to the road, are many large chestnuts, – one eleven and three quarters feet [IN] circumference with many great knobs or excrescences, another twelve and seven twelfths.

We next walked across the open land by the road to the high hill northeast of Boxboro Centre. In this neighborhood are many very large chestnuts, of course related to the chestnut wood just named. 1st, along this

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road just over the north wall, beyond a new house, one 13  $\frac{11}{12}$  feet in circumference; 2d, 16, a few rods more west by the wall; then, perhaps fifty or sixty rods more west and maybe eight or ten rods north from the road, along a wall, the 3d, 15  $\frac{2}{12}$ ; and then, near the road, southwest from this, the 4th, 15  $\frac{4}{12}$ ; and some rods further north, toward hill and house of O. and J. Wetherbee, the 5th, 13  $\frac{7}{12}$ ; then northeast, in lower ground (?), the 6th, 16 feet, at ground 21  $\frac{2}{3}$ ; then, near base of hill, beyond house, the 7th, 16  $\frac{2}{12}$  at two feet from ground; next, some rods west of the hill, the 8th, 17  $\frac{8}{12}$  at three feet, at ground 23  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and then, a considerable distance north and further down the hill, the 9th, 13  $\frac{4}{12}$ . (There [WERE] also four other good-sized chestnuts on this hillside, with the last three.) Or these nine trees averaged about 15  $\frac{1}{4}$  feet in circumference. The 3d tree had a limb four or five feet from the ground, which extended horizontally for a rod toward the south, declining a little toward the earth, and this was nine feet in circumference about eighteen inches from the tree. The 7th had a large limb broken off at one foot above the ground on the side, whose stump prevented measuring at the ordinary height. As I remember, the 8th was the finest tree.

These nine (or thirteen) trees are evidently the relics of one chestnut wood of which a part remains and makes the northwest part of Inches Wood, and the trees are all within about a quarter of a mile southeast and northwest, the first two being by themselves at the southeast.

The chestnut is remarkable for branching low, occasionally so low that you cannot pass under the lower limb. In several instances a large limb had fallen out on one side. Commonly, you see great rugged strips of bark,



like straps or iron clamps made to bind the tree together, three or four inches wide and as many feet long, running more or less diagonally across the trunk and suggesting a very twisted grain, while the grain of the recent bark beneath them may be perpendicular. Perhaps this may be owing to old portions of the bark which still adhere, being wrenched aside by the unequal growth of the wood. I think that all these old trunks show this. Frank Brown tells me of a chestnut in his neighborhood nineteen feet and eight (?) inches in circumference at three feet.

White oaks within a wood commonly, at Wetherbee's and Blood's woods, have lost the outside rough and rugged bark near the base, like a jacket or vest cast off, revealing that peculiar smooth tawny-white inner garment or shirt. Probably the moisture and shade of a wood softens the bark and causes it to scale off. Apparently outside trees do not lose this outer bark, but it becomes far more rugged and dark exposed to the light and air, forming a strong coat of mail such as they need.

Most of the white oaks in Inches Wood are of a slight ashy tinge and have a rather loose, scaly bark, but the larger, losing this below, become tawny-white.

Having returned into Inches Wood, not far west of the meadow (which is west of the brook), at the angle made by the open land, a black oak stump recently cut, about one foot high and twenty-one inches in diameter, had only one hundred and six rings. A white oak only nine inches in diameter near by had eighty rings. I suspect that the smaller white oaks are much older comparatively (with the large) than their size would indicate, as well as sounder and harder wood. A white oak at three feet, six and one half in circumference. A black oak had been recently cut into at the west base of Pigeon Hill, and I counted about eighty-five rings in the outside three inches. The tree (wood only) was some twenty-three inches in diameter.

Looking at this wood from the Boxboro hill, the white pines appeared to be confined chiefly to the higher land, forming a ridge from north to south. Young white pines have very generally come in (a good many being twenty feet high or more), though in some places much more abundantly than in others, all over this oak wood, though not high enough to be seen at a distance or from hills (except the first-named larger trees); but though there are very many large pitch pines in this wood, especially on the hills or moraines, young pitch pines are scarcely to be seen. I saw some only in a dell on the south side the turnpike. If these oaks were cut off with care, there would very soon be a dense white pine wood there. The white pines are not now densely planted, except in some more open places, but come up stragglingly every two or three rods. The natural succession is rapidly going on here, and as fast as an oak falls, its place is supplied by a pine or two. I have no doubt that, *if entirely let alone*, this which is now an oak wood would have become a white pine wood.

Measured on the map, this old woodland is fully a mile and a half long from north to south—one mile being north

[OF] the turnpike—and will °average half a mile from east to west. Its extreme width, measuring due east and west, is from Guggins Brook on the turnpike to the first church. (It runs considerably further southeast, however, on to the high hill.) There is a considerable tract on the small road south [OF] the turnpike covered with second growth. There is, therefore, some four hundred acres of this old wood.

There is a very little beech and hemlock and yellow birch in this wood. Many large black birches at the northwest end. Chestnuts at the northwest and southeast ends.

The bark of the oaks is very frequently gnawed near the base by a squirrel or other animal.

Guggins Brook unites with Heather Meadow Brook, and then with Fort Pond Brook just this side of West Acton, and thus the water of this old oak wood comes into the Assabet and flows by our North Bridge. The seeds of whatever trees water will transport, provided they grow there, may thus be planted along our river.

I crossed the brook in the midst of the wood where there was no path, but four or five large stones had evidently been placed by man at convenient intervals for stepping-stones, and possibly this was an old Indian trail.


You occasionally see a massive old oak prostrate and decaying, rapidly sinking into the earth, and its place is evidently supplied by a pine rather than an oak.

There is now remarkably little life to be seen there. In my two walks I saw only one squirrel and a chickadee. Not a hawk or a jay. Yet at the base of very many oaks were acorn-shells left by the squirrels. In a perfectly round hole made by a woodpecker in a small dead oak five feet from the ground, were three good white oak acorns placed.

In the midst of the wood, west of the brook, is a natural meadow, *-i.e.* in a natural state,—a narrow strip without trees, yet not very wet. Evidently swamp white oaks and maples might grow there. The greater part of this wood is strewn with large rocks, more or less flat or table-like, very handsomely clothed with moss and polypody. The surface of the ground is finely diversified, there being hills, dells, moraines, meadows, swamps, and a fine brook in the midst of all. Some parts are very thickly strewn with rocks (as at the northwest), others quite free from them. Nowhere any monotony.

It is very pleasant, as you walk in the shade below, to see the cheerful sunlight reflected from the maze of oak boughs above. They would be a fine sight after one of those sticking snows in the winter.

On the north end, also, the first evidence we had that we were coming out of the wood—approaching its border—was the crowing of a cock.

 November 17, Saturday: Isaac Wellington, the head of the Elmira, New York “Free Academy,” wrote to [Henry Thoreau](#) asking about getting a copy of [“SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES”](#).

*Elmira, N.Y. Nov. 17, 1860.*

*Mr. Thoreau*

*Dear Sir*

*The subject of the Succession of Forest Trees is greatly interesting me. If I am rightly informed you not long since read a Paper on this subject before the Middlesex Agr. Soc. Would you be so kind as to inform me if your Address has been published & if so, where I may obtain?*

*Before trespassing further on your kindness, permit me briefly to state what we are doing. Being a native of Waltham, Mass, this present year, Elmira Free Academy is given to my charge. In carrying out a novel plan of Composition & Thinking Class Exercises, my seventy five pupils—aged from twelve to twenty—and myself are come to the above*

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*subject. Judging from past experience, I shall so enthusuize them that their letters to me, after laying the matter before them, will abound in questions & facts. I anticipate one question of the following sort.*



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*“Does not Nature sow her forests —waiving the agencies for sowing for the moment— by putting in her seed at some period long anterior to the growing? Such a question will involve research as regards the long lived vitality of seeds. I know of but little written upon this latter subject, & this letter is not based upon any presented facts touchng the vitality of seeds. Your greater research & experience might direct me to books & facts ~~where~~ throwing light upon this subject. Could you take this trouble you would largely aid one toiling to lead the young from ~~some~~ many of the frivolous, to some of the useful, ways of living & confer a great favor [in]*  
*Isaac M. Wellington*  
*To Mr H.D. Thoreau. Prin. Elmira Free Academy*



November 17.: P.M.— To Blood’s woods.

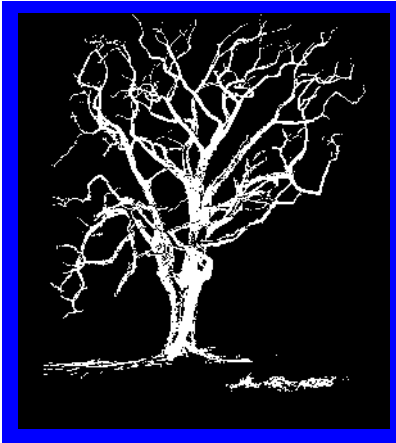
[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

Sawed off a branch of creeping juniper two inches [IN] diameter with fifteen rings. On one square of nine rods in Blood’s wood, which seemed more dense than the average, are thirteen sizable trees. This would give about two hundred and thirty to an acre, but probably there are not more than one hundred and eighty to an acre, take the wood through. This is but little more than one to a square rod. Yet this is a quite dense wood. That very solid white oak stump recently sawed in this wood was evidently a seedling, the growth was so extremely slow at first. If I found the case to be the same with the other oaks here, I should feel sure that these were all seedlings and therefore had been preceded by pines or at least some dense evergreens, or possibly birches. When I find a dense oak wood, whether sprouts or seedlings, I affirm that evergreens once stood [THERE] and, if man does not prevent, will grow again. This I must believe until I find a dense oak wood planted under itself or in open land.

**MINOT PRATT**

Minot Pratt’s elm is sixteen and a quarter feet [IN] circumference at three feet.



These tawny-white oaks are thus by their color and character the lions among trees, or rather, not to compare them with a foreign animal, they are the cougars or panthers—the American lions—among the trees, for nearly such is that of the cougar which walks beneath and amid or springs upon them. There is plainly this harmony between the color of our chief wild beast of the cat kind and our chief tree.

**CAT**

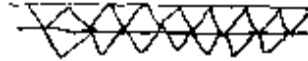
How they do things in West Acton. As we were walking through West Acton the other afternoon, a few rods only west of the centre, on the main road, the Harvard turnpike, we saw a rock larger than a man could lift, lying in the road, exactly in the wheel-track, and were puzzled to tell how it came there, but supposed it had slipped off a drag, — yet we noticed that it was peculiarly black. Returning the same way in the twilight, when we had got within four or five rods of this very spot, looking up, we saw a man in the field, three or four rods on one side of that spot, running off as fast as he could. By the time he had got out of sight over the hill it occurred to us that he was blasting rocks and had just touched one off; so, at the eleventh hour, we turned about and ran the



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other way, and when we had gone a few rods, off went two blasts, but fortunately none of the rocks struck us. Some time after we had passed we saw the men returning. They looked out for themselves, but for nobody else. This is the way they do things in West Acton. We now understood that the big stone was blackened by powder. Silas Hosmer tells me how [ ] and [ ] sold the Heywood lot between the railroad and Fair Haven. They lotted it off in this wise:



i. e. in triangles, and, carrying plenty of liquor, they first treated all round, and then proceeded to sell at auction, but the purchasers, excited with liquor, were not aware when the stakes were pointed out that the lots were not as broad in the rear as in front, and the wood standing cost them as much as it should have done delivered at the door.

I frequently see the heads of teasel, called fuller's thistle, floating on our river, having come from factories above, and thus the factories which use it may distribute its seeds by means of the streams which turn their machinery, from one to another. The one who first cultivated the teasel extensively in this town is said to have obtained the seed when it was not to be purchased—the culture being monopolized—by sweeping a wagon which he had loaned to a teasel-raiser.

The growth of very old trees, as appears by calculating the bulk of wood formed, is feebler at last than when in middle age, or say in pitch pine at one hundred and sixty than at forty or fifty, especially when you consider the increased number of leaves, and this, together with the fact that old stumps send up no shoots, shows that trees are not indefinitely long-lived.

I have a section of a chestnut sprout—and not at all a rank one—which has 6 rings in the first inch, or 4 rings in five eighths of an inch, but a section of a chestnut seedling has 10 rings in five eighths of an inch.

A section of a white oak sprout, far from rank, has 4 rings in first five eighths of an inch; of a seedling ditto, 16 or 17 in first five eighths of an inch; of a seedling ditto, 8—in first five eighths of an inch; of a very slow-grown sprout, 6—in first five eighths of an inch. Or in the white oaks the proportion is as five to twelve.

The first seedling oak has the rough and tawny light-brown bark of an old tree, while the first sprout is quite smooth-barked.

A seedling white birch has 10 rings in first seven eighths of an inch.

A sprout white birch has 5 rings in first seven eighths of an inch. The first has the white bark of an old tree; the second, a smooth and reddish bark.

When a stump is sound to the pith I can commonly tell whether it was a seedling or a sprout by the rapidity of the growth at first. A seedling, it is true, may have died down many times till it is fifteen or twenty years old, and so at last send up a more vigorous shoot than at first, but generally the difference is very marked.



November 18, Sunday: [Ignacy Jan Paderewski](#) was born to Polish parents in Kuryłówka, part of the Russian Empire.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Helped Morrison raise his house, 15 x 22.

County Surveyor Whitley from Solomon was in town today.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 18th]**





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November 19, Monday: Governor Joseph E. Brown had spoken before the Georgia General Assembly in Milledgeville about the possibility of seceding from the American nation. This possibility was of course more favored by the lowland planters who owned black slaves and were able to force these people to do their work for them, than it was by the upland marginal white farmers who were not wealthy enough to be able to afford to own any black slaves they could force to do their work for them. It had therefore been plotted, that both sides of the issue would be examined in greater detail, in a series of speeches before the General Assembly, during the evenings, at the conclusion of the regular daytime business of government. After several “conservative” or “wait-and-see” speeches, the final speech was delivered on this evening by Henry Lewis Benning, one of the chairmen of the Georgia Secession Convention, who issued a strongly worded appeal for secession (Benning would go on to attend the Virginia Secession Convention as Georgia’s commissioner, where he would repeat his rousing call for secession). Here are excerpts:

Fellow Citizens: The points for our consideration are, what is the disease – the precise disease under which the South is laboring, and what is the remedy? I propose to endeavor to maintain several propositions showing, I think, what that disease is, and also what the remedy is for that disease.... My first proposition is that the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States means the abolition of slavery, as soon as the party which elected him shall acquire the power to do the deed.... My second proposition is that the North will soon acquire that power, unless something is done to prevent it. I dare say everyone present will agree that this is almost a self-evident proposition. The North has now eighteen States, and the South fifteen. The whole of the public territory of the United States may at this time be said to be Northern territory.... The Constitution, with that party, is already a dead letter – a thing void, under the operation of the “higher law.” The only question, therefore, will be one of physical power. And that power they are rapidly acquiring, and will soon acquire, unless something is done to prevent it. And this is my second proposition. My third is that abolition would be to the South one of the direst evils of which the mind can conceive....The cotton States will, at that time, have a large population of slaves, perhaps a larger population of slaves than of whites; but the population of the whites will be respectable. The decree will excite an intense hatred between the whites on one side, and the slaves and the North on the other. Very soon a war between the whites and the blacks will spontaneously break out everywhere. It will be in every town, in every village, in every neighborhood, in every road. It will be a war of man with man – a war of extermination. Quickly the North will intervene, and of course take sides with the party friendly towards them – the blacks. The coalition will exterminate the white race, or expel them from the land, to wander as vagabonds over the face of the earth.... Am I not right then in saying that abolition is one of the direst evils that the mind can imagine? Thus then we have data from which we may announce this position: that abolition, dire evil as it is, is inevitable, unless something is done either to mollify this hostility to slavery on the part of the North, or to prevent the North from acquiring the power to abolish slavery.... What now are the remedies suggested or supposable to prevent the North from abolishing slavery?... It follows that there is not within the Union any remedy by which we can escape abolition, and therefore if we wish for a remedy, a remedy we must seek outside the Union.... I say that a



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separation from the North would be a complete remedy for the disease – a complete remedy for both diseases, a remedy not merely to prevent abolition, but also to heal the fugitive slave ulcer.... If you were to separate from the North, the power to abolish slavery by the North would be taken away. That is clear. The will to do so would also cease.... I say, then, that whenever the South is separated from the North, and in its stead other questions will spring up which will occupy all their time and attention... If we separate from the North, we could put an end to the alarming process by which the slave population is draining off into the cotton States. The mere act of separation would have that tendency. Fear – the fear that slaves will escape to the North by the under-ground railroad, and otherwise, is the chief cause of the drain. After a separation, stock in the under-ground railroad would cease to pay, and the road would suspend business.... The separation from the North would then be a remedy for all diseases.... I say that if one or two of the cotton States go out, all the cotton States will go out, and that if all the cotton States go out, all the border States will soon follow.... the North cut off from Southern cotton, rice, tobacco, and other Southern products would lose three-fourths of her commerce, and a very large proportion of her manufactures. And thus those great fountains of finance would sink very low. I say then that we would have ample power to maintain our independence in spite of the North.... But indeed there will be no war. The effect at the North of our separation would be a commercial crisis, a bankruptcy greater than has ever prevailed there before.... I go further, gentlemen, and deny that the election of Mr. Lincoln was not an overt, or to speak in their own language an unconstitutional act. I question that – I venture to question it come from what source it may. The Constitution says in the preamble, that it was made to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice and to insure domestic tranquility. The intent of the Black Republican Party in electing Mr. Lincoln was to make a less perfect union, to establish injustice, and to organize domestic strife. The intent with which he was elected, was, therefore, directly in the teeth of the intent of the Constitution.... Why, then, will you not disregard the objections and adopt that remedy? Is there any other course left to you? If so, what is it? But surely there is none. Why hesitate? the question is between life and death. Well, if these things be so, let us do our duty; and what is our duty? I say, men of Georgia, let us lift up our voices and shout, "Ho! for independence!" Let us follow the examples of our ancestors, and prove ourselves worthy sons of worthy sires!

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Sharp brought my mattress today. I paid him \$8.60.



November 19. P.M.– To Mt. Misery.

Saw off a hickory stump which is scarcely six and a half inches in diameter and has nearly a hundred rings. (It is the one of November 13th, and then called about 115 (??). Counting it now in the evening, I make 92.) It is surprising how quickly this wood decays. This tree was cut last winter, and then evidently was perfectly sound, as appears from the surface, but on sawing it off three inches lower I find that it is rotted entirely through and



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is soft and no part sound, so that I cannot count it on the new face. In less than one year this stump is worthless, even for fuel!


I look again at the old oak stumps on this hill. One evidently, i. e. surely, a sprout (the older stump beside it), a white oak, grew nearly 1 5/8 inches in the first twelve years; another oak, a sprout (with older stump), 1 5/8 inches in the first eleven or twelve years; a white oak (without an older stump), 1 5/8 inches in the first twelve years; probably the last a sprout also, for, as seen on last page, a white oak seedling grows only 5/8 of an inch in twelve years. There was also a hickory sprout stump of the same age with the others, though of course the old stump was long since gone. It was plainly seen to be a sprout by the very rapid growth at first and the concave form of one side.

My rule of small white pines under pitch pines is so true of E. Hoar's land that he very easily got a hundred white pines there to set by his house.

Mr. Bradshaw says that he got a little auk in Wayland last week, and heard of two more, one in Weston and the other in Natick. Thinks they came with the storm of the 10th and 11th.

He tells me of a small oak wood of old trees called More's, half a mile east of Wayland, behind the graveyard.

NATICK

 November 19, Monday evening: The Mayor of [Toronto](#), the capital of Canada West, presided over an assembly at St. Andrew's Hall. The building being filled to capacity, many hundreds of citizens waited anxiously outside. This was not merely in sympathy with [John Anderson](#) but reflected a deep and realistic fear, that if the colonial legal apparatus actually did deliver the prisoner to Missouri to be roasted alive over a slow fire, Great Britain might be forced to deal with this indecency by revoking their colonial charter. (It ain't really about that black foreigner, really it's all about us.) It was moved by the Reverend Principal Willis, seconded by Alderman McMurrich, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That this meeting, impressed with the danger to the cause of humanity and liberty which would result from the rendition to the United States of the fugitive Anderson, now imprisoned in this city, hold it an imperative duty to give expression to those feelings, on this subject, which were implanted in the human breast prior to all legislation, and which has been the honour of British law to recognize and vindicate.

It was moved by Professor D. Wilson, seconded by the Reverend Doctor Burns, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That, believing slavery—a system which dooms human beings to perpetual servitude, treats them as vendible chattels, and places the dearest personal rights and domestic ties, even the very prerogatives of conscience, at the mercy of arbitrary power—to be unscriptural, and a violation of the fundamental principles of the law of nature, this meeting holds it to be unjust to apply the designation of "murder" to such violence as a fugitive may find necessary, to resist aggression, and defend his personal liberty.

John Scoble, Esquire, formerly, and for many years, secretary to the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, delivered a speech before making his motion:

I understand it is expected from me that I shall give to this meeting a statement of facts with reference to the extradition treaty, as we find them in the public records. I well remember that, in the year 1843, when the first printed copy of the extradition, or Ashburton treaty with the United States was presented to the Provincial Parliament, we took the alarm at the probable consequences that might result from it with reference



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to fugitive slaves. I had the honour then of being the secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society of England, and of being associated in the Anti-Slavery cause with such men as Clarkson, and [Henry Peter Brougham](#), and Lushington, and Denman, and other eminent individuals. And in our associated capacity we felt it to be our duty to submit the question of the effect the treaty might have, as it respected the fugitive slaves in Canada, to the consideration of the government. It fell to me to make the permanent record of all the transactions that then took place, and having refreshed my memory within the last few days, by a reference to those records, I am able to state most distinctly and unequivocally that in our communications with Lord Ashburton, with Lord Aberdeen, then the Foreign secretary, and with Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was then about returning to Canada as Governor-General of this Province, it was most clearly understood that fugitive slaves were to be excepted from the operation of the treaty.

(Cheers.)

I well remember the agitation of the public mind in England in reference to this question, for we felt that it was just possible for the slaveholders of the United States to charge crimes upon fugitive slaves in Canada, and to produce a certain amount of evidence in relation to such alleged crimes, which might by a strict interpretation of the treaty, lead the Government here to hand over to the tender mercies of slaveholders the fugitives they might claim. We first approached Lord Ashburton on this subject. We wished to understand from him what was his impression as to the 9th Article, more particularly on its bearing on fugitive slaves. I have here the record of what that distinguished nobleman said. After we had explained to him the precise object we had in view, he replied, "That the article in question was no more designed to touch the fugitive slave, than to affect the case of deserters, or parties charged with high treason."

(Cheers.)

Not satisfied, however, with having appealed to Lord Ashburton, as to his understanding of the treaty, or that particular clause of it which might be used against the fugitive slave, we presented a memorial to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Foreign Minister, in which we set forth the *status* of slaves in the United States, showing to his lordship that it was impossible for a slave to obtain justice at the hands of those who held him in their power, and that the laws of the Slave States, in reference to the slave, were of the most sanguinary and atrocious description. We shewed that there were not less than seventy offences for which the slave might be punished with death, and for which a freeman, if he committed them, could only be fined or imprisoned, or, at the most, placed in the Penitentiary. We then pointed out to his lordship the character of the tribunals before which offending slaves were tried, and shewed that it was utterly impossible for a slave to look for justice under any circumstances that could be imagined from such courts. We



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concluded our memorial in these words: – “The committee enter not into the discussion of the policy or impolicy of the general principle involved in the extradition clause, they refer that to the wisdom of the Government and the Legislature; but they cannot willingly be parties to any arrangement which involves the possibility of the restoration of fugitive slaves to bondage, or which renders any part of the British dominions less an asylum of liberty than it is at present. They, therefore, earnestly beseech your lordship that, in the contemplated Act of Parliament for giving that clause effect, the Government will be pleased to provide that it shall not, under any circumstances or under any pretence whatsoever, apply to the case of fugitive slaves, but that they shall be wholly exempted from its operation.” That was the prayer of the committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and it was sustained by the whole of England. Now, what was the answer which Lord Aberdeen gave to us?

His lordship received the deputation with great courtesy, and intimated that he took the deepest interest in the security and welfare of the fugitive slaves who have sought refuge in Upper Canada. His lordship stated also that the greatest care should be taken to prevent, in their case, the abuse of the extradition article. And from my own recollection I am able to state another fact in connection with that interview; it is this – that his lordship stated that, in order to prevent the possibility of the misuse of the 9th clause of the treaty, strict instructions should be forwarded to the Governor of Canada that, in the case of fugitive slaves, the greatest care should be taken that the treaty should not work the ruin of them.

At the conclusion of this speech, there were loud cheers. It was therefore moved by John Scoble, Esquire, seconded by M.C. Cameron, Esquire, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That in the opinion of this meeting the British Government, in negotiating the Ashburton Treaty, could not have intended that a fugitive slave escaping from bondage to Canada, and charged with the commission of crime in his struggle for freedom, should be returned for trial in the slave states.

It was moved by the Reverend Mr. Topp, seconded by the Reverend Mr. King, of Buxton, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That as it is the boast of Britain that its soil cannot be trodden by a slave, so it is the high distinction of this province that it has hitherto afforded an inviolable sanctuary for the oppressed; and, while desiring no immunity to be afforded by our law for real criminals, whether bond or free, we feel that the disposal of the pending cause, in the manner to which the decision of the court points, would be to destroy the security which many British subjects now happily enjoy within our territory.

It was moved by P. Brown, Esquire, seconded by J.G. Bowes, Esquire, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That this meeting, while reposing well-merited confidence in the equitable spirit of British law, and cherishing becoming respect for British tribunals, regard it as entirely consistent with such sentiments to seek, in due order, the most deliberate award of justice on a question respecting which our judges are divided in opinion, and resolve to leave nothing undone to have the



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present case submitted to the courts of last resort in the province, and, if need be, in the empire.

It was moved by the Reverend F.H. Marling, seconded by Alexander Manning, Esquire, and RESOLVED by the assembly:

That the following petition be forwarded to His Excellency the Administrator of the Government, praying him to withhold his warrant for the delivery of the fugitive slave, Anderson, to the United States authorities for the reasons set forth in the preceding resolutions: -

To His Excellency, &c., - The memorial and petition of the undersigned most respectfully sheweth, -

That as inhabitants of this free British province, and warmly attached to the British Constitution, we feel deeply concerned in any event, or act of civil administration, by which the reputation of our country, as one whose soil cannot be polluted with slavery, might be tarnished, or the influence of British laws given directly or indirectly to the upholding of a cruel oppression.

That, alarmed by the manner in which the rash, and, as your petitioners believe, improper act of a local authority in Canada, in arresting and detaining, under an alleged charge of murder in the State of Missouri, the person of Anderson, now in jail in Toronto, has been affirmed by a majority of the judges of the Queen's Bench, your petitioners gladly betake themselves to your Excellency as the acting head of the Executive Government, in the earnest hope that such a decision may not prevent your Excellency from disposing of this case in harmony with the spirit of our laws and the dictates of eternal justice. That your petitioners believe that a just as well as liberal interpretation of the Ashburton Treaty would exempt the accused party, Anderson, from the range of its application, and they are strengthened in this belief not only by the authority of a Judge of long experience on the Queen's Bench itself, but by the opinions of eminent practical lawyers in Canada, and by decisions in analogous cases both in Britain and the United States; also by documents, extant and accessible, illustrating the meaning of Lord Ashburton and other parties closely connected with the arrangements of said treaty.





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That were the prisoner in question remanded to a United States jury in the circumstances alleged, and in the present state of the slave law, the prisoner's opportunities of obtaining impartial judgment are so small, and so diminished beyond all that could have been foreseen by the parties to the Ashburton Treaty – especially since the decision in what is known as the [Dred Scott](#) case, which affirms that a coloured person has no rights that he can assert or which the citizens of the Republic are bound to respect – that his rendition on the evidence alleged would be to recognize a state of things never contemplated by those who framed the Treaty. And your memorialists submit that where so much as a doubt of the reading of the Treaty exists, the benefit should, as usual, but especially where such momentous interests are concerned, be given to the accused; and the case, so far as it happily comes for preliminary Judgment before our own Government, should be decided in a large and humane construction of the clauses of the Treaty, and the Acts of Parliament bearing upon it, rather than by mere technicalities.

That the consequences of disposing of this cause otherwise, cannot, your memorialists hope, but appear to your Excellency and your Government most dangerous to the sacred interests of just liberty, in rendering the condition of many industrious residents in this province one of extreme peril; nothing being easier than, by means of such evidence as has been brought forward in this case, to drag them back to bondage, or subject them to the cruel pains of a law which gives no equal protection to the slave, whether as regards life, chastity, or religion, and thus to render our happily free territory a hunting ground for persons whose crime may only have been that they dared to be better than slaves, and defended at the risk of their own lives, or with possible danger to the lives of aggressors and spoilers, their inalienable rights and their dearest domestic relations.

That reposing confidence in the generous and British-like spirit of your Excellency, and in the belief that your memorialists plead only for what is just and right according to the law of nations, the sacred demands of religion, and the true reading of international compacts, they pray your Excellency to release the prisoner aforesaid, and hold him not liable to be rendered up to foreign authorities, as claimed.

And your memorialists will ever pray, &c.



November 20, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Mrs. Cass came home without Cass. She buried him in Topeka. A barrel of tallow fell out of the wagon and fell on him and killed him.

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Justice Mathews, having decided that the evidenced adduced before him was sufficient to warrant a demand for [John Anderson](#)'s extradition, had certified to the Governor-General to that effect; but his Excellency's legal



adviser, unwilling to take the responsibility of giving an official opinion, had brought the question before the Court of Queen's Bench of Canada in [Toronto](#), by writ of *Habeas Corpus* issued on this day and made returnable on November 23rd. The three judges, after hearing arguments, decided to take more time than this to consider the case, and scheduled their decision for December 15th. In the interval, Anderson's counsel sent the Governor-General the following clarifying information:

To His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, &c., &c.  
 The petition of the undersigned, John Anderson, confined in the jail of the county of Brantford, humbly sheweth: –  
 That your petitioner was born in the state of Missouri, one of the United States of America.  
 That to the best of his knowledge he is of the age of thirty years.  
 That he was the slave of Burton and another, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. That the plantation of Burton and the other, was within about thirty miles from the plantation of Samuel Brown. That in the last mentioned year your petitioner was married to one Maria Tomlin, who was the daughter of Tomlin, who had purchased his liberty from his master. That about six weeks before he formed the determination to come to Canada, for the purpose of obtaining his freedom, he was sold and transferred by said Burton, and his partner, to one MacDonnell, who lived about thirty miles distant from your petitioner's wife.  
 That your petitioner had always felt that he had a right to his freedom.  
 That he had never done anything to forfeit his liberty, and was not subject to any restraint through crime.  
 That he might lawfully use any means within his power to obtain his liberty, and with that object ran away from MacDonnell. That he went to his wife, who was a slave of, and lived with Samuel Brown, and consulted with her as to his intentions, and she concurred with him in his views, with an ultimate hope as to herself, and a young child, then about eight months old, the issue of our marriage, obtaining their liberty.





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That while he was then there he was pursued, but escaped. That in his course to Canada he had to pass the plantation of Seneca F.T. Diggs, and that while passing it he was accosted in nearly the manner mentioned in the evidence transmitted to your Excellency. That he made the excuse of wishing to go to Givens's, so that he, Mr. Diggs, would allow him to pass.

That this will be manifest, or otherwise, your petitioner could have had no reason, under the evidence, for attempting to escape.

That when said Diggs refused to allow this excuse for not having a pass, your petitioner found it necessary to make his escape, and endeavoured to do so.

That your petitioner was run down, having been chased for nearly an hour in a circle, and at the moment he was looking for success, Mr. Diggs appeared before him.

That he could not turn, his pursuers being at his heels with clubs, and being borne on by the first impulse, he dashed against said Diggs with an open knife, with which he had threatened his pursuers, as will appear from the evidence of Phil, hereto annexed, which is nearly true; whether your petitioner struck with it more than once, he cannot recollect; but whatever sudden impulse bid, that he did to obtain his liberty. That your petitioner was imprisoned for about the space of three weeks, last spring, on this charge; but as no one appeared against him, he was discharged. That another warrant was issued against him for his arrest for the same crime, on the third day after his discharge, on an information quite insufficient, as he is advised.

That your petitioner was not aware of such second warrant having been issued until he was arrested in the town of Simcoe, about two weeks since. That he had gone from Caledonia, where he resided at the time of his arrest, in the hope of obtaining employment at his trade as a mason. That your petitioner therefore prays that your Excellency will be graciously pleased to withhold an order delivering your petitioner to the authorities of the state of Missouri, inasmuch as by the British law he is entitled to be free there, and the evidence shows that he only used such force as was necessary to maintain that freedom there; and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

his (Signed) JOHN X ANDERSON. mark.  
(Witness) A. S. REACHIE, Deputy Jailor.  
Brantford, 1st October, 1860.



November 20. P.M.—To R.W.E.'s hill.

I see a pitch pine several years old on the west slope of the railroad embankment, sixty rods by pacing from the nearest pitch pine, which was in Trillium Wood. I have seen several such. This tree would soon sow itself in our yards if they were neglected.

In the Moore and Hosmer lot which I surveyed in '49-'50, beyond Heywood meadow, a white oak stump ten inches [IN] diameter with seventy rings (cut in winter of '49-'50), evidently a sprout, though the old stump appears to have been entirely overgrown and so concealed.

I see, on the southwest or railroad side, near top, of Emerson's hill, a great many oak stumps (which were sprouts) with the older stump still very plain.

One (probably black oak) with 35 rings cut some 2 years = 37.

2d, " " " " " " " " " " " " = 37.

3d, " " " " " " " " " " " " = 37.

(This last old stump being small and almost overgrown between the stumps of the sprouts and seen—a sliver of

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it—in a hole between them.) Also lower down-hill, toward railroad, old chestnut stumps with the stumps of sprouts of R.W.E.'s cutting twenty-five to thirty and odd years old, cut some dozen years ago; stumps, then, some forty years old.

Also, on the pond end of the hilltop, amid the piles of stones, where I suppose was a pasture once, I see oak stumps cut just thirty-eight years ago beside the stumps of their sprouts cut last winter, and here are many sprouts coming up the second time; but on the other end [OF] the hill I notice no sprouts the second time. There were many oaks where these piles of stone are, some seventy or eighty years ago, then, at least, and I think that if this ever was a pasture they must have been preceded by pines. These oak stumps, cut about thirty-eight years ago, are quite fresh, especially the white oak on the top of this rocky hill. So at Mt. Misery. Such is evidently a favorable locality for their preservation. Indeed, it is very common to see oak stumps forty years old in such places. They are the rule here. Decidedly finger-cold to-night.



November 21, Wednesday: Adolf I Georg replaced Georg I Wilhelm as Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe.

[John Greenleaf Whittier](#) got in over his head and opined that “outside of State sovereignty, Slavery has no more legal right or constitutional guaranty than Polygamy out of Utah. Its home is only in the States; everywhere else it is an outlaw.”<sup>25</sup>



[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

A good many Kaws in town. Name of one is Shingawa.  
Alonzo Gates came through here today.



November 21: If you cut a dense mixed wood of pine and oak in which no little pines have sown themselves, it is evident that a wood exclusively of oak sprouts may succeed, as I see is the case with part of R.W.E.'s hillside toward the pond.

I see a little pitch pine which bore a cone at twenty-two inches from the ground when it was only seven or eight years old. It is now a dozen years old and has borne two more since, and scattered the seed.

P.M.— To Fair Haven Hill.

On what was Stow's lot, southwest the Boiling Spring, adjacent to Wheeler's field, I count the rings of four oak stumps which are from eighteen to twenty-two inches in diameter. They are all about 120, and the oaks are evidently all from the seed. This was both a pine and oak wood, and I suspect that about one hundred and twenty

25. This would have been less dramatic but considerably more accurate, had he substituted the term “quite undefined” for the charged term “an outlaw,” for an outlaw is someone who is not merely ignored by the law but instead is sought and is to be punished by the law. The federal Constitution, on the other hand, rather than being in any sense potentially hostile to whatever condition might be subscribed under this unknown rubric “slavery,” is entirely blind to it. In fact—and there is no getting around this so it is very seldom that you find it so much as mentioned—when the Constitution had considered black people from Africa it had considered them to fall under the category of cargo and thus construed them to be merely potential property, rather than subordinating them under the category of immigrants and thus considering them to be at least potentially citizens of the nation. The only legal construct which is at home only at the state level, and not at all at the federal level, is the precise formal definition of what it is, this unmentionable “slavery” thingie.

It is to be noted that here Whittier was making the same wishful-thinking error in regard to the Constitution, that abolitionists in general loved to make in regard to the Bible. One of the typical abolitionist arguments was that slavery was inconsistent with the general spirit of the Christian scripture, and the slaveholders of course sniffed at this because they could plainly see that the Bible was just chock-full of texts and contexts in which human slavery was accepted as a quite normal and unremarkable part of existence.



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years [AGO] pines were cut or burned or blown down or decayed there and these oaks succeeded. These stumps are now in the very best condition for counting, having been cut nine or ten years ago. But not so with the pitch pine stumps (one is twenty-three inches in diameter) cut about a year later on what was R. Brown's, higher up. Their sap and more is covered with green and red cockscur lichens so thickly you cannot see the rings. On this lot (now open Wheeler lot) are not only these old pitch pine stumps (a few), but the stumps of oak sprouts forty-four years old, with the older stumps by their side, or half overgrown, yet quite plain, which last there were cut (44+9=) 53 years ago. No sprouts from them.

In early times probably less wood was cut at once; commonly only the winter's wood for the owners' use. This Brown lot was variously treated apparently.

See young beeches near the upper edge of Stow's, about midway on Wheeler, near where some stones have been hauled into Stow's from Wheeler's land.

Another finger-cold evening, which I improve in pulling my turnips—the usual amusement of such weather—before they shall be frozen in. It is worth the while to see how green and lusty they are yet, still adding to their stock of nutriment for another year; and between the green and also withering leaves it does me good to see their great crimson round or scalloped tops, sometimes quite above ground, they are so bold. They remind you of rosy cheeks in cool weather, and indeed there is a relationship. All kinds of harvestry, even pulling turnips when the first cold weather numbs your fingers, are interesting, if you have been the sower, and have not sown too many.

Got a section to-day of a white cedar railroad sleeper which I am told came from the eastward and was brought up from Charlestown. First count gives 254 rings; second, on opposite side, where the centre is less plain, 246 rings; average, 250. Its diameter is 16 1/4 inches, or nearly 31 rings to an inch. This is the oldest, as well as slowest-growing, tree that I have counted the rings of. I see other sleepers nearly as old. Some smaller, or say 10 1/2 inches in diameter, had 125 rings in the first three inches and then grew much faster; as if they were at first part of a very dense thicket and grew very slowly, but afterward, prevailing over the rest, grew faster. This sleeper had, of course, been cut a year at least. It may not have been the butt end of the log, or at any rate it must have been several years old before it reached the height at which it was cut, so that it must have begun to exist before the settlement of Jamestown. It was a flourishing young cedar of at least some fifteen summers when the Pilgrims came over. Thus the cars on our railroad, and all their passengers, roll over the trunks of trees sleeping beneath them which were planted years before the first white man settled in New England.

HISTORY OF RR



November 22, Thursday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Had a good Lyceum last night. A good many women were out. I attempted a speech.

The [Daily Dispatch](#) of Richmond, Virginia reported that there had been, at a recent date in St. Germain-en-Laye, France, an auction of the personal effects of an old gentleman who had been murdered by a servant, during which a treasure had been overlooked:

Among a quantity of clothes there was an old belt, which one of the bystanders threw aside, saying that such rubbish ought not to be sold. The auctioneer, however, thought proper to examine this apparently worthless article, and found in it bank bills and railway shares to the value of 15,000f.



November 22. P.M.— To northwest part of Sudbury.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

The *Linaria Canadensis* is still freshly blooming. It is the freshest flower I notice now. Considerable ice, lasting all day, on the river meadows and cold pools.

I measure the stump of that white pine which I used to see on the Marlborough road. It is thirty inches in diameter and has 85 rings.

There are two small clumps of laurel close to the left side this road, by the woods, just this side the Sudbury line, going to Maynard's.

MOSES MAYNARD



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Here is a dense oak wood. I see many little white pines sprung up along its edge in the road, but scarcely one within the wood. They, too, want light and air, though not so much as the pitch pine.

All the sound white oak acorns that I see now have sprouted, and many have sent a root down into the earth. This is often four inches long. But I see no black nor scarlet nor red oak acorns sprouted, though I find sound ones. The white are evidently very much more sensitive and tender than they.

This is a very beautiful November day, – a cool but clear, crystalline air, through which even the white pines with their silvery sheen are an affecting sight. It is a day to behold and to ramble over the hard (stiffening) and withered surface of the tawny earth. Every plant's down glitters with a silvery light along the Marlborough road,—the sweet-fern, the lespedeza, and bare blueberry twigs, to say nothing of the weather-worn tufts of *Andropogon scoparius*. A thousand bare twigs gleam like cobwebs in the sun. I rejoice in the bare, bleak, hard, and barren-looking surface of the tawny pastures, the firm outline of the hills, so convenient to walk over, and the air so bracing and wholesome. Though you are finger-cold toward night, and you cast a stone on to your first ice, and see the unmelted crystals under every bank, it is glorious November weather, and only November fruits are out. On some hickories you see a thousand black nuts against the sky.

MOSES MAYNARD

There is quite a white cedar swamp behind the old tavern south of Maynard's.

You walk fast and far, and every apple left out is grateful to your invigorated taste. You enjoy not only the bracing coolness, but all the heat and sunlight that there is, reflected back to you from the earth. The sandy road itself, lit by the November sun, is beautiful. Shrub oaks and young oaks generally, and hazel bushes and other hardy shrubs, now more or less bare, are your companions, as if it were an iron age, yet in simplicity, innocence, and strength a golden one.

(Day before yesterday the rustling of the withered oak leaves in the wind reminded me of the similar sound produced by snow falling on them.)

It is glorious to consider how independent man is of all enervating luxuries; and the poorer he is in respect to them, the richer he is. Summer is gone with all its infinite wealth, and still nature is genial to man. Though he no longer bathes in the stream, or reclines on the bank, or plucks berries on the hills, still he beholds the same inaccessible beauty around him. What though he has no juice of the grape stored up for him in cellars; the air itself is wine of an older vintage, and far more sanely exhilarating, than any cellar affords. It is ever some gouty senior and not a blithe child that drinks, or cares for, that so famous wine.

Though so many phenomena which we lately admired have now vanished, others are more remarkable and interesting than before. The smokes from distant chimneys, not only greater because more fire is required, but more distinct in the cooler atmosphere, are a very pleasing sight, and conduct our thoughts quickly to the roof and hearth and family beneath, revealing the homes of men.

MOSES MAYNARD

Maynard's yard and frontage, and all his barns and fences, are singularly neat and substantial, and the highroad is in effect converted into a private way through his grounds. It suggests unspeakable peace and happiness. Yet, strange to tell, I noticed that he had a tiger instead of a cock for a vane on his barn, and he himself looked overworked. He had allowed the surviving forest trees to grow into ancestral trees about his premises, and so attach themselves to him as if he had planted them. The dusty highway was so subdued that it seemed as if it were lost there. He had all but stretched a bar across it. Each traveller must have felt some misgivings, as if he were trespassing.

However, the farmer's life expresses only such content as an ox in his yard chewing the cud.

What though your hands are numb with cold, your sense of enjoyment is not benumbed. You cannot now find an apple but it is sweet to taste.

Simply to see to a distant horizon through a clear air,—the fine outline of a distant hill or a blue mountain-top through some new vista,—this is wealth enough for one afternoon.

We journeyed into the foreign land of Sudbury to see how the Sudbury men—the Hayneses, and the Puffers, and the Brighams—live. We traversed their pastures and their wood-lots, and were home again at night.



November 23, Friday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Paxton went to Solomon. Sold Jones my mare for fifteen weeks board and the wintering of colt.

The Daily Dispatch of Richmond, Virginia reported that there had been, at a recent date, a “Disturbance at Harvard College.” The southern newspaper failed to fully report the circumstances, to wit, that since July when the faculty had voted to abolish an increasingly violent annual class “football” game on account of “intolerable abuse” of members of the freshman class by members of the sophomore class, the students had staged a “funeral” on the Delta for the “deceased” football contest, a funeral in which they buried their ball, and that subsequently the hazing, fights, and demonstrations had been continuous:

– The faculty of Harvard College have suspended nine students of the Sophomore class for terms of one to two years, for an attack on two freshmen, followed by some riotous demonstrations. On Wednesday an express wagon was procured, into which the expelled students were placed. A long rope was attached to it, and the Sophs drew their disgraced classmates around the square, and took especial pains to make a marked demonstration in front of the President’s house. From thence they proceeded on their way to Boston, dragging the wagon in triumph. On reaching Cambridgeport, a ring was formed around the wagon, and a dance peculiar to the students, and utterly indescribable, took place. When this ceremony was concluded, the march was resumed for Boston.



November 23. ...Most of us are still related to our native fields as the navigator to undiscovered islands in the sea. We can any autumn discover a new fruit there which will surprise us by its beauty or sweetness. So long as I saw one or two kinds of berries in my walks whose names I did not know, the proportion of the unknown seemed indefinitely if not infinitely great.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Famous fruits imported from the tropics and sold in our markets –as oranges, lemons, pineapples, and bananas–do not concern me so much as many an unnoticed wild berry whose beauty annually lends a new charm to some wild walk, or which I have found to be palatable to an outdoor taste.

The tropical fruits are for those who dwell within the tropics; their fairest and sweetest parts cannot be exported nor imported. Brought here, they chiefly concern those whose walks are through the market-place. It is not the orange of Cuba, but the checkerberry of the neighboring pasture, that most delights the eye and the palate of the New England child. What if the Concord Social Club, instead of eating oranges from Havana, should spend an hour in admiring the beauty of some wild berry from their own fields which they never attended to before? It is not the foreignness or size or nutritive qualities of a fruit that determine its absolute value.

It is not those far-fetched fruits which the speculator imports that concerns us chiefly, but rather those which you have fetched yourself in your basket from some far hill or swamp, journeying all the long afternoon in the hold of a basket, consigned to your friends at home, the first of the season.

We cultivate imported shrubs in our front yards for the beauty of their berries, when yet more beautiful berries grow unregarded by us in the surrounding fields.

As some beautiful or palatable fruit is perhaps the noblest gift of nature to man, so is a fruit with which a man has in some measure identified himself by cultivating or collecting it one of the most suitable presents to a friend. It was some compensation for Commodore Porter, who may have introduced some cannon-balls and bombshells into ports where they were not wanted, to have introduced the Valparaiso squash into the United States. I think that this eclipses his military glory.

As I sail the unexplored sea of Concord, many a dell and swamp and wooded hill is my Ceram and Amboyna. At first, perchance, there would be an abundant crop of rank garden weeds and grasses in the cultivated land, – and rankest of all in the cellar-holes, –and of pinweed, hardhack, sumach, blackberry, thimble-berry, raspberry, etc., in the fields and pastures. Elm, ash, maples, etc., would grow vigorously along old garden limits and main streets. Garden weeds and grasses would soon disappear. Huckleberry and blueberry bushes, lambkill, hazel, sweet-fern, barberry, elder, also shad-bush, choke-berry, andromeda, and thorns, etc., would rapidly prevail in the deserted pastures. At the same time the wild cherries, birch, poplar, willows, checkerberry would reestablish themselves. Finally the pines, hemlock, spruce, larch, shrub oak, oaks, chestnut, beech, and walnuts would occupy the site of Concord once more. The apple and perhaps all exotic trees and shrubs and a great part of the indigenous ones named above would have disappeared, and the laurel and yew would to some extent be an



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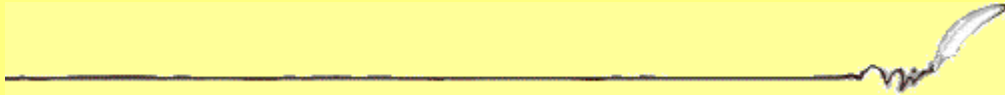
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underwood here, and perchance the red man once more thread his way through the mossy, swamp-like, primitive wood.

[SOCIAL CLUB](#)

*During the last decade of his life, Thoreau visited his rivers more than twice as often as the upland woods and lakes that he is far better known for writing about.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 3



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 November 24, Saturday: [George Croly](#) died.

In Charleston, South Carolina, pursuant to a decree of the Chancery court, as advertised there was a great sale of land, negroes, corn, and other property, in which 91 likely negroes were to change hands:



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote again to [Augustus Sabin Chase](#) of the Young Men’s Institute in Waterbury, [Connecticut](#), in regard to his upcoming [“AUTUMNAL TINTS”](#) lecture:

Concord Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>  
1860

Mr A.S. Chase,  
Dear Sir,

The subject of my lecture before your Lyceum, on Tuesday evening Dec. 11<sup>th</sup>, will be “Autumnal Tints.”

Yrs truly

Henry D. Thoreau



November 24. P.M.— To Easterbrooks’s.

[Transcript]

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Under the two white oaks by the second wall southeast of my house, on the east side the wall, I am surprised to find a great many sound acorns still, though every one is sprouted, – frequently more than a dozen on the short sward within a square foot, each with its radicle two inches long penetrated into the earth. But many have had their radicle broken or eaten off, and many have it now dead and withered. So far as my observation goes there, by far the greatest number of white oak acorns were destroyed by decaying (whether in consequence of frost or wet), both before and soon after falling. Not nearly so many have been carried off by squirrels and birds or consumed by grubs, though the number of acorns of all kinds lying under the trees is now comparatively small to what it was early in October.

It is true these two trees are exceptions and I do not find sound ones nearly as numerous under others. Nevertheless, the sound white oak acorns are not so generally and entirely picked up as I supposed. However, there are a great many more shells or cups than acorns under the trees; even under these two trees, I think, there are not more than a third as many of any kind – sound or hollow – as there were, and generally those that remain are a very small fraction of what there were. It will be worth the while to see how many of these sprouted acorns are left and are sound in the spring. It is remarkable that all sound white oak acorns (and many which are not now sound) are sprouted, and that I have noticed no other kind sprouted, – though I have not seen the chestnut oak and little chinquapin at all. It remains to be seen how many of the above will be picked up by squirrels, etc., or destroyed by frost and grubs in the winter.

The first spitting of snow – a flurry or squall – from out a gray or slate-colored cloud that came up from the west. This consisted almost entirely of pellets an eighth of an inch or less in diameter. These drove along almost horizontally, or curving upward like the outline of a breaker, before the strong and chilling wind. The plowed fields were for a short time whitened with them. The green moss about the bases of trees was very prettily spotted white with them, and also the large beds of cladonia in the pastures. They come to contrast with the red cocks-pur lichens on the stumps, which you had not noticed before. Striking against the trunks of the trees on the west side they fell and accumulated in a white line at the base. Though a slight touch, this was the first wintry scene of the season. The air was so filled with these snow pellets that we could not see a hill half a mile off for an hour. The hands seek the warmth of the pockets, and fingers are so benumbed that you cannot open your jack-knife. The rabbits in the swamps enjoy it, as well as you. Methinks the winter gives them more liberty, like a night. I see where a boy has set a box trap and baited it with half an apple, and, a mile off, come across a snare set for a rabbit or partridge in a cow-path in a pitch pine wood near where the rabbits have nibbled the apples which strew the wet ground. How pitiable that the most that many see of a rabbit should be the snare that some boy has set for one!

The bitter-sweet of a white oak acorn which you nibble in a bleak November walk over the tawny earth is more to me than a slice of imported pineapple. We do not think much of table-fruits. They are especially for aldermen and epicures. They do not feed the imagination. That would starve on them. These wild fruits, whether eaten or not, are a dessert for the imagination. The south may keep her pineapples, and we will be content with our strawberries.



November 25, Sunday: [Bliss Perry](#) was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, son of a professor at [Williams College](#). He would be educated at [Williams](#), then at the universities of Berlin and Strassburg. He would edit many volumes of the works of others, such as of Edmund Burke, Walter Scott, and Waldo Emerson, and author a number of monographs, including works on Walt Whitman, John Greenleaf Whittier, Thomas Carlyle, Waldo Emerson, and others, as well as novels, short fiction, essays, studies of poetry, collections of fiction and essays, and, of course, an autobiography. He would accomplish all this without ever writing a single sentence worth quoting and without ever thinking a single thought worth thinking.



November 25. I count the rings in a spruce plank from the railroad bridge, which extend five and a half inches from the centre of the tree, and make them 146, – 1/26+ to a ring. This is slower growth than I find in a black spruce to-day at –

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

Ministerial Swamp, P.M. – It is 10 1/2 feet high, 2 1/2 inches [IN] diameter just above ground, and has 21 rings, 1/17 inch to a ring. A larch near by is 21 feet high, 2 13/16 inches [IN] diameter, and has 20 rings, which makes 1/14+ to a ring. The larch has made nearly twice as much wood as the spruce in the same time. The cones of the spruce which I see are still closed. A few sugar maple seeds still hang on.



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

Last night and to-day are very cold and blustering. Winter weather has come suddenly this year. The house was shaken by wind last night, and there was a general deficiency of bedclothes. This morning some windows were as handsomely covered with frost as ever in winter. I wear mittens or gloves and my greatcoat. There is much ice on the meadows now, the broken edges shining in the sun. Now for the phenomena of winter,—the red buds of the high blueberry and the purple berries of the smilax.

As I go up the meadow-side toward Clamshell, I see a very great collection of crows far and wide on the meadows, evidently gathered by this cold and blustering weather. Probably the moist meadows where they feed are frozen up against them. They flit before me in countless numbers, flying very low on account of the strong northwest wind that comes over the hill, and a cold gleam is reflected from the back and wings of each, as from a weather-stained shingle. Some perch within three or four rods of me, and seem weary. I see where they have been pecking the apples by the meadow-side. An immense cohort of cawing crows which sudden winter has driven near to the habitations of man. When I return after sunset I see them collecting and hovering over and settling in the dense pine woods west of E. Wood's, as if about to roost there. Yesterday I saw one flying over the house, its wings so curved by the wind that I thought it a black hawk.

How is any scientific discovery made? Why, the discoverer takes it into his head first. He must all but see it.

I see several little white pines in Hosmer's meadow just beyond Lupine Hill, which must have sprung from seed which came some fifty rods,—probably blown so far in the fall. There are also a few in the road beyond Dennis's, which probably were blown from his swamp wood. So that there is nothing to prevent their springing up all over the village in a very few years—but our own plows and spades. They have also come up quite numerously in the young woodland north of J.P.B.'s Cold Pool (probably blown from the wood south of the pond), though they are evidently half a dozen years younger than the oaks there. I look at this large white pine wood by the pool to see if little ones come up under it. What was recently pasture comes up within a rod of this high wood on the north side, and, though the fence is gone, the different condition and history of the ground is very apparent by the different aspect of the little pines. There the old white pines are dense, and there are no little ones under them, but only a rod north they are very abundant, forming a dense thicket only two or three feet high bounded by a straight line on the south (or east and west), where the edge of the open land was within a rod of the great pines. Here they sprang up abundantly in the open land close by, but not at all under the pines. Yet within the great wood, wherever it is more open from any cause, I see a great many little pines springing up. Though they are thin and feeble comparatively, yet most of them will evidently come to be trees. White pines will spring up in the more open parts of a white pine wood, even under pines, though they are thin and feeble just in proportion to the density of the larger pines, and, where the large trees are quite dense, they will not spring up at all.

How commonly you see pitch pines, white pines, and birches filling up a pasture, and, when they are a dozen or fifteen years old, shrub and other oaks beginning to show themselves, inclosing apple trees and walls and fences gradually and so changing the whole aspect of the region. These trees do not cover the whole surface equally at present, but are grouped very agreeably after natural laws which they obey. You remember, perhaps, that fifteen years ago there was not a single tree in this pasture,—not a germinating seed of one,—and now it is a pretty dense forest ten feet high. I confess that I love to be convinced of this inextinguishable vitality in Nature. I would rather that my body should be buried in a soil thus wide-awake than in a mere inert and dead earth. The cow-paths, the hollows where I slid in the winter, the rocks, are fast being enveloped and becoming rabbit-walks and hollows and rocks in the woods.

How often you make a man richer in spirit in proportion as you rob him of earthly luxuries and comforts!

I see much oak wood cut at thirty years of age,—sprout wood.

Many stumps which have only twenty-five or thirty rings send up no shoots, because they are the sprouts from old stumps, which you may still see by their sides, and so are really old trees and exhausted. The chopper should foresee this when he cuts down a wood.

The bass by Dugan's cut a year ago. It is hard to count, so indistinct its rings, but I make 46 to 50 in a diameter of some twenty inches. The sprouts are quite peculiar, so light an ash-color with red tips and large blunt red buds.

The old pitch pines (vide back two or three weeks) one hundred and sixty years old, that stood on the south side of the Tommy Wheeler hollow, were twenty-three in number on a space about twelve rods by three (or thirty-six rods), with half a dozen white pines and as many oaks, the last two say twenty to fifty years younger than the pitch pines. Probably some of the pitch pines have died and left no trees, so that it may originally have been a pretty dense grove of pitch pines. There were as many more pitch pines (not to mention the oaks and white pines) on the other side of the hollow. These were on a slope toward the north. Now, four years after they were cut, this hillside is covered with hazel bushes, huckleberries, young oaks, red maples, *Viburnum nudum*, and a few little white pines, but the hollow below them has little beside grass (fine sedge) in it. It will be long before anything catches there. It is remarkable that no pitch pines grew there before, nor oaks, and very few white pines, which were the only trees there.

Some pitch pines have shed their seeds.



November 26, Monday: Le papillon, a ballet by Jacques Offenbach to a scenario by Taglioni and Saint-Georges, was performed for the initial time, at the Paris Opéra. Although some critics took this as a desecration of the Opéra, actually the audience loved it.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was again being written to by the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) in Cincinnati, this time with a request that he be allowed to publish "The Succession of Forest Trees." He mentioned that he was considering converting [THE DIAL](#) from a monthly journal into a quarterly journal.



*Cincinnati, Nov. 26.  
My dear Mr. Thoreau,  
We are thinking of issuing the Dial next year as a Quarterly instead of a Monthly; and I wish to ask if you will be so bountiful as to let me publish therein your Agricultural Address.*

*Your friend,  
M. D. Conway.*

*Mr H D Thoreau.*



November 26: P.M.— To E. Hubbard's Wood.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

I see in the open field east of Trillium Wood a few pitch pines springing up, from seeds blown from the wood a dozen or fifteen rods off. Here is one just noticeable on the sod—though by most it would be mistaken for a single sprig of moss—which came from the seed this year. It is, as it were, a little green star with many rays, half an inch in diameter, lifted an inch and a half above the ground on a slender stem. What a feeble beginning for so long-lived a tree! By the next fall it will be a star of greater magnitude, and in a few years, if not disturbed, these seedlings will alter the face of nature here. How significant, how ominous, the presence of these green moss-like stars is to the grass, heralding its doom! Thus from pasture this portion of the earth's surface becomes forest. These which are now mistaken for mosses in the grass may become lofty trees which will endure two hundred years, under which no vestige of this grass will be left.

In Hubbard's Wood at north end I measure the stump of either a red or black oak: 21 inches [IN] diameter and 141 rings.

I examine quite a number of oak stumps thereabouts and find them all seedlings. This, of course, must be the case with old forests generally, for in the beginning the trees were not cut.

A red oak about in middle of the wood 6 1/2 feet circumference at 3 ft.

A canoe birch, 45 inches " " "

Another " 45 " " " "

A white oak on the east side rather toward south, 7 feet " " "

Some of the white oaks have a very loose scaly bark, commencing half a dozen feet from the ground. I see pitch pine bark four to five inches thick at the ground. There are in this wood many little groves of white pines two to four feet high, quite dense and green, but these are in more open spaces, and are vigorous just in proportion to the openness. There are also seedling oaks and chestnuts ten to thirty years old, yet not nearly so numerous as the pines. The large wood is mixed oak and pine,—more oak at the north and more pine, especially pitch pine, at the south. The prospect is that in course of time the white pines will very greatly prevail over all other trees here. This is also the case with Inches', Blood's, and Wetherbee's woods.

If I am not mistaken, an evidence of more openness where the little pines are is to be found in the greater prevalence of pyrola and lycopodiums there. There are even some healthy Juniperus repens in the midst of these woods. Though the pitch pines are the prevailing trees at the south end, I see no young pitch pines under them. Perhaps this is the way that a natural succession takes place. Perhaps oak seedlings do not so readily spring up

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and thrive within a mixed white pine and oak wood as pines do,—in the more open parts,—and thus, as the oaks decay, they are replaced by pines rather than by oaks.

But where did the pitch pines stand originally? Who cleared the land for its seedlings to spring up in? It is commonly referred to very poor and sandy land, yet I find it growing on the best land also. The expression "a pitch pine plain" is but another name for a poor and sandy level. It grows both on the sand and [IN] the swamp, and the fact that it grows on the sand chiefly is not so much evidence that it prefers it as that other trees have excluded it from better soil. If you cut down the pines on the pitch pine plain, oaks will come up there too. Who knows but the fires or clearings of the Indians may have to do with the presence of these trees there? They regularly cleared extensive tracts for cultivation, and these were always level tracts where the soil was light—such as they could turn over with their rude hoes. Such was the land which they are known to have cultivated extensively in this town, as the Great Fields and the rear of Mr. Dennis's,—sandy plains. It is in such places chiefly that you find their relics in any part of the county. They did not cultivate such soil as our maple swamps occupy, or such a succession of hills and dales as this oak wood covers. Other trees will grow where the pitch pine does, but the former will maintain its ground there the best. I know of no tree so likely to spread rapidly over such areas when abandoned by the aborigines as the pitch pines—and next birches and white pines.

While I am walking in the oak wood or counting the rings of a stump, I hear the faint note of a nuthatch like the creak of a limb, and detect [IT] on the trunk of an oak much nearer than I suspected, and its mate or companion not far off. This is a constant phenomenon of the late fall or early winter; for we do not hear them in summer that I remember. [In '61 hear one occasionally a month earlier than this.] I heard one not long since in the street. I see one of those common birch fungi on the side of a birch stake which has been used to bound a lot sold at auction, three feet or more from the ground, and its face is toward the earth as usual, though the birch is bottom up.

I saw that nuthatch to-day pick out from a crevice in the bark of an oak trunk, where it was perpendicular, something white once or twice and pretty large. May it not have been the meat of an acorn? Yet commonly they are steadily hopping about the trunks in search of insect food. Possibly some of those acorn-shells I see about the base of trees may have been dropped from the crevices in the bark above by birds—nuthatch or jay—as well as left by squirrels.

Mother says that Lidy Bay, an Indian woman (so considered), used to live in the house beyond Caesar's and made baskets, which she brought to town to sell, with a ribbon about her hat. She had a husband.

The value of these wild fruits is not in the mere possession or eating of them, but in the sight or enjoyment of them. The very derivation of the word "fruit" would suggest this. It is from the Latin fructus, meaning that which is used or enjoyed. If it were not so, then going a-berrying and going to market would be nearly synonymous expressions. Of course it is the spirit in which you do a thing which makes it interesting, whether it is sweeping a room or pulling turnips. Peaches are unquestionably a very beautiful and palatable fruit, but the gathering of them for the market is not nearly so interesting as the gathering of huckleberries for your own use.

A man fits out a ship at a great expense and sends it to the West Indies with a crew of men and boys, and after six months or a year it comes back with a load of pineapples. Now, if no more gets accomplished than the speculator commonly aims at,—if it simply turns out what is called a successful venture,—I am less interested in this expedition than in some child's first excursion a-huckleberrying, in which it is introduced into a new world, experiences a new development, though it brings home only a gill of huckleberries in its basket. I know that the newspapers and the politicians declare otherwise, but they do not alter the fact. Then, I think that the fruit of the latter expedition was finer than that of the former. It was a more fruitful expedition. The value of any experience is measured, of course, not by the amount of money, but the amount of development we get out of it. If a New England boy's dealings with oranges and pineapples have had more to do with his development than picking huckleberries or pulling turnips have, then he rightly and naturally thinks more of the former; otherwise not.

Do not think that the fruits of New England are mean and insignificant, while those of some foreign land are noble and memorable. Our own, whatever they may be, are far more important to us than any others can be. They educate us, and fit us to live in New England. Better for us is the wild strawberry than the pineapple, the wild apple than the orange, the hazelnut or pignut than the cocoanut or almond, and not on account of their flavor merely, but the part they play in our education.

In the Massachusetts Historical Collections, First Series, volume x, Rev. John Gardner of Stow furnishes a brief historical notice of that town in a letter dated 1767. He says, "The Indian names of this place were Pompociticut and Shabbukin, from two notable hills."

I anticipated the other day that if anybody should write the history of Boxboro, once a part of Stow, he would be pretty sure to omit to notice the most interesting thing in it—its forest—and lay all the stress on the history of its parish; and I find that I had conjectured rightly, for Mr. Gardner, after telling us who was his predecessor in the ministry and where he himself was settled, goes on to say: "As for any remarkables, I am of the mind there have been the fewest of any town of our standing in the Province. . . . I can't call to mind above one thing worthy of public notice, and that is the grave of Mr. John Green," who, it appears, "was made . . . clerk of the exchequer" by Cromwell. "Whether he was excluded the Act of Oblivion or not I cannot tell," says Mr. Gardner. At any rate he tells us that he returned to New England, "lived and died, and lies buried in this place." I can assure Mr. Gardner that he was not excluded from the act of oblivion.

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However, Boxboro was less peculiar for its woods a hundred years ago. I have been surprised when a young man who had undertaken to write the history of a country town,—his native place,—the very name of which suggested a hundred things to me, referred to it, as the crowning fact of his story, that that town was the residence of General So-and-so and the family mansion was still standing.

➡ November 27, Tuesday: Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) arrived in [Washington DC](#).

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Had an invitation to Phillips' for dinner on Thanksgiving.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 27th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

➡ November 28, Wednesday: Caroline Ward Sewall was born to [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) and [Louisa "Louise" Kilham Lovett Sewall](#) (she would die on April 21, 1939).

At this point many British freight trains had no continuous braking system, the only available brakes being those of the locomotive itself, plus the caboose at the end of the train. The caboose was equipped with a handbrake so that if one of the couplings between the cars should break loose, both the front and rear portions of the train could be brought to a stand. On this evening the 8:30PM passenger train of the North London Railway Company started punctually from Fenchurch Street for Hampstead, and consisted of a tank-engine with 7 carriages. The last of these was the caboose or "brake-carriage," containing a compartment for a guard, and to the final 3 of the cars was attached a continuous brake known as a "Chambers' patent break." This train had proceeded for merely 128 yards and had accumulated a speed of, perhaps, 6 or 7 miles an hour — when the 1st 4 of its carriages left the rails. The driver in the engine, in front, and the guard in the break-carriage, behind, seem to have experienced at the same moment a "jerk in the train," since they both activated their brakes. The train was brought to a standstill within 15 or 20 yards, and there was no damage and nobody got hurt.

[Christian Karl Josias, Freiherr von Bunsen](#) died. Before dying he asked his wife [Frances Waddington Bunsen](#) to publish recollections of their common life; she would comply in 1868 with a volume of memoirs containing much private correspondence.

[Governor Samuel Medary](#) requested US troops be used to control a situation in Linn and Bourbon counties in [Kansas](#).

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Mead came from trading with the Indians. Got about thirty buffalo robes. Jones bought a pony for forty little wolf skins.



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November 28: P.M.– To Annurnsnack.

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[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Looking from the hilltop, I should say that there was more oak woodland than pine to be seen, especially in the north and northeast, but it is somewhat difficult to distinguish all in the gleaming sunlight of mid-afternoon. Most of the oak, however, is quite young. As for pines, I cannot say surely which kind is most prevalent, not being certain about the most distant woods. The white pine is much the most dispersed, and grows oftener in low ground than the pitch pine does. It oftenest forms mixed woods with oak, etc., growing in straight or meandering lines, occasionally swelling into a dense grove. The pitch pines commonly occupy a dry soil – a plain or brow of a hill, often the site of an old grain-field or pasture – and are much the most seclusive, for, being a new wood, oaks, etc., have had no opportunity to grow up there, if they could. I look down now on the top of a pitch pine wood southwest of Brooks’s Pigeon-place, and its top, so nearly level, has a peculiarly rich and crispy look in the sun. Its limbs are short and its plumes stout as compared with the white pine and are of a yellowish green.

There are many handsome young walnuts ten or twelve feet high scattered over the southeast side of Annurnsnack, or above the orchard. How came they there? Were they planted before a wood was cut? It is remarkable how this tree loves a hillside.

Behind G.M. Barrett’s barn a scarlet oak stump 18 1/2 inches [in] diameter and about 94 rings, which has sent up a sprout two or three years since. On the plain just north of the east end of G.M.B.’s oaks, many oaks were sawed off about a year ago. Those I look at are seedlings and very sound and rings very distinct and handsome. Generally no sprouts from them, though one white oak sprout had been killed by frost.

One white oak, 17 inches [in] diameter, has 100 rings.

A second, 16 1/2 " " " also 100 "

The last has two centres which coalesced at the thirtieth ring, which went round them both including old bark between them. This was an instance of natural grafting.

Many seem to be so constituted that they can respect only somebody who is dead or something which is distant. The less you get, the happier and the richer you are. The rich man’s son gets cocoanuts, and the poor man’s, pignuts; but the worst of it is that the former never goes a-cocoanutting, and so he never gets the cream of the coconut as the latter does the cream of the pignut.

That on which commerce seizes is always the very coarsest part of a fruit, –the mere husk and rind, in fact, – for her hands are very clumsy. This is what fills the holds of ships, is exported and imported, pays duties, and is finally sold at the shops.

It is a grand fact that you cannot make the finer fruits or parts of fruits matter of commerce. You may buy a servant or slave, in short, but you cannot buy a friend. You can’t buy the finer part of any fruit –i.e. the highest use and enjoyment of it. You cannot buy the pleasure which it yields to him who truly plucks it; you can’t buy a good appetite even.

What are all the oranges imported into England to the hips and haws in her hedges? She could easily spare the one, but not the others. Ask Wordsworth, or any of her poets, which is the most to him.

The mass of men are very easily imposed on. They have their runways in which they always travel, and are sure to fall into any pit or box trap set therein. Whatever a great many grown-up boys are seriously engaged in is considered great and good, and, as such, is sure of the recognition of the churchman and statesman. What, for instance, are the blue juniper berries in the pasture, which the cowboy remembers so far as they are beautiful merely, to church or state? Mere trifles which deserve and get no protection. As an object of beauty, though significant to all who really live in the country, they do not receive the protection of any community. Anybody may grub up all that exist. But as an article of commerce they command the attention of the civilized world. I read that “several hundred tons of them are imported annually from the continent” into England to flavor gin with; “but even this quantity,” says my author, “is quite insufficient to meet the enormous consumption of the fiery liquid, and the deficiency is made up by spirits of turpentine.” Go to the English Government, which, of course, is representative of the people, and ask, What is the use of juniper berries? The answer is, To flavor gin with. This is the gross abuse of juniper berries, with which an enlightened Government–if ever there shall be one–will have nothing to do.

Let us make distinctions, call things by the right names.

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November 29, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) probably caught [Bronson Alcott](#)'s cold when he came to visit.

The issue of the New York [Tribune](#) for this day had an article on page 6 about a fugitive slave in Toronto, about which Thoreau would comment in his journal entry for December 4th.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

[Thanksgiving](#). Phillips' had a good many at his house for dinner.



November 29: Get up my boat, 7 A. M. Thin ice of the night is floating down the river. I hear that some boys went on to Goose Pond on the 26th and skated. It must have been thin.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

P.M.— To Fair Haven Hill.

The pitch pine twigs have been so generally cut off by the squirrels for the sake of the cones that I easily detect the fertile trees, when going through a pitch pine wood, by seeing the green twigs strewn on the ground beneath. But few of the trees bear, and these are the ones.

The Bear Garden pitch pines are so generally open that young pitch pines of all sizes are intermixed with the others. There are many small white pines beside, but few if any seed-bearing ones.

I proceed through Potter's young wood south of this grove (toward Fair Haven Hill-side) and here I find by the stumps what I remember, — that a pitch pine wood was cut, some ten or twelve years ago, judging from the state of the stumps. It was for density, apparently, such a grove as now stands northward of this. It is a very poor soil. Shrub oaks chiefly appear to have succeeded to the pines, and now the growth consists of oaks, shrub and others (the latter four to six feet high), pitch pines two to ten feet high, and white birches. The soil is but poorly clad, owing to its barrenness and the prevalence of shrub oak at first. Probably the largest of these young pitch pines were such as stood in the open wood when it was cut—as they now do northward; but apparently the majority have been sown since, as others are still being sown by the large pitch pines there are left here and there quite numerous, the ground is still so open and bare on account of the feeble growth of the oaks. The white birches have as yet done the best, the pines next. It will ere long be a mixed oak and pitch pine wood, the pines not standing so dense as in new woods, though pretty thick in spots. This shows how a mixed wood of this character may arise, owing first to the existence of young pitch pines under the old when cut, — the latter being so open as to admit of their growth, — and secondly to the barren soil and shrub oaks, which fail to cover it for a long time, so that even after six or eight years pitch pines may catch there from seed-bearing trees which are left.

I am pleased to find an evidence that the pitch pine wood cut down here a dozen years ago was just such a new



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wood as that now standing on [THE] north. It is this. Along the southwest edge of this portion of the lot, where the almost abrupt descent begins, I see many stones which were cast over the edge of the bank in great heaps when it was cultivated.

The small pitch pine grove above the western Fair Haven spring fully proves my theory of white pines in pitch pine, though there is hardly a seed-bearing white pine there. Young white pines are rapidly spreading up Fair Haven Hill-side, though the nearest seedbearing white pines are across the river, thirty to sixty rods off.

I remember when this hillside above the spring was clear of wood. In fact, I was here when this field was cleared and the brush burned, some thirty-five years ago. Yet I now see a good many hickories both within and without the pines, five feet high, more or less. I feel about sure that these are not from stumps or old roots which have existed in the ground so long. How then did they come here? The[Y] even keep in advance of the pines on some sides a rod or two further into the open land. I am constrained to believe that they were planted there by quadrupeds or birds. If so, the walnut differs from the oak in the mode of its spreading; for I do not see oaks anywhere thus springing up in groves in grass ground, in advance of pines. It will be worth the while to ascertain the age of these exactly.

It is remarkable that the walnut loves a hillside so. I saw such a grove yesterday on Annurnsack. Here is another of still larger trees a little lower down the hill; and there is a much more extensive one on the similar slope of Smith's Hill. Are animals more likely to plant walnuts in open land than acorns? or is it that walnuts are more likely to live there when planted? What a lover of the hills is this tree! I may be mistaken about those on Smith's Hill, after all.

Fair Haven Pond is skimmed over, all but the channel.

Can that be the skeleton of a raccoon which I find (killed not long since) on the Cliff Hill? Measured by my book it—the body from shoulder to tail—is 15 1/2 inches long; tail, 13 1/2; hind leg, 14 1/2. Vide skull and foot. If a man has spent all his days about some business, by which he has merely got to be rich, as it is called, i.e., has got much money, many houses and barns and woodlots, then his life has been a failure, I think; but if he has been trying to better his condition in a higher sense than this, has been trying to invent something, to be somebody, — i.e., to invent and get a patent for himself, — so that all may see his originality, though he should never get above board, — and great inventors, you know, commonly die poor, — I shall think him comparatively successful.

From the Cliff I see more oak than pine.

Every interest, as the codfish and the mackerel, gets represented but the huckleberry interest. The first discoverers and explorers of the land make report of this fruit, but the last make comparatively little account of them.

You would say that some men had been tempted to live in this world at all only by the offer of a bounty by the general government—a bounty on living—to any one who will consent to be out at this era of the world, the object of the governors being to create a nursery for their navy. I told such a man the other day that I had got a Canada lynx here in Concord, and his instant question was, "Have you got the reward for him?" What reward? Why, the ten dollars which the State offers. As long as I saw him he neither said nor thought anything about the lynx, but only about this reward. "Yes," said he, "this State offers ten dollars reward." You might have inferred that ten dollars was something rarer in his neighborhood than a lynx even, and he was anxious to see it on that account. I have thought that a lynx was a bright-eyed, four-legged, furry beast of the cat kind, very current, indeed, though its natural gait is by leaps. But he knew it to be a draught drawn by the cashier of the wildcat bank on the State treasury, payable at sight. Then I reflected that the first money was of leather, or a whole creature (whence pecunia, from pecus, a herd), and, since leather was at first furry, I easily understood the connection between a lynx and ten dollars, and found that all money was traceable right back to the original wildcat bank. But the fact was that, instead of receiving ten dollars for the lynx which I had got, I had paid away some dollars in order to get him. So, you see, I was away back in a gray antiquity behind the institution of money, — further than history goes.

This reminded me that I once saw a cougar recently killed at the Adirondacks which had had its ears clipped. This was a ten-dollar cougar.

Yet, though money can buy no fine fruit whatever, and we are never made truly rich by the possession of it, the value of things generally is commonly estimated by the amount of money they will fetch. A thing is not valuable — e.g. a fine situation for a house — until it is convertible into so much money, that is, can cease to be what it is and become something else which you prefer. So you will see that all prosaic people who possess only the commonest sense, who believe strictly in this kind of wealth, are speculators in fancy stocks and continually cheat themselves, but poets and all discerning people, who have an object in life and know what they want, speculate in real values. The mean and low values of anything depend on it[S] convertibility into something else — i.e. have nothing to do with its intrinsic value.

This world and our life have practically a similar value only to most. The value of life is what anybody will give you for living. A man has his price at the South, is worth so many dollars, and so he has at the North. Many a man here sets out by saying, I will make so many dollars by such a time, or before I die, and that is his price, as much as if he were knocked off for it by a Southern auctioneer.

We hear a good deal said about moonshine by so-called practical people, and the next day, perchance, we hear

CAT


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of their failure, they having been dealing in fancy stocks; but there really never is any moonshine of this kind in the practice of poets and philosophers; there never are any hard times or failures with them, for they deal with permanent values.

NOTE: How different Thoreau's comment above, "This world and our life have practically a similar value only to most. The value of life is what anybody will give you for living. A man has his price at the South, is worth so many dollars, and so he has at the North. Many a man here sets out by saying, I will make so many dollars by such a time, or before I die, and that is his price, as much as if he were knocked off for it by a Southern auctioneer." seems from the closest comment to it which we have on record from the pen of Emerson – that location in his Journal in which he mused on how much money is required to purchase a black woman who is comely, upon whom one may sate one's lust!

## WINTER 1860/1861

 Winter: [Milton Bradley](#) of [Springfield, Massachusetts](#),<sup>26</sup> a successful lithographer whose major product had been a portrait of a clean-shaven Abraham Lincoln, when Lincoln suddenly began to sport a beard, devised a board game he designated "The Checkered Game of Life," a sort of secularized or Americanized version of [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#), with squares labeled "Truth," "Honor," "Intemperance," "Crime," etc. The eventualities of the game he labeled "Happy Old Age" and "Ruin." According to R.C. Bell's BOARD AND TABLE GAMES FROM MANY CIVILIZATIONS, the design was not entirely original but descended from many earlier versions of South Asian "square board race games." Over this gift season, 40,000 sets of this didactic monstrosity would be retailed.<sup>27</sup>



Most players try to go to School and then College, heading, slowly, toward Happy Old Age, but since Poverty is just two squares from Infancy, it's just as likely that you'll end up there. Bradley's game rewards only the virtues that lead to Wealth and Success, like Industry and Perseverance.

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26. This name [Milton Bradley](#) may ring a bell with you. The company is still headquartered in [Springfield](#), and is now the world's largest manufacturer of games and puzzles. Fancy what a market [John Bunyan](#) might had made of England's tight little isle, if he hadn't been sent directly to gaol!





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27. Such a game wasn't nearly as original as one might suppose. A precursor, and the first board game manufactured in the United States, had been "The Mansion of Happiness," which had been played by the Alcott children. This game had been developed by S.B. Ives of Salem, Massachusetts in 1843, the game's object having been to move around a spiral track and make oneself the first player to arrive at "eternal happiness." Each space had been designated with the name of a moral virtue or vice; spaces labeled virtues such as "Charity," "Industry," allowed you to move forward, whereas "Sloth," "Cruelty," etc., moved you back.




(In 1960, the Milton Bradley company would commission a 100-year anniversary tribute game titled "The Game of Life," designed by Reuben Klamer and a co-inventor, that is still being sold.)



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 Winter: [Brownson's Quarterly Review](#), No. 4

CATHOLICISM

- I. *Rationalism and Traditionalism*
- II. *Ireland*
- III. *Rights of the Temporal*
- IV. *Vocations to the Priesthood*
- V. *Literary Notices and Criticisms*

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

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During the winter lecture season of '60/61, at the [Odeon Hall](#) in Boston:

**21st Season of [The Lowell Institute](#)**

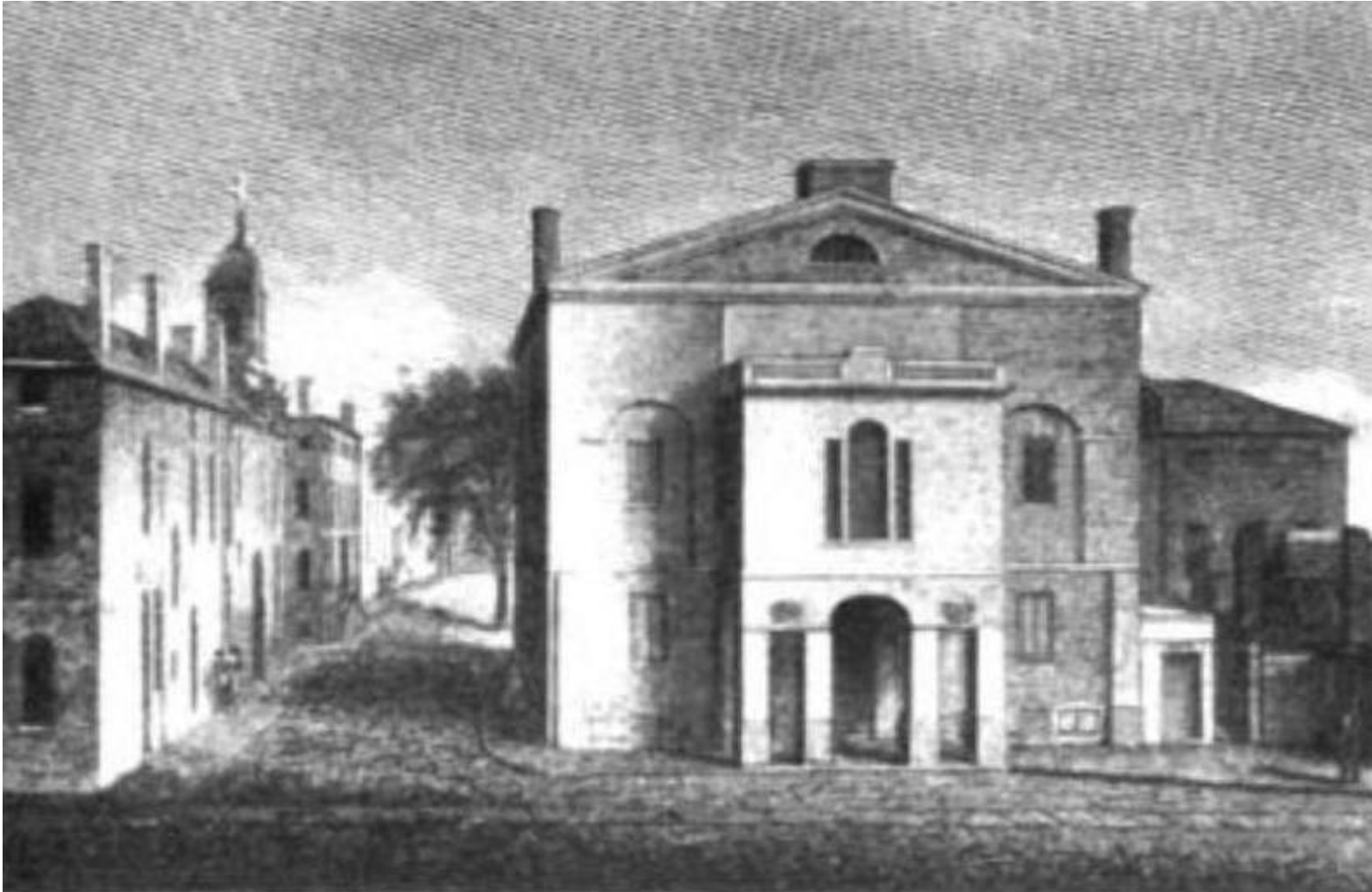
Reverend James Walker.  
*Philosophy of Religion* ..... 12 lectures

Honorable George P. Marsh.  
*Origin and History of the English Language* ..... 12 lectures

Reverend Mark Hopkins.  
*Moral Philosophy* ..... 12 lectures

Professor Benjamin Peirce.  
*Mathematics in the Cosmos* ..... 12 lectures

Professor Josiah P. Cooke, Jr.  
*Chemistry of the Atmosphere as illustrating  
the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God* ..... 12 lectures



DECEMBER 1860

December: Mrs. Ellen Dana Conway, wife of the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#), became again pregnant.

The popular weekly literary magazine of London, Once A Week. An Illustrated Miscellany of Literature, Art, Science, and Popular Information:



DEC 1860 ONCE A WEEK

The 12th and what would turn out to be the last issue of [THE DIAL: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION](#). M.D. Conway, Editor, of Cincinnati.

READ THE FULL TEXT

The Reverend Conway would, however, have all dozen issues bound together and reissued as a volume with a master index of articles:<sup>28</sup>


PUBLISHED AS A BOOK



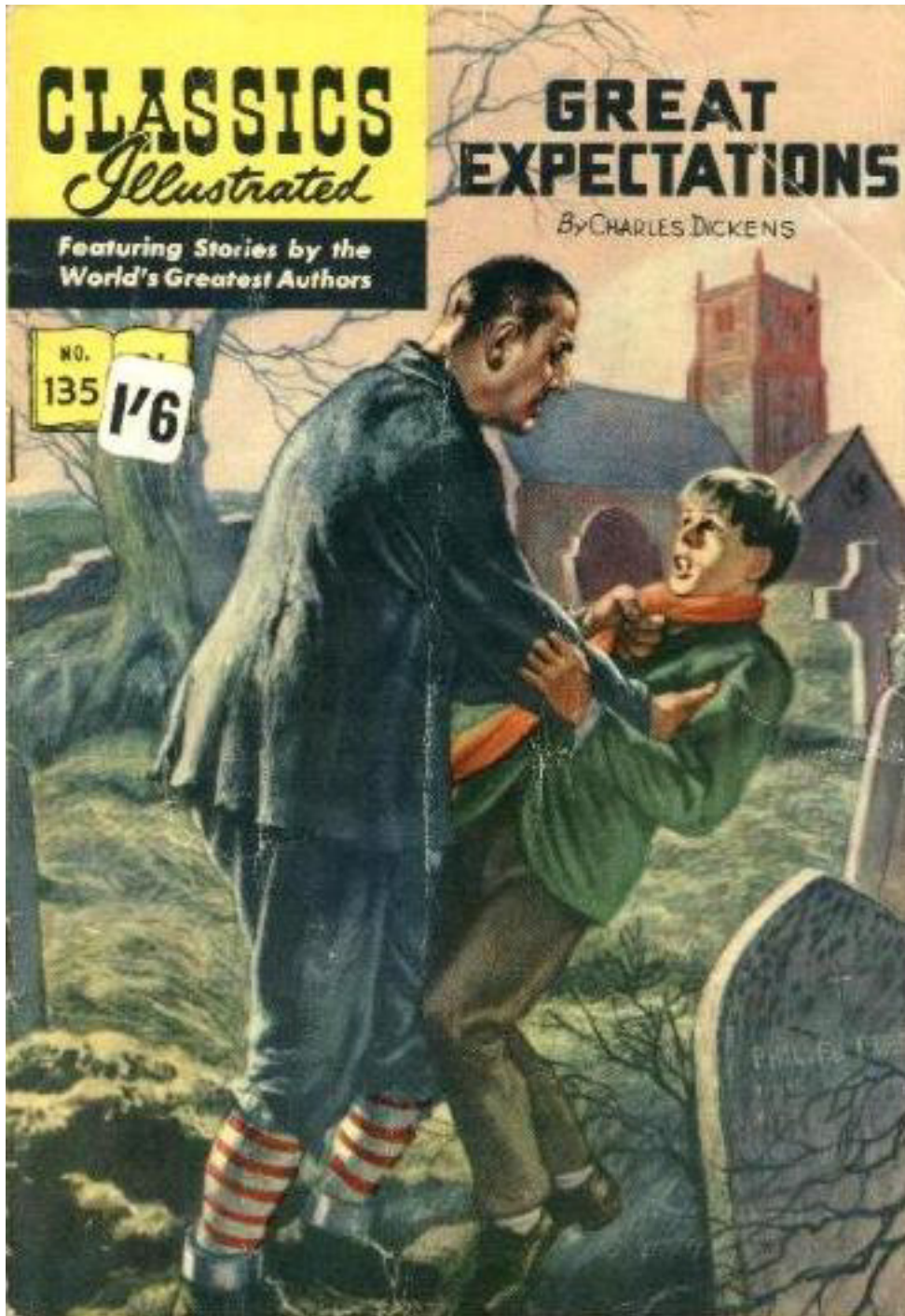
The "Dial" at the end of the first year was really slain by the Union war several months in advance of its outbreak. For five months after the election of President Lincoln, while the farther Southern States were seceding, the struggle was between the antislavery and the unionists who proposed pacification of the secessionists by a total surrender of Freedom. We at Cincinnati were in the very thick of this conflict of pens and words, and it was impossible to continue the literary and



[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1860-1861****1860-1861**

 December 1, Saturday: Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): “Report of the Secretary of the Navy.”—SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36 Cong. 2 sess. III. pt. 1, No. 1, pt. 3, pp. 8-9.

In order to rally the diminishing circulation of his magazine All the Year Round, [Charles Dickens](#) began a serialization of GREAT EXPECTATIONS.





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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](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/93b.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/93b.htm)

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Andrew and Bean got home and brought me a letter from Springdale.



December 1. P.M.— To Fair Haven Hill.

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Yesterday, rain, raising river somewhat. Examined the young hickories on Fair Haven Hill slope to see how old they are. I sawed off three at two or three inches below the surface, and also higher up. These were about three feet high. The rings are very hard to discern, but I judge the smallest of them (which is about one inch in diameter and three feet high) to be seven years old. The other two are probably older, yet not nearly so old as the pines whose beginning I remember. It therefore must be that these hickories have sprung up from nuts within seven to twenty-five years past. They are most numerous in openings four or five rods over amid the pines, and are also found many rods from the pines in the open pasture, and also especially along walls, though yet very far from other trees of any kind. I infer, therefore, that animals plant them, and perhaps their growing along walls may be accounted for in part by the fact that the squirrels with nuts oftenest take that road. What is most remarkable is that they should be planted so often in open land, on a bare hillside, where oaks rarely are. I do not know of a grove of oaks springing up in this manner,—with broad intervals of bare sward between them, and away from pines. How is this to be accounted for? Yet I did notice oak seedlings coming up in this manner in Potter's open field beyond Bear Garden.

It is wonderful how much these hickories have endured and prevailed over. Though I searched the whole hillside, not only for the smallest, but the most perpendicular and soundest, each of the three that I sawed off had died down once at least, years ago. Though it might not betray any scar above ground, on digging I found it an inch below the surface.

Most of these small ones consist of several stems from one root, and they are often of such fantastic forms and so diseased that they seem to be wholly dead at a little distance, and yet evidently many of them make erect, smooth, and sound trees at last, all defects smoothed over or obliterated. Some which have thus died down and sprung up again are in the form of rude harps and the like. These had great tap-roots considerably larger just beneath the surface than the stock above, and they were so firmly set in the ground that, though the tree was scarcely an inch in diameter and you had dug around it to the depth of three or four inches, it was impossible to pull one up; yet I did not notice any side roots, so high. They are iron trees, so rigid and so firm set are they. It may be that they are more persistent at the root than oaks, and so at last succeed in becoming trees in these localities where oaks fail. They may be more persevering. Perhaps, also, cattle do not browse them, but do oaks. It will be very suggestive to a novice just to go and dig up a dozen seedling oaks and hickories and see what they have had to contend with. Theirs is like the early career of genius.

Measured a great red maple near the south end of E. Hubbard's swamp, dividing in two at the ground, the largest trunk 7 feet and 10 inches at three feet and draped for three or four feet up with the pulmonaria (?) lichen. This the largest I know. Another is 5 1/2 feet, a third 5 1/4, a fourth in open land just south of turnpike 6 1/6.

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December 2, Sunday: [George B. Gill](#) got married in [Springdale, Iowa](#) with Martha Grice (born January 14, 1843, Peel, Ontario-died February 15 (or 5), 1933, Ruella, Kansas). The couple would produce Sarah Bernice Gill Crain (1862-1944), Davis Edwin Gill (1865-1943), and George Britton Gill, Jr. (1867-1939) (there would also be an Elza Gill who would die at about the age of 4).



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#).

*Concord Dec[ ]2<sup>d</sup> '60  
Mr Blake,  
I am going  
to Waterbury Ct. to  
lecture on the 11<sup>th</sup> inst.  
If you are to be at ~~home~~  
home, & it will be  
agreeable to you, I  
will spend the after-  
noon & night of the  
10<sup>th</sup> with you & Brown.*

[H.D. Thoreau. Signature cut out Dec. 25th, 1861, to be given away as an autograph.]



Dec. 2. P.M.— To Smith's Hickory Hill-side.

I come via Britton's to see if I can find a seedling hickory under half a dozen years old. After searching long amid the very numerous young hickories at Britton's shanty and Smith's Hill I fail to find one so recently planted. I find many at the last place only one or two feet, but they invariably have great roots, and old stubs which have died down are visible at or beneath the surface of the ground. It is very common—almost the rule—to find from one to three from one root each one inch in diameter and two or three feet high, while the common stock beneath the ground is two inches in diameter. Pulling at one at Britton's, which was two feet and a quarter in height, it came up easily, to my surprise, and I found that it had broken off at just one foot below the surface, being quite decayed there. It was three quarters of an inch in diameter at the surface, and increased regularly for five or six inches downward till it was one inch in diameter. There was the stub of an old shoot, and the root





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was suddenly enlarged to about one and a half inches in diameter and held about the same to where it broke off, at a foot below the surface. There was another stub about three inches above the ground, and the more recent growth above this was the work of about four years. This last had died, and this year two shoots had put out at six and eight inches above the ground and had grown two and four inches respectively. Here were evident, then, at the very least, four efforts to rise to a tree.

The first stub was about the diameter of the whole tree at present (above ground). Call it, then, 4 years

The second was probably two years old when it died (at least) 2

The third (forming the present tree) 4

The fourth (growth of this year)

This little hickory, two feet and a quarter high and three quarters of an inch in diameter, standing in open land, was then at least eleven years old. What more the root would have revealed if I had dug deeper, I do not know. The fact that the lowest observed stub was nearly six inches below the surface, showing plainly to the eye that the earth had been heaped up about, was significant and suggested that this root might have survived in the ground through clearing and burning and subsequent cultivation. I remember well when the field was cultivated, I should think within ten or twelve years. It must be seventeen or eighteen years since the woods were cut here; since which time a peach orchard (which I selected) has been raised, a premium obtained for it, and the trees died and gone some years ago, also an apple orchard. The hickories are on the site and in the midst of these; and what makes it the more likely that these hickories may be from roots of young seedlings left in the ground is the fact that there are sprouts from several large chestnut stumps in the midst of the orchard, which, by their size, have probably been cut down once or twice since the tree was cut, and yet survived. What is true of these chestnut sprouts may be true of the hickories.

On Smith's Hill I selected a large and healthy-looking one (hickory), sawed it off, and found it nearly dead. It was four years old. It had been cut down before to a stub, which showed five years more. I did not look beneath the surface. The leading shoot was perfectly withered and dead. The same was very commonly the case, except when the tree had got above a certain height. I do not think that a single hickory has been planted in either of these places for some years at least. Indeed, why should squirrels bring the nuts to these particular localities where other hickories already stood? which they must do, supposing them to be planted still, and not to be all of one age.

They seem to be able to resist fire, cultivation, and frost. The last is apparently their great enemy at present. It is astonishing how many efforts they make, how persistent they are. Thus much is certain, at least.

In surrounding young wood they are common, and have got up three or four times as high. It may be that when pine and oaks and hickories, young and old, are cut off and the land cleared, the two former are exterminated but the hickories are tough and stubborn and do not give up the ground. I cannot as yet account for their existence in these two localities otherwise. Yet I still think that some must have been planted on Fair Haven Hill without the pines in a manner in which oaks are not, within a dozen years. Or perchance, if the oaks are so planted, they fail to come up?

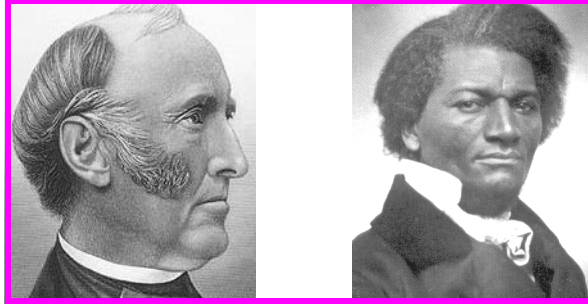
In Stow's wood at Saw Mill Brook an old chestnut stump. Two sprouts from this were cut three years ago and have forty-two rings. From the stumps of the sprouts, other sprouts three years old have grown. The old stump was cut there forty-five years ago. The centre of the stumps of each of these sprouts is hollow for one and a half inches in diameter. See a chestnut stump, a seedling sawed off, with seventy-five rings and no sprout from it. Commonly the sprouts stand in a circle around the stump,—often a dozen or more of them.

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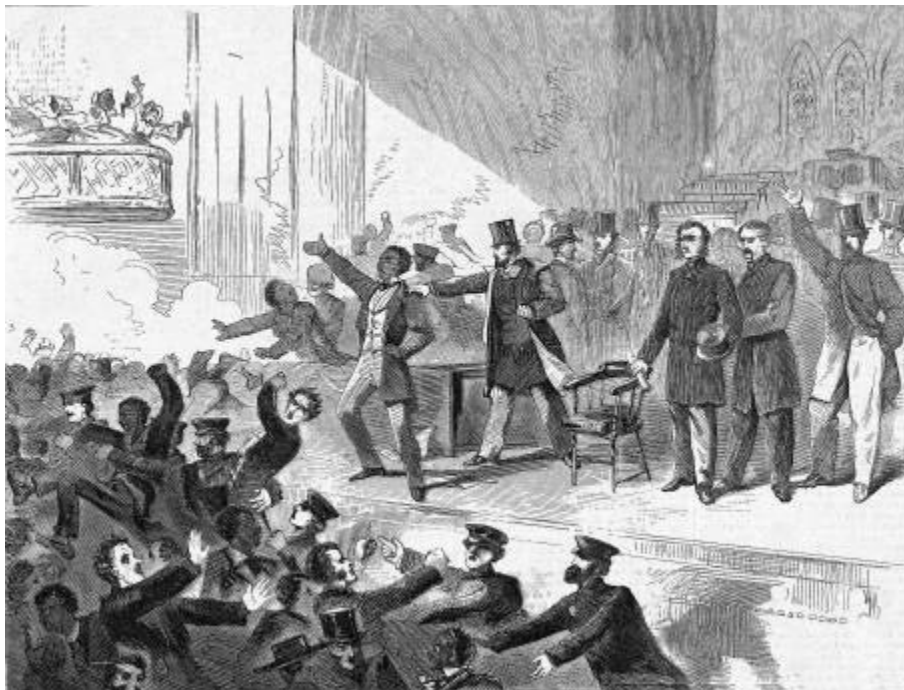
December 3, Monday: [Wendell Phillips](#) and [Frederick Douglass](#), among others, orated at the [Tremont Temple](#)



in Boston, in a meeting chaired by [James Redpath](#) and billed as a memorial for [John Brown](#), and there was an



invasion by a group of rowdy gentlemen. They took over the platform. The Boston police, out of sympathy for these indignant gentlemen, closed the meeting and emptied the hall. The abolitionists simply moved down into the Negro Church on Joy Street. One account of the evening has it that [Lydia Maria Child](#) clapped so hard during a speech by Phillips on the topic of freedom of speech that she broke her wedding band. (A week later, Douglass would orate on freedom of speech at the [Boston Music Hall](#).) As on other occasions, [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#), who was exceedingly tall and thus could look over the heads of the people in a crowd, was armed and was acting as Phillips's bodyguard. In the issue of December 15th there would appear in [Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization](#) of New-York, an illustration of the breaking up of the meeting, engraved by Winslow Homer, entitled: "EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS ON DECEMBER 3, 1860":





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Refer to Journal 14:291-2 for an account of a conversation [Henry Thoreau](#) had on this evening, defending [John Brown](#) against [Joel W. Walcott](#)'s and [Sam Staples](#)'s charge that he "did wrong" by dying.

**Ross/Adams  
commentary**

[Henry Thoreau](#) was chilled in Hill, Massachusetts while counting the rings of a hickory stump. –He found that the tree had been sixteen inches in diameter at twelve feet above the ground, and had "112 rings distinct, the first 50 within five and three quarters inches."

On this day the new federal Congress convened, and President [James Buchanan](#) delivered his "State of the Union" annual message:

It is with great satisfaction I communicate the fact that since the date of my last annual message not a single slave has been imported into the United States in violation of the laws prohibiting the African slave trade. This statement is founded upon a thorough examination and investigation of the subject. Indeed, the spirit which prevailed some time since among a portion of our fellow-citizens in favor of this trade seems to have entirely subsided" (SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36th Congress, 2d session, I, No. 1, page 24).

**INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE**

[Thoreau](#) was being written to by Hobart & Robbins in Boston:

*Boston 3<sup>d</sup> Decr. 1860.  
M<sup>r</sup> Henry D. Thoreau  
Concord, N.H.  
Dr. Sir  
Enclosed are Nine  
Dollars, to pay our order of the 26th.  
Return the enclosed bill receipted.  
Yr's Resp'y \$9.00  
Hobart & Robbins.*



December 3: Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and, looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break them off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow, while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it. I can confirm what William Bartram wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist, that "the jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature, for disseminating forest trees and other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. Their chief employment during the autumnal season is foraging to supply their winter stores. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable, in a few years' time, to replant all the cleared lands."



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P.M. – To Hill.<sup>29</sup>

*"Downriver," "To Great Meadow," and "To Hill" signified a northward trip down the Concord River below the triple point of the confluence. After passing through a straight reach aligned by the local bedrock strike, arched by two bridges, and flanked by gravel bars of historic sediment that were repeatedly dredged, he entered the north side of Great Meadow. Bounded by the site of the Old North Bridge to the southwest and Ball's Hill to the northeast, it was two miles long and half a mile across. When in flood, the meadow was his favorite inland sea to sail upon because the wind was least impeded and the waves were highest.*

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11

The hickory which was blown down by the wall has been cut up into lengths. The end of one some twelve feet from ground apparently is sixteen inches in diameter and has 112 rings distinct, the first 50 within five and three quarters inches. The bark is one inch thick.

Measured the three white oaks on the southeast side of hill. The northernmost at three feet is 10 feet in circumference.

" southeasternmost " " " 10 1/3 " "  
" southwesternmost " " " 11 1/2 " "

I find no young hickories springing up on the open hillside. Yet, if they do so elsewhere, why should they not here, where nuts are abundant? But, under and about the hickory which stands near the white oak (under the north side of the hill), there are many small hickories two to four feet high amid the birches and pines,—the largest of which birches and pines have been lately cut off.

I am inclined to think now that both oaks and hickories are occasionally planted in open land a rod or two or more beyond the edge of a pine or other wood, but that the hickory roots are more persistent under these circumstances and hence oftener succeed there.

As for the planting of acorns, it is to be observed that they do not require to be buried but merely transported and dropped on the surface in a suitable place. All the sound white oak acorns that I can find have now sent down their radicle under these circumstances, though, no doubt, far the greatest part of them will be killed this winter.

Talking with Walcott and Staples to-day, they declared that John Brown did wrong. When I said that I thought he was right, they agreed in asserting that he did wrong because he threw his life away, and that no man had a right to undertake anything which he knew would cost him his life. I inquired if Christ did not foresee that he would be crucified if he preached such doctrines as he did, but they both, though as if it was their only escape, asserted that they did not believe that he did. Upon which a third party threw in, "You do not think that he had so much foresight as Brown." Of course, they as good as said that, if Christ had foreseen that he would be crucified, he would have "backed out." Such are the principles and the logic of the mass of men.

It is to be remembered that by good deeds or words you encourage yourself, who always have need to witness or hear them.

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29. On March 22, 1861 [Henry Thoreau](#) would confide to Daniel Ricketson that he "took a severe cold about the 3d of December, which at length resulted in a kind of bronchitis, so that I have been confined to the house ever since."



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December 4, Tuesday: The Reverend [John Stetson Barry](#) and [Louisa Young Barry](#)'s daughter [Caroline Louisa Barry](#) got married with [Charles Willard Morton](#), son of Charles O. Morton and Persis Morton of [Needham, Massachusetts](#).

[Parker Pillsbury](#) wrote from Boston to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) to let him know that he would be unable to lecture because he was heading West to take a rest from the campaign.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed [William Monroe, Jr.](#)'s land on the east side of [Concord](#)'s Monument Street next to [Daniel Shattuck](#)'s property and [Richard Gourgas](#)'s property.<sup>30</sup> Laying down his surveying tools after this job, he would not use them again.

*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 make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), *THE BOATMAN*, pages 116-117



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](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm)

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30. It would be this William Monroe, Jr. who would later give the funds to build and maintain the Concord Free Public Library.



1860-18



Dec. 4. The first snow, four or five inches, this evening.

1860-1861

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Talk about slavery! It is not the peculiar institution of the South. It exists wherever men are bought and sold, wherever a man allows himself to be made a mere thing or a tool, and surrenders his inalienable rights of reason and conscience. Indeed, this slavery is more complete than that which enslaves the body alone. It exists in the Northern States, and I am reminded by what I find in the newspapers that it exists in Canada. I never yet met with, or heard of, a judge who was not a slave of this kind, and so the finest and most unfailing weapon of injustice. He fetches a slightly higher price than the black man only because he is a more valuable slave.

It appears that a colored man killed his would-be kidnapper in Missouri and fled to Canada. The bloodhounds have tracked him to Toronto and now demand him of her judges. From all that I can learn, they are playing their parts like judges. They are servile, while the poor fugitive in their jail is free in spirit at least.

This is what a Canadian writes to the New York Tribune: "Our judges may be compelled to render a judgment adverse to the prisoner. Depend upon it, they will not do it unless compelled [his italics]. And then the poor fellow will be taken back, and probably burned to death by the brutes of the South."<sup>31</sup> Compelled! By whom? Does God compel them? or is it some other master whom they serve? Can't they hold out a little longer against the tremendous pressure? If they are fairly represented, I wouldn't trust their courage to defend a setting hen of mine against a weasel. Will this excuse avail them when the real day of judgment comes? They have not to fear the slightest bodily harm: no one stands over them with a stick or a knife even [?]. They have at the worst only to resign their places and not a mouse will squeak about it. And yet they are likely to assist in tying this victim to the stake! Would that his example might teach them to break their own fetters! They appear not to know what kind of justice that is which is to be done though the heavens fall. Better that the British Empire be destroyed than that it should help to reenslave this man!

This correspondent suggests that the "good people" of New York may rescue him as he is being carried back. There, then, is the only resort of justice,—not where the judges are, but where the mob is, where human hearts are beating, and hands move in obedience to their impulses. Perhaps his fellow-fugitives in Toronto may not feel compelled to surrender him. Justice, departing from the Canadian soil, leaves her last traces among these. What is called the religious world very generally deny virtue to all who have not received the Gospel. They accept no god as genuine but the one that bears a Hebrew name. The Greenlander's Pirkosma [?] (he that is above), or any the like, is always the name of a false god to them.

C. says that Walden was first frozen over on the 16th December.



### [THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL DECEMBER 5th TO DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



December 5, Wednesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Shot two prairie chickens at one shot. Tanned some skins.

From darkest [Boston](#), [Thayer & Eldridge](#) wrote to [Walt Whitman](#) about their pending bankruptcy:

Do not for God's sake breathe a word of this to any one even after the papers report it.

Boston

December 5, 1860

Dear Father,

Wel go by the board tomorrow or next day. Please return the check to Mr. Honeybun care of Thayer & Eldridge. We have fixed your

31. This was from the issue of November 29, 1860 and appeared on page 6. It pertained to a fugitive slave in Toronto, known there as [John Anderson](#).



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account so that creditors cannot trouble you & so that you owe us but a nominal sum just for appearance sake.—  
Our friends would help us but from the condition of our affairs & the prospect of bad business for six or twelve months to come advise us to stop immediately, wind up & begin again.—  
Yours Truly  
T&E



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 6, Thursday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Bean and Miss Morrison were married this evening.

Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E.Burghardt Du Bois](#): “African Slave Trade: Message from the President ... transmitting ... a report from the Secretary of State in reference to the African slave trade.” —HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7. (Voluminous document, containing chiefly correspondence, orders, etc., 1855-1860.)

On this day South Carolinians were electing delegates to attend a “[secession](#) convention,” and the convention itself would begin in Columbia, South Carolina on December 17th (this convention would vote unanimously, 169-0, to declare secession from the United States, and then adjourn to Charleston to draft an ordinance of secession.

**US CIVIL WAR**



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 7, Friday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Bishop raised his log house on his claim on Dry Creek.

The Duchy of Pontecorvo was annexed by the Kingdom of Sardinia.

The American nation read of the capture of the bark *Cora* on the ocean off the Congo River, with 705 [slaves](#) aboard.<sup>32</sup>



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32. Clearly, there's a terminology problem here. In an effort to resolve this terminology issue, at the Republican National Convention in [New York](#) during August 2004 –at which the [Republican Party](#) would for four days make an effort to strip from its face its mask of hostility to the plight of the downtrodden and reveal its true countenance of benevolent conservatism and concern–these people would be sensitively referred to by a Hoosier Republican running for the US Senate as “involuntary immigrants.”

So, perhaps, this is a good point at which to insert a story about involuntary immigrants that has been passed on to us by Ram Varmha, a retired IBM engineer whose father had briefly served as Maharaja after the independence of Cochin. He relates the story as narrated to him by his paternal grandmother who lived in Thripoonithura, Cochin: “When my grandmother (born 1882) was a young girl she would go with the elder ladies of the family to the Pazhayannur Devi Temple in Fort Cochin, next to the Cochin Lantha Palace built by the Dutch (Landers = Lantha), which was an early establishment of the Cochin royal family before the administration moved to Thripoonithura. My grandmother often told us that in the basement of the Lantha Palace, in a confined area, a family of Africans had been kept locked up, as in a zoo! By my Grandmother's time all the Africans had died. But, some of the elder ladies had narrated the story to her of ‘Kappiries’ (Africans) kept in captivity there. It seems visitors would give them fruits and bananas. They were well cared for but always kept in confinement. My grandmother did not know all the details but according to her, ‘many’ years earlier, a ship having broken its mast drifted into the old Cochin harbor. When the locals climbed aboard, they found a crewless ship, but in the hold there were some chained ‘Kappiries’ still alive; others having perished. The locals did not know what to do with them. Not understanding their language and finding the Africans in chains, the locals thought that these were dangerous to set free. So they herded the poor Africans into the basement of the Cochin Fort, and held them in captivity, for many, many years! I have no idea when the initial incident happened, but I presume it took place in the late 1700s or early 1800s. This points to the possibility that it was, in fact, a slave ship carrying human cargo from East Africa to either the USA or the West Indies. An amazing and rather bizarre story. Incidentally, this is not an ‘old woman's tale’! Its quite reliable. My grandmother would identify some of the older ladies who had actually seen the surviving Kappiries.”



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This [negrero](#), this ship engaged in the [international slave trade](#), the *Cora*, was, it seems, a [New-York](#) vessel, and its 28-person crew presumably also were New-Yorkers!

**THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.**

**Capture of the Bark Cora of New York.**

*SEVEN HUNDRED AFRICANS ON BOARD.*

**Over 2,300 Recaptured Negroes Sent to Monrovia in Six Weeks.**

[Correspondence of the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

U. S. SHIP CONSTELLATION,  
St. PAUL DE LOANGO, September 30, 1860.

We arrived here this afternoon, after a cruise of twenty-two days' duration off the coast, during which we have visited all the slave ports of importance from this place as far to the northward as Loango. Nothing very remarkable occurred until the evening of the 25th, being about eighty miles from the coast and to the southward of the Congo river, when a sail was discovered about five miles to windward, steering north-west. We made all sail and after three and a-half hours' chase succeeded in overhauling her, firing four thirty-two-pound shot before she hove-to. She proved to be the bark Cora, of New York, one day out from the coast, and having on board seven hundred and five slaves. Sailing-master Eastman, with an armed crew of fifteen men, was immediately sent on board and took charge of her as a prize. Her officers and crew amounting to twenty-eight persons, were transferred

This had been, since 1812, a capital offense. Were New-Yorkers going to be hanged by the neck until they were dead?



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]


**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

[Transcript]



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 December 8, Friday: United States Secretary of the Treasury [Howell Cobb](#) of Georgia resigned, asserting that the election of [Abraham Lincoln](#) as President of the United States of America justified [secession](#).

**US CIVIL WAR**

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:


Sanford Leonard came. Put tanning preparation on my hides.



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 December 9, Saturday: It was becoming very much the trend, in the American southlands, for a young lady to fabricate a Confederate Secession Cockade (Rosette) for her beau to wear: "Everywhere could be seen Southern Cockades made by the ladies and our sweethearts." "The Kentucky girls made Cockades for us, and almost every soldier had one pinned on his hat." "Staid matrons and gaily bedecked maidens ... pinned upon our lapels the blue cockades." Etc. On this day a traveler passing through Tennessee was overheard to observe:


The further down I get, the more secession I see. Not content with wearing the blue cockade themselves, the people put them up on wagons, carriages, riding horses, etc. At one place where I stopped, all the negroes had them on. You may safely put Mississippi down as dead out for secession.



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 December 10, Monday: [Frederick Douglass](#) orated at the [Boston Music Hall](#), on the topic of freedom of speech. His speech would of course be printed in [The Liberator](#):

### A Plea for Free Speech in Boston

Boston is a great city – and Music Hall has a fame almost as extensive as that of Boston. Nowhere more than here have the principles of human freedom been expounded. But for the circumstances already mentioned, it would seem almost presumption for me to say anything here about those principles. And yet, even here, in Boston, the moral atmosphere is dark and heavy. The principles of human liberty, even I correctly apprehended, find but limited support in this hour a trial. The world moves slowly, and Boston is much like the world. We thought the principle of free speech was an accomplished fact. Here, if nowhere else, we thought the right of the people to assemble and



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to express their opinion was secure. Dr. Channing had defended the right, Mr. Garrison had practically asserted the right, and Theodore Parker had maintained it with steadiness and fidelity to the last.

But here we are to-day contending for what we thought we gained years ago. The mortifying and disgraceful fact stares us in the face, that though Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill Monument stand, freedom of speech is struck down. No lengthy detail of facts is needed. They are already notorious; far more so than will be wished ten years hence.

The world knows that last Monday a meeting assembled to discuss the question: "How Shall Slavery Be Abolished?" The world also knows that that meeting was invaded, insulted, captured by a mob of gentlemen, and thereafter broken up and dispersed by the order of the mayor, who refused to protect it, though called upon to do so. If this had been a mere outbreak of passion and prejudice among the baser sort, maddened by rum and hounded on by some wily politician to serve some immediate purpose, —a mere exceptional affair,— it might be allowed to rest with what has already been said. But the leaders of the mob were gentlemen. They were men who pride themselves upon their respect for law and order.

These gentlemen brought their respect for the law with them and proclaimed it loudly while in the very act of breaking the law. Theirs was the law of slavery. The law of free speech and the law for the protection of public meetings they trampled under foot, while they greatly magnified the law of slavery.

The scene was an instructive one. Men seldom see such a blending of the gentleman with the rowdy, as was shown on that occasion. It proved that human nature is very much the same, whether in tarpaulin or broadcloth. Nevertheless, when gentlemen approach us in the character of lawless and abandoned loafers, —assuming for the moment their manners and tempers,— they have themselves to blame if they are estimated below their quality.

"Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thoughts and opinions has ceased to exist."

No right was deemed by the fathers of the Government more sacred than the right of speech. It was in their eyes, as in the eyes of all thoughtful men, the great moral renovator of society and government. Daniel Webster called it a homebred right, a fireside privilege. Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thoughts and opinions has ceased to exist. That, of all rights, is the dread of tyrants. It is the right which they first of all strike down. They know its power. Thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, founded in injustice and wrong, are sure to tremble, if men are allowed to reason of righteousness, temperance, and of a judgment to come in their presence. Slavery cannot tolerate free speech. Five years of its exercise would banish the auction block and break every chain in the South. They will have none of it there, for they have the power. But shall it be so here?

Even here in Boston, and among the friends of freedom, we hear two voices: one denouncing the mob that broke up our meeting on Monday as a base and cowardly outrage; and another, deprecating and regretting the holding of such a meeting, by such men, at such a time. We are told that the meeting was ill-timed, and the



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parties to it unwise.

Why, what is the matter with us? Are we going to palliate and excuse a palpable and flagrant outrage on the right of speech, by implying that only a particular description of persons should exercise that right? Are we, at such a time, when a great principle has been struck down, to quench the moral indignation which the deed excites, by casting reflections upon those on whose persons the outrage has been committed? After all the arguments for liberty to which Boston has listened for more than a quarter of a century, has she yet to learn that the time to assert a right is the time when the right itself is called in question, and that the men of all others to assert it are the men to whom the right has been denied?

It would be no vindication of the right of speech to prove that certain gentlemen of great distinction, eminent for their learning and ability, are allowed to freely express their opinions on all subjects – including the subject of slavery. Such a vindication would need, itself, to be vindicated. It would add insult to injury. Not even an old-fashioned abolition meeting could vindicate that right in Boston just now. There can be no right of speech where any man, however lifted up, or however humble, however young, or however old, is overawed by force, and compelled to suppress his honest sentiments.

“It is just as criminal to rob a man of his right to speak and hear as it would be to rob him of his money.”

Equally clear is the right to hear. To suppress free speech is a double wrong. It violates the rights of the hearer as well as those of the speaker. It is just as criminal to rob a man of his right to speak and hear as it would be to rob him of his money. I have no doubt that Boston will vindicate this right. But in order to do so, there must be no concessions to the enemy. When a man is allowed to speak because he is rich and powerful, it aggravates the crime of denying the right to the poor and humble. The principle must rest upon its own proper basis. And until the right is accorded to the humblest as freely as to the most exalted citizen, the government of Boston is but an empty name, and its freedom a mockery. A man's right to speak does not depend upon where he was born or upon his color. The simple quality of manhood is the solid basis of the right – and there let it rest forever.



**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 11, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Worked for Israel Markery [who got married with Mrs. Link's oldest daughter].

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You can still visit Hotchkiss Hall in Waterbury, [Connecticut](#), where [Henry Thoreau](#) lectured despite a bad cold. After Henry's lecture before the Young Men's Institute, which was on the topic "Autumnal Tints," the corresponding secretary who had arranged the event, [Augustus Sabin Chase](#), a middleaged family man of diligent bank business, jotted down a profit-and-loss entry in his dear diary:

Clear and pleasant. Susanne home at noon. In eve to Institute Lecture with Emma, by H.D. Thoreau. Very poor lecture. After lecture to encampment.



*A.S. Chase*

Now, you may suppose I am being too harsh on this stuffed shirt. Did he not have the right to treat Thoreau like a hired entertainer, since indeed he had hired him, and did he not have the right to conclude that the funds had not been well spent as the help he had hired to amuse them that night had not turned out to be sufficiently amusing?

What I would offer is that this stuffed shirt is exactly the sort of person whom Thoreau was trying to reach, when he wrote about improved means to an unimproved end. This guy's life history is summed up in a series of job promotions. He started out as a rural schoolteacher, and after a year of that he became a clerk in a store, and after that he became a bank "employee," and after that he became an assistant teller, and after that he became a teller, and after years of that he became the bank president. Meanwhile his wife was turning out to be a very good choice as he turned the crank and she cranked out copy after copy of him.

What would you offer, dear reader, for a permit to have Henry Thoreau over to your house for one evening of supper and casual conversation with you and your children? This guy had that permit and blew it big time. Thoreau was prepared to speak to his condition and was simply not granted any opportunity. Mr. Chase was the big cheese, and he did not need to have anyone insolently attempt to speak to his condition. Look him in the eye. Read him "[AUTUMNAL TINTS](#)" aloud.



**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN**



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[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 12, Wednesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Finished my job for Israel. He is to pay me sixty-two feet of oak lumber.

In the federal House of Representatives, Mr. John Cochrane proposed an amendment to the United States Constitution.

The migration or importation of slaves into the United States or any of the Territories thereof, from any foreign country, is hereby prohibited (HOUSE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 2d session, pages 61-2; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 77).

**INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE**



**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
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[Transcript]

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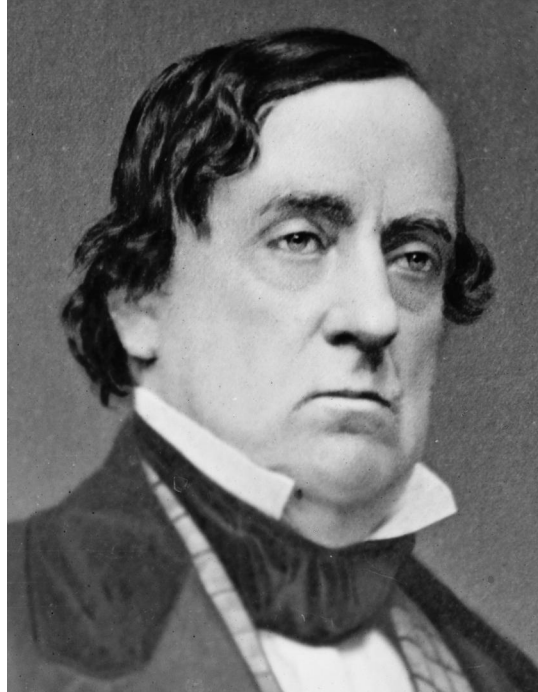
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December 13, Thursday: [Secretary of War John Buchanan Floyd](#) was disagreeing with [President James Buchanan](#)'s decision to allow Major Robert Anderson's occupation of [Fort Sumter](#) in [Charleston](#) harbor.

That was the precise opposite of the attitude being taken by the Secretary of State. On this day [Lewis Cass](#) resigned in protest at the President's refusal to mobilize the military to guard federal interests in the South, such as by promptly reinforcing all these forts.



Károly Baron Mecséry replaced Miklos Baron Vay de Vaja et Luskod as Chancellor of Hungary.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Leonard started for Lawrence.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*FRIEND THOREAU: I have been too busy to thank you sooner for your essay on "The Propagation of Trees," of which I trust you received a number of printed copies. I read it of course with interest, yet without absolute concurrence. I had hoped to find in it some allusion to the facts (or, if you please, allegations) with which I once combated your theory, in a conversation which you have probably forgotten. Allow me to restate them:*

*First: In the great Pine forest which covers (or recently covered) much of Maine, New-Brunswick, &c., a long Summer drouth has sometimes been followed by a sweeping fire, which swept a district forty miles long by ten to twenty broad as with the besom of destruction. Not only is the timber entirely*



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*killed and mainly consumed, but the very soil, to a depth varying from six to thirty inches, is utterly burned to ashes, down to the very hard-[pan]. The very next season, up springs a new and thick growth of White Birch—a tree not before known there. Not a pine or other fir—nothing but miles on miles of deciduous trees, almost entirely White-Birch. I have seen this on a small scale, and am well secured that it is true on every scale. How do you reconcile it with your theory that trees are never generated spontaneously, but always from some nut, or seed, or root, preëxisting in that same locality? Second: here is a fact as to which I cannot be mistaken: Go three days journey into a dense, dark, stately forest of Beach, Maple, Elm, &c., and cut down trees so as to clear a place from twenty to sixty feet square; roll up your logs in the middle of it, and burn them—say in June—to ashes; of course, burning up the soil also. In a month or two, that ash-bed will be covered by a thick, rank growth of fireweed—a plant for which I know no other name, but with which you are doubtless familiar. The trees stand thick and tall all around, almost shutting out the sky, of which you have a bare glimpse directly over head. Winds are scarcely known there below the tree-tops. Fireweed was previously unknown. Do you really insist that this fireweed springs uniformly from seeds of that plant? If yes, how do you account for their abundance in these widely separated firebeds, and those only?*  
Yours,           HORACE GREELEY.  
H.D. Thoreau, Concord, Mass.



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
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[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 14, Friday: The Waterbury, [Connecticut American](#) reported anonymously on [Henry Thoreau's](#) "Autumnal Tints" lecture:

**Institute Lecture.** — The second lecture of the course before the Young Men's Institute was delivered on Tuesday evening last, by H.D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass. Mr. Thoreau, as the author of





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two or three very entertaining books, one of which at least, descriptive of "Life in the woods," has passed through several editions, has acquired a deservedly high reputation, but as a popular lecturer is evidently out of his element. In fact, as Artemus Ward would say, lecturing is not his "fort." The subject - "Autumnal Tints" - is a suggestive one, and in some hands would have formed the basis of a very interesting lecture, - as it was, it was dull, commonplace and unsatisfactory. There was nothing of the practical and very little of the poetical discoverable in it. It is possible, however, that the monotonous style in which it was delivered prevented the audience from duly appreciating whatever of real merit it contained as a composition. On the whole, probably no lecture before the Institute has so thoroughly disappointed his auditory. However, there are favorite lecturers to follow, and we may look for some rich entertainments before the lecture season is over. The next lecture of the course, we believe, is to be on the 8th of January.

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Went up to Robinson's to play cards.




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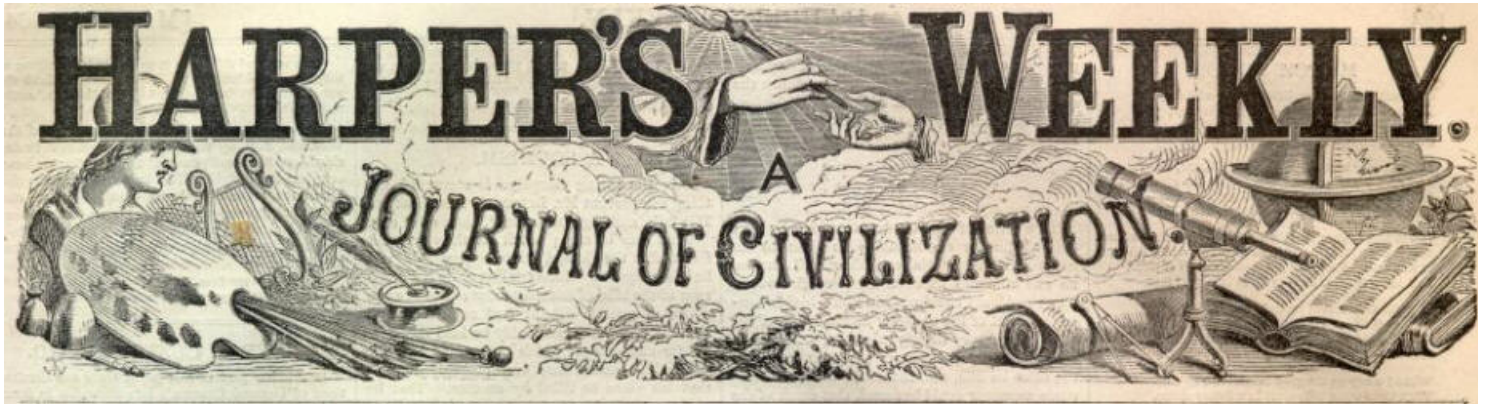
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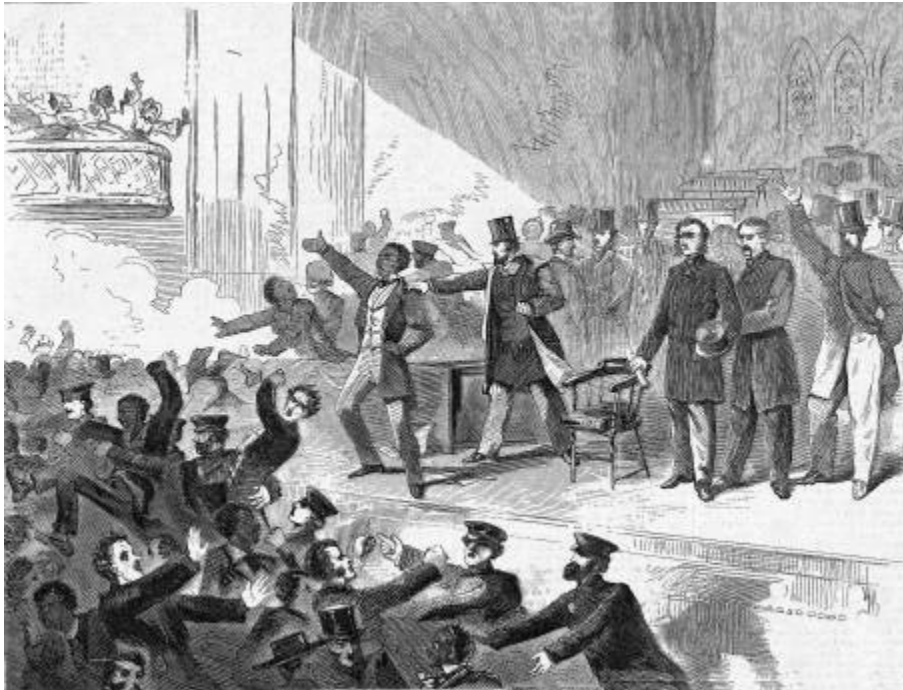
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 December 15, Saturday: [George Thomas Downing](#)'s luxurious Sea Girt House in [Newport, Rhode Island](#), along with the entire city block bordered by Bellevue Avenue, Liberty Street, and Downing Street, was torched by an arsonist.



There appeared in [Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization](#) of New-York in this issue, the famous illustration of the breaking up of the meeting of Boston abolitionists on December 3rd, entitled: "EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS ON DECEMBER 3, 1860." [Frederick Douglass](#), [William Lloyd Garrison](#) and others were attempting to celebrate the first anniversary of the hanging of John Brown for leading his famous raid on Harper's Ferry. After Douglass's speech, a Bostonian mob had expelled the abolitionists by force.



So, you tell me, does the torching of this prominent black businessman's opulent home and productive business establishment in Newport on December the 15th have anything to do with the fact that this inflammatory notice of goings-on in Boston had appeared in the public media? At first blush, there is no indication of a connection — unless one has retained the information, that once upon a time Frederick Douglass had stayed at this home, and that this businessman was a Douglass financial supporter.

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Meanwhile, in free Canada, at the Court of Queen's Bench in [Toronto](#), there was a jam of onlookers, some of them black. Could America's neighbor to the north actually be forced to remand an escaped American slave to the tender justice of American slavemasters, who had been publicly pledging that once back in Arkansas he was to be roasted alive over a slow fire? The Canadian police stacked their muskets in front of the hall as a visible warning that no disruption was going to be tolerated. The prisoner in the dock, a stout-built man of a

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deep yellow countenance, with a high forehead, could be heard occasionally to sigh. As the clock struck



twelve, the Chief Justice, Robinson, produced his paper and began to read the decision of the three-member court. Two of the members, Chief Justice Robinson and Mr. Justice Burns, had refused the application for [John Anderson](#)'s discharge. He would need to be extradited, and stand trial for murder in Missouri, a place where no black man had any rights whatever, and then be executed. Mr. Justice McLean had dissented. After the court's majority decision had been read, this lone dissenter read out his dissent:

Looking, then, at all the testimony taken before the justice of the peace, and rejecting such portion as is unnecessary and inadmissible, there is not a witness who connects the prisoner with the stabbing of Diggs, unless it be Thomas Diggs, in his statement of the death-bed declarations of his father to him, and these only shew that the negro by whom Diggs was stabbed made certain declarations as to himself and his identity, which would be true if made by the prisoner; but rejecting the deposition of the slave Phil there is no testimony which establishes satisfactorily that the prisoner is the person who caused the death of Diggs. On the grounds, therefore, that the prisoner was arrested in the first instance on an insufficient complaint, and that he is now detained in custody on a warrant of commitment until discharged by due course of law for an offence committed in a foreign country; and on the further grounds, that the offence stated in the warrant of commitment is not one for which the prisoner is liable to be detained under the provincial act for carrying out the treaty with the United States for the surrender of certain fugitive criminals, and that the evidence, as given before the justice of the peace, is of too vague a character to establish the offence of murder against the prisoner according to the laws of this province, I am of opinion that the prisoner is now entitled to be discharged from custody.

In other words, were there sufficient evidence to proceed, we would of course need to sell this man down the river, but fortunately, we can construe that there seems not to be this sufficient evidence — which is, by any measure, not a strong peg on which to be forced to hang one's legal hat! Here is the conclusion of Mr. Justice McLean's dissent:

Can it then be a matter of surprise that the prisoner should endeavour to escape from so degrading a position; or rather,

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would it not be a cause of surprise if the attempt were not made? Diggs – though he could have had no other interest in it but that which binds slaveholders for their common interest to prevent the escape of their slaves – interfered to prevent the prisoner getting beyond the bounds of his bondage, and, with his slaves, pursued and hunted him with a spirit and determination which might well drive him to desperation; and when at length the prisoner appeared within reach of capture, he, with a stick in his hand, crossed over a fence, and advanced to intercept and seize him. The prisoner was anxious to escape, and, in order to do so, made every effort to avoid his pursuers. Diggs, as their leader, on the contrary, was most anxious to overtake and come in contact with the prisoner, for the unholy purpose of rivetting his chains more securely. Could it be expected from any man indulging the desire to be free, which nature has implanted in his breast, that he should quietly submit to be returned to bondage and to stripes, if by any effort of his strength or any means within his reach, he could emancipate himself? Such an expectation, it appears to me, would be most unreasonable; and I must say that, in my judgment, the prisoner was justified in using any necessary degree of force to prevent what, to him, must inevitably have proved a most fearful evil. He was committing no crime in endeavouring to escape and to better his own condition; and the fact of his being a slave cannot, in my humble judgment, make that a crime which would not be so if he were a white man. If in this country any number of persons were to pursue a coloured man with an avowed determination to return him into slavery, it cannot, I think, be doubted that the man pursued would be justified in using, in the same circumstances as the prisoner, the same means of relieving himself from so dreadful a result. Can, then, or must the law of slavery in Missouri be recognized by us to such an extent as to make it murder in Missouri, while it is justifiable in this province to do precisely the same act? I confess that I feel it too repugnant to every sense of religion and every feeling of justice, to recognize a rule, designated as a *law*, passed by the strong for enslaving and tyrannizing over the weak – a law which would not be tolerated a moment, if those who are reduced to the condition of slaves, and deprived of all human rights, were possessed of white instead of black or dark complexions. The [Declaration of Independence](#) of the present United States proclaimed to the world, that all men are born equal and possessed of certain inalienable rights, amongst which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but the first of these is the only one accorded to the unfortunate slaves; the others of these inalienable rights are denied, because the white population have found themselves strong enough to deprive the blacks of them. A love of liberty is inherent in the human breast, whatever may be the complexion of the skin. 'Its taste is grateful, and ever will be so till nature herself shall change.' And in administering the laws of a British province, I never can feel bound to recognize as law any enactment which can convert into chattels a very large number of the human race. *I think that, on every ground, the prisoner is entitled to be discharged.*



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In other words, there is a higher law, which even a judge may hear and obey!

The order made by the court was therefore:

That the said John Anderson be recommitted to the custody of the keeper of the gaol of the county of Brant, under which he had been detained, until a warrant should issue, upon the requisition of the proper authorities of the United States of America, or of the state of Missouri, for his surrender; or until discharged according to law.

Only one possibility remained — Canada's Court of Error and Appeal. Could this decision be reversed? When [John Anderson](#)'s counsel stated that an appeal was intended, counsel for the Crown pledged that it would throw no obstruction in the way of such appeal.




**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
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[Transcript]

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 December 16, Sunday: According to Ellery Channing, [Walden Pond](#) froze.

[John E. Cook](#) had escaped from Harpers Ferry when [John Brown](#) sent him out to collect weapons and was prudent enough not to return into that steel trap, but instead climbed up into a tree on the Maryland side of the Potomac and from that vantage point watched the carnage. On this day he was hanged at the age of 29.



Although he didn't know of it, in a concert setting in Warsaw music from Stanislaw Moniuszko's incomplete opera Rokiczana was being performed for the initial time.



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

[Transcript]

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December 17, Monday: Documentation of the international slave trade, per W.E.Burghardt Du Bois: "Deficiencies of Appropriation, etc.: Letter from the Secretary of the Interior, communicating estimates for deficiencies in the appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade, etc." –HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 11. (Contains names of captured slavers.)

In Columbia, South Carolina, delegates arrived at a "secession convention" (this convention would vote unanimously, 169-0, to declare secession from the United States, and then adjourn to Charleston to draft an ordinance of secession).

US CIVIL WAR

The Kingdom of Sardinia formally annexed the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his Kansas diary:

Muir and Crawford went to Leavenworth. Crawford to Illinois. I staked out the ground for my house on claim [log home on claim north of town].

When Governor Samuel Medary resigned, George Monroe Beebe became for a brief period the acting governor of Kansas.



Henry Thoreau wrote to Louis A. Surette, Jr, the current curator of the Concord Lyceum.



Concord Dec 17<sup>th</sup> '60  
Mr Surette  
Dear Sir  
I am very sorry to say that the illness of my mother, who is confined





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*to her bed, will prevent her showing to Mr Phillips the attention which she desired to— The prospect is also that I shall be kept at home Wednesday evening by an influenza— My mother wishes me to say, however, that Mrs Brooks will be happy to entertain Mr Phillips at her house— Yrs truly  
Henry D. Thoreau*



[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
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[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 18, Tuesday: Edward Alexander MacDowell was born in New-York City, a son of Thomas MacDowell and Frances Knapp.

Amendments were proposed in the federal Congress by Senator John J. Crittenden.

**READ THE FULL TEXT**

A poem by [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) appeared in the Boston [Transcript](#):

### **[Paul Revere's Ride.](#)**

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.  
He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea:  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
For the country folk to be up and to arm,"  
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.  
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,

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The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.  
 Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
 And startled the pigeons from their perch  
 On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall  
 To the highest window in the wall,  
 Where he paused to listen and look down  
 A moment on the roofs of the town,  
 And the moonlight flowing over all.  
 Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
 In their night-encampment on the hill,  
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
 The watchful night-wind, as it went  
 Creeping along from tent to tent  
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
 A moment only he feels the spell  
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead:  
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
 On a shadowy something far away,  
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
 A line of black that bends and floats  
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.  
 Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
 Now he patted his horse's side,  
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
 But mostly he watched with eager search  
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!  
 A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;

And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, [these six lines had been omitted by error]  
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
 He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.  
 It was twelve by the village clock  
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
 He heard the crowing of the cock,  
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
 And felt the damp of the river fog,  
 That rises after the sun goes down.  
 It was one by the village clock,  
 When he galloped into Lexington.



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He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.  
It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.  
You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.  
So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.




[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

[Transcript]

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 December 19, Wednesday: The Spirit of the Age, a Raleigh, North Carolina family newspaper, offered on its page 2 words of sage advice in regard to the upcoming holiday season –the birth of the Holy Child Jesus Christ– to its local slavemasters:

y it e o e ie y o- d ie lo  ill rt nt	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p><b>Christmas is Coming.</b></p> <p>The great time of freedom from restraint among our slaves—"Christmas times"—is close at hand, and the times demand watchfulness and circumspection among all slave owners. Keep your negroes at home. Humanity to the slave, and safety to the owner require it. A very slight impropriety, at this time, might cause danger to one and loss to the other. The slave population is contented and conservative—but an exposure to temptation and excitement, such as liquor and bad company, will corrupt and ruin the best of them. Keep them at home.</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	A. W fo G. As Hi vi wo Pl C. M Co Lo Bi bu  re w fo
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[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]

[Transcript]

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1860-1861

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December 20, Thursday: In Institute Hall in [Charleston](#), an Ordinance of [Secession](#) ratified by “a Convention of the People of the State of South Carolina” proclaimed [South Carolina](#) to be “an independent commonwealth,” to take effect on December 24th (this would be followed within 2 months by similar declarations in Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas).

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

President James Buchanan would declare the ordinance illegal but would not act to stop it. A committee of the convention would also draft a “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina” which would be adopted on December 24th. The secession declaration “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina” would assert the primary reasoning behind South Carolina’s declaring of secession from the U.S. as: “...increasing hostility on the part of the non-slaveholding States to the Institution of Slavery....”

From the beginning of civil war [Caroline Cushing Andrews](#) would teach refugees of color in [Washington DC](#). She would encounter [Rufus Leighton](#) from Gloucester, Massachusetts, there as a clerk in the Treasury Department, and they would get married in Newburyport, Massachusetts.



**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]**

[Transcript]

**[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)**



December 21, Friday: This was a big day in the city of Adelaide, Australia, as it was the day that the water from a new pipeline from the Adelaide Hills was scheduled to be turned on. At 3.00 P.M., as a small group waited at a fire hydrant on the corner of Flinders and Pulteney Streets, water suddenly gushed 70 feet up into the air!

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Mrs. Crowthers and Muir spent the evening here.



**[THOREAU WOULD MAKE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN  
DECEMBER 5th AND DECEMBER 21st]**

[Transcript]

**[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)**



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December 22, Saturday: At the Court of Queen's Bench in [Toronto](#), the actual application was submitted by [John Anderson](#)'s counsel, Mr. Freeman, for leave to appeal the court's adverse decision to Canada's higher Court of Error and Appeal. The court advised the attorney that there could be no appeal to the court above from its judgment upon a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Counsel for Anderson then declared that he was going to sue for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* from the Court of Common Pleas, and he was going to sue for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* from the Court of Chancery, and, if necessary, he was going to apply directly to the Canadian legislature, and in the last resort, he was going to take his case directly to the Privy Council and to the Parliament in England.

The Holy Congregation of Cardinals met for a 2d time to consider the annulment for Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. For a 2d time, they ruled in her favor.

Mexican factions battled at San Miguel Calpulalpan, northeast of [Mexico City](#), in the final victory of liberals over conservatives.

President [Abraham Lincoln](#) was engaged in correspondence with Alexander H. Stephens of Springfield, [Illinois](#), attempting to persuade this voter that although he was confessedly an opponent of race slavery, he did nevertheless realize that the needs of white Americans always did come, and always would come, before the rights of black Americans. Trust me, sir, I know what race I am:

For your own eye only. Hon. A.H. Stephens - Springfield, Ills.

My dear Sir

Dec. 22, 1860

Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a [Republican](#) administration would, directly, or indirectly, interfere with their slaves, or with them, about their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears.

The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

Yours very truly

A. LINCOLN



Dec. 22. This evening and night, the second important snow, there having been sleighing since the 4th, and now,-

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 23, Sunday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Mead says he killed one hundred and seventy wolves since he was here last.



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Dec. 23, – there is seven or eight inches of snow at least. Larks were about our house the middle of this month.

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[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



December 24, Monday: Barkouf, an opéra-bouffe by Jacques Offenbach to words of Scribe and Boisseaux, was performed for the initial time, at the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

“Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the [Secession](#) of South Carolina.”  
John McQueen wrote to T.T. Cropper and J.R. Crenshaw that:

I have never doubted what Virginia would do when the alternatives present themselves to her intelligent and gallant people, to choose between an association with her sisters and the dominion of a people, who have chosen their leader upon the single idea that the African is equal to the Anglo-Saxon, and with the purpose of placing our slaves on equality with ourselves and our friends of every condition! and if we of South Carolina have aided in your deliverance from tyranny and degradation, as you suppose, it will only the more assure us that we have performed our duty to ourselves and our sisters in taking the first decided step to preserve an inheritance left us by an ancestry whose spirit would forbid its being tarnished by assassins. We, of South Carolina, hope soon to greet you in a Southern Confederacy, where white men shall rule our destinies, and from which we may transmit to our posterity the rights, privileges and honor left us by our ancestors.

The US Senate considered a bill that might more effectively suppress the African [slave-trade](#). This would be read twice and then referred to the Senate’s Committee on the Judiciary (where it would vanish without a trace).

Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 529) for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade (SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 62; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 182).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 24/

25]

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



December 25, Tuesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Shot a turkey. We had it baked for dinner.



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A document “The Address of the people of South Carolina, assembled in Convention, to the people of the Slaveholding States of the United States” explained that the original American Revolution had been subverted by subsequent events and had failed in its objective of providing to the peoples of America an independence from centralized power, and that what was now necessary was a 2d American Revolution, to re-acquire for the people the liberties that had been sought during that original American Revolution:

It is now seventy-three years since the Union between the United States was made by the Constitution of the United States. During this period their advance in wealth, prosperity, and power, has been with scarcely a parallel in the history of the world. The great object of their union was defense against external aggressions; which object is now attained, from their more progress in power. Thirty-one millions of people, with a commerce and navigation which explore every sea, and of agricultural productions which are necessary to every civilized people, command the friendship of the world. But unfortunately, our internal peace has not grown with our external prosperity. Discontent and contention has moved in the bosom of the Confederacy, for the last thirty-five years. During this time, South Carolina has twice called her people together in solemn Convention, to take into consideration, the aggressions and unconstitutional wrongs, perpetrated by the people of the North on the people of the South. These wrongs, were submitted to by the people of the South, under the hope and expectation that they would be final. But such hope and expectation, have proved to be vain. Instead of producing forbearance, our acquiescence and outrage; and South Carolina, having again assembling her people in Convention, has this day dissolved her connection with the States, constituting the United States.

The one great evil, from which all other evils have flowed, is the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States. The Government of the United States is no longer the government of Confederated Republics, but of a consolidated Democracy. It is, in face such a Government as Great Britain attempted to set over our Fathers; and which was resisted and defeated by a seven years' struggle for independence.

The Revolution of 1776, turned upon one great principle, self-government, – and self-taxation, the criterion of self-government. Where the interests of two people united together under one Government, are different, each must have the power to protect its interests by the organization of the Government, or they cannot be free. The interests of Great Britain and of the Colonies, were different and antagonistic. Great Britain was desirous of carrying out the policy of all nations toward their Colonies, of making them tributary to their wealth and power. She had vast and complicated relations with the whole world. Her policy toward her North American Colonies, was to identify them with her in all these complicated relations; and to make them bear, in common with the rest of the Empire, the full burden of her obligations and necessities. She had a vast public debt; she had a European policy and an Asiatic policy, which had occasioned the accumulation of her public debt, and which kept her in continual wars. The North American Colonies saw their interests, political and commercial, sacrificed by such a policy. Their interests required, that they should not be





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identified with the burdens and wars of the mother country. They had been settled under Charters, which gave them self-government, at least so far as their property was concerned. They had taxed themselves, and had never been taxed by the Government of Great Britain. To make them a part of a consolidated Empire, the Parliament of Great Britain determined to assume the power of legislating for the Colonies in all cases whatsoever. Our ancestors resisted the pretension. They refused to be a part of the consolidated Government of Great Britain. The Southern States, now stand exactly in the same position towards the Northern States, that the Colonies did towards Great Britain. The Northern States, having the majority in Congress, claim the same power of omnipotence in legislation as the British parliament. "The General Welfare," is the only limit to the legislation of either; and the majority in Congress, as in the British parliament, are the sole judges of the expediency of the legislation, this "General Welfare" requires. Thus, the Government of the United States has become a consolidated Government; and the people of the Southern State, are compelled to meet the very despotism, their fathers threw off in the Revolution of 1776.

The consolidation of the Government of Great Britain over the Colonies, was attempted to be carried out by the taxes. The British parliament undertook to tax the Colonies, to promote British interests. Our father, resisted this pretension. They claimed the right of self-taxation through their Colonial Legislatures. They were not represented in the British Parliament, and therefore could not rightfully be taxed by its Legislature. The British Government, however, offered them a representation in parliament; but it was not sufficient to enable them to protect themselves from the majority, and they refused the offer. Between taxation without any representation, and taxation without a representation adequate to protection, there was no difference. In neither case would the Colonies tax themselves. Hence, they refused to pay the taxes laid by the British parliament.

And so with the Southern States, towards the Northern States, in the vital matter of taxation. They are in a minority in Congress. Their representation in Congress, is useless to protect them against unjust taxation; and they are taxed by the people of the North for their benefit, exactly as the people of Great Britain taxed our ancestors in the British parliament for their benefit. For the last forty years, the taxes laid by the Congress of the United States have been laid with a view of subserving the interests of the North. The people of the South have been taxed by duties on imports, not for revenue, but for an object inconsistent with revenue - to promote, by prohibitions, Northern interests in the productions of their mines and manufactures.

There is another evil, in the condition of the Southern toward the Northern States, which our ancestors refused to bear toward Great Britain. Our ancestors not only taxed themselves, but all the taxes collected from them, were expended among them. Had they submitted to the pretensions of the British Government, the taxes collected from them, would have been expended in other parts of the British Empire. They were fully aware of the effect



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of such a policy in impoverishing the people from whom taxes are collected, and in enriching those who receive the benefit of their expenditure. To prevent the evils of such a policy, was one of the motives which drove them on to Revolution. Yet this British policy, has been fully realized towards the Southern States, by the Northern States. The people of the Southern States are not only taxed for the benefit of the Northern States, but after the taxes are collected, three-fourths of them are expended at the North. This cause, with others, connected with the operation of the General Government, has made the cities of the South provincial. Their growth is paralyzed; they are mere suburbs of Northern cities. The agricultural productions of the South are the basis of the foreign commerce of the United States; yet Southern cities do not carry it on. Our foreign trade, is almost annihilated. In 1740, there were five shipyards in South Carolina, to build ships to carry on our direct trade with Europe. Between 1740 and 1779, there were built in these yards twenty-five square rigged vessels, besides a great number of sloops and schooners, to carry on our coast and West India trade. In the half century immediately preceding the Revolution, from 1725 to 1775, the population of South Carolina increased seven-fold.

No man can for a moment believe, that our ancestors intended to establish over their posterity, exactly the same sort of Government they had overthrown. The great object of the Constitution of the United States, in its internal operation, was, doubtless, to secure the great end of the Revolution – a limited free Government – a Government limited to those matters only, which were general and common to all portions of the United States. All sectional or local interests were to be left to the States. By no other arrangement, would they obtain free Government, by a Constitution common to so vast a Confederacy. Yet by gradual and steady encroachments on the part of the people of the North, and acquiescence on the part of the South, the limitations in the Constitution have been swept away; and the Government of the United States has become consolidated, with a claim of limitless powers in its operations.

It is not at all surprising, such being the character of the Government of the United States, that it should assume to possess power over all the institutions of the country. The agitations on the subject of slavery, are the natural results of the consolidation of the Government. Responsibility, follows power; and if the people of the North, have the power by Congress – “to promote the general welfare of the United States,” by any means they deem expedient-why should they not assail and overthrow the institution of slavery in the South? They are responsible for its continuance or existence, in proportion to their power. A majority in Congress, according to their interested and perverted views, is omnipotent. The inducements to act upon the subject of slavery, under such circumstances, were so imperious, as to amount almost to a moral necessity. To make, however, their numerical power available to rule the Union, the North must consolidate their power. It would not be united, on any matter common to the whole Union-in other words, on any constitutional subject-for on such subjects divisions are as likely to exist in the North as in the South. Slavery was



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strictly, a sectional interest. If this could be made the criterion of parties at the North, the North could be united in its power; and thus carry out its measures of sectional ambition, encroachment, and aggrandizement. To build up their sectional predominance in the Union, the Constitution must be first abolished by constructions; but that being done, the consolidation of the North to rule the South, by the tariff and slavery issues, was in the obvious course of things.

The Constitution of the United States, was an experiment. The experiment consisted, in uniting under one Government, peoples living in different climates, and having different pursuits and institutions. It matters not, how carefully the limitations of such a government are laid down in the Constitution-its success must at least depend, upon the good faith of the parties to the constitutional compact, in enforcing them. It is not in the power of human language to exclude false inferences, constructions and perversions, in any Constitution; and when vast sectional interests are to be subserved, involving the appropriation of countless millions of money, it has not been the usual experience of mankind that words on parchments can arrest power. The Constitution of the United States, irrespective of the interposition of the States, rested on the assumption, that power would yield to faith,-that integrity would be stronger than interest; and that thus, the limitations of the Constitution would be observed. The experiment, has been fairly made. The Southern States, from the commencement of the Government, have striven to keep it, within the orbit prescribed by the Constitution. The experiment, has failed. The whole Constitution, by the constructions of the Northern people, has been absorbed by its preamble. In their reckless lust for power, they seem unable to comprehend that seeming paradox-that the more power is given to the General Government, the weaker it becomes. Its strength, consists in the limitation of its agency to objects of common interest to all sections. To extend the scope of its power over sectional or local interests, is to raise up against it, opposition and resistance. In all such matters, the General Government must necessarily be a despotism, because all sectional or local interests must ever be represented by a minority in the councils of the General Government-having no power to protect itself against the rule of the majority. The majority, constituted from those who do not represent these sectional or local interests, will control and govern them. A free people, cannot submit to such a Government. And the more it enlarges the sphere of its power, the greater must be the dissatisfaction it must produce, and the weaker it must become. On the contrary, the more it abstains from usurped powers, and the more faithfully it adheres to the limitations of the Constitution, the stronger it is made. The Northern people have had neither the wisdom nor the faith to perceive, that to observe the limitation of the Constitution was the only way to its perpetuity.

Under such a Government, there must, of course, be many and endless "irrepressible conflicts," between the two great sections of the Union. The same faithlessness which has abolished the Constitution of the United States, will not fail to carry out the sectional purposes for which it has been



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abolished. There must be conflict; and the weaker section of the Union can only find peace and liberty, in an independence of the North. The repeated efforts made by South Carolina, in a wise conservatism, to arrest the progress of the General Government in its fatal progress to consolidation, have been unsupported, and she has been denounced as faithless to the obligations of the Constitution, by the very men and States, who were destroying it by their usurpations. It is now too late, to reform or restore the Government of the United States. All confidence in the North, is lost in the South. The faithlessness of the North for half a century, has opened a gulf of separation between the North and the South which no promises or engagements can fill.

It cannot be believed, that our ancestors would have assented to any union whatever with the people of the North, if the feelings and opinions now existing amongst them, had existed when the Constitution was framed. There was then, no Tariff-no fanaticism concerning negroes. It was the delegates from New England, who proposed in the Convention which framed the Constitution, to the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, that if they would agree to give Congress the power of regulating commerce by a majority, that they would support the extension of the African Slave Trade for twenty years. African Slavery, existed in all the States, but one. The idea, that the Southern States would be made to pay that tribute to their Northern confederates, which they had refused to pay to Great Britain; or that the institution of African slavery, would be made the grand basis of a sectional organization of the North to rule the South, never crossed the imaginations of our ancestors. The Union of the Constitution, was a union of slaveholding States. It rests on slavery, by prescribing a Representation in Congress for three-fifths of our slaves. There is nothing in the proceedings of the Convention which framed the Constitution, to shew, that the Southern States would have formed any other Union; and still less, that they would have formed a Union with more powerful non-slaveholding States, having majority in both branches of the Legislature of the Government. They were guilty of no such folly. Time and the progress of things have totally altered the relations between the Northern and Southern States, since the Union was first established. That identity of feeling, interests and institutions which once existed, is gone. They are now divided, between agricultural-and manufacturing, and commercial States; between slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. Their institutions and industrial pursuits, have made them, totally different peoples. That Equality in the Government between the two sections of the Union which once existed, no longer exists. We but imitate the policy of our fathers in dissolving a union with non-slaveholding confederates, and seeking a confederation with slaveholding States.

Experience has proved, that slaveholding States cannot be safe in subjection to non-slaveholding States. Indeed, no people ever expect to preserve its rights and liberties, unless these be in its own custody. To plunder and oppress, where plunder and oppression can be practiced with impunity, seems to be the natural order of things. The fairest portions of the world elsewhere, have been turned into wilderness; and the most



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civilized and prosperous communities, have been impoverished and ruined by anti-slavery fanaticism. The people of the North have not left us in doubt, as to their designs and policy. United as a section in the late Presidential election, they have elected as the exponent of their policy, one who has openly declared that all the States of the United States must be made free States or slave States. It is true, that amongst those who aided in this election, there are various shades of anti-slavery hostility. But if African slavery in the Southern States, be the evil their political combination affirms it to be, the requisitions of an inexorable logic, must lead them to emancipation. If it is right, to preclude or abolish slavery in a territory-why should it be allowed to remain in the States? The one is not at all more unconstitutional than the other, according to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. And when it is considered, that the Northern States will soon have the power to make that Court what they please, and that the Constitution has never been any barrier whatever to their exercise of power-what check can there be, in the unrestrained councils of the North, to emancipation? There is sympathy in association, which carries men along without principle; but when there is principle-and that principle is fortified by long-existing prejudices and feelings, association is omnipotent in party influences. In spite of all disclaimers and professions, there can be but one end by the submission by the South, to the rule of a sectional anti-slavery government at Washington; and that end, directly or indirectly, must be the emancipation of the slaves of the South. The hypocrisy of thirty years-the faithlessness of their whole course from the commencement of our union with them, shew that the people of the non-slaveholding North, are not, and cannot be safe associates of the slaveholding South, under a common Government. Not only their fanaticism, but their erroneous views of the principles of free governments, render it doubtful whether, separated from the South, they can maintain a free government amongst themselves. Numbers with them, is the great element of free government. A majority, is infallible and omnipotent. "The right divine to rule in kings," is only transferred to their majority. The very object of all Constitutions, in free popular Government, is to restrain the majority. Constitutions, therefore, according to their theory, must be most unrighteous inventions, restricting liberty. None ought to exist; but the body politic ought simply to have a political organization, to bring out and enforce the will of the majority. This theory may be harmless in a small community, having identity of interests and pursuits; but over a vast State-still more, over a vast Confederacy, having various and conflicting interests and pursuits-it is a remorseless despotism. In resisting it, as applicable to ourselves, we are vindicating the great cause of free government, more important, perhaps, to the world, than the existence of all the United States. Nor in resisting it, do we intend to depart from the safe instrumentality, the system of government we have established with them, requires. In separating from them, we invade no rights-no interest of theirs. We violate, no obligation or duty to them. As separate, independent States in Convention, we made the Constitution of



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the United States with them; and as separate, independent States, each State acting for itself, we adopted it. South Carolina acting in her sovereign capacity, now thinks proper to secede from the Union. She did not part with her Sovereignty, in adopting the Constitution. The last thing, a State can be presumed to have surrendered, is her Sovereignty. Her Sovereignty, is her life. Nothing but a clear, express grant, can alienate it. Inference is inadmissible. Yet it is not at all surprising, that those who have construed away all the limitations of the Constitution, should also by construction, claim the annihilation of the Sovereignty of the States. Having abolished barriers to their omnipotence, by their faithless constructions in the operations of the General Government, it is most natural that they should endeavor to do the same towards us, in the States. The truth is, they, having violated the express provisions of the Constitution, it is at an end, as a compact. It is morally obligatory only on those, who choose to accept its perverted terms. South Carolina, deeming the compact not only violated in particular features, but virtually abolished by her Northern confederates, withdraws herself as a party, from its obligations. The right to do so, is denied by her Northern confederates. They desire to establish a sectional despotism, not only omnipotent in Congress, but omnipotent over the States; and as if to manifest the imperious necessity of our secession, they threaten us with the sword, to coerce submission to their rule.

Citizens of the slaveholding States of the United States! Circumstances beyond our control, have placed us in the van of the great controversy between the Northern and Southern States. We would have preferred, that other States should have assumed the position we now occupy. Independent ourselves, we disclaim any design or desire, to lead the councils of the other Southern States. Providence has cast our lot together, by extending over us an identity of pursuits, interests and institutions. South Carolina, desires no destiny, separate from yours. To be one of a great Slaveholding Confederacy, stretching its arms over a territory larger than any power in Europe possesses—with population, four times greater than that of the whole United States, when they achieved their independence of the British Empire—with productions, which make our existence more important to the world, than that of any other people inhabiting it—with common institutions to defend, and common dangers to encounter—we ask your sympathy and confederation. Whilst constituting a portion of the United States, it has been your statesmanship which has guided it, in its mighty strides to power and expansion. In the field, as in the cabinet, you have led the way to its renown and grandeur. You have loved the Union, in whose service your great statesmen have labored, and your great soldiers have fought and conquered—not for the material benefits it conferred, but with the faith of a generous and devoted chivalry. You have long lingered in hope over the shattered remains of a broken Constitution. Compromise after compromise, formed by your concessions, has been trampled under foot, by your Northern confederates. All fraternity of feeling between the North and the South is lost, or has been converted into hate; and we, of the South, are at last driven together, by the stern



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destiny which controls the existence of nations. Your bitter experience, of the faithlessness and rapacity of your Northern confederates, may have been necessary, to evolve those great principles of free government, upon which the liberties of the world depend, and to prepare you for the grand mission of vindicating and re-establishing them. We rejoice, that other nations should be satisfied with their institutions. Contentment, is a great element of happiness, with nations as with individuals. We, are satisfied with ours. If they prefer a system of industry in which capital and labor are in perpetual conflict-and chronic starvation keeps down the natural increase of population-and a man is worked out in eight years-and the law ordains that children shall be worked only ten hours a day-and the sabre and bayonet are the instruments of order-be it so. It is their affair, not ours. We prefer, however, our system of industry, by which labor and capital are identified in interest, and capital, therefore, protects labor-by which our population doubles every twenty years-by which starvation is unknown, and abundance crowns the land-by which order is preserved by unpaid police, and the most fertile regions of the world, where the white man cannot labor, are brought into usefulness by the labor of the African, and the whole world is blessed by our own productions. All we demand of other peoples is, to be let alone, to work out our own high destinies. United together, and we must be the most independent, as we are the most important among the nations of the world. United together, and we require no other instrument to conquer peace, than our beneficent productions. United together, and we must be a great, free and prosperous people, whose renown must spread throughout the civilized world, and pass down, we trust, to the remotest ages. We ask you to join us, in forming a Confederacy of Slaveholding States.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 24/

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[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



December 26, Wednesday: [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

Campbell went up to trade with the Kaws.



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The South Carolina [Secession](#) Convention proposed that a convention meet in Montgomery, Alabama to create a constitution for the new “Southern Confederacy.”

**US CIVIL WAR**

Taking full advantage of the fact that the day was a holiday on which everyone was preoccupied, Major Robert Anderson moved all the military forces under his command into [Fort Sumter](#) on an island in the mouth of [Charleston](#) harbor. He was figuring that this would be the easiest position from which to protect the federal soldiers in the event of an attack by hotheaded local South Carolinians. Wait this thing out, that was his objective — given enough time cooler heads would prevail!

As a direct result of the shelling that would follow, beginning our civil war, the Stars and Stripes would begin to be put on display everywhere in the northern states. It would suddenly symbolize not only American nationalism but also the North’s refusal to go along with Southern [secessionism](#). Adam Goodheart would argue, in his 2011 book PROLOGUE OF 1861, that the federal flag at this point came to be function throughout the North as a symbol of national union and rejection of sectionalism and [secessionism](#):

Before that day, the flag had served mostly as a military ensign or a convenient marking of American territory, flown from forts, embassies, and ships, and displayed on special occasions like American Independence day. But in the weeks after Major Anderson's surprising stand, it became something different. Suddenly the Stars and Stripes flew ... from houses, from storefronts, from churches; above the village greens and college quads. For the first time American flags were mass-produced rather than individually stitched and even so, manufacturers could not keep up with demand. As the long winter of 1861 turned into spring, that old flag meant something new. The abstraction of the Union cause was transfigured into a physical thing: strips of cloth that millions of people would fight for, and many thousands die for.



December 26: Melvin sent to me yesterday a perfect *Strix asio*, or red owl of Wilson, – not at all gray. This is now generally made the same with the *naevia*, but, while some consider the red the old, others consider the red the young. This is, as Wilson says, a bright “nut brown” like a hazelnut or dried hazel bur (not hazel). It is twenty-three inches [IN] alar extent by about eleven long. Feet extend one inch beyond tail. Cabot makes the old bird red; [Audubon](#), the young. How well fitted these and other owls to withstand the winter! a mere core in the midst of such a muff of feathers! Then the feet of this are feathered finely to the claws, looking like the feet of a furry quadruped. Accordingly owls are common here in winter; hawks, scarce.

**J.J. AUDUBON**

It is no worse, I allow, than almost every other practice which custom has sanctioned, but that is the worst of it, for it shows how bad the rest are. To such a pass our civilization and division of labor has come that A, a professional huckleberry-picker, has hired B’s field and, we will suppose, is now gathering the crop, perhaps with the aid of a patented machine; C, a professed cook, is superintending the cooking of a pudding made of some of the berries; while Professor D, for whom the pudding is intended, sits in his library writing a book, – a work on the *Vaccinieae*, of course. And now the result of this downward course will be seen in that book, which should be the ultimate fruit of the huckleberry-field and account for the existence of the two professors who come between D and A. It will be worthless. There will be none of the spirit of the huckleberry in it. The reading of it will be a weariness to the flesh. To use a homely illustration, this is to save at the spile but waste at the bung. I believe in a different kind of division of labor, and that Professor D should divide himself between the library and the huckleberry-field.

[Transcript]

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December 27, Thursday: [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) wrote from Concord to her cousin Marianne or Mary Anne Mitchell Dunbar of [Bridgewater, Massachusetts](#) with some gossip and with news of the trip to Bangor and of a trip to the White Mountains:



*Early last Spring my dear mother was very severely attacked with lung fever & ever since her health has been exceedingly frail. At present she is more unwell than usual suffering with [influenza](#), which in her feeble condition, renders her very ill.*

CYNTHIA DUNBAR THOREAU

[Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his [Kansas](#) diary:

I found a human skull near Casses.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 27th THROUGH /29th]

[Transcript]

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December 28, Friday: [Harriet Tubman](#) arrived in Auburn, New York. This was to be her final expedition to free slaves.

Félix María Zuloaga Trillo replaced Miguel Gregorio de la Luz Atenógenes Miramón y Tarelo as President of [Mexico](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 27th THROUGH /29th]

[Transcript]

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December 29, Saturday: Tom Heirs wrote to Sue Carter that “We think that a state has a right to ‘resolve’ herself out of the Union if she wishes to, but if she interferes with any of the National regulation within her limits it is the duty of the President to use the force of the Government to make her ‘resolve’ herself back again, what rights has South Carolina lost by Lincoln’s election, that she cannot regain by staying in the Union. Lincoln can be no worse than old J.B. has been, and he will have a majority of both houses [^of Congress] against him. He cannot form a Cabinet without the consent of a Democratic Senate, nor appoint a postmaster in any section of the Union without the same consent. I can conceive of no greater price of foolishness than the cry raised by South Carolina politicians, that they cannot obtain their ‘rights’ inside the Union and must of necessity, go out. The South has had exclusive control of the government, with but few intervals, for the last forty years and now that they are defeated by an opposing party, in one branch of the government only, they still retaining, the balance of power in the other two — the politicians have suddenly discovered that their rights are no longer secure, I could not have been better pleased than to have seen Lincoln defeated, and used my best endeavors to secure that and still if the principle of secession is once established by a State seceding from the Union, what is to prevent a county seceding from a state, or town from a county, and a ward from a

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town? And soon this powerful nation would be transformed into a lot of little ‘one-horse’ governments, meriting and receiving the contempt of the civilized world. I do not believe there is danger of Civil War — but if it comes to that I hope that the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific may meet, forever blotting from existence every vestage [sic] of this once proud and happy land, and may their commingled waves sing a quiet reception to its departed greatness....”

[John Buchanan Floyd](#) was asked for his resignation as US Secretary of War after he was found to have accepted drafts by government contractors against future services, and after a relative was found to have removed bonds from a government safe in a scandal termed “Abstracted Indian Bonds.” In his last days in office he attempted to direct heavy ordinance to coastal forts in southern states, and although his orders would be countermanded by [President James Buchanan](#), he would depart from Washington DC amid accusations that he had acted in anticipation of approaching war, to arm the enemy.

[Martin Robison Delany](#) arrived home in [Chatham](#), Ontario, Canada West from his journey abroad.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 27th THROUGH /29th]

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December 30, Sunday: South Carolina troops occupied the federal arsenal and all federal property in Charleston with the exception of [Fort Sumter](#).

US CIVIL WAR

Alexander H. Stephens replied to President [Abraham Lincoln](#):

Personally, I am not your enemy – far from it; and however widely we may differ politically, yet I trust we both have an earnest desire to preserve and maintain the Union.... When men come under the influence of fanaticism, there is no telling where their impulses or passions may drive them. This is what creates our discontent and apprehensions, not unreasonable when we see ... such reckless exhibitions of madness as the John Brown raid into Virginia, which has received so much sympathy from many, and no open condemnation from any of the leading members of the dominant party.... In addressing you thus, I would have you understand me as being not a personal enemy, but as one who would have you do what you can to save our common country. A word fitly spoken by you now would be like “apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Horace Greeley](#):

*CONCORD, Dec. 30, 1860.*

*FRIEND GREELEY: I received the copies of The Tribune containing my address, for which I thank you, and I send you by the same mail with this a copy slightly amended.*

*Let me consider your objections:*

*First: You say that “in the great Pine Forest which covers (or recently covered) much of Maine, New-Brunswick, &c.” fires have sometimes completely destroyed all the timber, and all combustible matter in the soil, to the depth of “six to thirty inches,” over areas forty miles long by ten or twenty broad; and that yet, “the very next season, up springs a new and thick growth of White Birch, a tree not before known there,” and “not a pine” among them; and you ask how I can reconcile this with my “theory that trees are never generated spontaneously, but always from some seed,” or the like?*

*To which I reply, that this is not so much my theory as observation. Yours is pure theory, without a single example to support it. As I have said, I do not intend to, discuss the question of spontaneous generation, for the burden of proof lies with those who maintain that theory.*

*By pine forest, you mean, of course, white pine. I assert that this never covers any large area—a township, for instance—to the entire exclusion, or anything like it, of other trees. As explorers for pine timber well know, one peculiarity of the white pine is its*

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*habit of growing in “veins” and “communities,” in the midst of the forest, greatly to their convenience, but never monopolizing a large tract, like grass. In three excursions deep into the wilderness of Maine, within the last fifteen years, I have found this comparatively a rare tree. Fir, Spruce, Arbor-vitæ, Maple, Yellow Birch, &c., were much more abundant where I went.*

*As for White Birch (i.e. the canoe birch) not being known there before, I assert that it is almost universally, though not equally, distributed throughout the forests of Maine; one proof of which is that, though I have had occasion to make a fire out of doors there about a hundred times, in places wide apart, I do not remember that I ever failed to find birch bark at hand for kindling. It is the common kindling-stuff. The evidence for its non-existence in your burnt forest is wholly inadmissible. Why, it happens that I never talked with an individual in this town (Concord)—and I have talked with the most knowing—who was aware that the canoe birch grew here, though it is not a rare tree with me. It is far more common in Maine. I find indigenous in this town [44] species of trees (not shrubs), though far the greater part of the surface is cleared, and I have no doubt that some others have been exterminated. Probably half as many will, on an average, be found on an equal area in the State of Maine. Finally, the birches bear a very fine, winged seed, and perhaps the most abundantly and regularly of any of our trees, so that a great part of New-England is dusted over with it in the Winter, and the snow discolored, though most do not notice it. I think that [it] would be hard to find, in March, a considerable area in the woodland of this county perfectly clear of it. You may infer how the seeds get to your burnt land, and I will leave them to sprout of themselves, without telling what extensive birch forests (of the smaller species) I see springing up every year from these seeds, especially where the ground has been burned over or plowed.*

*I might add, if it had any bearing on the question, that fires in the woods are commonly very superficial in their effects, not seriously injuring the roots of plants, and that they reach the depth you speak of only under peculiar circumstances and in peculiar localities.*

*Second: You say, “Go three days’ journey into a*

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*dense forest, cut, burn and clear a small space in June, burning up the soil itself," and "in a month or two" that spot "will be covered by a thick, rank growth of fireweed," which "was previously unknown" there. If the soil is really burned to the depth you speak of, I think that you make the fire-weed spring up too soon, though I do not know how deep its seed may lie, nor how long it may last in the earth. However, supposing that this which you state is exactly true, still I answer Yes, I do "insist that this fire-weed (and all other fire-weed of this species) springs uniformly from seeds of that plant." I suppose you refer to the [Erechthites hieracifolia], though the Epilabium augustifolium, a perennial plant, is also called fire-weed by some. However, these are not with very peculiar fitness called fire-weeds, for they spring up in the same manner on new land when it is laid bare by whatever cause hereabouts, as often after a cutting as after a burning, though I will not deny that the ashes may be a good manure for them.*

*Waiving the question of the tenacity of life of these seeds and their ability to resist fire, I think that I only need to say that the [Erechthites hieracifolin] is eminently one of these plants whose downy seeds fill the air in Autumn, as the old botanists said, "carried away by the wind," and, so far as my observation goes, it is always to be found in and around our woodlands; and if, as you say, it "was previously unknown" in your forest, it was because your settler did not seek to make acquaintance with it, but only cursed it when it got into his clearing. They are few and puny in the dense wood, but numerous and rank in the openings. He that hath eyes let him see. The locality assigned to this plant by Gray is "moist woods."*

*Millions of these seeds may be blown along the very lane in which we are walking without our seeing one of them. One writer has calculated that the fifth year's crop from a single seed of a kind of thistle which he calls Acanthum vulgare, supposing all to grow, would amount to 7,962 trillions and upward; "a progeny," says he, "more than sufficient to stock not only the surface of the whole earth, but of all the planets in the solar system, so that no other vegetable could possibly grow, allowing but the space of one square foot for each plant." It also spreads extensively by the roots, says this author; but I am still to be convinced that it*

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*spreads by what is called spontaneous generation beside. I know not how accurate his calculation is; but I know that the fire-weed is a plant somewhat similar in its fecundity, and I have no doubt that there are seeds enough of it produced, and that they are widely enough dispersed, to account for, all that spring up; and I do not believe that they were created so abundant and volatile for no purpose.*

*There are several plants peculiarly fitted to reclothe the earth when laid bare by [ ] [cause]. [These] to which you have referred are [conspicuous] among these.*

*Of course, it depends on who it is who says that this or that plant was not there before. I should not be surprised if the first woodchopper whom I met, a herbarium being shown to him, should think that seven-eighths of the plants common in this neighborhood did not exist here at all. But what of that?*

*Yours truly, HENRY D. THOREAU.*



December 30. I saw the crows a week ago perched on the swamp white oaks over the road just beyond Wood's Bridge, and many acorns and bits of bark and moss, evidently dropped or knocked off by them, lay on the snow beneath. One sat within twenty feet over my head with what looked like a piece of acorn in his bill. To-day I see that they have carried these same white oak acorns, cups and all, to the ash tree by the riverside, some thirty rods southeast, and dropped them there. Perhaps they find some grubs in the acorns, when they do not find meat. The crows now and of late frequent thus the large trees by the river, especially swamp white oak, and the snow beneath is strewn with bits of bark and moss and with acorns (commonly worthless). They are foraging. Under the first swamp white oak in Hubbard's great meadow (Cyanean) I see a little snap-turtle (shell some one and a quarter inches in diameter—on his second year, then) on its back on the ice—shell, legs, and tail perfect, but head pulled off, and most of the inwards with it by the same hole (where the neck was). What is left smells quite fresh, and this head must have been torn off to-day—or within a day or two. I see two crows on the next swamp white oak westward, and I can scarcely doubt that they did it. Probably one found the young turtle at an open and springy place in the meadow, or by the river, where they are constantly preying, and flew with it to this tree. Yet it is possible (?) that it was frozen to death when they found it.

I also saw under the oak where the crows were one of those large brown cocoons of the *Attacus Cecropia*, which no doubt they had torn off.

Eben Conant's sons tell me that there has been a turtle dove associating with their tame doves and feeding in the yard from time to time for a fortnight past. They saw it to-day.

The traveller [Burton](#) says that the word Doab, "which means the land embraced by the bifurcation of two streams, has no English equivalent." ("Lake Regions of Central Africa," page 72.)

It is remarkable how universally, as it respects soil and exposure, the whortleberry family is distributed with us, one kind or another (of those of which I am speaking) flourishing in every soil and locality,—the Pennsylvania and Canada blueberries especially in elevated cool and airy places—on hills and mountains, and in openings in the woods and in sprout-lands; the high blueberry in swamps, and the second low blueberry in intermediate places, or almost anywhere but in swamps hereabouts; while we have two kinds confined to the Alpine tops of our highest mountains. The family thus ranges from the highest mountain-tops to the lowest swamps and forms the prevailing small shrubs of a great part of New England. Not only is this true of the family, but hereabouts of the genus *Gaylussacia*, or the huckleberries proper, alone. I do not know of a spot where any shrub grows in this neighborhood but one or another species or variety of the *Gaylussacia* may also grow there. It is stated in Loudon (page 1076) that all the plants of this order "require a peat soil, or a soil of a close cohesive nature," but this is not the case with the huckleberry. The huckleberry grows on the tops of our highest hills; no pasture is too rocky or barren for it; it grows in such deserts as we have, standing in pure sand; and, at the same time, it flourishes in the strongest and most fertile soil. One variety is peculiar to quaking bogs where there can hardly be said to be any soil beneath, not to mention another but unpalatable species, the hairy huckleberry, which is

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found in bogs. It extends through all our woods more or less thinly, and a distinct species, the dangle-berry, belongs especially to moist woods and the edges of swamps.

Such care has nature taken to furnish to birds and quadrupeds, and to men, a palatable berry of this kind, slightly modified by soil and climate, wherever the consumer may chance to be. Corn and potatoes, apples and pears, have comparatively a narrow range, but we can fill our basket with whortleberries on the summit of Mt. Washington, above almost all the shrubs with which we are familiar,—the same kind which they have in Greenland,—and again, when we get home, with another species in Beck Stow's Swamp.

I find that in Bomare's "Dictionnaire Raisonne" the *Vitis Idoea* (of many kinds) is called "raisin des bois." Our word "berry," according to lexicographers, is from the Saxon *beria*, a grape or cluster of grapes; but it must acquire a new significance here, if a new word is not substituted for it.

According to [Father Rasles'](#) Dictionary, the Abenaki word for bluet was, fresh, *satar* (in another place *sate*, tar); dry, *sakisatar*.

First there is the early dwarf blueberry, the smallest of the whortleberry shrubs with us, and the first to ripen its fruit, not commonly an erect shrub, but more or less reclined and drooping, often covering the earth with a sort of dense matting. The twigs are green, the flowers commonly white. Both the shrub and its fruit are the most tender and delicate of any that we have.

The *Vaccinium Canadense* may be considered a more northern form of the same.

Some ten days later comes the high blueberry, or swamp blueberry, the commonest stout shrub of our swamps, of which I have been obliged to cut down not a few when running lines as a surveyor through the low woods. They are a pretty sure indication of water, and, when I see their dense curving tops ahead, I prepare to wade, or for a wet foot. The flowers have an agreeable sweet and berry-promising fragrance, and a handful of them plucked and eaten have a subacid taste agreeable to some palates.

At the same time with the last the common low blueberry is ripe. This is an upright slender shrub with a few long wand-like branches, with green bark and pink-colored recent shoots and glaucous-green leaves. The flowers have a considerable rosy tinge, of a delicate tint.

The last two more densely flowered than the others.

The huckleberry, as you know, is an upright shrub, more or less stout depending on the exposure to the sun and air, with a spreading, bushy top, a dark-brown bark, and red recent shoots, with thick leaves. The flowers are much more red than those of the others.

As in old times they who dwelt on the heath remote from towns were backward to adopt the doctrines which prevailed there, and were therefore called heathen in a bad sense, so we dwellers in the huckleberry pastures, which are our heath lands, are slow to adopt the notions of large towns and cities and may perchance be nicknamed huckleberry people. But the worst of it is that the emissaries of the towns care more for our berries than for our salvation.

In those days the very race had got a bad name, and *ethnicus* was only another name for heathen.

All our hills are or have been huckleberry hills, the three hills of Boston and, no doubt, Bunker Hill among the rest.

In May and June all our hills and fields are adorned with a profusion of the pretty little more or less bell-shaped flowers of this family, commonly turned toward the earth and more or less tinged with red or pink and resounding with the hum of insects, each one the forerunner of a berry the most natural, wholesome, palatable that the soil can produce.

The early low blueberry, which I will call "bluet," adopting the name from the Canadians, is probably the prevailing kind of whortleberry in New England, for the high blueberry and huckleberry are unknown in many sections. In many New Hampshire towns a neighboring mountain-top is the common berry-field of many villages, and in the berry season such a summit will be swarming with pickers. A hundred at once will rush thither from all the surrounding villages, with pails and buckets of all descriptions, especially on a Sunday, which is their leisure day. When camping on such ground, thinking myself quite out of the world, I have had my solitude very unexpectedly interrupted by such an advent, and found that the week-days were the only Sabbath-days there.

For a mile or more on such a rocky mountain-top this will be the prevailing shrub, occupying every little shelf from several rods down to a few inches only in width, and then the berries droop in short wreaths over the rocks, sometimes the thickest and largest along a seam in a shelving rock,—either that light mealy-blue, or a shining black, or an intermediate blue, without bloom. When, at that season, I look from Concord toward the blue mountain-tops in the horizon, I am reminded that near at hand they are equally blue with berries.

The mountain-tops of New England, often lifted above the clouds, are thus covered with this beautiful blue fruit, in greater profusion than in any garden.

What though the woods be cut down, this emergency was long ago foreseen and provided for by Nature, and the interregnum is not allowed to be a barren one. She is full of resources: she not only begins instantly to heal that scar, but she consoles (compensates?) and refreshes us with fruits such as the forest did not produce. To console us she heaps our baskets with berries.

The timid or ill-shod confine themselves to the land side, where they get comparatively few berries and many scratches, but the more adventurous, making their way through the open swamp, which the bushes overhang,

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wading amid the water andromeda and sphagnum, where the surface quakes for a rod around, obtain access to those great drooping clusters of berries which no hand has disturbed. There is no wilder and richer sight than is afforded from such a point of view, of the edge of a blueberry swamp where various wild berries are intermixed. As the sandalwood is said to diffuse its perfume around the woodman who cuts it, so in this case Nature rewards with unexpected fruits the hand that lays her waste.



December 31, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) placed a copy of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FOR 1860, with "[SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES](#)" in it, with the [Boston Society of Natural History](#).<sup>33</sup>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 31st] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

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	5						1	2						1	2
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	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	6				1	2	3	4							1	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30					
July							August							September							

**Other 1860 Events**

33. These would be the proceedings, for this year, of the Society:

**PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1860**





1860-1861

1860-1861

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	6					1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
28	29	30	31				25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30					
<b>October</b>							<b>November</b>							<b>December</b>						
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	7
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
27	28	29	30	31			24	25	26	27	28	29	30	29	30	31				

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for 1861 \(æf. 43-44\)](#)

The remaining couple of pages of jottings in Thoreau's journal, more or less undated but dating to later than July 9th, 1861, are for convenience all listed at this point:



1860-1861


1860-1861

## JANUARY 1861

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for 1861 \(æf. 43-44\)](#)

[THERE HAD BEEN NO ENTRIES IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL SINCE JUNE 1st. ALL THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNAL (A COUPLE OF PAGES OF PARAGRAPHS) IS ENTIRELY UNDATED, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN ENTRY DATING TO SEPTEMBER 29th, 1861 AND AN ENTRY DATING TO OCTOBER 5th, 1861 (BUT SUBSEQUENT TO JULY 9th)]

The remaining couple of pages of jottings in Thoreau's journal, more or less undated but dating to later than July 9th, 1861, are for convenience all listed at this point:

 January 1, Tuesday: A victorious liberal army entered [Mexico City](#) in tumultuous triumph.

In Warsaw, Poland, Verbum nobile, an opera by Stanislaw Moniuszko to words of Checinski, was performed for the initial time.



[Lysander Spooner](#) brought the case of a fugitive slave, [John Anderson](#), to the attention of [Gerrit Smith](#). This escapee had killed, in upstate New York, a farmer who had been attempting to intercept him, and had then made it safely to freedom in Canada, but the United States government had initiated extradition proceedings. Smith would travel to Toronto to provide aid for Anderson. This American would remain safe in Canada and would never be tried in British courts or extradited, in the absence of any law that "would make it murder for a man to kill another who was attempting to seize him as a slave."

Early in this month the publishing firm of [Thayer & Eldridge](#) at 1116 Washington Street in [Boston](#), that had put out [James Redpath](#)'s THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN and ECHOES OF HARPER'S FERRY, filed for bankruptcy.

Soon [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) would abandon his lawsuit against his would-be captors.

I saw them indicted in the Middlesex County Courtroom for the criminal offense of kidnapping. But I halted any further litigation, as the Civil War was coming on and some of these men, along with their legal counsel, were going to the front.

(Sanborn himself—for some reason no-one has seen fit to examine— would not be playing any part in our nation's [civil-war](#) contest. [Waldo Emerson](#) would raise the issue as "Why does he not **participate** in the war he did so much to precipitate?"—and this may have something to do with his later excluding Sanborn from participation in his deathbed ceremonial.)

[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 1st]

[Transcript]

[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)



1860-1861

1860-1861



January 2, Wednesday: King Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia died in Potsdam and was succeeded by his brother Wilhelm I, who indeed had since 1858 been serving as regent.

In Massachusetts, Republican governor Nathaniel P. Banks was replaced by the Republican governor John Andrew. The river meadowland farmers of the [Sudbury River](#) and Concord River would soon begin to notice that this new governor seemed rather unsympathetic to their plight.

[South Carolina](#) troops seized Fort Johnson in the harbor of [Charleston](#).

US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Leonard came back from Lawrence.  
Israel finished drawing my logs.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 2d]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



January 3, Thursday: In Boston, [Loring Moody](#), who by his own confession had “from early manhood been actively and earnestly engaged in various humane labors for the improvement and welfare of our race,” lectured at the Young Men’s Christian Union on “[The Problem of Life and Immortality: An Inquiry Into the Origin, Composition, and Destiny of Man.](#)”

Georgia state troops invested Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River.

US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Jones had an oyster supper this evening.

*[Thoreau] proclaimed that America’s rivers should be considered public commons, perhaps because, they had become his de facto commons. “Not only the channel, but one or both banks of every river should be a public highway – The only use of a river is not to float on it.” Did this insight about riparian forests influence his final revisions of his essays “Walking” and the “Wild,” which were published posthumously under the former title[?] When Thoreau wrote: “The west of which I speak is but another name for the Wild,” he was looking west over the river. In that essay, he compared his practice of sauntering to a river’s practice of meandering, and his favorite direction for walking aligns with an upstream pathway.*  
– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 220-221





Jan. 3. The third considerable snow-storm.

The berries which I celebrate appear to have a range—most of them—very nearly coterminous with what has been called the Algonquin Family of Indians, whose territories are now occupied by the Eastern, Middle, and Northwestern States and the Canadas, and completely surrounded those of the Iroquois, who occupied what is now the State of New York. These were the small fruits of the Algonquin and Iroquois families. The Algonquins appear to have described this kind of fruits generally by words ending in the syllables meenar.

It is true we have in the Northern States a few wild plums and inedible crab-apples, a few palatable grapes and nuts, but I think that our various species of berries are our wild fruits to be compared with the more celebrated ones of the tropics, and that, taking all things into consideration, New England will bear comparison with the West India Islands. I have not heard of any similar amusement there superior to huckleberrying here, the object not being merely to get a shipload of something which you can eat or sell.

Why should the Ornamental Tree Society confine its labors to the highway only? An Englishman laying out his ground does not regard simply the avenues and walks. Does not the landscape deserve attention?

What are the natural features which make a township handsome? A river, with its waterfalls and meadows, a lake, a hill, a cliff or individual rocks, a forest, and ancient trees standing singly. Such things are beautiful; they have a high use which dollars and cents never represent. If the inhabitants of a town were wise, they would seek to preserve these things, though at a considerable expense; for such things educate far more than any hired teachers or preachers, or any at present recognized system of school education. I do not think him fit to be the founder of a state or even of a town who does not foresee the use of these things, but legislates chiefly for oxen, as it were.

Far the handsomest thing I saw in Boxboro was its noble oak wood. I doubt if there is a finer one in Massachusetts. Let her keep it a century longer, and men will make pilgrimages to it from all parts of the country; and yet it would be very like the rest of New England if Boxboro were ashamed of that woodland.

I have since heard, however, that she is contented to have that forest stand instead of the houses and farms that might supplant [it], because the land pays a much larger tax to the town now than it would then.

I said to myself, if the history of this town is written, the chief stress is probably laid on its parish and there is not a word about this forest in it.

It would be worth the while if in each town there were a committee appointed to see that the beauty of the town received no detriment. If we have the largest boulder in the county, then it should not belong to an individual, nor be made into door-steps.

As in many countries precious metals belong to the crown, so here more precious natural objects of rare beauty should belong to the public.

Not only the channel but one or both banks of every river should be a public highway. The only use of a river is not to float on it.

Think of a mountain-top in the township—even to the minds of the Indians a sacred place—only accessible through private grounds! a temple, as it were, which you cannot enter except by trespassing and at the risk of letting out or letting in somebody's cattle! in fact the temple itself in this case private property and standing in a man's cow-yard,—for such is commonly the case!

New Hampshire courts have lately been deciding—as if it was for them to decide—whether the top of Mt. Washington belonged to A or to B; and, it being decided in favor of B, as I hear, he went up one winter with the proper officer and took formal possession of it. But I think that the top of Mt. Washington should not be private property; it should be left unappropriated for modesty and reverence's sake, or if only to suggest that earth has higher uses than we put her to. I know it is a mere figure of speech to talk about temples nowadays, when men recognize none, and, indeed, associate the word with heathenism.


It is true we as yet take liberties and go across lots, and steal, or "hook," a good many things, but we naturally take fewer and fewer liberties every year, as we meet with more resistance. In old countries, as England, going across lots is out of the question. You must walk in some beaten path or other, though it may [be] a narrow one. We are tending to the same state of things here, when practically a few will have grounds of their own, but most will have none to walk over but what the few allow them.

Thus we behave like oxen in a flower-garden. The true fruit of Nature can only be plucked with a delicate hand not bribed by any earthly reward, and a fluttering heart. No hired man can help us to gather this crop.

How few ever get beyond feeding, clothing, sheltering, and warming themselves in this world, and begin to treat themselves as human beings,—as intellectual and moral beings! Most seem not to see any further,—not to see over the ridge-pole of their barns,—or to be exhausted and accomplish nothing more than a full barn, though it may be accompanied by an empty head. They venture a little, run some risks, when it is a question of a larger crop of corn or potatoes; but they are commonly timid and count their coppers, when the question is whether their children shall be educated. He who has the reputation of being the thriftiest farmer and making the best bargains is really the most thriftless and makes the worst. It is safest to invest in knowledge, for the probability is that you can carry that with you wherever you go.

But most men, it seems to me, do not care for Nature and would sell their share in all her beauty, as long as they may live, for a stated sum—many for a glass of rum. Thank God, men cannot as yet fly, and lay waste the sky as well as the earth! We are safe on that side for the present. It is for the very reason that some do not care for


those things that we need to continue to protect all from the vandalism of a few.  
 We cut down the few old oaks which witnessed the transfer of the township from the Indian to the white man, and commence our museum with a cartridge-box taken from a British soldier in 1775!  
 He pauses at the end of his four or five thousand dollars, and then only fears that he has not got enough to carry him through,—that is, merely to pay for what he will eat and wear and burn and for his lodging for the rest of his life. But, pray, what does he stay here for? Suicide would be cheaper. Indeed, it would be nobler to found some good institution with the money and then cut your throat. If such is the whole upshot of their living, I think that it would be most profitable for all such to be carried or put through by being discharged from the mouth of a cannon as fast as they attained to years of such discretion.  
 As boys are sometimes required to show an excuse for being absent from school, so it seems to me that men should show some excuse for being here. Move along; you may come upon the town, sir.  
 I noticed a week or two ago that one of my white pines, some six feet high with a thick top, was bent under a great burden of very moist snow, almost to the point of breaking, so that an ounce more of weight would surely have broken it. As I was confined to the house by sickness, and the tree had already been four or five days in that position, I despaired of its ever recovering itself; but, greatly to my surprise, when, a few days after, the snow had melted off, I saw the tree almost perfectly upright again.  
 It is evident that trees will bear to be bent by this cause and at this season much more than by the hand of man. Probably the less harm is done in the first place by the weight being so gradually applied, and perhaps the tree is better able to bear it at this season of the year.

 January 4, Friday: Alabama forces occupied the federal arsenal at Mount Vernon, Alabama. US CIVIL WAR



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 4th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 January 5, Saturday: La chanson de Fortunio, an opéra-comique by Jacques Offenbach to words of Crémieux and Halévy, was performed for the initial time, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris.

Alabama forces occupied Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The merchant ship *Star of the West* departed from the harbor of [New-York](#) with troops and supplies for [Fort Sumter](#).

US Senators from 7 Southern states (senators such as [Jefferson Davis](#)) caucused in [Washington DC](#) to discuss secession.

US CIVIL WAR



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 5th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



January 6, Sunday: Florida troops took over the federal arsenal at Apalachicola. [New-York](#) mayor Fernando Wood proposed that if the federal union were to fall apart, his port city should declare itself as free and neutral.

Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) caucused with the Mississippi delegation at Willard Hotel in [Washington DC](#).

US CIVIL WAR



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 6th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



January 7, Monday: Virginia called a special session of its Assembly to consider convening a convention on the question of secession. The Mississippi and Alabama State Conventions met to discuss secession.

Florida forces occupied Fort Marion at St. Augustine.

US CIVIL WAR

The Constitution of Alabama.

READ THE FULL TEXT

[Representative Henry Emerson Etheridge \(Whig, Tennessee\)](#) offered a resolution to the US House of Representatives.

§ 5. The migration or importation of persons held to service or labor for life, or a term of years, into any of the States, or the Territories belonging to the United States, is perpetually prohibited; and Congress shall pass all laws necessary to make said prohibition effective (CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 279).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

As the last territorial legislature of [Kansas](#) met at [Lecompton](#) and adjourned to [Lawrence](#), the Mayor of [New-York](#), Fernando Wood, a Democrat who well knew the “common sympathy” that existed between the [Irish-American](#) laborers he represented and the landed [slaveholders](#) of America with their Southern plantations, proposed in effect that the island of [Manhattan](#) secede from the continent and no longer consider itself to have anything to do with the mainland of the United States of America.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by L.L. & C.H. Smith of [New-York](#).

New York Jany 7 1861

Mr H.D. Thoreau

Dear Sir, We Enclose herein our note for \$100 @ 3 months,  
for last 100 lbs ~~Please be~~

Respy

[L.L.H.] Smith

1860-1861

1860-1861



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 7th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



January 8, Tuesday: The Holy Congregation of the College of Cardinals issued an annulment of the marriage between Prince Nicholas von Sayn Wittgenstein and his wife Carolyne. She would be free to get married with Franz Liszt.

Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior and last Southern member of [President James Buchanan](#)'s Cabinet, resigned.

US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Worked for myself making window and door frames. Pretty cold.



January 8: Trees, etc., covered with a dense hoar frost. It is not leaf-like, but composed of large spiculæ — spear-like — on the northeast sides of the twigs, the side from which the mist was blown. All trees are bristling with these spiculæ on that side, especially firs and arbor-vitæ.

They taught us not only the use of corn and how to plant it, but also of whortleberries and how to dry them for winter, and made us baskets to put them in. We should have hesitated long to eat some kinds, if they had not set us the example, knowing by old experience that they were not only harmless but salutary. I have added a few to my number of edible berries by walking behind an Indian in Maine, who ate such as I never thought of tasting before. Of course they made a much greater account of wild fruits than we do.

It appears from the above that the Indians used their dried berries commonly in the form of huckleberry cake, and also of huckleberry porridge or pudding.


What we call huckleberry cake, made of Indian meal and huckleberries, was evidently the principal cake of the aborigines, and was generally known and used by them all over this part of North America, as much or more than plum-cake by us. They enjoyed it all alone ages before our ancestors heard of Indian meal or huckleberries. We have no national cake so universal and well known as this was in all parts of the country where corn and huckleberries grew.

If you had travelled here a thousand years ago, it would probably have been offered you alike on the Connecticut, the Potomac, the Niagara, the Ottawa, and the Mississippi.

Botanists have long been inclined to associate this family in some way with Mt. Ida, and, according to Tournefort arrange [sic] whortleberries were what the ancients meant by the vine of Mt. Ida, and the common English raspberry is called *Rubus Idæus* from the old Greek name. The truth of it seems to be that blueberries and raspberries flourish best in cool and airy situations on hills and mountains, and I can easily believe that something like them, at least, grows on Mt. Ida. But Mt. Monadnock is as good as Mt. Ida, and probably better for blueberries, though it does not [sic] mean "bad rock," — but the worst rocks are the best for blueberries and for poets.

1860-1861

1860-1861

 January 9, Wednesday: The legislature of the state of Mississippi voted 84-15 in favor of [secession](#) from the United States.

Outside [Charleston](#) harbor the *Star of the West*, a merchant vessel carrying supplies to Fort Sumter, was fired upon, and was forced returned to New-York harbor.

[Senator Jefferson Davis](#) called on [President James Buchanan](#), and spoke in the federal Senate.

US CIVIL WAR

[Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “I have just come from the inaugural lecture of Victor Cherbuliez in a state of bewildered admiration. As a lecture it was exquisite: if it was a recitation of prepared matter, it was admirable; if an extempore performance, it was amazing. In the face of superiority and perfection, says Schiller, we have but one resource — to love them, which is what I have done. I had the pleasure, mingled with a little surprise, of feeling in myself no sort of jealousy toward this young conqueror.”



It would appear that it was news that [John Anderson](#)'s application not to be extradited had been rejected by the Court of Queen's Bench in Canada, that belatedly alerted the Colonial Office in London to the fact that the person they were thus disposing of was not a free man at all, but an escaped American slave. Learning this most significant detail, the Duke of Newcastle notified the officer administering the Government of Canada that:

If the result of that appeal should be adverse to Anderson, it was to be borne in mind by the acting Governor of Canada that, under the treaty of extradition, Anderson could not be delivered over to the authorities of the United States by the mere action of the law, and that he could be surrendered only by a warrant under the hand and seal of the Governor.



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

The Duke of Newcastle directed the Government of Canada to delay any actual handover of the person of John Anderson until Her Majesty's Government should have had further opportunities of considering the question, and, if necessary, conferring with the Government of the United States on the subject.

On this day Mississippi, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, seceded from the federal union.

Well, the above remark is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Mississippi has acquired as a state full of iggerant po' white trash Ku Klux Klanners. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere "stalking horse." All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind ("Who, lil' ol' me?").

1860-1861

1860-1861





1860-1861

1860-1861

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices –such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform– but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.

Shore batteries drove off a federal supply ship heading for Fort Sumter in Charleston, South Carolina. (The log was rolling: after [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s Inaugural Address in March, Union forces would attack these shore batteries, and then on April 13th, Fort Sumter would surrender — and so our civil war would be begun.)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 9th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



January 10, Thursday: The legislature of the state of Florida voted 62-7 in favor of [secession](#) from the United States.

The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) telegraphed from Toledo, Ohio to James M. Stone in Boston, Massachusetts, asking for a lecture date.<sup>34</sup>

Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) delivered a major speech in the federal Senate.

Louisiana troops seized the federal arsenals at Baton Rouge, Fort Jackson, and St. Philip. The Duke of

**US CIVIL WAR**

Newcastle was assured that a motion would be made on affidavit in the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster Hall, for the issuance of a writ of *Habeas Corpus* for the production of the person of [John Anderson](#) in that Court, in England, where he would be safe. Hey, you colonials, if America wants to burn your black ass —

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34. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections

**1860-1861****1860-1861**

England needs to see it first! (God save the Queen!)



### **JACK BURTON AS THE CANADIAN “JOHN ANDERSON”**

On this day the sovereign state of Florida, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, seceded from the federal union.

Well, the above remark is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Florida has acquired as a state in which vacationers are advised to stand well back from the counter in any dealings with local servers. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in



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relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere “stalking horse.” All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind (“Who, lil' ol' me?”).

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices — such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform— but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 10th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



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1860-1861



January 11, Friday: Benito Juárez entered [Mexico City](#) with little fanfare and became the nation's initial civilian president.

Shit was going down all over, for it was on this day that the sovereign state of Alabama, unable to sustain the thought that all men were created equal, was voting 61-39 in favor of [secession](#) from the federal union centered in [Washington DC](#).

**US CIVIL WAR**

Well, the above remark is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Alabama has acquired as a state in which behaving decently toward one another comes in a poor 2d to washing crawdads down with stale beer. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere "stalking horse." All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind ("Who, lil' ol' me?").

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices —such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform— but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.



Jan. 11. Horace Mann brings me the contents of a crow's stomach in alcohol. It was killed in the village within a day or two. It is quite a mass of frozen-thawed apple, — pulp and skin, — with a good many pieces of skunk-cabbage berries one fourth inch or less in diameter, and commonly showing the pale-brown or blackish outside, interspersed, looking like bits of acorns, — never a whole or even half a berry, — and two little bones as of frogs (?) or mice (?) or tadpoles; also a street pebble a quarter of an inch in diameter, hard to be distinguished in appearance from the cabbage seeds.

I presume that every one of my audience knows what a huckleberry is, — has seen a huckleberry, gathered a huckleberry, and, finally, has tasted a huckleberry, — and, that being the case, I think that I need offer no apology if I make huckleberries my theme this evening.

What more encouraging sight at the end of a long ramble than the endless successive patches of green bushes, — perhaps in some rocky pasture, — fairly blackened with the profusion of fresh and glossy berries?

There are so many of these berries in their season that most do not perceive that birds and quadrupeds make any use of them, since they are not felt to rob us; yet they are more important to them than to us. We do not notice the robin when it plucks a berry, as when it visits our favorite cherry tree, and the fox pays his visits to the field when we are not there.

Thoreau will quote from [John Claudius Loudon](#) in the late lecture "[HUCKLEBERRIES](#)" for which he is above preparing:

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**"HUCKLEBERRIES"**: On the other hand I gather from Loudon and others that there are only two species growing in England, which are eaten raw, answering to our eight – to wit, the Bilberry (*V. myrtillus*) and the Blea-berry or Bog Whortleberry (*V. uliginosum*), both of which are found in North America, and the last is the common one on the summit of the White Mountains, but in Great Britain it is found only in the northern part of England and in Scotland. This leaves only one in England to our five which are abundant.

In short, it chanches that of the thirty-two species of *Vaccinium* which Loudon describes, all except the above two and four more are referred to North America alone, and only three or possibly four are found in Europe.

Yet the few Englishmen with whom I have spoken on this subject love to think and to say that they have as many huckleberries as we. I will therefore quote the most which their own authorities say not already quoted, about the abundance and value of their only two kinds which are eaten raw.

Loudon says of the bog whortleberry (*V. uliginosum*), 'The berries are agreeable but inferior in flavor to those of *Vaccinium myrtillus* [the bilberry]; eaten in large quantities, they occasion giddiness, and a slight headache.'

And of their common whortleberry (*V. myrtillus*) he says, 'It is found in every country in Britain, from Cornwall to Caithness, least frequently in the south-eastern countries, and increases in quantity as we advance northward.' It 'is an elegant and also a fruit-bearing plant.' The berries 'are eaten in tarts or with cream, or made into a jelly, in the northern and western counties of England; and, in other parts of the country they are made into pies and puddings.' They 'are very acceptable to children either eaten by themselves, or with milk' or otherwise. They 'have an astringent quality.'...

Take the rubue or what you might call bramble berries, for instance, to which genus our raspberries, blackberries and thimbleberries belong. According to Loudon there are five kinds indigenous in Britain to our eight. But of these five only two appear to be at all common, while we have four kinds both very common and very good. The Englishman Coleman says of their best, the English raspberry, which species we also cultivate, that 'the wilding is not sufficiently abundant to have much importance.'

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON



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January 12, Saturday: Lewis William Tappan recorded that "I have spared neither labor nor expense in tracing back our family name, and with the following results. The name was originally Topham or De Topham, taken from a place of that name in Yorkshire upon the introduction of surnames in England and meaning Upper Hamlet or Village. The earliest mention of the family in the registry of the Archbishop of York is found in the will of John Topham of Pately Bridge in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This will is dated May 1, 1403 and was proved 13th of June following. He divided his property between his wife Elizabeth and his sons and daughters but does not give their names."

TAPPAN FAMILY

Florida troops occupied Fort Barrancas, Fort McGee, and the Pensacola Navy Yard.

The merchant ship *Star of the West* returned to New-York.

In Rochester, New York, pro-Union sympathizers broke up an abolitionist meeting.

US CIVIL WAR



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 12th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

January 13, Sunday: Mary Grew wrote to Helen Eliza Benson Garrison (Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison) about her recent attempt to obtain, from the Massachusetts legislature, a law to secure to married women their right to their earnings, and to the equal guardianship, with the husband, of the children.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 13th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



January 14, Monday: The Virginia Assembly approved a convention to consider secession.

Federal troops occupied Fort Taylor at Key West in order to prevent its seizure by secessionist forces.

Louisiana forces occupied Fort Pike near New Orleans. It was reported, in the Observer, that the “infamous

**US CIVIL WAR**

author of the “Impending Crisis,” Hinton Rowan Helper, had in Fayetteville, North Carolina encountered a somewhat hostile audience.

A LECTURE POSTPONED.—Hinton R. Helper, the infamous author of the “Impending Crisis,” advertised extensively in New York last week that he would lecture in Clinton Hall on “slave and free labor.” When Helper entered, half an hour after the fixed time, attended by the notorious Professor Hedrick, there were present 7 policemen, 6 reporters, 4 ladies and 33 gentlemen. The lecture was indefinitely postponed, and the auditors (except the dead-heads) had their quarters returned at the door.

*January 14 brought Thoreau's first explicit journal reference to Darwinian gradualism. Geologic change, he now believed, involved not sudden re-creations of the world but steady progress according to existing laws, one tiny gradual step at a time. Though this statement was largely correct about Darwinian prehistory, it did not apply to the century of Darwin and Thoreau. During their portion of the Anthropocene, the rate of species extinction and the rate of permanent landscape transformation far exceeded the averages for previous geological epochs. For example, Thoreau's journal chronicles the rapid, wanton extinction of the passenger pigeon, which has since become an icon for thoughtless human planetary impact.*

— Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, page 221



Jan. 14. Coldest morning yet; 20° (?).

Pliny says, “In minimis Natura praestat” (Nature excels in the least things). The Wellingtonia gigantea, the famous California tree, is a great thing; the seed from which it sprang, a little thing; and so are all seeds or origins of things.

Richard Porson said: “We all speak in metaphors. Those who appear not to do it, only use those which are worn out, and are overlooked as metaphors. The original fellow is therefore regarded as only witty; and the dull are consulted as the wise.” He might have said that the former spoke a dead language.

John Horne Tooke is reported in “Recollections” by Samuel Rogers as having said: “Read few books well. We forget names and dates; and reproach our memory. They are of little consequence. We feel our limbs enlarge and strengthen; yet cannot tell the dinner or dish that caused the alteration. Our minds improve though we cannot name the author, and have forgotten the particulars.” I think that the opposite would be the truer



**PLINY**

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statement, books differ so immensely in their nutritive qualities, and good ones are so rare.

[Gosse](#), in his "Letters from Alabama," says that he thinks he saw a large dragon-fly (*Æsloa*), which was hawking over a brook, catch and devour some minnows about one inch long, and says it is known that "the larvæ of the greater water-beetles (*Dyticidæ*) devour fish."

It is the discovery of science that stupendous changes in the earth's surface, such as are referred to the Deluge, for instance, are the result of causes still in operation, which have been at work for an incalculable period. There has not been a sudden re-formation, or, as it were, new creation of the world, but a steady progress according to existing laws. The same is true in detail also. It is a vulgar prejudice that some plants are "spontaneously generated," but science knows that they come from seeds, i.e. are the result of causes still in operation, however slow and unobserved. It is a common saying that "little strokes fall great oaks," and it does not imply much wisdom in him who originated it. The sound of the axe invites our attention to such a catastrophe; we can easily count each stroke as it is given, and all the neighborhood is informed by a loud crash when the deed is consummated. But such, too, is the rise of the oak; little strokes of a different kind and often repeated raise great oaks, but scarcely a traveller hears these or turns aside to converse with Nature, who is dealing them the while. Nature is slow but sure; she works no faster than need be; she is the tortoise that wins the race by her perseverance; she knows that seeds have many other uses than to reproduce their kind. In raising oaks and pines, she works with a leisureliness and security answering to the age and strength of the trees. If every acorn of this year's crop is destroyed, never fear! she has more years to come. It is not necessary that a pine or an oak should bear fruit every year, as it is that a pea-vine should. So, [botanically](#), the greatest changes in the landscape are produced more gradually than we expected. If Nature has a pine or an oak wood to produce, she manifests no haste about it.

Thus we should say that oak forests are produced by a kind of accident, i.e. by the failure of animals to reap the fruit of their labors. Yet who shall say that they have not a fair knowledge of the value of their labors — that the squirrel when it plants an acorn, or the jay when it lets one slip from under its foot, has not a transient thought for its posterity?

Possibly here, a thousand years hence, every oak will know the human hand that planted it.

How many of the botanist's arts and inventions are thus but the rediscovery of a lost art, i.e. lost to him here or elsewhere!

Horace Mann told me some days ago that he found, near the shore in that muddy bay by the willows in the rear of Mrs. Ripley's, a great many of the *Sternotherus odoratus*, assembled, he supposed, at their breeding-time, or, rather, about to come out to lay their eggs. He waded in [and] collected —I think he said— about a hundred and fifty of them for [Agassiz](#)!

I see in the Boston Journal an account of robins in numbers on the savin trees in that neighborhood, feeding on their berries. This suggests that they may plant its berries as well as the crows.

BOTANY

AGASSIZ

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 January 15, Tuesday: W.J. Potter wrote from [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), agreeing to preach.<sup>35</sup>

Continuing the anti-black agitation in New-York, there was at Brooks Hall a mass meeting of white men responding to the call “Workingmen Arouse!” This functionaries at this event were predominately [Irish-American](#). A primary organizer had been the US Marshal Isaiah Rynders, the man who had helped a convicted [slave-trader](#) to effect his escape from New-York. Another organizer was R.G. Horton, who in November 1864 would conspire at a Confederate seizure of the city. In the course of this mass meeting, the [Republican Party](#) was denounced as “[the black Republican Party](#),” and was accused of attempting to overthrow the Constitution of the United States of America. The evidence for this accusation was that this political party was attempting “to reduce white men to a forbidden level with Negroes.”

A motion was made on affidavit in the Court of Queen’s Bench, Westminster Hall, for the issuance of a writ of *Habeas Corpus* for the production of the person of [John Anderson](#) of [Toronto](#) in that Court.

Said writ was duly granted. Extradition wasn’t going to happen. Anderson was not going to be roasted alive over a slow fire by the white men of Arkansas.



The report that follows, although it claims to be accurate, also claims to have been abridged:

COURT OF QUEEN’S BENCH WESTMINSTER, January 15th.  
*(Sitting in Banco before Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN,  
 and Justices CROMPTON, HILL, and BLACKBURN.)*

**EX PARTE ANDERSON.**

Mr. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C. (with whom were Mr. Flood and Mr. G. Allan) moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, to be directed to the Governor of the Province of Canada, to the Sheriff of Toronto, and the keeper of the gaol there, to bring up the body of one John Anderson, together with the cause of his detention.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN asked why the name of the Governor was introduced.

Mr. JAMES said the reason was because, in the St. Helena case, to which he should have to refer, the name of the Governor was introduced, as well as that of the keeper of the gaol. The

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35. 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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affidavit on which the learned counsel moved was made by L.A. Chamerovzow, of No. 27, New Broad-street, in the city of London, Secretary of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*. He stated that John Anderson, of the city of Toronto, in Her Majesty's Province of Canada, a British subject, domiciled there, was, as he verily believed, illegally detained in the criminal gaol of the said city there, against his will, not having been legally accused, or charged with, or legally tried, or sentenced for the commission of any crime, or for any offence against or recognized by the laws in force in the said Province, or in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions, or not being otherwise liable to be imprisoned or detained under, or by virtue of any such laws. The affidavit further stated, that the deponent verily believed, that unless a peremptory writ of *habeas corpus* should immediately issue by this honourable court, the life of the said John Anderson would be exposed to the greatest and to immediate danger. The learned counsel proceeded to observe, that in moving for this writ of *habeas corpus*, the persons for whom he appeared would have to satisfy the court that they had jurisdiction to issue this writ to the Province of Canada; and if he established that proposition, their Lordships would have no doubt that, under the pressing circumstances of the case, the writ ought to be directed to issue. The proposition for which he should contend was, that the Crown had power to issue the writ of *habeas corpus* into any part of Her Majesty's possessions. Canada was a part of the possessions of the British crown, and, in the language which had been adopted in these cases, Her Majesty had a right to have an account of the imprisonment of all her subjects in all her dominions. He contended that the court had as much right to issue this prerogative writ into Canada, as a possession of the British crown, as into the Isle of Wight or Yorkshire. These writs had gone to Calais, when a possession of the British crown, and also to Ireland, and he should contend that Canada stood in precisely the same position, as a possession of the British crown. Canada, which was a part of the continent of America, was colonized in the reign of James I., and the first charter was granted in the 13th of James I. At that time (and the expression was material) the whole of that portion of America was called "the Plantations," and the Board of Trade was called "the Board of Trade and Plantations." Canada belonged to the British crown till the year 1633, when it was ceded to France; and it was held by the crown of France till the year 1759, when it was retaken, and ceded to the British crown. The statute 14th George III. cap. 83, treated Canada as a colony in the possession of England.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN said that in the Lower Province of Canada the French law prevailed; but Toronto was an English colony in Upper Canada.

Mr. Justice HILL said the 8th section of the statute the 14th of George III. reserved civil matters for the old law; but, by the 11th section, the criminal law of England prevailed through the whole of Canada.

Mr. JAMES read an extract from the judgment delivered by Lord Denman in the case of the Canadian prisoners (9 A, and E., 782),



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where Lord Denman said –

The difficult questions that may arise, touching the enforcement in England of foreign laws, are excluded from this case entirely; for Upper Canada is neither a foreign state nor a colony with any peculiar customs. Here are no *mala prohibita* by virtue of arbitrary enactments; the relation of master and slave is not recognized as legal; but Acts of Parliament have declared that the law of England, and none other, shall there prevail.

By the 11th section of the statute the 14th of George III. cap. 34, the criminal law of England was in force through the whole of Canada, and, beyond all question, a British subject in Canada was within a portion of Her Majesty's dominions. The learned counsel contended that it was matter of right and clear law, that as soon as a country became a portion of Her Majesty's dominions, more especially if, like Canada, it became so by conquest or cession, that the writ of *habeas corpus* issued into it, upon the ground that Her Majesty had a right to know what had become of every one of her subjects. No instance could be found of the writ going into Canada, and therefore it was necessary to rely upon the argument byway of analogy, which empowered the court to issue the writ. That the writ lies and runs into every part of Her Majesty's dominions was laid down in *Bacon's Abridgement* – tit. *Habeas Corpus* (B) – in these terms:

2. To what places it may be granted. It hath been already observed that the writ of *habeas corpus* is a prerogative writ, and that, therefore, by the common law it lies to any part of the King's dominions; for the King ought to have an account why any of his subjects are imprisoned, and therefore no answer will satisfy the writ, but to return the cause with *paratum habeas corpus*, &c. Hence it was holden that the writ lay to Calais at the time it was subject to the King of England.

Mr. James then referred to Cowle's case, in the 3rd vol. of *Burrows' Reports*, p. 834, where Lord Mansfield said:

Writs not ministerially directed (sometimes called prerogative writs, because they are supposed to issue on the part of the King), such as writs of *ad damnum*, prohibition, *habeas corpus*, *certiorari*, are restricted by no clause in the constitution given to Berwick: upon a proper case they may issue to every dominion of the Crown of England. There is no doubt of the power of this court where the place is under the subjection of the Crown of England; the only question is as to the propriety. To foreign dominions which belong to a Prince who succeeds to the throne of England this court has no power to send any writ of any kind. We cannot send a *habeas corpus* to Scotland, or to the Electorate; but to Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Plantations, and (as since the loss of the duchy of Normandy they have been considered as annexed to the Crown in some respects) to Guernsey and Jersey we may, and formerly it lay to Calais, which was a conquest, and yielded to the Crown

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of England by the treaty of Bretigny.

Mr. JAMES said, that by the industry of his junior (Mr. Flood), he had copies of the writs which had been issued to Calais in 1387 and 1389. They might be seen in *Rymer's Foedera*, p. 15. In 1389 such a writ was issued by the House of Lords, sitting as a court of justice. The learned counsel relied strongly on the authority of Lord Mansfield, who said that the writ would issue to "every dominion of the Crown of England;" and that this court could send the writ to Ireland, to the Isle of Man, and to "the Plantations." He also referred to *Vattel's Law of Nations*, b. 1, chap. 18, p. 210, as an authority for the position, that where a nation took possession of a distant country, and settled in it, it became a part of the parent State; and to *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis* b. 2, c. 9. to the same effect. He also referred to *Peere's Williams's Reports*, b. 2, pp. 74, 65, where it was said: -

Memorandum, the 9th of August, 1722. - It was said by the Master of the Rolls to have been determined by the Lords of the Privy Council, upon the appeal to the King in Council from the foreign Plantations, "That if there be a new and uninhabited country found out by British subjects, as the law is the birthright of every subject, so wherever they go they carry their laws with them, and therefore such new-found country is to be governed by the laws of England."

Mr. JAMES then referred to the case of "Reg v. Crawford" (13 Q. B., 613), which was an application for a writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum* to the Isle of Man, and in which it was held that the writ would run into that island since the 5th of George III., by which the island was vested, in the Crown, and formed part of its dominions. The learned council also cited the case of "Campbell v. Hall," in *Cowper's Reports*, p. 204.

Mr. Justice CROMPTON thought the question was whether the courts in Westminster Hall had now a concurrent jurisdiction with the local Courts in granting this writ.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN said, that in the Berwick case, Berwick was not subject to the law of Scotland, and therefore there was no superior court which could send a *habeas corpus* to prevent an illegal imprisonment, unless this Court took upon itself jurisdiction. But was that the case in Canada?

Mr. JAMES said he did not dispute that Canada had both legislative and criminal jurisdiction; but his argument was, that the courts in England had a concurrent jurisdiction with the Courts in Canada. The present was not the case of a man who had been tried in Canada, or who was under the sentence of a court which had power to sentence him, for the affidavit shewed that he had never been tried; and he contended that the mere institution of a local jurisdiction would not oust the Queen of the right which she had to ascertain whether any of her subjects were illegally imprisoned. In the case of the Isle of Man, there were local courts which had the power to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and so also in the St. Helena case ("*Ex parte Lees, Ellis, Blackburn, and Ellis*, 28). In this latter case a writ of



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*habeas corpus* had been very recently granted, after a writ of error had issued.

Mr. Justice CROMPTON said he issued the writ as ancillary to the writ of error.

Mr. JAMES said, that if this court refused a writ of *habeas corpus*, the party had a right to go in succession to each of the superior courts; and if this court should refuse their writ, he would have a right to go to every court in Westminster-hall. He thought that was a strong argument to shew that this court had a concurrent jurisdiction with the Canadian courts.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN said the question was whether it was within the ambit of this court's jurisdiction, or whether the power of granting the writ was not vested by the Crown in another jurisdiction.

Mr. JAMES contended that the mere establishment of such a jurisdiction in a local court could not limit the rights of the Crown without the authority of an Act of Parliament.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN said that, by the conquest or session of Canada the law of England attached, and this court had the power to issue writs of *habeas corpus* into that country, unless the Crown had either expressly or by implication taken away that power. The question was, whether, by the establishment of a local judicature, and committing to it the duty of protecting the subject by issuing writs of *habeas corpus*, the Crown had not, by implication, taken away the jurisdiction of this court.

Mr. Justice CROMPTON said the Legislature might do that.

Mr. JAMES said it was open to a party in this country to apply for the writ of *habeas corpus* to any court of co-ordinate jurisdiction.

Mr. Justice HILL. — And also for a prohibition.

Mr. JAMES contended it was a common-law right of the subject to go to every tribunal for this writ, and *à fortiori*, the courts in this country would have a concurrent jurisdiction with Colonial courts, unless it was taken away by an Act of Parliament.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN asked whether the right to go to every one of the courts had not arisen from the Habeas Corpus Act?

Mr. JAMES contended it was by the common law, and all this court was asked to do was, not to interfere with any judgment, but to grant a *habeas corpus* to liberate a man who was in illegal custody. He was not in custody under the commitment of any local court which had the power to try him; there was no judgment to set aside; but it was shewn to the court that he was detained for no crime cognizable by the law of England. The learned counsel then referred to Carus Wilson's case (7 Q. B., 984), in which the writ had issued in the Isle of Jersey; and then proceeded to argue that the case might arise when the courts in Canada might be unable to discharge their duties, as a reason why this Court should still retain the power of granting these





1860-1861

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writs.

Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN inquired, supposing the writ should go, what means had the Court of enforcing it?

Mr. JAMES said the Court could enforce the writ by attachment, but it could not be assumed that the Queen's writ would not be obeyed. The court would send its own officer to execute the writ. An application had been made to the local court for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and refused; and it was now shewn to this court that John Anderson, a British subject, was illegally detained in prison, having been guilty of no crime cognizable by the law of England. There were precedents for this application, and he confidently submitted the mere fact that there were other courts which had a concurrent jurisdiction would not deprive the applicant of that protection for which he now prayed the Court.

The learned counsel then handed in the affidavit upon which he moved, and which was in these terms:

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

The affidavit of Louis Alexis Chamerovzow, of No. 27, New Broad-street, in the city of London, Secretary of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*.

I say, 1. That John Anderson, of the city of Toronto, in Her Majesty's Province of Canada, a British subject domiciled there, now is, as I verily believe, illegally detained in the criminal gaol of the said city there, against his will, not having been legally accused, or charged with, or legally tried, or sentenced for the commission of any crime, or for any offence against, or recognized by the laws in force in the said province, or in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions, or not being otherwise liable to be imprisoned, or detained, under or by virtue of any such laws.

I verily believe, that unless a prematory writ of *habeas corpus* shall immediately issue by this honourable Court, the life of the said John Anderson is exposed to the greatest, and to immediate danger.

Their Lordships then retired to consider their decision.

During their Lordship's absence great interest was manifested by a large number of the bar, who were present, and their Lordship's return was waited for with the greatest anxiety. After a short absence, their Lordships returned and resumed their seats, and Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN said: We have considered this matter, and the result of our anxious deliberation is, that *we are of opinion that the writ ought to issue*. We are, at the same time, sensible of the inconvenience that may result from the exercise of such a jurisdiction. We are quite sensible that it may be felt to be inconsistent with that higher degree of colonial independence, both legislative and judicial, which has happily been carried into effect in modern times. At the same time, in establishing local legislation and local judicial authority, the Legislature has not gone so far as expressly to abrogate any jurisdiction which the courts in Westminster Hall might possess with reference to the issuing of



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a writ of *habeas corpus* to any of Her Majesty's dominions; and we find that the existence of that jurisdiction in these courts has been asserted from the earliest times, and exercised down to the latest. We have it upon the authority of my Lord Coke, we have it upon the authority of my Lord Mansfield, we have it upon the authority of Mr. Justice Blackstone, and on the authority of *Bacon's Abridgement* – that these writs have been issued, and are to be issued, into all the dominions of the crown of England, wherever a subject of the crown is illegally imprisoned, and kept in custody; and not only have we these authorities in the shape of *dicta* of most eminent judges and afterwards of text writers, but we have the practical application of the doctrine in cases from the earliest period down to modern times. The more remarkable cases are the instances in which the writ of *habeas corpus* has issued into the Islands of Jersey and Man, and St. Helena: all this being in very modern times. Finding that upon these authorities it has been not only asserted as matters of doctrine, but carried into effect and execution as matter of practice; that even where there were local judicatures, and local legislatures, the writ of *habeas corpus* has been issued into these dominions of the crown, we feel that nothing short of legislative enactment, depriving the court of such a jurisdiction, would warrant us in omitting to carry it into effect, where we are called upon to do so for the protection of the personal liberty of the subject. It may be that the Legislature has thought proper, in its wisdom, to leave a concurrent jurisdiction between these courts and the colonial courts, as there has been, as very properly pointed out by Mr. James in his argument, between the different courts in Westminster Hall. We can only act on the authorities that have been brought before us, and we feel that we should not be doing that which it is our duty to do under the authority of the precedents to which our attention has been called, by refusing this writ; *therefore the writ must go.*

At the conclusion of the judgment there was a very general but suppressed expression of applause, and the countenances of all in court seemed lighted up with extreme pleasure at the result.  
– Writ of *habeas corpus* granted.

After more than 8 months in the Canadian pokey waiting to be burned to death over a slow fire in Arkansas, [John Anderson](#) was to be set free.



January 15, Tuesday: The 1st two of the Twelve Songs and Romances op.44 for unaccompanied chorus by [Johannes Brahms](#) were performed for the initial time, in Hamburg: Der Holdseligen sonder Wank, to words of Voss, and Von allen Bergen nieder, to words of Eichendorff. Also premiered were four of Brahms' songs for female chorus, two horns and harp op.17: Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang, to words of Ruperti, Lied von Shakespeare, Der Gärtner, to words of Eichendorff, and Gesang aus Fingal, to words of Ossian. This was part of a joint concert by Brahms, Joseph Joachim, and Clara Schumann which included [Beethoven's](#) Kreutzer Sonata and Robert Schumann's Variations for two pianos op.46.

In the Dianabadsaal of Vienna, Dividenden op.252, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time.

A steam elevator was patented by Elisha Otis.

1860-18



1860-1861

Jan. 15. More snow last night, and still the first that fell remains on the ground. Rice thinks that it is two feet deep on a level now. We have had no thaw yet. Rice tells me that he baits the "seedees" and the jays and crows to his door nowadays with corn. He thinks he has seen one of these jays stow away somewhere, without swallowing, as many as a dozen grains of corn, for, after picking it up, it will fly up into a tree near by and deposit so many successively in different crevices before it descends. Speaking of Roman wormwood springing up abundantly when a field which has been in grass for twenty years or more is plowed, Rice says that, if you carefully examine such a field before it is plowed, you will find very short and stunted specimens of wormwood and pigweed there, — and remarkably full of seed too!



January 16, Wednesday: In the US Senate, the Crittenden Compromise died.

US CIVIL WAR

Mr. Dallas, the United States Minister in London, wrote to the Secretary of State at Washington, in regard to the issuing of the writ by the Lord Chief Justice in the case of the American slave John Anderson who had managed to find refuge and solace under the Crown, pointing up the fact that generally, in British opinion, Anderson's status as an enslaved individual quite incapacitated him from the commission of any crime. We can't have it both ways, if a person is a mere chattel, a chattel cannot be subject to criminal law:

The claim made by the United States upon the Government of Canada for the extradition of one, Anderson, a fugitive slave, charged with the crime of murder, had awakened, as of course, so much interest in England, and invoked so much professional astuteness to defeat the operation of the 10th article of the treaty of 1842, that [I] thought it expedient to place in possession of the department, all the papers published in England relating to the subject.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Bishop, Campbell and W.W. Morrison were chosen as a Relief Committee.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 16]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



January 17, Thursday: Thomas Crapper obtained an English patent for a flush toilet.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Two feet of snow.



1860-1861

1860-1861

After a reading of the [Reverend John Bunyan](#)'s [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#), [Eliza Gilbert](#), AKA "[Lola Montez](#)," had been finishing out her days religiously in Greenwich Village on Manhattan Island under the *sobriquet* "Mrs. Heald." When her mother attempted to visit her in her terminal illness, she made it very clear that she held her mother entirely responsible for her having been seduced into such a life of sin as admittedly she had led. When she died of tertiary-stage syphilis on this day at the age of 42, it was in the arms of the church.

MRS.

**ELIZA GILBERT**

DIED

*Jan. 17. 1861*  
*Æ. 42*



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 17th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

**"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY**



January 18, Friday: Vassar Female College was founded in Poughkeepsie, [New York](#). [Samuel F.B. Morse](#) was one of the founders.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Word comes that there is danger of another invasion from Missouri.

Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) returned to the federal Senate after an illness.

**US CIVIL WAR**



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 18th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



January 19, Saturday: Its victory in the 2d opium war enabled Britain to take control over the peninsula of the Chinese mainland known as *Kowloon*, across Victoria Strait from its [Hong Kong](#) crown colony. A fence was erected along the width of the new frontier between the peninsula of Kowloon, under the control of outer-barbarians, and the nation of [China](#). It wasn't exactly any Great Wall, it was eight feet high and it was constructed of bamboo.

Virginia called for a peace conference between North and South.

The legislature of the state of Georgia voted 208-89 in favor of [secession](#) from the United States.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 19th]

[Transcript]

[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)



January 20, Sunday: Senator [Jefferson Davis](#) wrote to [Franklin Pierce](#) about his impending resignation as a United States Senator.

Mississippi state troops occupied Fort Massachusetts on Ship Island in the Gulf of Mississippi.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 20th]

[Transcript]

[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)

1860-1861

1860-1861

January 21, Monday: When Jefferson Davis and 4 other Southerners resigned from the US federal Senate, it was Senator Davis who delivered a farewell address shaking the dust from off their sandals (when this august body on this day decided to approve Kansas's antislavery Wyandotte Constitution, Senator Davis would not be one of those casting a ballot pro or con).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



And in whatsoever place ye shall enter, and they receive you not, in my name ye shall leave a cursing instead of a blessing, by casting off the dust of your feet against them as a testimony, and cleansing your feet by the wayside.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 21st]


[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



1860-1861

1860-1861

 January 22, Tuesday: [Elias Hasket Derby](#) died.

Anti-Shogun elements murdered C.J. Heusken, an interpreter for US ambassador Townsend Harris, on a Tokyo street (representatives of Britain, France, Prussia and the Netherlands left the city, but Harris would remain in [Japan](#) and would obtain reparations for Heusken's family).

Thermen op.245, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

[Jefferson Davis](#) left Washington DC.


**US CIVIL WAR**



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 22d]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 January 23, Wednesday: [Jefferson Davis](#) was elected a major general in the Mississippi militia.

**US CIVIL WAR**

Representative Morris of Pennsylvania offered to the federal House of Representatives that the United States Constitution needed to be amended. He asked (the legislative body would comply) that his proposed amendment be printed so that he might at the proper time offer it before the select committee of 33.

Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature shall make any law respecting slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime; but Congress may pass laws for the suppression of the African slave trade, and the rendition of fugitives from service or labor in the States. (CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 527).

**SLAVERY**

**INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE**

**FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW**



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 23d]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



January 24, Thursday morning: It was the day of the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Boston merchants were in the habit of giving their clerks this day off, so they could attend and attempt to shout down the abolitionists. These “teabagger” types filling the gallery seating of the Tremont Temple’s auditorium. The approaches to the stage platform were placed under anti-slavery guard to ensure that none of these protesters would be able to seize the podium. They began by hissing the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, the initial speaker, and when [Wendell Phillips](#) appeared, they let loose a pandemonium of cat-calls, yells, cheers, hisses, songs, and derisive remarks. Phillips responded by lowering his voice to the point at which only the gazette reporters in the front row were able to hear him. [Waldo Emerson](#) took the tack of suggesting that clearly, the time to seek compromises between North and South was past.<sup>36</sup> There followed an address by the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

In the afternoon these types in the gallery began pitching seat cushions into the audience below, although not to the extent of causing anyone to flee. Boston’s mayor appeared with a posse of police and alleged that the Trustees of the building had asked him to disperse the meeting. Trustees were present, however, to controvert this. The mayor read their letter aloud and it became clear that what they had asked was not that he disperse the meeting, but that his police should protect it. The chairperson, Edmund Quincy, then persuaded the Mayer to clear the galleries of these pro-Webster protesters. However, on the grounds that under conditions of darkness he would be unable to ensure their safety, the Mayor had the police lock the building’s entrance doors, effectively canceling the anti-slavery rally scheduled for that evening.

Georgia forces occupied the federal arsenal at Augusta.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 24th]

[Transcript]

[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)

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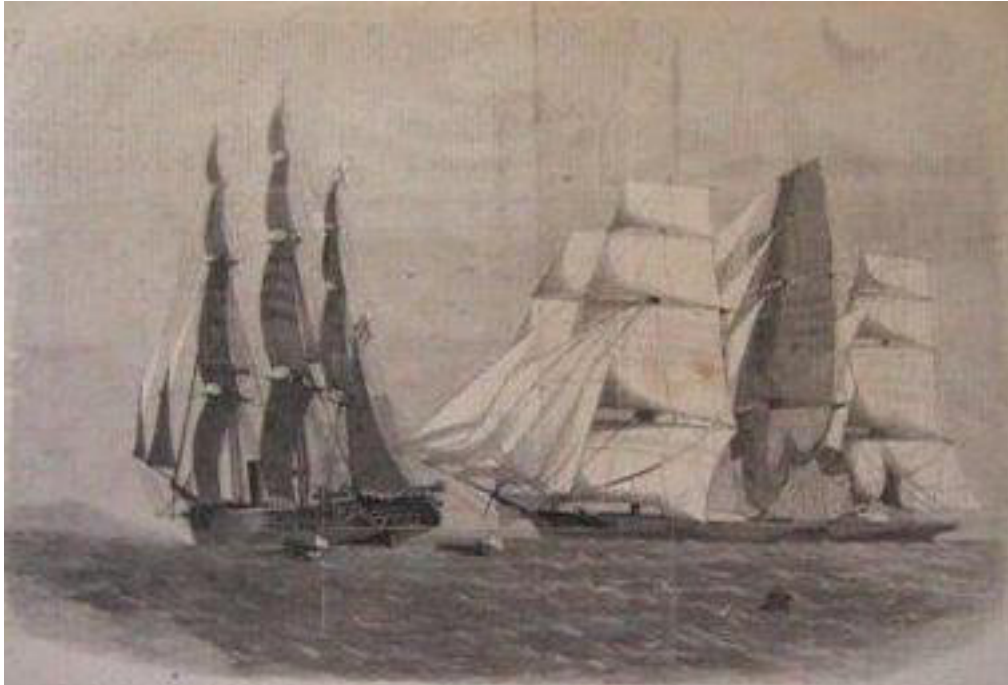
36. It is interesting, the manner in which this incident is being reported in the many Emerson timelines now on the internet: “Emerson mobbed at Tremont Temple by pro-slavery agitators.” These brief internet reports seem intended to suggest that Emerson had bravely been on the street alone at the mercy of assault by a mob — rather than merely having been one of a series of ministers, enduring a disruption from rowdy clerks on a balcony.



1860-1861

1860-1861

January 25, Friday: Way back on August 10th, 1860, in the Mozambique Channel, the *Sunny South*, an international slave trader, had been captured by the war steamer HMS *Brisk*. On board had been discovered a cargo of 702 enslaved Africans. At this point this was old news, except that the event culminated on this day with the publication of a woodcut of the event by *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (it obviously required, you see, just one heck of a long time to prepare such journalistic woodcuts). The government ship appears on the left, the swift *negrero* on the right:



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 25th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

January 26, Saturday: The Warsaw Institute of Music was inaugurated.

Georgia forces occupied the Ogelthorpe Barracks and Fort Jackson at Savannah.

US CIVIL WAR

On this day the legislature of the sovereign state of Louisiana, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, voted 113-17 in favor of secession from the federal union of the United States of America centered in Washington DC.

Well, the above remark is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Louisiana has acquired as a state in which behaving decently toward one another comes in a poor second to washing crawdads down with beer. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any



1860-1861

1860-1861

affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere “stalking horse.” All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind (“Who, lil' ol' me?”).

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices —such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform— but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.



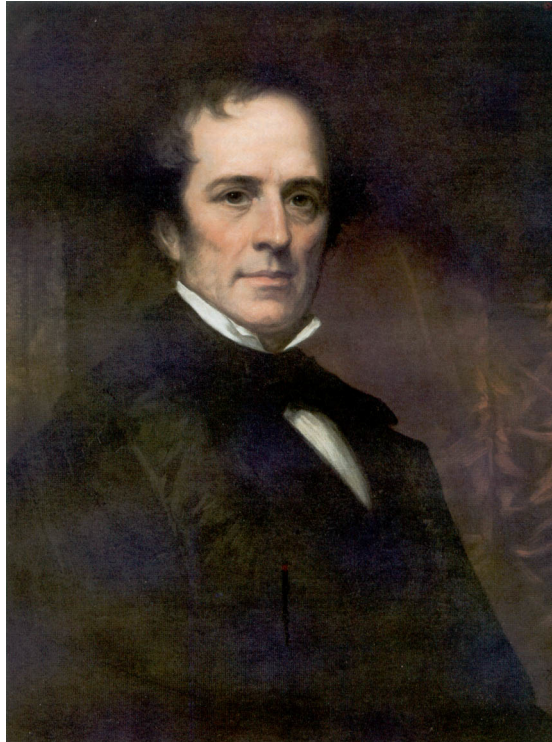
[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 26th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

➡ January 27, Sunday: [Thomas Carlyle](#) dined with [John Ruskin](#).

[John Buchanan Floyd](#) was indicted by the District of Columbia grand jury for conspiracy and fraud.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 27th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

➡ January 28, Monday: Wahlstimmen op.250, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Rev. Bishop came in this evening while we were playing whist.

On this day, or perhaps on the 30th, [Jefferson Davis](#) arrived in Jackson, Mississippi.

Louisiana troops took Fort Macomb near New Orleans.

**US CIVIL WAR**

[Bronson Alcott](#) wrote about [Henry Thoreau](#) in his journal (JOURNALS. Boston: Little, Brown, 1938, page 333):

*Channing writes tenderly of Thoreau's confinement, and I see him this morning and find his hoarseness forbids his going out as*



1860-1861

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usual. 'Tis a serious thing to one who has been less a house-keeper than any man in town, has lived out of doors for the best part of his life, has harvested more wind and storm, sun and sky, and has more weather in him, than any-night and day abroad with his leash of keen senses, hounding any game stirring, and running it down for certain, to be spread on the dresser of his page before he sleeps and served as a feast of wild meats to all sound intelligences like his. If any can make game for his confinement it must be himself, and for solace, if sauce of the sort is desired by one so healthy as he has seemed hitherto. We have been accustomed to consider him the salt of things so long that we are loath to believe it has lost savor; since if it has, then "Pan is dead" and Nature ails throughout. I find him in spirits-busied, he tells me, with his Journals, and, bating his out-of doors, in his usual working trim. Fair weather and spring time, I trust, are to prove his best physicians, and the woods and fields know their old friend again presently.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 28th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



January 29, Tuesday: The state of Georgia's declaration of [secession](#).

**US CIVIL WAR**

Camelien-Polka op.248 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabad-saal, Vienna.

[Thomas Carlyle](#) acknowledged receipt of [Waldo Emerson](#)'s CONDUCT OF LIFE.

With the signature of [President James Buchanan](#), [Kansas](#) became the 34th state of the United States, with a constitution prohibiting slavery ("no slaves" means "no people of color": we'll be white folks only, very much all by ourselves all alone just the way God intends). Upon the admittance of [Kansas](#) into the Union and the organization of the initial state government, [Physic Rush Elmore](#) would move to Topeka and resume the practice of law. In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Baxter and I went over the river and got a hundred and thirty posts.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 29th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



January 30, Wednesday: Martin Karl Löffler (Charles Martin Loeffler) was born in Mulhouse, Alsace, or Schöneberg, near Berlin, the 2d of 7 children born to Karl Löffler, a writer and teacher, and Julie Charlotte Helena Schwerdtmann, daughter of a carpet retailer (Loeffler would always claim to be a native Alsatian, but there's not evidence to support that).

Effigies of the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) and of Susan B. Anthony were carried through the streets of Syracuse, New York by a group of 100 men, bearing signs indicating that these two individuals had been "squelched." The men stepped to the beat of a brass band and, when they arrived at the town center, had their effigies "represent the act of sexual intercourse" before setting them on fire to cheers of "Constitution and the Union!"

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Mended old clothes all day. A man came from Boston to ascertain facts in regard to famine here. Phillips finished putting up ice.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 30th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



January 31, Thursday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Helped Jones cut out ice. Two Indians stayed here all night. At Lyceum we discussed the subject "Secession Should Be Resisted By Force If Need Be." Affirmative Jones, Spillman and Rev. Morrison. Negative myself, W.A. Phillips and Reverend Bishop. Decision was in favor of the Negative.

J.G. Bartholomew wrote from Roxbury, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), agreeing to preach.<sup>37</sup>

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by a Joseph Stubbs representing the Adams Express Company in Baltimore, to inform him that an H.A. Lucas there had declined to pay for a shipment of goods:

OFFICE OF  
The Adams Express Company,  
164 BALTIMORE STREET.

---

Baltimore, *Jany 31 1861*  
*Mr Hy. D. Thoreau*  
*Concord—*  
*Your Pcl and Bill for Collection,*  
*\$111<sup>00</sup> on H. A Lucas*  
*Balto*  
*has been presented, and Paymen[t]*  
*Refused*

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37. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections



1860-1861

1860-1861

Please advise us at once what disposition we shall make of the Goods, as they are held subject to your order, and at your RISK AGAINST FIRE, AND DANGERS.

Answer on THIS SHEET.

Respectfully yours,  
For the Company,  
*Jos. Stubbs*



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 31st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861

## FEBRUARY 1861

 February: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

*I often say to young writers & speakers, that their best masters are their faultfinding brothers & sisters at home, who will not spare them, but be sure to pick & cavil, & tell the odious truth. It is smooth mediocrity, weary elegance, surface finish of our voluminous stock-writers, or respectable artists, which easy times & a dull public call out, without any salient genius, with an indigence of all grand design, of all direct power. A hundred statesmen, historians, painters, & small poets, are thus made: but Burns, & Carlyle, & Bettine, and Michel Angelo, & Thoreau were pupils in a rougher school.*

[MICHELANGELO](#)


Albert J. von Frank has commented that “One could not tell from Emerson’s journals or letters that Henry Thoreau was mortally sick at this time, that he was confined to his house during January and February, and –though he rallied during the summer months– that he was visibly failing by the end of the year. In fact, Emerson often simply refused to acknowledge sickness or pain. In 1859, when he was hobbling with his sprained ankle, he had told [Bronson Alcott](#) an amazing untruth — that he had “never known any restraint of limb or liberty before, nor a fever or sickness of any sort.”

*[Wendell] Phillips has the supreme merit in this time, that he & he alone stands in the gap & breach against the assailants. Hold up his hands. He did me the honor to ask me to come to the meeting at Tremont Temple, & esteeming such an invitation a command, though sorely against my inclination & habit, I went, and, though I had nothing to say, showed myself. If I were dumb, yet I would have gone & mowed & muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings, I withdrew.*



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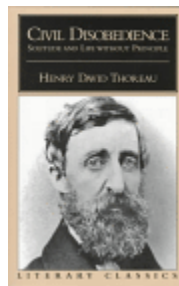
 February 1, Friday: [Franz Schubert](#)'s Geburtstagshymne for vocal quartet and piano was performed publicly for the initial time, in Weimar.

Texas adopted an Ordinance of Secession and scheduled a referendum for February 23d.

**US CIVIL WAR**

After taking supper several evenings at the Thoreau boardinghouse in Concord since that January 15th, the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) of the [Secret "Six"](#) conspiracy wrote to [Henry James, Sr.](#) reporting upon the conversations: "[Henry](#) told me that he did not at all understand FBS [[Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#)]. Henry said civil disobedience, in the pure form, required staying in place, [it required] a certain willingness to suffer the consequence –whatever that might be– of refusing to participate in an immoral act, statue, or investigation."

**CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE**



**RESISTANCE TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT**

A new writ of *Habeas Corpus* was granted by Chief Justice Draper, of the Canadian Court of Common Pleas, in the case of [John Anderson](#), addressed to the sheriff and keeper of the jail of the County of Brant, returnable on the 8th of the same month.



In the federal House of Representatives on this day, Mr. Kellogg of [Illinois](#) offered a proposition that the United States Constitution be amended. His proposal would be considered on February 27th, but nothing would come of this.

§ 16. The migration or importation of persons held to service or involuntary servitude into any State, Territory, or place within the United States, from any place or country beyond the





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limits of the United States or Territories thereof, is forever prohibited (CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, pages 690, 1243, 1259-60).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

[Jefferson Davis](#) arrived in Vicksburg and left for Brierfield.

US CIVIL WAR

On this day the legislature of [Texas](#), unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, was voting 166-7 to [secede](#) from the United States of America.

Well, the above remark is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Texas has acquired as a state full of braggart idiot nonentities such as George W. Bush. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere "stalking horse." All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind ("Who, lil' ol' me?").

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Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices –such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform– but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 1st]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 2, Saturday: [Texas](#) finalized its Declaration of [Secession](#).

Crown Prince [Ludwig Otto Friedrich Wilhelm](#) saw the opera *Lohengrin* by [Richard Wagner](#) in München.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Worked for W.A. Phillips. General Fisher and Simons came here from Atchison, and left the teams at Manhattan. Came for fresh teams.

John M. McDuffee wrote from Cambridge Port, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), to convey the information that due to [typhoid fever](#) he would be unable to go on an anticipated sleigh ride.<sup>38</sup>

In Paris, *La circassienne*, an opéra comique by Daniel-François-Esprit Auber to words of Scribe, was performed for the initial time, at the Théâtre Favart.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 2d]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

38. 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 3, Sunday: In Richmond, Virginia, this was the opening day of a convention called to determine secession from the United States, to govern the state during a state of emergency, and to write a new Constitution for Virginia (one that would under the Confederate regime be voted down in referendum).

In [Italy](#), the town of Busseto voted 339-206 in favor of [Giuseppe Verdi](#) to represent Borgo S. Donnino (Fidenza) in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 3d]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 4, Monday: Archduke Rainer of Austria, cousin of the emperor, replaced Johann Bernhard, Count Rechberg und Rothenlöwe as prime minister of Austria.

Klangfiguren op.251, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

Josiah Dunham wrote from Boston to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), to present him with a chair that had been made by Slack's father in 1828.<sup>39</sup>

131 delegates from 21 states met at a peace convention in Washington in an attempt to find a compromise

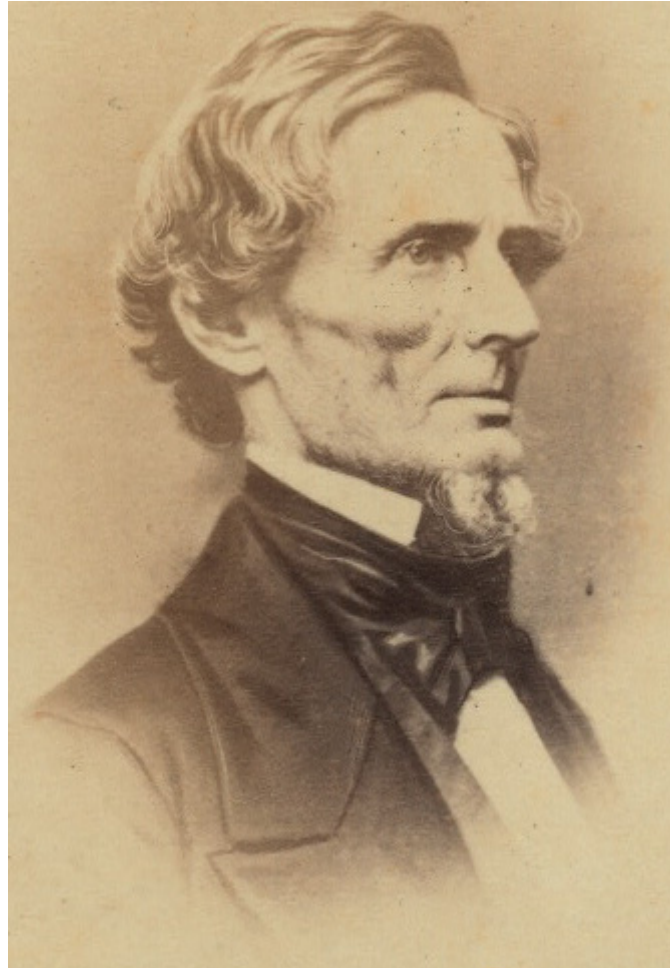
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39. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections

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between the states. Meanwhile, 42 delegates from [South Carolina](#), Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida met in convention at Montgomery, Alabama to adopt a provisional constitution. [Jefferson Davis](#) was elected President of the Confederate States of America:



US CIVIL WAR

Nadar applied for a patent for his technique of taking [photographs](#) with the light of an electric carbon-arc lamp.

LIGHTING THE NIGHT

2d Lieutenant George N. Bascom, on the basis of the false complaint registered by the cattle rancher John Ward, had taken 60 troopers and had sought out Cochise's band to recover Ward's stepson and perhaps also a few of the stolen cattle. Cochise protested his utter innocence and then managed to escape. He would raid the Butterfield station, killing one of its employees and taking another employee prisoner. He would then capture a small wagon train, in the process killing 8 Mexicans, and would offer 3 American hostages in return for hostages held by Bascom. This offer would be refused: the US does not bargain with terrorists.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE



[[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 4th](#)]


[Transcript]

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 February 4, Monday: Delegates from the seceded states met to re-establish a collective “Confederate” government more or less like the one that had existed under our “Articles of Confederation” prior to our 1787 acceptance of a Constitution a new “The United States of America.”

Elections in Virginia created a pro-Union secessionist convention.

**US CIVIL WAR**

[Sophia Dana Ripley](#) died of cancer. The funeral would be in her widowed husband the [Reverend George Ripley](#)'s old church on Purchase Street, which had become a [Catholic](#) church. She would be buried in the Dana family tomb in the Old Burying Ground near Harvard Square. From a photograph taken of her while ill, her portrait would be painted in crayon by Richard Morrell Staigg. Her husband, not considering this portrait to be a good likeness, would donate it to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who would lose it. [Father Thomas \(Isaac Hecker\)](#) would write of Sophia that:

The poor, the sick, the little children in our City Institutes, particularly those on Randall's Island, were the object of her laborious and systematic care, up to her last illness.... She had a wonderful zeal for reclaiming abandoned women, and it was owing chiefly to her exertions that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were brought for that purpose.... I said to her on her deathbed: "My dear Friend, if God should restore you again to health, I would not know how to give you any better advice than simply to recommend you to take up again your labors of love at the point where your illness compelled you to break them off." I regard Mrs. Ripley's conversion as a striking testimony to the power of Catholic truth over a clear mind, a strong will, early prejudices, and the opposition of the world. I believe that the grace to believe was accorded to her by Heaven in reward for the straightforwardness, earnestness and purity with which she labored at [Brook Farm](#) to carry out the precepts of this charity. And I regard her Catholic life as a beautiful exemplification of the Spirit and teaching of the Church. She is that "valiant woman," of whom the Holy Scripture speaks. "Her works praise her in the gates, and her children" —the orphan whose tears she dried, and the outcast and abandoned to whom she brought back hope and virtue— "rise up and call her blessed."

 February 5, Tuesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

There were a hundred buffalo in sight today.  
The snow is a foot deep.

The Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#) reported that:

The whites and Indians in the vicinity of Humboldt bay are reported to be again at war: Thirteen of the natives had been killed in one onslaught. The United States troops have been sent out against the Indians on Eel river.

SAN FRANCISCO.— A dispatch to the [Bee](#) has the following: A grand Union meeting is to be held at Oakland on next Wednesday evening. A report was widely circulated here last night to the effect that the Pony had arrived, and that General Scott and Senator



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Toombs had met and fought their duel, and that Scott had killed Toombs. This report created quite an excitement, and many high words passed, but every one seemed to congratulate his neighbor that "Old Chippewa" still lives. Of course there was no truth in the rumor. It is reported this morning that seven hundred or eight hundred men have been enrolled here as Knights of the Golden Circle, or Pacific Republicans. There is an active movement on foot for a union meeting of all parties to be held here. The leading, almost the entire sentiment is for the Union, so long as there remains a single star in the national flag.

SEVERELY BEATEN. — At Portland, Oregon, January 14th, the second engineer of the Pacific named McGee, and a teamster had a dispute about the measurement of some wood. The lie or equivalent, passed between them, and the teamster struck McGee with a billet of wood and indicted upon him a dangerous wound. The teamster was arrested.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.— Two miners, named Daniel Gillon and John Dolan, were stopped near Nevada on Friday night, February 1st, by two highwaymen, who robbed one of the parties of \$10 50. The other dropped his purse, containing \$65 which the robbers failed to obtain.

SPEECH OF SENATOR BAKER.— As many inquiries have been made for copies of the UNION containing the very able speech of Senator Baker in reply to Senator Benjamin, we would state that it will appear in the next WEEKLY UNION, to be issued on Saturday next.

TIMBERING. — A citizen of Murphy's informs the San Andreas INDEPENDENT that not less than one hundred men make a good living in the timber region between that place and the Big Trees, working at the several saw mills and making laths, shingles, shakes, etc.



Feb. 5. Horace Mann brings me a screech owl, which was caught in Hastings's barn on the meeting-house avenue. It had killed a dove there. This is a decidedly gray owl, with none of the reddish or nut brown of the specimen of December 26, though it is about the same size, and answers exactly to Wilson's mottled owl. Rice brings me an oak stick with a woodpecker's hole in it by which it reached a pupa. The first slight rain and thaw of this winter was February 2d.



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February 6, Wednesday: Delegates from [South Carolina](#), Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana arrived in Montgomery, Alabama to attend a constitutional convention, and would soon be joined there by delegates from Texas (after a couple of days of deliberation they would adopt a constitution that somewhat mirrored in its language the constitution of the United States of America).

In Vienna, Rokonhangok op.246, a polka française by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabad-saal, while his Hesperus-Polda op.249 was being performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 6th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 7, Thursday: In Vienna, Grillenbanner op.247, a waltz im Ländlerstil by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabad-saal.

The Choctaw Nation voted to ally itself with the Confederacy.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Hugh and Ermina Morrison spent the evening here.  
Lucas and Hasket started after charity goods.

An article about recent race rioting or preparations for race rioting, copied from the [Lambing Flat Miner](#) of February 3d, appeared on page 2 of the Sydney, [Australia Morning Herald](#):

### **Monster meeting.**

It having become rumoured amongst the mining community on the Burrangong for some time past that the Chinese intended assembling on that gold-field, all armed, and in such numbers that they could make a determined stand against any European force that could reasonably be brought against them, and that their intention was to make it a Chinese territory, several respectable miners issued a notice calling for a meeting on Sunday last, to take into their serious consideration the best means of nipping the Mongolians' friendly intentions in the bud. Such a gathering as has scarcely been seen in these colonies assembled on Sunday afternoon, near the Golden Point, Lambing Flat, fully determined to settle the matter then and for ever. The meeting was originally announced for twelve o'clock, and before that time several hundreds had scattered themselves round Golden Point, discussing the probable results of their movement. Owing to the impossibility of their friends at Stoney Creek to arrive by that hour, a postponement to three in the afternoon was found necessary, and during the interval the majority repaired to their abodes for refreshment. About two o'clock a large body came in from Stoney Creek, headed by a brass band playing martial airs, with the Union Jack on either side floating over them. They came on horseback, on foot, and in vehicles, and the band occupied a "jaunting car" drawn



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by two fine horses, with a digger acting as John. The only arms they appeared to have were sticks looking in many instances like shovel and pick handles, which were flourished more or less as the shouts of the Lambing Flat men greeted them. Soon after, a party from Spring Creek was led up the main street by a fine burly young fellow carrying the Union Jack, and by another beating a drum made out of a tin case, whose shouts gathered along with them all stragglers. The arrival of this last party was the signal for business. By this time there could not have been less than fifteen hundred men on the ground; but so orderly and determined were they to preserve peace, that not a solitary breach occurred.

Several boxes were placed together on a small hillock, with the Union Jacks on either side of them for a platform, around which the dense assemblage collected, the Commissioner, with his seven troopers, all well armed, with detectives Carnes and Scarlett, occupying a position a short distance away.

The band opened the proceedings by playing a martial air, after which Mr. Charles Allen, storekeeper, of Lambing Flat, was universally appointed chairman. Who read the following notice convening the meeting:-

"Notice. - A public meeting will be held on Sunday, the 27th instant, at ten o'clock, in the vicinity of Golden Point, Lambing Flat, for the purpose of taking into consideration whether Burrangong is an European gold-field or a Chinese territory. A numerous attendance is requested." He then alluded to the good order always maintained by the diggers in their movements, and hoped that day's proceedings would be no libel on their past conduct. The assault on the shanties and gambling homes, he said, was a sufficient guarantee that they only desired a good state of society, and their previous affair with the Chinese was proof that they only wished to be rid, as peaceably as possible, of a nuisance to them all. Should any breach of the peace occur, he would be the first man to aid the Commissioner and his staff in quelling it; and he was confident that the originators of the movement would do the same. (Cheers from the Commissioner.) He then introduced Mr. Stewart, who would address them, and claimed for him a quiet and impartial hearing.

Mr. Stewart, on coming forward, was assailed by a perfect volley of cheers. He said - Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, and fellow-miners, - Before I go into the business for which we have met, I wish to state that had it not been for some treachery on the part of a person unknown to me, who pulled our notices down, we should have had six times the gathering here to-day. (A voice - "It was the Commissioner," and loud cries of "There he is.") Commissioner or no Commissioner, it was an unconstitutional act, but it matters little now since we are sufficiently numerous to do what we want to do. (Vehement cheering.) Well, Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, and fellow-miners. - A meeting has been called this day - and proud I am to see you have so nobly responded to it. (Hear, hear.) We have assembled for the purpose of discussing a very important and serious question. (Loud applause.) I presume you are all aware what that question is. (Cries of "Yes, yes; go on.") The question is - shall the Burrangong Gold-Field (as you have no doubt seen on the notice) become a Chinese territory





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or an European diggings. (Shouts of "European diggings," and "Down with the pig-tails.") The question is really becoming so serious that it is now intolerable. (Hear, hear.) To my own certain knowledge there cannot be less than fifteen or sixteen hundred on the Lambing Flat and its vicinity, and the greater number, if not all of them, have arrived within the last fortnight. (Cries of "Down with them.") I also have it from reliable authority, that the Chinese are on the road to these diggings in thousands. (Cries of "Stop them," "turn them back.") Now, gentlemen, shall the Chinese monopolise the gold-field that we have prospected and developed? (Cries of "No, no;" "down with them," – and shall we as men and British subjects stand tamely by and allow the bread to be plucked from the mouths of ourselves, our wives, and children by those pig-tailed, moon-faced barbarians. (Shouts of "Down with the pig-tails," "drive them before us.") – men who would not spend one farthing in the colony could they possibly avoid it? – men, did I say – oh, my prophetic soul, my comrades – monkeys I ought to have said. (Laughter and cheers.) No, gentlemen. Were it possible for them to get what they daily consume from China, and to be able to avoid all connexion with British or foreign traffic, they would glory in being able to do so. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, you see what they expend in the colony, and the benefit derived from them is compulsory, which plainly signifies that they cannot help themselves. (Hear, hear.) It is a well-known fact that not one Chinaman out of five thousand, when he accumulates what he considers a sufficiency in his own country, but verifies the words of a well-known song written by the celebrated Charles Thatcher –

"And blow 'em, I say; scores arrive every day, Get all they can, then hook it away." – (Cheers.) And these are the beings whom the Government class as the companions of civilised Christians! (Cries of "We won't have them.") These are the beings who, in a court of justice, are allowed to rank side by side with the European whose life, before to-day, has trembled in the balance of one of these miscreant's oaths. (Shouts of "Away with the wretches.") Oh! horrible mockery – disgrace to the British Constitution – on the oath of one of these miscreants – now, gentlemen, keep your ears open) – this oath that a Christian's life may be so affected by, is neither more nor less than cutting a cock's head off, breaking a saucer, or blowing a match out after it is lit, which is now proved to be a complete piece of humbug in their own country. (Vehement cheering and cries of "Shame.") So you see you have got nothing but a Chinaman's word against a Christian's oath in a court of justice. (Cries of "Shame, shame." and "Away with the pig-tails.") We are now, I may safely say, on the only gold-field in New South Wales which has the appearance of being a permanent one – the only one on which the hard-working miner (the mainstay of the colony) can eke out more than a bare subsistence. (Hear, hear.) You are, no doubt, aware of the state the other gold-fields are in – instance Kiandra, Araluen, Turon, Meroo, Tambaroora, &c., in short, gentlemen, they are all in a state of insolvency, and the only solvent one is the one on which we are striving for an honest livelihood. (Hear, hear.) Now the livelihood is about to be torn from your grasp; but how, and by

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whom? By the curse, the plague of the country, namely Chinamen. (Shouts of "Never, never; down with them.") I am certain that the Burrangong gold-fields will be a diggings for years, capable of supporting thousands upon thousands of poor men. (Hear, hear.) But how long will they continue to be the support of thousands who have no other way of gaining an honest livelihood but by begging, if the Chinese are allowed to pour in upon us in such countless numbers? Why, six months will smother them. What, then, are they to do? Where are they to go? God help the poor men who have wives and families depending on them for support at such a time. Well, I will answer, - why, starve! (Great uproar, and execrations at the Chinamen.) Mr. Stewart then in a humorous vein suggested a remedy, by telling them if they were good working men they might obtain seven or ten shillings per week from the squatter, with rations, which produced a tumult of hisses, groans, and anything but flattering exclamations. In conclusion, he said - It doesn't require a second sight to see into the future. It is quite evident to all what the result will be if we do not take some measure to stop this gross outrage upon our rights. (Hear.) Then, men and fellow-miners, let us assert our rights before God and man - in the clear face of day - like free-born Britons - and prevent ourselves from being trampled to the dust like dogs. (Great confusion.) But, gentlemen, I would strongly advise you to keep within the bounds of the law and not commit a breach of the peace. (Cheers from the Commissioner and numbers in the crowd.) Mr. Stewart then read the following resolution:-

"Since the Government will not protect us, our wives, families, society, and necessary occupations from the incursions of a race of savages, we bind ourselves, to a man, to do so: and for that purpose we intend to give all Chinese or descendants of that race two days' notice to quit the Burrangong gold-fields; and in the event of their not complying with that request, to take such measures as shall satisfactorily rid the mining community of the Burrangong for ever of such pests and nuisances."

Amidst the greatest excitement and confusion a respectable miner named Dayton seconded the resolution.

Several other speakers endeavoured to be heard, but an overpowering majority were for instant action, and "no notice" was the general cry. Groups collected, and all tried to speak at once, when the band, striking up, and moving slowly away, was the signal for the breaking up of the meeting, and on the gathering rolled in one heavy cloud in the direction of Little Spring Creek, alternately harangued and cautioned by the Commissioner and the sergeant against using violence, and the crowd promising, in the event of such taking place, to apprehend the delinquents. As one man expressed it, "We only want to sweep them before us like chaff before the wind:" and so they did. Scouts immediately started up the creek and in every direction; and arriving at the destination, a sight that baffles description presented itself. On the opposite side of the creek one or two tents were in flames, which was generally believed to have been the work of the Chinese themselves. Along the bed of the creek one mass of celestial life seemed to agitate it with all the marks of haste in its movements, carrying such burdens that even Chinamen might grow weary with. The banks on



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either side were lined with Europeans who hurried China's brown sons on by occasional remarks and strong intimations, the band playing the whole time. Up the steep on to the flat they came like the flowings of a never-ceasing river. Not less than from two to three thousand came up in single file and marched along silently in the direction the Europeans pointed out. One sick Chinaman was found, who was permitted to remain, with one of his countrymen to attend him, and one of the best huts offered as a residence. When the others had all cleared out of the creek, the band turned the tide in the direction of the township, through which they escorted the whole of the Mongolians till they came on to Blackguard Gully, where a similar scene was gone through. Here a tent or two was burned, and another sick Chinaman protected, and the whole mass drifted away from the diggings according to the directions given by the Europeans, who shortly after returned to the Flat, when the proceedings were supposed to have terminated.

Late in the afternoon, a cry fluttered over the Lambing Flat that Stewart, the speaker of the previous meeting, was apprehended. It did not require a second summons to bring the lingering and self-satisfied agitators alongside the courthouse. It was like the rise of a slumbering volcano. Although the Stoney Creek party had mostly left the place, there was sufficient left from the embers of the late affair to raise a blaze to the name of Stewart. But, fortunately for society and everything else on Lambing Flat, it turned out to be a kind of a "bye-ball" of the name of Smith, who had certainly proved himself rather uproarious in the great event of the day. But the crowd were not to be disappointed. They had come for the release of their best man, and they found it an inferior one. But as they had pledged themselves to live or fall by the sacrifices made by any man in that days proceedings, so they felt, so long as he was attached to them, he was bound to receive their support. At whoever's instigation the man was arrested, under the circumstances, it was condemnable. The whole proceedings had passed off without a solitary breach, and for Government officials to be the first to do anything to create that breach was, to say the least, censorious. All Government officials, and all men who love law and order would have been justified in taking any step to quell a threatened disturbance of the peace, but no man is justified, let him be Governor himself, in raising a storm that has for a certainty lulled. We will veil the after proceedings, and conclude the affair by stating that the man was let loose on respectable bail, and bound over the following day to keep the peace - a proceeding which might have been adopted when the excitement had died away with much better effect, if necessary.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 7th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



February 8, Friday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

The charity goods were distributed hurly-burly.

Arkansas troops took the federal arsenal at Little Rock.

Delegates from the states of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and [South Carolina](#) met in Montgomery, Alabama and recreated a "Confederate States of America," one more or less similar to the one that had been in existence prior to our 1787 acceptance of a constitution for a new "United States of America" federal government.

In Richmond, [Virginia](#), in the Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, not slavery but the further importation of any more negroes from Africa was forbidden:

RACISM

Article I. Section 7: -

"1. The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States of the United States, is hereby forbidden; and Congress are required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

"2. The Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy." C.S.A. STATUTES AT LARGE, 1861-2, pages 3, 15.<sup>40</sup>

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE



February 8. Coldest day yet; -22° at least (all we can read), at 8 A.M., and, [so far] as I can learn, not above -6° all day.



February 8-27: Amendments Proposed by the Peace Conference.

READ THE FULL TEXT



February 9, Saturday: In Richmond, [Virginia](#), the arrangements that created the Confederate States of America were brought to completion.

*Be it enacted by the Confederate States of America in Congress assembled, That all the laws of the United States of America in force and in use in the Confederate States of America on the first day of November last, and not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States, be and the same are hereby continued in force until altered or repealed by the Congress (C.S.A. STATUTES AT LARGE, 1861-2, page 27).*

US CIVIL WAR

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40. As this civil war broke out, Lidian Emerson, who had for a number of years been covering the front gate and gateposts of her home with black cloth every 4th of July, announced that she felt "nothing but gladness" because "This is the beginning of the end of slavery."

1860-1861

1860-1861

[Jefferson Davis](#) was elected provisional president of the Confederate States of America. Alexander Stephens was elected provisional vice-president.

Tennessee voters elected 68,282-59,449 not to hold a state convention on [secession](#).

[John Anderson](#) was produced to the Canadian Court of Common Pleas, and it was urged:

- *First.* That the prisoner was entitled to the writ on which he was brought before the Court, and, upon the return to that writ, to have inquired into the matters charged against him.
- *Second.* That *the evidence was not sufficient* to put him upon his trial for the crime of MURDER; assuming that he was entitled to the protection of British law.
- *Third.* That the treaty requires that *a charge under it should be first laid in the States*, and that the evidence did not show that any charge had been laid against the prisoner.
- *Fourth.* That even if we are bound to administer this law of Missouri, *the evidence did not shew that this State of Missouri had any power to pass such a law*, and it cannot be presumed that she had that power, inasmuch as *she is but a municipality in relation to other Governments, and the law is against natural justice*.
- *Fifth.* That the word “murder;” mentioned in the treaty, *means murder according to the laws of both countries*; and, if not, that by the treaty itself, and our statute, *the crime charged is to be determined by the laws of Canada* — that is, the criminality is to be determined by the laws of Canada.

After hearing these arguments, the court ordered that Anderson be re-committed temporarily to custody, and be again brought before it on the next Saturday, February 16th.



In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

I bought a Spanish bridle from a Kaw.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 9th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

1860-1861

1860-1861

February 10, Sunday: At his plantation home outside Vicksburg, General Jefferson Davis had been hoping to receive a notification that he had been accepted as the commander of the military forces of the Confederate States of America. The word he received, instead, was that he had been designated as "President" of the Confederate States of America.



He had been kicked upstairs.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 10th] [Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

February 11, Monday: Abraham Lincoln gave a brief farewell to friends and supporters at Springfield, Illinois and boarded a train for Washington DC. He would receive a warning during this trip of a possible attempt at assassination.<sup>41</sup>

US CIVIL WAR

Jefferson Davis spoke at Vicksburg and Jackson.

Am Grabe for unaccompanied male chorus by Anton Bruckner to words of Marinelli and von der Mattig, was performed for the initial time, by Liedertafel "Frohsinn" in Linz, directed by the composer.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Hugh and the Beans got home from buffalo hunt on Gypsum where they went yesterday, but got lost last night and had to lie out

41. According to Harold S. Schultz's NATIONALISM AND SECTIONALISM IN SOUTH CAROLINA, 1852-1860 (Durham: Duke UP, 1950, page 226), for instance, a group of South Carolinians had organized themselves as the "Minutemen" with an agenda including but not limited to a march upon Washington DC to prevent installation of the Republican president.

US CIVIL WAR



**1860-1861**

**1860-1861**

in the rain. The river is very high.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 11th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The War between the Presidents

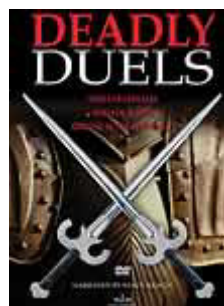
President Lincoln	1809-1865
President Davis	1808-1889



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



"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





1860-1861

1860-1861

The War between the Presidents

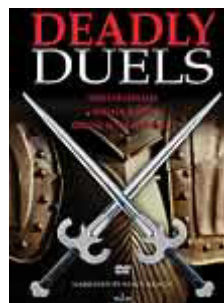
President Lincoln	1809-1865
President Davis	1808-1889



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



"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





1860-1861

1860-1861



February 12, Tuesday: The Provisional Confederate Congress established a Peace Commission to prevent war with the remaining federal government of the United States of America. [Jefferson Davis](#) resigned his general's commission.

US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Ferry boat is lodged below in the ice.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by the firm of [Frederic Tudor](#) in Boston, sending a check for \$43.<sup>03</sup> for 2 barrels of "black lead," obviously finely ground graphite for use in ink for the printing business.

*Boston February 12<sup>th</sup> 1861  
Mr. Henry D. Thoreau  
Concord Mass.  
Dear Sir  
I have to acknowledge receipt  
of your favor of 11<sup>th</sup> instant enclosing  
a Check by the Concord Bank on the  
Suffolk Bank of this City for Forty  
three & 03/100 Dollars to my order being  
in full for amount of Bill of 2 Bbls  
Black Lead forwarded you on the 10<sup>th</sup> ins't  
pr your order & I remain  
Yr. O<sup>b</sup>. S<sup>t</sup>.  
Frederic Tudor \$43.03 for Benj.<sup>n</sup> F. Field.*



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 12th] [Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 13, Wednesday: At Gaeta, [Italy](#), a Neapolitan army capitulated to a Sardinian army.

[Jefferson Davis](#) left Jackson.

US CIVIL WAR

In Richmond, Virginia, former President [John Tyler](#) and former Virginia governor [Henry Alexander Wise](#) led the notables who met for the 1st time as Virginia's convention to consider secession.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:



1860-1861

1860-1861

Sanford and Thompson and the two Woodwards came from hunt and left their ponies and oxen on the other side of Dry Creek on account of high water.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 13th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 14, Thursday: King Francesco II of Naples surrendered at Gaeta, [Italy](#).

2d Lieutenant George N. Bascom, coming across the bodies of the 3 Americans who had been held hostage by Cochise, hanged his own native prisoners. When Cochise would hear of this retaliatory killing he would vow a war of extermination — one which would obtain for the next quarter of a century.

**WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE**



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 14th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 15, Friday: A string quartet in the key of C by Anton Bruckner was performed for the initial time.

The Provisional Confederate Congress determined that it would take by force Ft. Sumter in the harbor of Charlestown and Ft. Pickens on the coast of Florida, should such be deemed appropriate.

The US Army Corps of Engineers had begun work in 1853 on a fortification at the southern side of the Golden Gate. In 1854 Inspector General Joseph K. Mansfield had declared “this point as the key to the whole Pacific Coast ... should receive untiring exertions.” A crew of 200, many of them unemployed miners, had labored for 8 years. Their plan was that the lowest tier of artillery should be as close as possible to the level of the water so cannonballs could bounce along the water in the San Francisco Bay and strike enemy vessels at the water-line without much need for precision aiming; they therefore blasted the 90-foot cliff at that location down to 15 feet. The structure featured walls 7 feet thick and multi-tiered casemated construction typical of Third System forts. Ft. Point was sited to defend the maximum amount of harbor area. While there were more than 30 such forts along our East Coast, this would be the sole such facility along our West Coast. On this day, with war looming, the army mounted Ft. Point’s 1st cannon. Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, commander of the Department of the Pacific, prepared Bay Area defenses and positioned the 1st troops at the fort (Kentucky-born Johnston would soon resign his commission and enlist in the Confederate Army; Ft. Point would not ever be involved in any conflict).

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Jennings went to Solomon after the mail. Could not get it. Solomon was too high to get across.



1860-18



1860-1861

Feb. 15. A little thunder and lightning late in the afternoon. I see two flashes and hear two claps. A kitten is so flexible that she is almost double; the hind parts are equivalent to another kitten with which the fore part plays. She does not discover that her tail belongs to her till you tread upon it. How eloquent she can be with her tail! Its sudden swellings and vibrations! She jumps into a chair and then stands on her hind legs to look out the window; looks steadily at objects far and near, first turning her gaze to this side then to that, for she loves to look out a window as much as any gossip. Ever and anon she bends back her ears to hear what is going on within the room, and all the while her eloquent tail is reporting the progress and success of her survey by speaking gestures which betray her interest in what she sees. Then what a delicate hint she can give with her tail! passing perhaps underneath, as you sit at table, and letting the tip of her tail just touch your legs, as much as to say, I am here and ready for that milk or meat, though she may not be so forward as to look round at you when she emerges. Only skin-deep lies the feral nature of the cat, unchanged still. I just had the misfortune to rock on to our cat's leg, as she was lying playfully spread out under my chair. Imagine the sound that arose, and which was excusable; but what will you say to the fierce growls and flashing eyes with which she met me for a quarter of an hour thereafter? No tiger in its jungle could have been savager.

CAT



February 16, Saturday: [Jefferson Davis](#) arrived at Montgomery, Alabama.

US CIVIL WAR

Texas state troops occupied the US arsenal at San Antonio.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

I helped to chop the ice out and get the ferry boat back up here (where Iron Avenue bridge is now). Thompson went after the mail, determined to get it at all hazards. Took an extra set of clothes - thinking he might have to swim.

[John Anderson](#) was again produced to the Canadian Court of Common Pleas, and the case against him was discharged on the basis of a technicality of the law, that the warrant of commitment had not been issued in conformity with the statute. Upon the merits of the question itself no decision was rendered by the court:

- *1st.* It did not contain a charge of murder, but merely of felonious homicide; whereas neither the treaty nor the statute either authorize a surrender, or a committal for the purpose of surrender, for any homicide *not expressed to be murder*.

1860-1861

1860-1861

- *2nd.* That the warrant was not expressed to be “for the purpose of surrender,” but only until the prisoner should be discharged by due course of law, whereas the statute requires *both*.



Chief Justice Draper stated that:

I have, so far as the limited time and the pressure of the business during the week would permit, considered some of the questions involved. I have at least been able to appreciate the difficulty of disposing of them. One doubt arises on the threshold, namely, whether the statute gives the Court power to look into the depositions and to adjudge whether they contain evidence of criminality sufficient to sustain the charge of murder. It is easy to suggest objections to the placing the power of exclusive and final adjudication on this point in the hands of a single Justice, even although his decision is not binding on the Government, to whom he must certify the same, and the evidence, and on whom rests the ultimate responsibility of surrendering or refusing to surrender the prisoner. Still, however weighty I might deem such objections, if the statute does confer that jurisdiction on a single judge or justice of the peace, the statute must be obeyed. And I am free to confess that there is some difficulty in affirming that this Court can review the decision of the judge or justice without running counter to the opinion expressed in *ex parte Besset*. But conceding that we have that province, and as a necessary incident to it to bring the depositions before us by *certiorari* (as to which some technical objections may be suggested), I require further time before I can adopt as a principle of the law, that because a man is a slave in a country where slavery is legalized, he is legally incapable of committing a crime, that he is not to be deemed a “prisoner” who may be charged with an offence. Nor am I prepared to decide that on a charge of murder, sufficiently sustained by evidence to warrant his being committed for trial according to our law, the prisoner accused of that crime would not be within the meaning of the treaty, because, if acquitted on a trial in the country where the accusation arose, he would be detained in bondage as a slave, or because it might be feared, and even with reason feared, that because he was a slave he would not be treated in the same spirit of justice and impartiality as a freeman before the tribunals



1860-1861

1860-1861

of a foreign State where slavery is established by local law. Or, take a possible case to arise in a Free State, let it be supposed that a slave flies from a Slave State into a Free State, whose laws, nevertheless, unlike our own happy institutions, sanction and require his surrender merely as a slave – that the fugitive kills an officer of the Free State who is endeavouring, under regular process, to arrest and detain him with a view to his surrender, and, having killed the officer, escapes into this province, I do not yet see any way to the conclusion that we could hold the case not to be within the treaty, and the act so clearly not to be murder, that there would be nothing for a jury to try, but that the Court could dispose of it as a pure question of law. For if there be a question of fact to be tried, I apprehend he must be surrendered, as such question could only be tried in the country where the fact arose. These and other similar questions are of too serious a character to be decided upon impulse, or in haste, and I do not scruple to say that, so long as the prisoner sustains no prejudice by the delay, I desire to defer pronouncing an opinion upon them. I am reluctant on the one hand where the accuser does not make it indispensable to declare that each individual of the assumed number of 4,000,000 of slaves in the Southern States may commit assassination in aid of his escape on any part of his route to this province, and find impunity and shelter on his arrival here. I am reluctant, on the other hand, to admit that Great Britain has entered into treaty obligations to surrender a fugitive slave who, as his sole means of obtaining liberty, has shed the blood of the merciless taskmaster who held him in bondage. An occasion may arise when it will be my duty to adjudge one way or the other. But the necessity does not exist at present, and I am not afraid to avow that I rejoice at it. I am, however, glad that the discussion has taken place, that the doubts and difficulties it suggests have been brought prominently forward. The power of dealing with them is in the hands of others, and the necessity of dealing with them must, I think, be felt by those who possess the power.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 16th] [Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 17, Sunday: The traveling presidential party observed a day of rest in Buffalo, New York, with the [Lincoln](#) family attending a church service and dining with [Millard Fillmore](#).

[Jefferson Davis](#) completed his journey by train from Mississippi to Montgomery, Alabama to be inaugurated as President of the Confederate States of America.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Thompson did not come. Some fears for his safety.

1860-1861

1860-1861



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 17th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 18, Monday: [Jefferson Davis](#) was sworn in as provisional President of the Confederate States of America, on the front portico of the capitol building in Montgomery, Alabama.



**US CIVIL WAR**

The new Italian Parliament was opened by King Vittorio Emanuele in Turin. Deputy Giuseppe Verdi took his seat. Vittorio Emanuele, King of Sardinia, was proclaimed King of Italy by the Parliament. In the evening, Verdi attends a performance of La Favorita in the Teatro Regio. At the end of the 2d act, as word spreads that he was in the theater, the audience began to spontaneously shout "Viva Verdi!"

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Thompson arrived this morning.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 18th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



February 19, Tuesday: Louisiana state troops seized the US paymaster's office in New Orleans. (That was easy!)

US CIVIL WAR

The train conveying President-elect [Abraham Lincoln](#) passed through Westfield, New York, where he made a point of meeting Grace Bedell, the little girl who had suggested that he grow a beard. The [New York World](#) would cover this: "At Westfield an interesting incident occurred. Shortly after his nomination Mr. Lincoln had received from that place a letter from a little girl, who urged him, as a means of improving his personal appearance, to wear whiskers. Mr. Lincoln at the time replied, stating that although he was obliged by the suggestion, he feared his habits of life were too fixed to admit of even so slight a change as that which letting his beard grow involved. To-day, on reaching the place, he related the incident, and said that if that young lady was in the crowd he should be glad to see her. There was a momentary commotion, in the midst of which an old man, struggling through the crowd, approached, leading his daughter, a girl of apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, whom he introduced to Mr. Lincoln as his Westfield correspondent. Mr. Lincoln stooped down and kissed the child, and talked with her for some minutes. Her advice had not been thrown away upon the rugged chieftain. A beard of several months' growth covers (perhaps adorns) the lower part of his face. The young girl's peachy cheek must have been tickled with a stiff whisker, for the growth of which she was herself responsible." Eventually Ms. Bedell would reminisce: "He climbed down and sat down with me on the edge of the station platform, 'Gracie,' he said, 'look at my whiskers. I have been growing them for you.' Then he kissed me. I never saw him again."

On that day the Lincoln family arrived at the Astor House in [New-York](#) on their journey to [Washington DC](#) for his inauguration. An estimated 250,000 people turned out to watch the 11-car procession. At the Astor House he met with the editor of the [Evening Post](#), [William Cullen Bryant](#).

To supply deficiencies in the fund hitherto appropriated to carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, the federal legislature of the United States of America voted the sum of \$900,000 (STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 132).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

Theodore Tilton (1835-1907) informed [Charles Wesley Slack](#) that he could not accept an invitation to speak, due to commitments to be of assistance to writers at the [Independent](#).<sup>42</sup>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 19th] [Transcript]


THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

42. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections



1860-1861

1860-1861

 February 20, Wednesday: During the morning Mrs. Lincoln took the Lincoln children to [Phineas Taylor Barnum](#)'s "American Museum." In the evening President-elect [Abraham Lincoln](#) attended a new Giuseppe Verdi opera at the Academy of Music. At the end of the 1st act the cast and audience sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Lincoln was introduced to a 94-year-old, Joshua Dewey, who had cast a ballot in ever presidential election since that of George Washington. Then, at [New-York](#)'s City Hall, Lincoln informed Mayor Fernando Wood and the city council that "There is nothing that can ever bring me willingly to consent to the destruction of this Union."

Playwright and Librettist Eugène Scribe died.


In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Several drunken Indians here tonight.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 20th] [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 February 21, Thursday: In Berlin, [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) learned of the death of his long-time collaborator Eugène Scribe (he would be unable to work for days).

[Henry Thoreau](#) had checked an interesting book out from the Stacy Circulating Library in Concord, and here does something that was most untypical of him, providing in the pages of his journal –in which he had made no entries whatever for a few days before and would make no entries whatever for a few days afterward– what amounts to a "book report!"<sup>43</sup>

**“PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!”**



Feb. 21. I have just read a book called "Carolina Sports by Land and Water; including Incidents of Devil-Fishing, Wild-cat, Deer and Bear Hunting, Etc. By the Hon. [Wm. Elliott](#)."

The writer is evidently a regular sportsman, and describes his sporting with great zest. He was withal the inventor and institutor of devil-fishing, which consists in harpooning a monstrous salt-water fish, and represents himself in a plate harpooning him. His motive, however, was not profit or a subsistence, but sport.

However, I should have found nothing peculiar in the book, if it did not contain, near the end, so good an example of human inconsistency. I quote some sentences in the order in which they occur, only omitting the intermediate pages. After having described at length his own sporting exploits, using such words as these, for instance. Being in pursuit of a wildcat, he says (page 163):—

"It was at this moment that Dash, espying something in motion in the leafy top of a bay-tree, cracked off his Joe Manton with such good effect, that presently we heard a heavy body come tumbling through the limbs until it splashed into the water. Then came a stunning burst from the hounds — a clash from the whole orchestra in full chorus! — a growl from the assailed, with an occasional squeak on the part of the assailants, which showed that the game was not all on one side. We were compelled, all the while, to be delighted ear-witnesses only of the strife, which resulted in the victory of the hounds." This proved to be a raccoon, though they thought it the wildcat.

Again (page 168), being in pursuit of another cat, which had baffled them a long time with great cunning, he says: "The cat, with huge leaps, clambered up a tree; and now he had reached the very pinnacle, and as he gathered himself up to take a flying leap for a neighboring tree, I caught up my gun, and let slip at him in mid-flight. The arrowy posture in which he made his pitch, was suddenly changed, as the shot struck him to the heart; and doubling himself up, after one or two wild gyrations, into a heap, he fell dead, from a height of full fifty

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43. In addition to placing these extracts in his journal, Thoreau copied extracts into his Indian Notebook #10.

1860-1861

1860-1861

feet, into the very jaws of the dogs!”

Again (page 178), being [in] pursuit of a deer, which he had wounded, and his gun being discharged, he tried to run him down with his horse, but, as he tells us, “the noble animal refused to trample on his fellow quadruped,” so he made up for it by kicking the deer in the side of the head with his spurred boot. The deer enters a thicket and he is compelled to pursue the panting animal on foot. “A large fallen oak lies across his path; he gathers himself up for the leap, and falls exhausted directly across it. Before he could recover his legs, and while he lay thus poised on the tree, I fling myself at full length upon the body of the struggling deer — my left hand clasps his neck, while my right detaches the knife; whose fatal blade, in another moment, is buried in his throat. There he lay in his blood, and I remained sole occupant of the field.” Opposite is a plate which represents him in the act of stabbing the deer.



**“I fling myself at full length upon the body of the struggling deer—my left hand clasps his neck, while my right detaches the knife, whose fatal blade in another moment is buried in his throat.”—PAGE 170.**

Page 267. — He tells us that his uncle once had a young wildcat, — a mere kitten, — but that, to prevent its worrying the poultry, “a cord was fastened round his neck, and a clog attached to the end.” Still he would endeavor to catch the fowls.

“My uncle one day invited several of his friends, to witness this development of natural propensity in his savage pet. The kitten, with his clog attached, was let out of the box; and it was curious to observe with what stealthy pace he approached the spot where the poultry were feeding. They scarcely seemed to notice the diminutive thing that was creeping toward them; when, crouching low, and measuring exactly the distance which separated them, he sprang upon the back of the old rooster, and hung on by claw and teeth to the feathers, while the

1860-1861

1860-1861

frightened bird dragged him, clog and all, over the yard. After several revolutions had been made, the cat let go his hold on the back of the fowl, and, with the quickness of lightning, caught the head in his mouth, clinched his teeth, shut his eyes, stiffened his legs, and hung on with the most desperate resolution, while the fowl, rolling over in agony, buffeted him with his wings. All in vain! In a few seconds more he was dead, and we looked with abhorrence on the savage animal, that had just taken his first degree in blood. In this case, there could have been no teaching — no imitation. It was the undoubted instinct of a cruel nature! We wondered that this young beast of prey should have known, from this instinct, the vital part of its victim! — and we wondered still more, that in the providence of God, he had seen fit to create an animal with an instinct so murderous. Philosophy is ready with her explanation, and our abhorrence may be misplaced, since from his very organization, he is compelled to destroy life in order to live! Yet, knowing this, our abhorrence still continues; whence we may draw the consolatory conclusion — that the instincts of a man naturally differ from those of a wild-cat.”

A few pages further (page 282) in a chapter called “Random Thoughts on Hunting,” which is altogether a eulogy on that pursuit, he praises it because it develops or cultivates among other qualities “the observation, that familiarizes itself with the nature and habits of the quarry — the sagacity that anticipates its projects of escape — and the promptitude that defeats them! — the rapid glance, the steady aim, the quick perception, the ready execution; these are among the faculties and qualities continually called into pleasing exercise.”  
Physician, heal thyself!



**“The negro looks on this as haunted ground, and hurries over it, after nightfall, with quickened step. . . . Sometimes a milk-white buck is seen by glimpses of the moon, taking gigantic leaps,” etc.—PAGE 230.**

This plucking and stripping a pine cone is a business which he and his family understand perfectly. That is their forte. I doubt if you could suggest any improvement. After ages of experiment their instinct has settled on the

1860-1861

1860-1861

same method that our reason would finally, if we had to open a pine cone with our teeth; and they were thus accomplished before our race knew that a pine cone contained any seed.

He does not prick his fingers, nor pitch his whiskers, nor gnaw the solid core any more than is necessary. Having sheared off the twigs and needles that may be in his way, — for like a skillful woodchopper he first secures room and verge enough, — he neatly cuts off the stout stem of the cone with a few strokes of his chisels, and it is his. To be sure, he may let it fall to the ground and look down at it for a moment curiously, as if it were not his; but he is taking note where it lies and adding it to a heap of a hundred more like it in his mind, and it now is only so much the more his for his seeming carelessness. And, when the hour comes to open it, observe how he proceeds. He holds it in his hands, — a solid embossed cone, so hard it almost rings at the touch of his teeth. He pauses for a moment perhaps, — but not because he does not know how to begin, — he only listens to hear what is in the wind, not being in a hurry. He knows better than try to cut off the tip and work his way downward against a chevaux-de-frise of advanced scales and prickles, or to gnaw into the side for three quarters of an inch in the face of many armed shields. But he does not have to think of what he knows, having heard the latest æolian rumor. If there ever was an age of the world when the squirrels opened their cones wrong end foremost, it was not the golden age at any rate. He whirls the cone bottom upward in a twinkling, where the scales are smallest and the prickles slight or none and the short stem is cut so close as not to be in his way, and then he proceeds to cut through the thin and tender bases of the scales, and each stroke tells, laying bare at once a couple of seeds. And then he strips it as easily as if its scales were chaff, and so rapidly, twirling it as he advances, that you cannot tell how he does it till you drive him off and inspect his unfinished work.



February 22, Friday: [Abraham Lincoln](#), under the watchful eye of [Allan J. Pinkerton](#), boarded in conditions of secrecy a train destined for [Washington DC](#) (by way of dangerous Baltimore, Maryland, where any number of persons might have volunteered to play the John-Wilkes-Booth role had the presence of our President-elect been detected).



**[[THOREAU](#) MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 22d]** [Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 23, Saturday: It was 6:00AM when President-elect [Abraham Lincoln](#) and his family arrived in [Washington DC](#) (the very best timing, from the standpoint of security).

Die Kinder der Heide by Anton Rubinstein to words of Mosenthal after Beck, was performed for the initial time in the Vienna Kärntnertortheater.

A plebiscite in Texas favored [secession](#) from the United States of America by a vote of 34,794 over 11,325 (75% yes).

US CIVIL WAR

J.M. Manning wrote from Boston that he would be unable to preach due to poor health.<sup>44</sup>

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Near head of Spring Creek on a buffalo hunt with Baxter.

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44. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections

1860-1861

1860-1861

Wounded a cow, but could not get her.

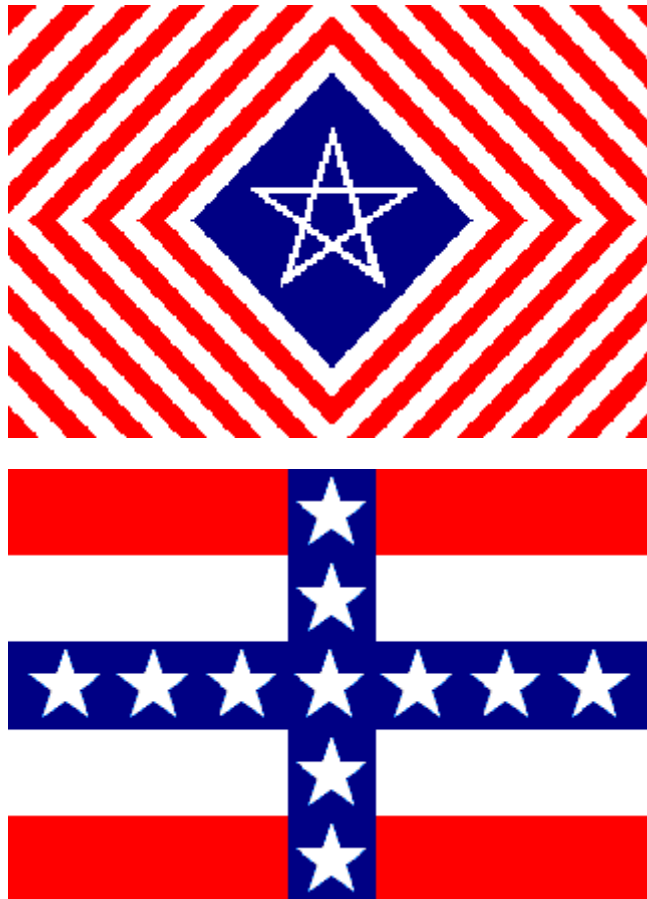


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 23d] [Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 24, Sunday: Julie Bounetheau of Charleston, South Carolina submitted designs for a flag of the Confederate States of America:



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 24th] [Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



February 25, Monday: In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Started home. Saw a herd [of bison], but wind was wrong for us.

1860-1861

1860-1861

Could not get a shot.

The Daily Crescent of New Orleans described the arrival of Mrs. Jefferson Davis in New Orleans, to visit her father. It also confessed that James Redpath and John Brown, Jr. had arrived safely in Haiti with their group of “colored emigrants,” informing its readers that their former assertions that this party had been captured off the coast of Georgia had been inaccurate. On its Page 3 it printed correspondence from Washington DC to the effect that public attention was now being directed “almost exclusively to the triumphal march of the Abolition Emperor towards his capital.” On its Page 6 it provided an account of the new President’s furtive passage through Baltimore, Maryland on his way to the national capitol.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 25th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 26, Tuesday: The February Patent was issued, changing the Austrian constitution. It created two houses in the *Reichsrat* — a House of Lords and a House of Representatives. The latter would be elected by local assemblies rather than through any mechanism of universal suffrage.

By this point the Reverend Issachar J. Roberts 罗孝全 was moving about in the Nanking court attired in a yellow silk robe, crimson hood, and mandarin boots (these were said to be the castoff clothes of the *T'ien Wang* Heavenly King, Hung Hsiu Ch'üan 洪秀全). On this day he was commissioned as Director of Foreign Affairs.

Godfrey Lowell Cabot was born in Boston, the 7th child of Dr. Samuel Cabot III with Hannah Lowell Jackson Cabot.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 26th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



February 27, Wednesday: In Warsaw, when a crowd protesting Russian rule was fired on by Russian troops, 5 were killed.

Charles Beecher (1815-1900) of Georgetown, Massachusetts wrote to Charles Wesley Slack accepting an invitation to speak and choosing as his subject the pastoral experience of Isaiah.<sup>45</sup>

Henry Thoreau was being written to by Friend Daniel Ricketson presumably in New Bedford.

*Wednesday 9 a. m. 27<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1861*  
*Dear Thoreau,*  
*The Blue-bird has come, now let us rejoice!*

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45. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections



1860-1861

1860-1861

*This morning I heard his melodious voice. — But a more certain herald of spring, the pigeon woodpecker, a few of which remain with us during the winter, has commenced his refreshing call. While I sit writing with my Shanty door open*

*I hear ~~also~~ ^too the sweet notes of the Meadow lark, which also winters here and regales us with his song nearly every fine morning.*

*I have seen & heard the blackbird flying over, not his song but crackle — the red-wing. I doubt not he is quite garrulous in the warmer nooks of low & open woodlands & bushy pastures — There goes the woodpecker rattling away on his “penny trumpet.”*

*It is one of those exquisitely still mornings when all nature without & within seems*

Page 2

*at peace. Sing away dear blue-birds!*

*My soul swells with gratitude to the great giver of all good & beautiful things. As I go to my Shanty door to dry my ink in the sun I see swarms of little flies in the air near by. The crows are coming from the more distant pine woods, where you and I, and my other dear poetic friends have walked together. Now I hear the lonely whistle of the blackcap followed by his strange counterpart in song, the chick-adie chorus.*

*2 p. m. Wind S.W. Thermometer 52/0 in shade  
I suppose that you are also enjoying somewhat of this spring influence, if not as fully so as we. The winter has passed away this far quite comfortably with us and though not severe, with a few occasional exceptions, yet we have had a good deal of good skating which has been well improved by both sexes, old & young. My sons & I again made a circuit of the Middleborough ponds on the 17th December, at which we should have liked very much your company. Our river has also been frozen strong enough & we have had several afternoons skating*

Page 3

*there — visiting our friends below on the Fairhaven side. It was really a cheerful sight to see the large number, sometimes a thousand or more, enjoying the pastime & recreation. Many of our young women skate well, and among them our Emma. Walton makes his own skates & really elegant affairs are they & he is also very agile upon them. We have a large ship building a little below us*



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~~near down the river~~ but far enough off not to interfere  
with the inland quiet of my rambles along  
shore which I sometimes take in foggy  
weather, when I suppose I am little more of a  
Hollander than usual.

As my object was principally to announce  
the blue bird, which may have reached you  
by the time this letter shall, I will soon close.  
March is close at hand again & may be here  
by the time you read this. It is "a welcome  
month to me" I call it the month of hope,  
& can patiently wait for the spring flowers  
& the songs of birds so near by — soon the willow  
will put forth its catkins & your friends the  
piping or peeping frogs, set up their vernal  
choir, so gentle & soothing to the wounded  
spirit, where there is also a poetic ear to

Page 4

listen to it.

4 1/2 p.m I fear after all that this will  
prove rather a disjointed letter, for I have been  
interrupted several times in its progress —  
During the intervals I have been to town —  
helped load a ~~cart~~ haywagon with hay & am just  
returned from a short drive with my wife  
and daughters. The only objects of particular  
attraction were the pussies or catkins in  
the willow along the lower part of the Nash  
road and the aments of the alder, the  
latter not much advanced.

Now that spring is so near at hand may  
I not expect to see you here once more —  
truly pleasant would it be to ramble about with you or sit & chat in  
the Shanty or with the family around our common hearth stone.  
I send you this day's Mercury with a letter and editorial (I suppose)  
of Channing's Hoping to hear from you soon, or what is better, to  
see you here.

I remain yours,  
truly, Danl. Ricketson  
H.D. Thoreau

Your welcome letter of Nov 4th last was duly received. I regret that  
mine which prompted it should have proved mystical to you. We  
must "bear and forbear" with each other.



[Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

[[Wendell](#)] [Phillips](#) has the supreme merit in this time, that he & he alone stands in the gap & breach against the assailants. Hold up his hands. He did me the honor to ask me to come to the meeting at Tremont Temple, &, esteeming such an invitation a command, though sorely against my inclination & habit, I went, and, though I had nothing to say, showed myself. If I were dumb, yet I would have gone & mowed & muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings, I withdrew.



Feb. 27. 2 P.M.— It is very pleasant and warm, and the ground half bare. As I am walking down the Boston road under the hill this side Clark's, it occurs to me that I have just heard the twitter of a bluebird. (C. heard one the 26th.) I stop and listen to hear it again, but cannot tell whether it comes from the buttonwoods high over my head or from the lower trees on the hilltop. It is not the complete bluebird warble, but the twitter only. And now it seems to come from Pratt's house, where the window is open, and I am not sure but it is a caged bird. I walk that way, and now think that I distinguish the minstrel in a black speck in the top of a great elm on the Common. Messer is shingling Clark's barn; so, to make sure, I cross over and ask him if he has heard a bluebird to-day, and he says he has several times. When I get to the elm near Minott's I hear one warble distinctly. Miss Minott and Miss Potter have both died within a fortnight past, and the cottage on the hillside seems strangely deserted; but the first bluebird comes to warble there as usual.  
 Mother hears a robin to-day.  
 Buttonwood sap flows fast from wounds made last fall.



February 28, Thursday: The state of [North Carolina](#) decided, by a vote of 46,603 over 46,409, not to have a state convention on the issue of [secession](#) from the federal union of the United States of America — but as you can see, opinion on this issue was quite equally divided.

The Territory of Colorado was organized.




Feb. 28. P.M.— Down Boston road under the hill.  
 Air full of bluebirds as yesterday. The sidewalk is bare and almost dry the whole distance under the hill. Turn in at the gate this side Moore's and sit on the yellow stones rolled down in the bay of a digging, and examine the radical leaves, etc., etc.  
 Where the edges of grassy banks have caved I see the fine fibrous roots of the grass which have been washed bare during the winter extending straight downward two feet (and how much further within the earth I know not), — a pretty dense grayish mass.  
 The buttonwood seed has apparently scarcely begun to fall yet, [Yes, many had been blown bare, for the balls do not fall often] — only two balls under one tree, but they loose and broken. [Almost entirely fallen March 7th, leaving the dangling stems and bare receptacles.]



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## MARCH 1861

 March 1, Thursday: In Vienna, [Franz Schubert](#)'s singspiel Die Verschworenen to words of Castelli after Aristophanes was performed for the initial time, in a concert setting in the Musikvereinsaal.

An African American, Albert Lee, was [hanged](#) in San Francisco, [California](#) for having murdered his estranged wife Madelaine Delphine Aggie Pullier Lee on July 3d, 1859 after she had refused to reconcile with him. He had then attempted suicide. Sheriff of San Francisco Doane oversaw this execution in the jailyard.

Amory Battles wrote from Bangor, Maine to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) in Boston, agreeing to speak.<sup>46</sup>

The Honorable Henry Flag French of Boston argued before the Joint Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the Petition for the Repeal of "an Act in Relation to the [Flowage](#) of the Meadows on Concord and Sudbury Rivers" (the Legislature would approve this argument on April 4th).

The Confederate constitution.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

Mrs. Varina Davis and children arrived at Montgomery, Alabama and settled in at the First White House of the Confederacy.

US CIVIL WAR

[W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): The attempt, initiated by the constitutional fathers, to separate the problem of slavery from that of the slave-trade had, after a trial of half a century, signally failed, and for well-defined economic reasons. The nation had at last come to the parting of the ways, one of which led to a free-labor system, the other to a slave system fed by the slave-trade. Both sections of the country naturally hesitated at the cross-roads: the North clung to the delusion that a territorially limited system of slavery, without a slave-trade, was still possible in the South; the South hesitated to fight for her logical object – slavery and free trade in Negroes – and, in her moral and economic dilemma, sought to make autonomy and the Constitution her object. The real line of contention was, however, fixed by years of development, and was unalterable by the present whims or wishes of the contestants, no matter how important or interesting these might be: the triumph of the North meant free labor; the triumph of the South meant slavery and the slave-trade.

It is doubtful if many of the Southern leaders ever deceived themselves by thinking that Southern slavery, as it then was, could long be maintained without a general or a partial reopening of the slave-trade. Many had openly declared this a few years before, and there was no reason for a change of opinion. Nevertheless, at the outbreak of actual war and [secession](#), there were powerful and decisive reasons for relegating the question temporarily to the rear. In the first place, only by this means could the adherence of important

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46. 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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Border States be secured, without the aid of which secession was folly. Secondly, while it did no harm to laud the independence of the South and the kingship of cotton in "stump" speeches and conventions, yet, when it came to actual hostilities, the South sorely needed the aid of Europe; and this a nation fighting for slavery and the slave-trade stood poor chance of getting. Consequently, after attacking the slave-trade laws for a decade, and their execution for a quarter-century, we find the Southern leaders inserting, in both the provisional and the permanent Constitutions of the Confederate States, the following article:

—  
The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.<sup>47</sup>

The attitude of the Confederate government toward this article is best illustrated by its circular of instructions to its foreign ministers: —

It has been suggested to this Government, from a source of unquestioned authenticity, that, after the recognition of our independence by the European Powers, an expectation is generally entertained by them that in our treaties of amity and commerce a clause will be introduced making stipulations against the African slave trade. It is even thought that neutral Powers may be inclined to insist upon the insertion of such a clause as a *sine qua non*.

You are well aware how firmly fixed in our Constitution is the policy of this Confederacy against the opening of that trade, but we are informed that false and insidious suggestions have been made by the agents of the United States at European Courts of our intention to change our constitution as soon as peace is restored, and of authorizing the importation of slaves from Africa. If, therefore, you should find, in your intercourse with the Cabinet to which you are accredited, that any such impressions are entertained, you will use every proper effort to remove them, and if an attempt is made to introduce into any treaty which you may be charged with negotiating stipulations on the subject just mentioned, you will assume, in behalf of your Government, the position which, under the direction of the President, I now proceed to develop.

The Constitution of the Confederate States is an agreement made between independent States. By its terms all the powers of Government are separated into classes as follows, viz.: —

- 1st. Such powers as the States delegate to the General Government.
- 2d. Such powers as the States agree to refrain from exercising, although they do not delegate them to the General Government.
- 3d. Such powers as the States, without delegating them to the

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47. CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA STATUTES AT LARGE, 1861, page 15, Constitution, Art. 1, sect. 9, §§ 1, 2.



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General Government, thought proper to exercise by direct agreement between themselves contained in the Constitution.

4th. All remaining powers of sovereignty, which not being delegated to the Confederate States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people thereof.... Especially in relation to the importation of African negroes was it deemed important by the States that no power to permit it should exist in the Confederate Government.... It will thus be seen that no power is delegated to the Confederate Government over this subject, but that it is included in the third class above referred to, of powers exercised directly by the States.... This Government unequivocally and absolutely denies its possession of any power whatever over the subject, and cannot entertain any proposition in relation to it.... The policy of the Confederacy is as fixed and immutable on this subject as the imperfection of human nature permits human resolve to be. No additional agreements, treaties, or stipulations can commit these States to the prohibition of the African slave trade with more binding efficacy than those they have themselves devised. A just and generous confidence in their good faith on this subject exhibited by friendly Powers will be far more efficacious than persistent efforts to induce this Government to assume the exercise of powers which it does not possess.... We trust, therefore, that no unnecessary discussions on this matter will be introduced into your negotiations. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove ill-founded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side, and transfer them to us at home....<sup>48</sup>

This attitude of the conservative leaders of the South, if it meant anything, meant that individual State action could, when it pleased, reopen the slave-trade. The radicals were, of course, not satisfied with any veiling of the ulterior purpose of the new slave republic, and attacked the constitutional provision violently. "If," said one, "the clause be carried into the permanent government, our whole movement is defeated. It will abolitionize the Border Slave States - it will brand our institution. Slavery cannot share a government with Democracy, - it cannot bear a brand upon it; thence another revolution ... having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South. That it will ultimately triumph none can doubt."<sup>49</sup>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 1st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

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48. From an intercepted circular dispatch from J.P. Benjamin, "Secretary of State," addressed in this particular instance to Hon. L.Q.C. Lamar, "Commissioner, etc., St. Petersburg, Russia," and dated Richmond, Jan. 15, 1863; published in the National Intelligencer, March 31, 1863; cf. also the issues of Feb. 19, 1861, April 2, 3, 25, 1863; also published in the pamphlet, THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE: THE SECRET PURPOSE, etc. The editors vouch for its authenticity, and state it to be in Benjamin's own handwriting.

49. L.W. Spratt of South Carolina, in the Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1861, XXXII. 414, 420. Cf. also the Charleston Mercury, Feb. 13, 1861, and the National Intelligencer, Feb. 19, 1861.



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 March 2, Friday: Our federal Congress created a Territory of Nevada.

[Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) proposed to [Edith Emerson](#), who declined.

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, and to provide compensation for district attorneys and marshals, over the following budget year, the federal government of the United States of America authorized the sum of \$900,000 (STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 218-9).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

This was the day before Russia emancipated its serfs and the day before the Republicans took over the executive branch of the US federal government. On this day, the Vice President, John C. Breckinridge, as President of the Senate, and William Pennington, Speaker of the House of Representatives, signed a joint resolution that had been prepared by the 36th Congress, and sent it out to the state governments for their consideration. [President James Buchanan](#) added his signature to the document — even though the Supreme Court had decided in 1798 that no President has anything at all to do either with the proposing of amendments to the US Constitution, or with their adoption. The joint resolution was to enact a 13th Amendment to the US Constitution guaranteeing and preserving the existence of human slavery forever in America, as follows:

US CIVIL WAR

#### JOINT RESOLUTION.

Thirty Sixth Congress of the United States, at the second Session, begun and held at the city of Washington in the District of Columbia, on Monday, the third day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty.


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#### JOINT RESOLUTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, of America in Congress assembled, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution, viz:

#### ARTICLE XIII.

No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State.

(We may note that the language here differs remarkably from the language of the 13th Amendment which would be approved and enacted at the end of the civil war.  In this early version of the amendment, the

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1860-1861

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WILLIAM PENNINGTON,

*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,

*Vice President of the United States, and*

*President of the Senate.*

Approved March 2, 1861.

JAMES BUCHANAN.



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pro-slavery version, the terms which had never received use or definition in federal law or legislation, to wit, “slave,” “slavery,” and “enslavement,” do not appear, but instead, what appears is the terminology for which there was precedent in the federal fugitive slave laws, to wit, “persons held to labor or service.” This amendment –had it been approved and enacted, which as we know would not ever happen– would have been legally effective in preventing interference by the federal government with the peculiar institution of human enslavement. The federal courts would have had a way to know who was and who was not one of these “persons held to labor or service.” The actual 13th Amendment which would eventually be passed, however, would make no use of this very clear locution “persons held to labor or service,” but would instead use the legally undefined term “slavery” and “involuntary servitude,” which could not become effective as federal legal concepts until they had received federal legal definition through subsequent federal criminal legislation.)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 2d]

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 3, Sunday [Feb. 19, Old Style] Alexander II, who had become Tsar during the Russian national disaster known as the Crimean War, had since come to consider that only a thorough reform of his backward nation’s antiquated social structure could project him onto the same playing field as Western potentates. He had therefore created an “Emancipation Manifesto” to accompany a series of 17 legislative acts that would free the serfs of his empire, something collectively termed *Polozheniya o Krestyanakh Vykhodyashchikh iz Krepostnoy Zavisimosti* (Statutes Concerning Peasants Leaving Serf Dependence). During April 1856 he had made a speech revealing his intention to a group of his noblemen. During January 1857 he had set up a secret committee composed primarily of conservative landowners, to plot the detailed procedure for this massive change. That committee having of course failed to draw pertinent conclusions, during December 1857 he publicly authorize the formation of provincial committees of noblemen that would formulate detailed plans for emancipating serfs. By the end of 1859 these committees had reported their proposals to “editorial commissions,” which during October 1860 had evaluated them and drafted preliminary statutes for emancipation. During January 1861 these had been revised by his Chief Committee (what was left of his original secret committee), and by the State Council. On this date Alyeksandr II, Tsar of all the Russias, signed these ukases (they would be published on March 5th). Every single person of the 25,000,000 serfs in his domains was forthwith emancipated.

(This would prove financially devastating to the Musorgsky family and the musician Modest Musorgsky would need for the 1st time to consider the state of his finances.)

The ukases immediately granted to the serfs personal liberties, and promised them farmland, but such ukases of course would satisfy no one — least of all the peasants. The process by which these freed serfs were to acquire their farmland would obviously be slow, complex, and expensive. They would need to continue to serve their landlords while the land was being inventoried and their land allotments calculated, and their loan disbursements calculated. This new class of peasants were to be obligated to spend the following 49 years “redeeming” their land allotments from the landlords and making “redemption repayments” to the government. It would not be until 1881 that some 85% of the peasants would be in actual possession of their land, and in that year such redemption would be made compulsory. The serfs would meanwhile, naturally, be busily making babies, and the babies would be making babies, and this population growth would render it increasingly impossible for rural laborers to get by economically — until the Revolution of 1905, during which the government would be forced to terminated the repayments.

EMANCIPATION



March 3, Sunday, evening On the night before his inauguration in [Washington DC](#) president-elect [Abraham Lincoln](#) slept at [Willard's Hotel](#), guarded by [Allan J. Pinkerton](#).



[Eli Thayer](#) completed his service as a Representative from Massachusetts in the US House of Representatives (he would be asked by new President [Abraham Lincoln](#) to serve as a special and confidential agent of the Treasury Department, and would serve in that capacity through 1862).

Edward Payson Weston had hoofed it for 10 days to get from Boston to Washington DC to attend the inauguration, and in so doing had won a take-a-hike campaign bet. The new chief executive would appoint the author of his campaign biography, William Dean Howells, as United States Consul to Venice — Howells had also, you see, —despite his not having taken a hike— won something of a campaign bet.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the Reverend [William Henry Brisbane](#) preached an incendiary message, “Duty of the Northern States in Relation to the Future of Slavery.” He might have gotten by with it if he had only preached the sermon, but many in the state legislature were in attendance (the church being on Capitol Square) and petitioned him to publish his sermon for wider circulation. As a result, he lost yet another church. He would enlist in the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry as its chaplain (two of his sons also enlisted in this unit).

**US CIVIL WAR**

[Henry Thoreau](#) commented in his journal on the events of the day:



March 3. Hear that there was a flock of geese in the river last night. See and hear song sparrows to-day; probably here for several days.

It is an exceedingly warm and pleasant day. The snow is suddenly all gone except heels, and —what is more remarkable— the frost is generally out of the ground, e.g. in our garden, for the reason that it has not been in it. The snow came December 4th, before the ground was frozen to any depth, has been unusually deep, and the ground has not been again exposed till now. Hence, though we have had a little very cold weather and a good deal of steady cold, the ground generally has not been frozen.





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March 4, Monday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Raised my house in town. Thorne helped me.

In the face of all the talk about preventing the President-elect from taking the oath of office, Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott had taken on the task of protecting his person in “the most critical and hazardous event with which I have ever been connected” (Scott himself was receiving death threats). As Lincoln’s open carriage moved toward the Capitol, it “was closely surrounded on all sides by marshals and cavalry, so as almost to hide it from view,” one of these protective bodies being that of [John Shepard Keyes](#) (in addition, green-coated sharpshooters were stationed on the roofs above Pennsylvania Avenue). The grim reality was that two weeks earlier Jefferson Davis had been inaugurated as the President of a newly constituted Confederate States of America. On the East Portico of the Capitol building, Chief Justice Roger Taney administered the executive oath for the 7th time (the Capitol building was sheathed in scaffolding because its copper and wood “Bulfinch” dome was in process of being replaced with a cast iron dome designed by Thomas U. Walter).

The sovereign state of [Texas](#) seceded from the federal Union as [Abraham Lincoln](#) succeeded [James Buchanan](#) as President of the United States of America. He and his family would move into a mansion in [Washington DC](#), the [White House](#), that would soon sport the convenience of piped cold running water at the washstands in its 2d-floor bedrooms.

**US CIVIL WAR**

I looked about for a day or two, found Major French in charge as chief marshal of the inaugural ceremonies, who at once secured me to take charge of the President with such aids as I should choose. It was the most dangerous duty of the day. Fears of an attack, assassination were rife, and rumors of real war were in the air. I accepted without hesitation, secured a dozen Massachusetts men on whom I could rely. Col. NA Thompson Gen Devens, Col Rogers, I.P. Hanscom &c I cant recall all of them, engaged our horses, and badges, conferred with my namesake Col Keyes of Scotts staff and Capt Stone of Mass in command of the local troops as to the details of the march &c. &c. &c. As the magnitude and danger of the occasion grew on me I couldnt sleep, and after tossing all night I came down at Willards very early and was sitting in the hall when who should arrive but Lincoln in a cap and cloak, looking worn and haggard with a night ride, and with only Lamon with him. No one was about but the night clerk to whom it was whispered who the guest was and he retired to his room. I recognized him from seeing him in N.Y. and he & his friend Lamon eyed me suspiciously as the only guest of the house visible at that strange hour of day down. With Lamon I soon became well acquainted, and was introduced by him to Mrs Lincoln in the evening at a sort of reception she gave after her arrival to the ladies &c at Willards. Though she tried to be agreeable she was very distasteful to me, reminding me strongly of Aunt Hannah Leland whom she resembled exactly except in not being lame, but with a thoroughly southern manner I detest. On Sunday I had my first interview with Lincoln, in his parlor where Lamon took me to confer about his wishes as to the next day. I shook hands with the long, lank, lean rough looking ill dressed president elect, and telling him my purpose in calling, was

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struck with his reply, as throwing his long leg over the top of the centre table he answered My only wish is to go to the Capitol take the oath and return to the White House as directly as possible to begin the duties of the office.' Then we talked of details, and he left all to me to arrange, with the committee of the Senate Baker and Collamer, while Lamon with Phillip the Dist U.S. Marshal were to see to Buchanan the out going President. After half an hours talk in which Lincoln told several good stories, and made me feel very comfortable I retired to try my saddle horse. Riding very leisurely over the route seeing the positions Scott had assigned for the troops, I met Col Butler Bens brother an old frontier Indian campaigner whom I had seen before and who asked me what I was trying that horse for. I told him to escort Lincoln tomorrow. The devil said he Ive been in lots of fights but I dont envy you. Why said I. Because Id rather take my chances in any Indian scrimmage than be in your place. Then we talked and he gave me some points for which I thanked him and rode off. It was a lovely quiet afternoon but the quiet was ominous, and foreboding There was a hushed expectancy in the city that betokened anything but a festival for the morrow and yet I had a pleasant ride and liked my horse. It was the last night of Congress which had nominally been in session all that day and in the evening I went to the Capitol to see the sights usually attending the close. Here too was the same foreboding, knots of members anxiously conferring, every one sober, and serious, nothing of interest doing only waiting in gloom and distrust for what the morrow might bring. There were but few visitors in the corridors or galleries, only some haggard claimants for legislation hoping against hope. It was dispiriting enough and I went back to Willards wrote a long letter of goodbye to Martha and slept an hour or two. Rising early the bright sun, the busy throng of sightseers occupying every favorable point, the moving troops, and the general bustle of the great day in Washington, drove away the clouds and fears of the night before. Mounting our horses at Willards we waited the arrival of President Buchanan from the Capitol, where he had been signing the last bills, and we waited long. The escort & procession were drawn up on Pennsylvania Avenue Major French and his aids in the advance and at last Buchanan arrived. He went in shook hands with Lincoln and they came out together, Lincoln and he taking the back seat of the carriage L. on the left with the Senate Committee on the front seat. Lamon and the U.S. Marshal on Buchanans side of the carriage I and my aids on Lincolns side, I so near I could have touched him by extending my arm. Col Thompson in front of me with Col Rogers, Gen Devens at my left and the others in the rear. Thus we slowly moved down the avenue, between files of troops and troopers keeping the wide street clear from curb to curb, with detachments of artillery posted on all the side streets with their horses mounted canons loaded & post fires lit. The sidewalks windows and house tops crowded with a dense mass of humanity chiefly men. In comparatively silence we passed along occasionally a faint cheer from a knot of [Republicans](#) on the walk, or a waving of handkerchiefs from a bevy of ladies at a window, no enthusiasm no warmth of greeting In the carriage Buchanan nervous faint almost collapsed, rode silent and trembling as if to his



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execution. Lincoln calm cool quiet bowing to every greeting from the crowd and occasionally speaking to the committee men on the front seat. Baker on my side vigilant but anxiously watching every motion or pause scrutinizing every group, while I keeping my horse exactly between the wheels of the carriage, shielded Lincoln all I could the entire way. All went without incident till we got to the foot of Capitol Hill, where the crowd was densest, and there was some delay while the troops were taking their places in front of the eastern portico. Baker got very nervous & excited called on me to push on and clear the way while Buchanan shrank into his corner as haggard and frightened as if his doom had come. Old Collamer and Lincoln cool and collected talked on unconcernedly, while I sent Col T. ahead to see what caused the obstruction. As he returned a sudden sway of the crowd caused the carriage horses to start, and the pole as it lifted catching the Cols saddle unhorsed him instantly This added to the confusion, but was soon righted and before Baker's order to 'Drive on' Drive on was repeated we advanced and alighted at door of the Senate wing. Here the Major Chief Marshal met us, and escorted the presidential party to the Presidents room. After a brief tarry here we entered the Senate Chamber, where we found places, and after some proceedings there formed a procession and marched to the east portico where Lincoln took the oath and delivered his famous inaugural to a vast crowd filling the steps and front square, and amid profound silence. As a part of my duty I stood within 10 feet of him hearing every word, and greatly impressed by the good sense and homely strength of his phrases. It was not very well received, his awkward appearance was not favorable and it hardly elicited a cheer, though he had a rather warm greeting from the ladies and the friends close to him as he first appeared on the platform. This over we returned to the Senate Chamber & the Presidents room, the procession reformed and Lincoln escorted by us as before resumed his place in the carriage, and we returned over the route. Lincoln was relieved and so were all others, I forget whether Buchanan came back to Willards with Lincoln or left him at the Capitol. At any rate the chat of the party was lively the crowd was relieved that all had gone well the greetings were more enthusiastic, and the return much pleasanter than the advance. As we turned up the Treasury building there was a great cheering and much heartiness shown, and in front of the White House we reviewed the society's & delegations which composed the escort who being all [Republicans](#) were very enthusiastic. I recall with pleasure the praise Lincoln and Baker bestowed on me for keeping so exactly in my place the whole route, and it well paid for all my trouble work and anxiety. The White House reached we dismounted were invited by the President inside, warmly thanked by him for our attentions, introduced severally by Col Lamon, and then forming a body guard staid for an hour or two while he received all that desired to be introduced of the waiting crowd outside. This over the President again made his acknowledgments to the Marshals and we took our leave of him, ready to begin his duties. I was entirely delighted with the success of the day, satisfied with my horse my aids my position and myself, and felt as relieved, as assured that I had helped inaugurate a [Republican](#) President who would appoint me



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his marshal for Mass.

### J.S. KEYES AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In his inaugural address, the new president offered that although he wasn't planning to end slavery in those states where it already existed, he wasn't going to hold still for any [secessions](#). The question would be, can this be resolved without warfare?

[following screens]



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 4th]

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 5, Tuesday: During a trip toward New Orleans, Louisiana, the *Monarch*, a 406-ton sidewheel paddle steamer, sank in the Ohio River near Louisville, Kentucky.

On the morning after the inaugural festivities the new [President Abraham Lincoln](#) found a report on his new desk in his new office in the White House in Washington DC, from the Major Robert Anderson who was in command of the federal forts guarding the harbor of [Charleston](#), South Carolina. That report had been forwarded on February 28th, but had not reached Washington DC until Inauguration Day. The commander had reported that supplies would last only about 4 to 6 weeks, and that a considerable land and naval force would be required to relieve and reinforce his positions. This would require a force of no less than 20,000 "good and well-disciplined men." When the President showed this to General Winfield Scott, he received that evening a gloomy response: it was already too late to save [Fort Sumter](#). "I now see no alternative but a surrender, in some weeks," his general advised. "Evacuation seems almost inevitable ... if, indeed, the worn out garrison be not assaulted & carried in the present week." The general informed the president that there had been "something like a truce ... or informal understanding" at Fort Pickens in the harbor. The federal troops that had been sent to the fort from the mainland had remained aboard their ship with orders not to disembark unless "an attack shall be made by the secessionists."

US CIVIL WAR




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 5th]

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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 March 6, Wednesday: [Edwin Morton](#) of Plymouth entered Harvard Law School (he would need to leave in 1862 without completion, having contracted [typhoid fever](#) making it impossible for him to study).

[William Monroe](#) of [Concord](#), Massachusetts died.

The 1st state mental hospital in Iowa, Mount Pleasant State Hospital, opened for the receipt of patients. R. J. Patterson was the 1st superintendent of the institution and was paid a salary of \$1,600 per year.<sup>50</sup>

PSYCHOLOGY

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:


Worked on both of my houses.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 6th]**

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 March 7, Thursday: The legislature of the state of Missouri voted against [secession](#) from the United States.


[John Buchanan Floyd](#) appeared in criminal court in Washington DC to defend himself against accusations of conspiracy and fraud.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 7th]**

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 March 8, Friday: Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke, the 1st of the Two Episodes from Lenau's "Faust" by Franz Liszt was performed for the initial time, in Weimar.



March 8. I just heard peculiar faint sounds made by the air escaping from a stick which I had just put into my stove. It sounded to my ear exactly like the peeping of the hylodes in a distant pool, a cool and breezy spring evening,—as if it were designed to remind me of that season.

Saw the *F. hyemalis* March 4th.

To continue subject of March 3d,—

It is remarkable that, though in ordinary winters, when the ground is alternately bare and covered with snow several times, or is not covered till after it is frozen, it may be frozen a foot or more in depth generally, yet, if it is kept covered with snow, though only a thin coating, from first to last, it will not be frozen at all.

For example, the ground was half bare on the 27th, the walk under the Boston road hills pretty fair on the 28th, and the 3d, after rain, the earth was bare, the ways were about settled, the melted snow and rain having been soaked up at once by the thirsty and open ground. There was probably no frost on level ground except where

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50. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994



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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

Fellow citizens of the United States: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary, at present, for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety, or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a [Republican](#) Administration, their property, and their peace, and personal security, are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed, and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this, and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform, for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves, and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments: and in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause — as cheerfully to one section, as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"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."



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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it, for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the law-giver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution — to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law, by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by state authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath shall go unkept, on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and human jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath to-day, with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws, by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest, that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to, and abide by, all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens, have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils; and, generally, with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold, that in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper, ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever — it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade, by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?



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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the [Declaration of Independence](#) in 1776. It was further matured and the faith of the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution, was "to form a more perfect union."

But if destruction of the Union, by one, or by a part only, of the States, be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union, — that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend, and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided in me, will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property, and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion — no using of force against, or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and so universal, as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable with all, that I deem it better to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events, and experience, shall show a modification, or change, to be proper; and in every case and exigency, my best discretion will be exercised, according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section, or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm or deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?



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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step, while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from, have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to, are greater than all the real ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted, that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should ever deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution — certainly would, if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities, and of individuals, are so plainly assured to them, by affirmations and negations, guaranties and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the territories. The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government, is acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority, in such case, will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them, whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union claim to secede from it. All who cherish disunion sentiments, are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession, is the essence of anarchy. A majority, held in restraint by constitutional checks, and limitations, and always changing easily, with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy, or despotism in some form, is all that is left.

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration, in all parallel cases, by all other departments of the government.



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the earth had of late been partly exposed in the middle of the road. The recent rain and melting accordingly raised the river less than it otherwise would. There has been no breaking up of the frost on roads,—no bad travelling as usual,—but as soon as the snow is gone, the ways are settled.

In short, Nature uses all sorts of conveyances, from the rudest drag to a balloon, but she will get her seeds along in due season.

Is it not possible that Loudon is right as it respects the primitive distribution of the birch? Are not the dense patches always such as have sprung up in open land (commonly old fields cleared by man), as is the case with the pitch pine? It disappears at length from a dense oak or pine wood. Perhaps originally it formed dense woods only where a space had been cleared for it by a burning, as now at the eastward. Perhaps only the oaks and white pines could (originally) possess the soil here against all comers, maple succeeding because it does not mind a wet foot.

Suppose one were to take such a boxful of birch seed as I have described into the meeting-house belfry in the fall, and let some of it drop in every wind, but always more in proportion as the wind was stronger, and yet so husband it that there should be some left for every gale even till far into spring; so that this seed might be blown toward every point of the compass and to various distances in each direction. Would not this represent a single birch tree on a hill? Of which trees (though only a part on hills) we have perhaps a million. And yet some feel compelled to suppose that the birch trees which spring up after a burning are spontaneously generated—for want of seed! It is true [it] does not come up in great quantities at the distance I have spoken of, but, if only one comes up there this year, you may have a million seeds matured there a few years hence.

It is true that the greater part of these seeds fall near the trees which bore them, and comparatively few germinate; yet, when the surface is in a favorable condition, they may spring up in very unexpected places.

A lady tells me that she met Deacon S. of Lincoln with a load of hay, and she, noticing that as he drove under the apple trees by the side of the road a considerable part of the hay was raked off by their boughs, informed him of it. But he answered, "It is not mine yet. I am going to the scales with it and intend to come back this way."



March 9, Saturday: The Confederate Congress enacted a Coinage Bill to print up to \$50,000,000 of a Confederate currency.

New President of the United States of America [Abraham Lincoln](#) delivered an inaugural address in which he stressed that the Northern states and the Southern states were joined in a federal union which it had become his constitutional duty to maintain and defend. Although his administration would have no intention to aggress against the Southern states, he made it clear that his new administration would neither condone nor allow such a thing as secession. To alleviate any concerns the slave states might over the perpetuation of the institution of human slavery, he emphasized that he intended to uphold the federal Constitution's provisions in regard to it, rather than interfere with the institution in states in which it already existed:

**US CIVIL WAR**

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of this office.

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that —

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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be over-ruled, and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions, affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties, in personal actions, the people will have ceased, to be their own rulers, having, to that extent, practically resigned their government, into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there, in this view, any assault upon the court, or the judges. It is a duty, from which they may not shrink, to decide cases properly brought before them; and it is no fault of theirs, if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections, than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction, in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all, by the other. Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence, and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible then to make that intercourse more advantageous, or more satisfactory, after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens, than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember, or overthrow it. I can not be ignorant of the fact that many worthy, and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor, rather than oppose, a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it.

I will venture to add that, to me, the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take, or reject, propositions, originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such, as they would wish to either accept or refuse.



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**President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s First Inaugural Address:**

I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen, has passed Congress, to the effect that the federal government, shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express, and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better, or equal hope, in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth, and that justice, will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals.

While the people retain their virtue, and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government, in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well, upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in host haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied, hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him, who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.



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I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations and had never recanted them; and more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause – as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

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.

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution – to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up" their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath? There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority, but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should anyone in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again: In any law upon this subject ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not in any case surrendered



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as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States"?

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed than to violate any of them trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again: If the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it – break it, so to speak – but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and

continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect Union."

But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.



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It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it so far as practicable unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States in any interior locality shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating and so nearly impracticable withal that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised, according to circumstances actually existing and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events and are glad of any pretext to do it I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from, will you risk the



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commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right plainly written in the Constitution has been denied? I think not. Happily, the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might in a moral point of view justify revolution; certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guaranties and prohibitions, in the Constitution that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate nor any document of reasonable length contain express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no other alternative, for continuing the Government is acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new union as to produce harmony only and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does of necessity fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position assumed by some that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties





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to a suit as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government. And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, can not be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we can not separate. We can not remove our respective sections from each other nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country can not do this. They can not but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you can not fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I can not be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National



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Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution--which amendment, however, I have not seen -- has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have referred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this if also they choose, but the Executive as such has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present Government as it came to his hands and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the Government under which we live this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little

to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance no Administration by any extreme of wickedness or folly can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side

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in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 9th]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



March 10, Sunday: With the consent of the new parliament, Victor Emmanuel took the title "King of [Italy](#)."



**[NO ENTRY IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL FOR MARCH 10th]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



March 11, Monday: The 1st public mental hospital in Texas, the State Lunatic Asylum in Austin, was created on the basis of proceeds from the sale of 100,000 acres of public land. The facility would become Austin State Hospital.<sup>51</sup>

**PSYCHOLOGY**

In the Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, the importation of African negroes had been forbidden. At this point the prohibition was rephrased so that it would apply not to "African negroes" but instead to "negroes of the African race."<sup>52</sup>

**US CIVIL WAR**

Article I. Section 7: -

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51. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994

52. If you think you have some idea what distinction it was they were driving at, in this change from "African negroes" to "negroes of the African race" — please do let me know.

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1. The importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States of the United States, is hereby forbidden; and Congress are required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

RACISM

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE



March 11. C. says that Walden is almost entirely open to-day, so that the lines on my map would not strike any ice, but that there is ice in the deep cove. It will be open then the 12th or 13th. This is earlier than I ever knew it to open. Fair Haven was solid ice two or three days ago, and probably is still, and Goose Pond is to-day all ice. Why, then, should Walden have broken up thus early? for it froze over early and the winter was steadily cold up to February at least. I think it must have been because the ice was uncommonly covered with snow, just as the earth was, and so, as there was little or no frost in the earth, the ice also was thin, and it did not increase upward with snow ice as much as usual because there was no thaw or rain at all till February 2d, and then very little. According to all accounts there has been no skating on Walden the past winter on account of the snow. It was unusually covered with snow. This shows how many things are to be taken into account in judging of such a pond. I have not been able to go to the pond the past winter. I infer that, if it has broken up thus early, it must be because the ice was thin, and that it was thin not for want of cold generally, but because of the abundance of snow which lay on it.

The water is now high on the meadows and there is no ice there, owing to the recent heavy rains. Yet C. thinks it has been higher a few weeks since.

C. observes where mice (?) have gnawed the pitch pines the past winter. Is not this a phenomenon of a winter of deep snow only? as that when I lived at Walden, — a hard winter for them. I do not commonly observe it on a large scale.

My Aunt Sophia, now in her eightieth year, says that when she was a little girl my grandmother, who lived in Keene, N. H., eighty miles from Boston, went to Nova Scotia, and, in spite of all she could do, her dog Bob, a little black dog with his tail cut off, followed her to Boston, where she went aboard a vessel. Directly after, however, Bob returned to Keene. One day, Bob, lying as usual under his mistress's bed in Keene, the window being open, heard a dog bark in the street, and instantly, forgetting that he was in the second story, he sprang up and jumped out the chamber window. He came down squarely on all fours, but it surprised or shocked him so that he did not run an inch, — which greatly amused the children, — my mother and aunts.

DOG

The seed of the willow is exceedingly minute, — as I measure, from one twentieth to one twelfth of an inch in length by one fourth as much in width, — and is surrounded at base by a tuft of cotton-like hairs about one fourth of an inch long rising around and above it, forming a kind of parachute. These render it the most buoyant of the seeds of any of our trees, and it is borne the furthest horizontally with the least wind. It falls very slowly even in the still air of a chamber, and rapidly ascends over a stove. It floats the most like a mote of any, — in a meandering manner, — and, being enveloped in this tuft of cotton, the seed is hard to detect.

Each of the numerous little pods, more or less ovate and beaked, which form the fertile catkin is closely packed with down and seeds. At maturity these pods open their beaks, which curve back, and gradually discharge their burden like the milkweed. It would take a delicate gin indeed to separate these seeds from their cotton.

If you lay bare any spot in our woods, however sandy, — as by a railroad cut, — no shrub or tree is surer to plant itself there sooner or later than a willow (commonly *S. humilis* or *tristis*) or poplar.

We have many kinds, but each is confined to its own habitat. I am not aware that the *S. nigra* has ever strayed from the river's brink. Though many of the *S. alba* have been set along our causeways, very few have sprung up and maintained their ground elsewhere.


The principal habitat of most of our species, such as love the water, is the river's bank and the adjacent river meadows, and when certain kinds spring up in an inland meadow where they were not known before, I feel pretty certain that they come from the river meadows. I have but little doubt that the seed of four of those that grow along the railroad causeway was blown from the river meadows, viz. *S. pedicellaris*, *lucida*, *Torreyana*, and *petiolaris*.

The barren and fertile flowers are usually on separate plants. I observe [?] that the greater part of the white willows set out on our causeways are sterile ones. You can easily distinguish the fertile ones at a distance when the pods are bursting. And it is said that no sterile weeping willows have been introduced into this country, so that it cannot be raised from the seed. Of two of the indigenous willows common along the brink of our river I have detected but one sex.

The seeds of the willow thus annually fill the air with their lint, being wafted to all parts of the country, and, though apparently not more than one in many millions gets to be a shrub, yet so lavish and persevering is Nature that her purpose is completely answered.

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 March 12, Tuesday: [Italian](#) troops took Messina, the last outpost on [Sicily](#) loyal to the King of [Naples](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 12th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**


 March 13, Wednesday: By imperial command, the so-called “Paris” revised version of [Tannhäuser](#) by [Richard Wagner](#) to his own words was performed for the initial time, in the Salle Le Peletier at the Paris Opéra. The performers had been subjected to 160 rehearsals, almost all of them personally supervised by the composer. The performance was disrupted by the Jockey Club, a group of young aristocrats who objected to Wagner’s decision not to place the ballet at the beginning of the 2d act as was in French opera the custom. The conductor, Pierre Dietsch, was completely inept, conducting from a violin part. The work would be withdrawn after only 3 performances.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 13th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 March 14, Thursday: [Julius Philip Jacob Adriaan, Count van Zuylen van Nijvel](#) replaced [Floris Adriaan van Hall, Baron of Hall](#) and [Schelto, Baron van Heemstra](#) as chief minister of the Netherlands.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Worked on my house. Doctor from Junction City came last night to see Mrs. Bean who is considered very ill.

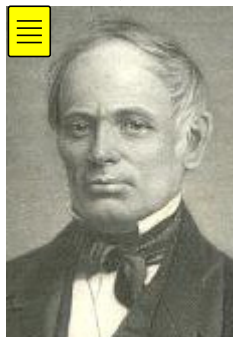
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The Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#) had a sermon on EPHESIANS 4:13 published in [The Independent](#). The proof text in EPHESIANS reads as follows: “Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” The question the Reverend Beecher set out to answer, in the light of this Biblical text, was, what is the perfect manhood of the race. Today such a formulation would seem at least sexist, if not racist. But not so in that day, or, at least, not so to the Rev, who was fully capable of sexism and of racism, and whose reading of the Gospels was quite as fully anti-Semitic as had been intended by the author of Matthew:

It is very true that Christianity forbids physical force and physical violence where they are vengeful; where they proceed merely from the impulse of cruelty; where they seek a selfish end, and originate in a selfish motive. But where they spring from affection, or from moral sentiment, they not only are tolerated, but are commanded, by the whole spirit of Christianity. And no man is a perfect man in Christ Jesus who does not know, under appropriate circumstances, how to ward off and how to give the blow. I consider that man as a kind of eunuch who forswears, on proper occasions, physical force... I take it that our sneak-thieves are the children of cowardly Christian ethics... I despise this whole idea of non-resistance. It is false to manhood, and essentially false to Christianity... A perfect man is one that has all the attributes of courage which belong to true bodily strength. It is very certain that these men who will not fight are not much respected among men... I do not believe they are a bit more respected up there than here.

[You will remember that the Thoreau brothers debated the issue under consideration here, back in January 1841 in the Concord Lyceum, against [Bronson Alcott](#), and that in so doing they were debating against another man like the Reverend Beecher who did not agree with the Reverend [Adin Ballou](#)'s straightforward interpretation of Jesus's Sermon on the Mount principle of non-resistance to evil, to with, that no matter how difficult it would be for us to obey his instructions, Jesus had meant precisely what he had said to us.]



The Reverend [Leonard Withington](#) wrote from [Newbury, Massachusetts](#) in regard to Mr. Hosea Hildrith, a teacher at Phillips Academy in [Exeter](#), New Hampshire:

My dear Sir:  
The first I heard of Mr. Hildrith was as a Teacher of Phillips Academy, in Exeter, under Dr. Abbot. I heard him represented



1860-1861

1860-1861

then as a man of the Liberal school, gradually verging towards Orthodoxy; and he was somewhat celebrated for a series of articles he published, I think in an Exeter paper; but I am totally unable to recover the definite recollection of the subject and the date. After he came to Gloucester, I became rather intimate with him, and our intimacy continued for several years. He was an impressive preacher – he had a beautiful clear style, which reminded you of Dr. Paley. At Gloucester he seemed to vibrate back to the most conservative type of Unitarianism. He associated much with Dr. Lowell of Boston; but still I supposed him not to be a doxided Unitarian. He wished Dr. Perry, of Bradford, (now Goochland,) and myself to unite with him in a series of meetings. We went to see him, and told him if he would do as Dr. Parish had done, under imputed defections, – publish a Sermon on the Deity of Christ, such as we supposed he had, we would come; but we did not wish to be misunderstood. The meeting was calm and pleasant until we were about to part – then he burst into a torrent of feeling, wept like a child, and said that if all his friends forsook him, his Saviour would not. He spoke of dying a martyr to his own cause, though I did not know definitely what it was. I could not but suspect something morbid in the state of his mind at that time. But my recollections of him are exceedingly pleasant, as a man of a superior mind and highly cultivated taste, a correct and perspicuous writer and a perfect gentleman.

Yours truly,  
LEONARD WITHINGTON.



March 15, Friday: In Berlin, [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) learned of the Tannhäuser fiasco in Paris. “Such an unusual demonstration of dissatisfaction with a work that, in any case, was so admirable and talented would appear to be the result of a cabal, and not a genuine popular verdict.”

The new government of Benito Juárez put [Mexico](#) on the metric system.

President [Abraham Lincoln](#) met with his Cabinet to discuss whether or not to resupply Fort Sumter.


[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 15th]

[Transcript]

[THE ACTUAL JOURNAL](#)

 March 16, Saturday: The [Confederate States of America](#) appointed commissioners to Great Britain.

Governor of [Texas Sam Houston](#) declined to take the oath of allegiance to the [Confederate States of America](#).



The [Confederate States of America](#) inaugurated a [Confederate Corps of Marines](#) consisting of 6 companies. Colonel Lloyd J. Beall, formerly of the US Army, would serve as the Commandant of these Confederate Marines. The number of officers of the [United States Marine Corps](#) who “went south” was more than enough to fill the officer ranks of this new organization, and therefore a good number would be obliged to accept instead commissions in the Army of the Confederacy.

The Boston & Fitchburg railroad management, including [Winthrop Emerson Faulkner](#),<sup>53</sup> had closed the rail spur that led to [Harvard College](#) after a customer protest at increased fares, and so on this afternoon his son the college student [Winthrop Harrison Faulkner](#) had needed to hike all the way up to Porter’s Station in West Cambridge to retrieve a valise sent from his home in [Acton](#). The lad was crossing the main track to return to his dorm when whacked by an engine being sent into Boston at a high speed.<sup>54</sup> The engine, in that era of let-the-pedestrian-beware, was neglecting to ring its bell.<sup>55</sup> [Waldo Emerson](#) would conduct the funeral service, speaking of the deceased only as a classmate and friend of his student son [Eddie Emerson](#) and as therefore a “frequent” visitor at the Emerson home in Concord. Emerson closed his service with the utterly strange remark “We commit him to the Fates.”<sup>56</sup>

HISTORY OF RR

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

53. William B. Stearns, President, Boston; Alvah Crocker, Director, Fitchburg; W.E. Faulkner, Director, South Acton; William B. Stearns, P.B. Brigham, and William A. Brigham, Directors, Boston.

54. Although badly injured, the young man survived for an hour. One source alleged that the killing was “instant” but that is false, unless “instant” meant something different in the 19th Century than it does now.

55. Note that had the dead-end spur over to Harvard Common been allowed to remain in service, there would have been a buffer between these high-speed through operations and the public. We don’t know how the father handled his semi-involvement in his son’s accident, although we do know that in that era of no liability, an agenda for pedestrian safety would not have been considered to be any part of the job responsibility of any railroad director. However, imagine how that locomotive engineer must have felt when somebody broke the news that the pedestrian he had struck down while incautiously speeding his engine through West Cambridge had not been some nobody, but had been actually the Boston & Fitchburg Railroad director’s Harvard son! “Oh-oh.”

56. Faulkner Hospital in Jamaica Plain now has an institutional history on the Internet ([http://www.faulknerhospital.org/PDF/The\\_History\\_of\\_Faulkner\\_Hospital\\_31110.pdf](http://www.faulknerhospital.org/PDF/The_History_of_Faulkner_Hospital_31110.pdf)), and –rather than confess that their founder had descended from a Salem witch– is trying to tell us that “Colonel Francis Faulkner’s second son Winthrop was Emerson’s grandfather.” This would of course make the deceased, over whose mangled body Waldo was here officiating, out to have been something of a relative. It does seem plausible that the deceased had on occasion visited the Emerson home in Concord in the company of his classmate Eddie. However, in fact the name “Faulkner” nowhere appears in the most extensive Emerson genealogy I have seen, one which in some branches takes the family back into a generation of Great-Great-Great-Great-Great Grandparents living toward the end of the 16th Century.

WALDO’S RELATIVES



1860-1861

1860-1861



Finished boarding my house. Had only two boards left.  
 Have got the best house of the kind in the town.  
 No Leonard yet. Jones thinks he has met with foul play.



March 16. A severe, blocking-up snow-storm.



March 17, Sunday: The Kingdom of [Italy](#) was proclaimed by the Italian Parliament in Turin. King Vittorio Emanuele II of Sardinia became king of Italy. Prime Minister Count Camillo Benso di Cavour of Sardinia became prime minister of Italy.

In Vienna, Neue Melodien-Quadrille op.254 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabadsaal.

[Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “This afternoon a homicidal languor seized hold upon me — disgust, weariness of life, mortal sadness. I wandered out into the churchyard, hoping to find quiet and peace there, and so to reconcile myself with duty. Vain dream! The place of rest itself had become inhospitable. Workmen were stripping and carrying away the turf, the trees were dry, the wind cold, the sky gray — something arid, irreverent, and prosaic dishonored the resting-place of the dead. I was struck with something wanting in our national feeling — respect for the dead, the poetry of the tomb, the piety of memory. Our churches are too little open; our churchyards too much. The result in both cases is the same. The tortured and trembling heart which seeks, outside the scene of its daily miseries, to find some place where it may pray in peace, or pour out its grief before God, or meditate in the presence of eternal things, with us has nowhere to go. Our church ignores these wants of the soul instead of divining and meeting them. She shows very little compassionate care for her children, very little wise consideration for the more delicate griefs, and no intuition of the deeper mysteries of tenderness, no religious suavity. Under a pretext of spirituality we are always checking legitimate aspirations. We have lost the mystical sense; and what is religion without mysticism? A rose without perfume. The words repentance and sanctification are always on our lips. But adoration and consolation are also two essential elements in religion, and we ought perhaps to make more room for them than we do.”



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 17th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 18, Monday: At the invitation of the government of Santo Domingo, Spain re-annexed its former colony. Spanish troops from [Cuba](#) entered the country.

A state convention in Arkansas turned down [secession](#) 39-35 but allowed for a plebiscite.

US CIVIL WAR

Governor [Sam Houston](#) of [Texas](#), having declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States of America, was deposed and retired.

Concord’s annual exhibition was held in the new town hall. An announcement was made that [Mr. Thoreau](#) could not be present due to illness, but was still at work, hopefully, on the natural history of Concord that was to be used in the public schools there. Since the celebration that year was honoring [Bronson Alcott](#) as the Concord superintendent of schools, [Louisa May Alcott](#) had written a poem which, in the 2d verse, mentioned




1860-1861

1860-1861

[John Brown](#).

**THE ALCOTT FAMILY**

An attempt was made to have this reference suppressed but the attempt was defeated, largely through the intervention of [Waldo Emerson](#). We have a letter briefly and unenthusiastically mentioning the program, from the 23-year-old daughter of [Dr. Josiah Bartlett](#), Annie Bartlett, to her soldier brother [Edward Jarvis "Ned" Bartlett](#) to whom she was writing religiously every Sunday:

 *Mr. Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Franklin B. Sanborn spoke in the Hall about education, but I did not trouble them.*

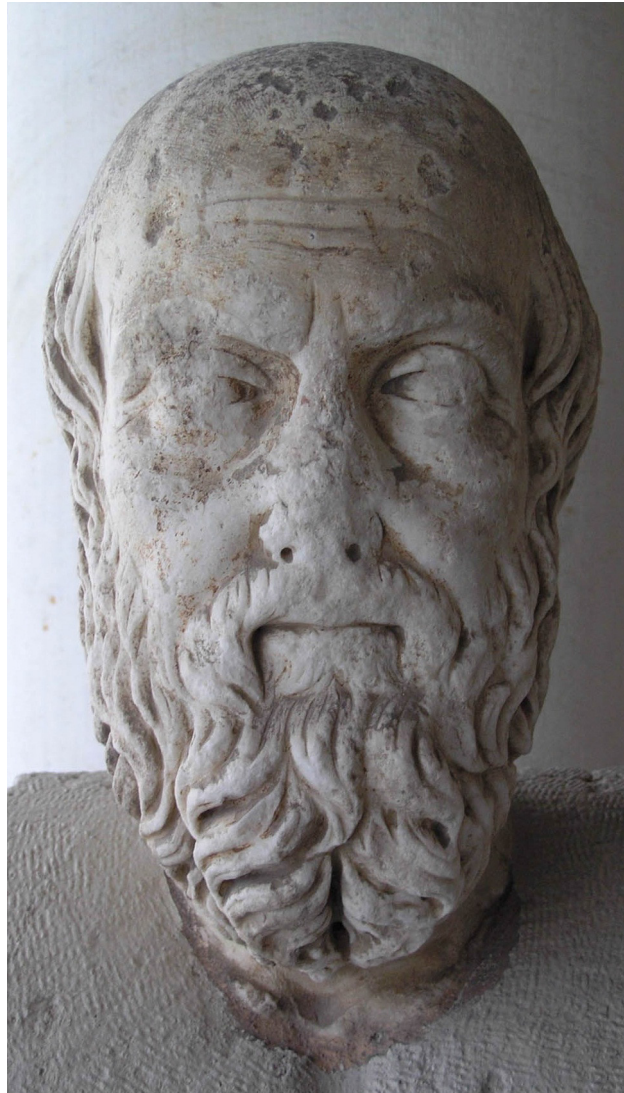
**FRANKLIN B. SANBORN**

In about this timeframe [Thoreau](#) was copying from [HERODOTUS](#). A NEW AND LITERAL VERSION *FROM THE TEXT OF BAEHR*. WITH A GEOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEX. BY HENRY CARY, M.A., WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD (London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, 1845) into his Indian Notebook #12 and Commonplace Book #2.

**HERODOTUS' HISTORIES**

1860-1861

1860-1861



March 18. Tree sparrows have warbled faintly for a week.



When I pass by a twig of willow, though of the slenderest kind, rising above the sedge in some dry hollow early in December, or in midwinter above the snow, my spirits rise as if it were an oasis in the desert. The very name "sallow" (salix, from the Celtic sal-lis, near water) suggests that there is some natural sap or blood flowing there. It is a divining wand that has not failed, but stands with its root in the fountain.

The fertile willow catkins are those green caterpillar-like ones, commonly an inch or more in length, which develop themselves rapidly after the sterile yellow ones which we had so admired are fallen or effete. Arranged around the bare twigs, they often form green wands eight to eighteen inches long. A single catkin consists of from twenty-five to a hundred little pods, more or less ovate and beaked, each of which is closely packed with cotton, in which are numerous seeds so small that they are scarcely discernible by ordinary eyes.

I do not know what they mean who call this the emblem of despairing love! "The willow, worn by forlorn paramour!" It is rather the emblem of love and sympathy with all nature. It may droop, –it is so lithe, supple, and pliant,– but it never weeps. The willow of Babylon blooms not the less hopefully with us, though its other half is not in the New World at all, and never has been. It droops, not to represent David's tears, but rather to snatch the crown from Alexander's head. (Nor were poplars ever the weeping sisters of Phaëton, for nothing rejoices them more than the sight of the Sun's chariot, and little reck they who drives it.)

Ah, willow! willow! Would that I always possessed thy good spirits.

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

No wonder its wood was anciently in demand for bucklers, for, take the whole tree, it is not only soft and pliant but tough and resilient (as Pliny says?), not splitting at the first blow, but closing its wounds at once and refusing to transmit its hurts.

I know of one foreign species which introduced itself into Concord as [a] withe used to tie up a bundle of trees. A gardener stuck it in the ground, and it lived, and has its descendants.

[Herodotus](#) says that the Scythians divined by the help of willow rods. I do not know any better twigs for this purpose.


How various are the habits of men! Mother says that her father-in-law, Captain Minott, not only used to roast and eat a long row of little wild apples, reaching in a semicircle from jamb to jamb under the andirons on the reddened hearth (I used to buy many a pound of Spanish brown at the stores for mother to redden the jambs and hearth with), but he had a quart of new milk regularly placed at the head of his bed, which he drank at many draughts in the course of the night. It was so the night he died, and my grandmother discovered that he was dying, by his not turning over to reach his milk. I asked what he died of, and mother answered apoplexy! at which I did not wonder. Still this habit may not have caused it.

I have a cousin, also, who regularly eats his bowl of bread and milk just before going to bed, however late. He is a very stirring man.

You can't read any genuine history—as that of [Herodotus](#) or the Venerable Bede—without perceiving that our interest depends not on the subject but on the man, — on the manner in which he treats the subject and the importance he gives it. A feeble writer and without genius must have what he thinks a great theme, which we are already interested in through the accounts of others, but a genius—a Shakespeare, for instance—would make the history of his parish more interesting than another's history of the world.

Wherever men have lived there is a story to be told, and it depends chiefly on the story-teller or historian whether that is interesting or not. You are simply a witness on the stand to tell what you know about your neighbors and neighborhood. Your account of foreign parts which you have never seen should by good rights be less interesting.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

 March 19, Monday: In New Zealand, the 1st Taranaki War was brought to an end.

In Washington DC, G.V. Fox conferred with [President Abraham Lincoln](#) about [Fort Sumter](#), [South Carolina](#).



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 19th,  
20th, AND 21st]**

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 March 20, Tuesday: The final royal Neapolitan holdout, Civitella del Tronto, surrendered to [Italian](#) troops.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 19th,  
20th, AND 21st]**

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 March 21, Wednesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

James Muir came with another brother, Robert.



1860-1861

1860-1861

Says Crawford and William will be in tomorrow.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 19th,  
20th, AND 21st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



March 22, Thursday: Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky was able to inform his sister that their father had stopped objected to his beginning a career in music.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

William Bean went for the mail. Sanford Leonard and a Pottawatomie Indian came with Jones' load of goods - flour, coffee, sugar, pork, dried apples, pickles, oysters, wine, etc.

Robert Hassall wrote from Haverhill, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), asking Slack to select hymns.<sup>57</sup>

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by L. Johnson & Company in Philadelphia:

*Established, 1796.*

-----

*L. Johnson & Co.'s Type Foundry,*

*No. 606 Sansom Street.*

*Thos. MacKellar,*

*John F. Smith,*

*Richard Smith,*

*Peter A. Jordan.*

*Philadelphia, March 22<sup>d</sup> 1861*

*Mr. Henry D. Thoreau*

*Concord, Mass.*

*Dear Sir— Enclosed find*

*\$2— Note on Bank of Kenduskeag*

*to replace the one returned. Of course*

*we were not aware that there was any*

*thing wrong with the one you returned.*

*Truly Yours*

*L. Johnson & C*

[Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#):



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1860-1861

Concord Mar 22<sup>d</sup> 1861

Friend Ricketson,

*The bluebirds were here the 26<sup>th</sup> of Feb. at least, which is one day earlier than your date; but I have not heard of larks nor pigeon woodpeckers.*

*To tell the truth, I am not on the alert for the signs of Spring, not having had any winter yet. I took a severe cold about the 3<sup>d</sup> of Dec. which at length resulted in a kind of bronchitis, so that I have been confined to the house ever since, excepting a very few experimental trips as far as the P.O. in some particularly mild noons. My health otherwise has not been affected in the least, nor my spirits. I have simply been imprisoned for so long; & it has not prevented my doing a good deal of reading & the like.*

*Channing has looked after me very faithfully—says he has made a study of my case, & knows me better than I know myself &c &c.*

*Of course, if I knew how it began, I should know better how it would end. I trust that when warm weather comes I shall begin to pick up my crumbs. I thank you for your invitation to come to New Bedford, and will bear it in mind, but at present my health will not permit my leaving home.*

*The day I received your letter Blake & Brown arrived here, having walked from Worcester in two days, though Alcott who happened in soon after could not understand what pleasure they found in walking across the country at this season when the ways were so unsettled. I had a solid talk with them for a day & a half—though my pipes were not in good order & they went their way again.*

*You may be interested to hear that Alcott is at present perhaps the most successful man in the town. He had his 2<sup>d</sup> annual exhibition of all the Schools in the town at the Town Hall last Saturday—at which all the masters & misses did themselves great credit, as I hear, & of course reflected some on their teachers & parents. They were making their little speeches from 1 till 6 o'clock P<sup>m</sup>, to a large audience which patiently listened to the end. In the meanwhile the children made Mr A. an unexpected present of a fine edition of Pilgrim's Progress & Herberts Poems—which, of course, overcame all parties. I inclose our order of exercises.*

*We had, last night, an old fashioned N.E. snow storm, far worse than any in the winter, & the drifts are now very high above the fences. The inhabitants are pretty much confined to their houses, as I was already. All houses are one color white with the snow plastered over them, & you cannot tell whether they have blinds or not. Our pump has another pump, its ghost, as thick as itself, sticking to one side of it. The town has sent out teams of 8 oxen each to break out the roads & the train due from Boston at 8 1/2 has not arrived yet (4 P<sup>m</sup>— All the passing has been a train from above at 12 m— which also was due at 8 1/2 am. Where are the bluebirds now think you? I sup-*

1860-1861

1860-1861

*pose that you have not so much snow at New Bedford, if any.*  
*Yrs Henry D. Thoreau*

A warm day in February 1861 brought Thoreau out to hear the bluebirds, perhaps for the first time that year. On March 3 he described recent snowfalls and snowmelts. On the eleventh he highlighted his river corridors, rather than the fields and forests, as being the "principal habitat of most of our species." On the twenty-second he returned to the theme of Darwin's natural selection, writing that each species "suggests an immense and wonderful greediness and tenacity of life ... as if bent on taking entire possession of the globe wherever the climate and soil will permit." This, of course, is exactly what was taking place during his era, with the U.S. population rising 36 percent in a single decade, 1850-1860, most of it in the eastern half of the nation.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 221



March 22. A driving northeast snow-storm yesterday and last night, and to-day the drifts are high over the fences and the trains stopped. The Boston train due at 8.30 A.M. did not reach here till five this afternoon. One side of all the houses this morning was one color, —i.e. white with the moist snow plastered over them,—so that you could not tell whether they had blinds or not.

When we consider how soon some plants which spread rapidly, by seeds or roots, would cover an area equal to the surface of the globe, how soon some species of trees, as the white willow, for instance, would equal in mass the earth itself, if all their seeds became full-grown trees, how soon some fishes would fill the ocean if all their ova became full-grown fishes, we are tempted to say that every organism, whether animal or vegetable, is contending for the possession of the planet, and, if any one were sufficiently favored, supposing it still possible to grow, as at first, it would at length convert the entire mass of the globe into its own substance. [Vide [Pliny](#) on man's mission to keep down weeds.] Nature opposes to this many obstacles, as climate, myriads of brute and also human foes, and of competitors which may preoccupy the ground. Each suggests an immense and wonderful greediness and tenacity of life (I speak of the species, not individual), as if bent on taking entire possession of the globe wherever the climate and soil will permit. And each prevails as much as it does, because of the ample preparations it has made for the contest, —it has secured a myriad chances, —because it never depends on spontaneous generation to save it.

A writer in the Tribune speaks of cherries as one of the trees which come up numerous when the forest is cut or burned, though not known there before. This may be true because there was no one knowing in these matters in that neighborhood. But I assert that it was there before, nevertheless; just as the little oaks are in the pine woods, but never grow up to trees till the pines are cleared off. Scarcely any plant is more sure to come up in a sprout-land here than the wild black cherry, and yet, though only a few inches high at the end of the first year after the cutting, it is commonly several years old, having maintained a feeble growth there so long. There is where the birds have dropped the stones, and it is doubtful if those dropped in pastures and open land are as likely to germinate. Yet the former rarely if ever get to be trees.

Rice told me a month ago that when the earth became bare the jays, though they still came round the house, no longer picked up the corn he had scattered for them. I suggested that it was because they were now able to vary their diet.

Of course natural successions are taking place where a swamp is gradually filling up with sphagnum and bushes and at length trees, i.e., where the soil is changing.

Botanists talk about the possibility and impossibility of plants being naturalized here or there. But what plants have not been naturalized? Of course only those which grow to-day exactly where the original plant of the species was created. It is true we do not know whether one or many plants of a given kind were originally created, but I think it is the most reasonable and simple to suppose that only one was,—to suppose as little departure as possible from the existing order of things. They commenced to spread themselves at once and by

PLINY





1860-1861

1860-1861

whatever means they possessed as far as they could, and they are still doing so. Many were common to Europe and America at the period of the discovery of the latter country, and I have no doubt that they had naturalized themselves in one or the other country. This is more philosophical than to suppose that they were independently created in each.

I suppose that most have seen—at any rate I can show them—English cherry trees, so called, coming up not uncommonly in our woods and under favorable circumstances becoming full-grown trees. Now I think that they will not pretend that they came up there in the same manner before this country was discovered by the whites. But, if cherry trees come up by spontaneous generation, why should they not have sprung up there in that way a thousand years ago as well as now?

If the pine seed is spontaneously generated, why is it not so produced in the Old World as well as in America? I have no doubt that it can be raised from the seed in corresponding situations there, and that it will seem to spring up just as mysteriously there as it does here. Yet, if it will grow so after the seed has been carried thither, why should it not before, if the seed is unnecessary to its production?

The above-mentioned cherry trees come up, though they are comparatively few, just like the red cherry, and, no doubt, the same persons would consider them as spontaneously generated. But why did Nature defer raising that species here by spontaneous generation, until we had raised it from the stones?

It is evident that Nature's designs would not be accomplished if seeds, having been matured, were simply dropped and so planted directly beneath their parent stems, as many will always be in any case. The next consideration with her, then, after determining to create a seed, must have been how to get it transported, though to never so little distance,—the width of the plant, or less, will often be sufficient,—even as the eagle drives her young at last from the neighborhood of her eyrie,—for their own good, since there is not food enough there for all,—without depending on botanists, patent offices, and seedsmen. It is not enough to have matured a seed which will reproduce its kind under favorable conditions, but she must also secure it those favorable conditions. Nature has left nothing to the mercy of man. She has taken care that a sufficient number of every kind of seeds, from a cocoanut to those which are invisible, shall be transported and planted in a suitable place.

A seed, which is a plant or tree in embryo, which has the principle of growth, of life, in it, is more important in my eyes, and in the economy of Nature, than the diamond of Kohinoor.

When we hear of an excellent fruit or a beautiful flower, the first question is if any man has got the seeds in his pocket; but men's pockets are only one of the means of conveyances which Nature has provided.

1860-1861

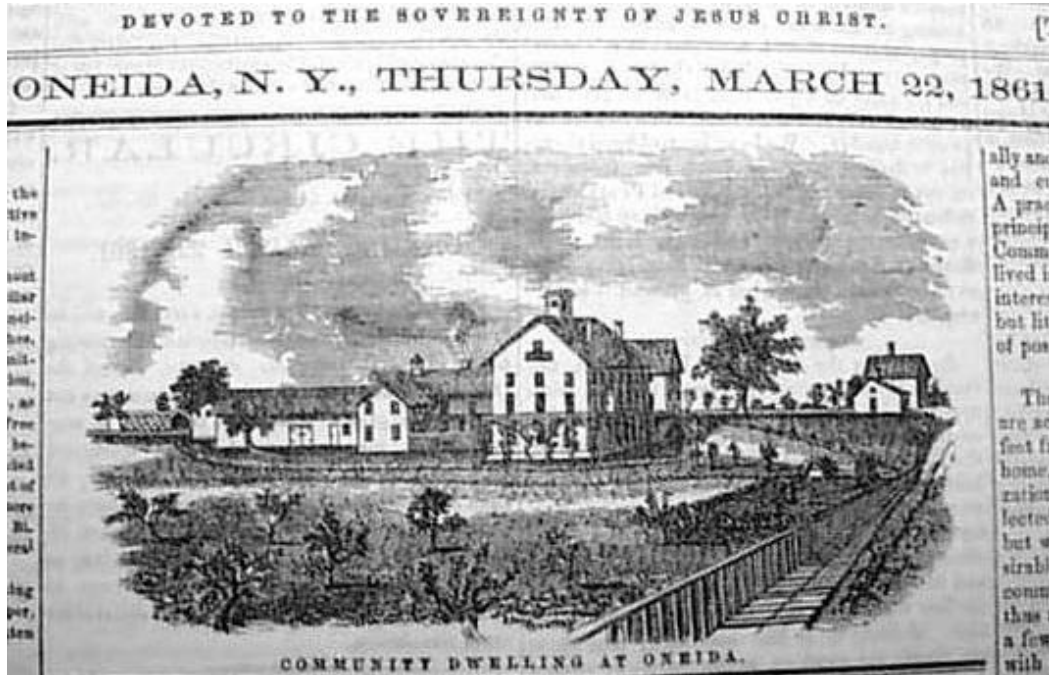
1860-1861


News from the Oneida community of perfectionists:



1860-1861

1860-1861



 March 23, Friday: The Senate of the Academy of Physicians, St. Petersburg, voted to extend Alyeksandr Borodin's period of study abroad into August 1862.

In Paris, *Le pont des soupirs*, an opéra-bouffon by Jacques Offenbach to words of Crémieux and Halévy, was performed for the initial time, at the Bouffes-Parisiens.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 23d OR 24th]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 March 24, Saturday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

This is the windiest day I have seen on this claim. Spillman's log house burned down. Caught from a spark from Joneses chimney. Had to fight prairie fire. Elder Morrison's chimney was blown down.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 23d OR**




1860-1861

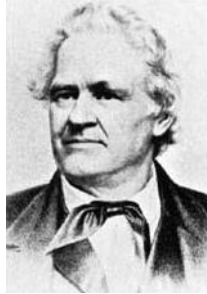
1860-1861

24th]

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 March 25, Monday: [President Abraham Lincoln](#) appointed [Joshua Reed Giddings](#) as the US consul general to the British North American Provinces (that's what we'd call "Canada").



In [Providence, Rhode Island](#) Agnes Hutchinson Brownell was awarded a [divorce](#) from [Robert S. Brownell](#) on grounds of adultery. The document on file alleges that Robert had been accused of "treating with extreme cruelty and [neglecting] to provide necessaries for the support of" Agnes and the 3 minor children and that the court had determined that he "has been guilty of adultery." We have no record of how, abandoned, the mother was going to support Eugene Brownell, Josephine Brownell, and Maybel Brownell, who presumably at that time would have all been under the age of 8.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Robert Muir and Haskett started down after the mill fixtures. I worked on my house. William Bishop and wife were here this evening.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 25th]

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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1860-1861

➡ March 26, Tuesday: Anton Bruckner completed (largely through correspondence) his studies in canon and fugue with his Vienna instructor Simon Sechter.

Tsar Alyeksandr II, hoping to reconcile the Poles to Russian rule, set up a series of internal reforms for Poland.

Frederick Earnest Charles Byron (later to become the 10th Baron Byron), son of Frederick and Mary Jane Byron and grandson of [the 7th Lord Byron](#), was born.

It is extremely difficult for us to grasp the nature of the primary activities of the antebellum federal United States, because we live with a federal establishment whose primary activities are in entitlement programs such as welfare, medicare, and retirement, and in constant worldwide military operations. The government wasn't like that before our civil war. Back then, back before entitlement programs and a large armaments industry, the primary expenditures of the federal government went toward what it regarded as science, but which in actuality amounted to a continual boondoggle. As evidence for this we have a letter of this date from [Sir William Jackson Hooker](#) to [Harvard professor Asa Gray](#):

What a pest, plague & nuisance are your official, semi-official & unofficial Railroad reports, surveys &c. &c. Your valuable researches are scattered beyond the power of anyone but yourself finding them. Who on earth is to keep in their heads or quote such a medley of books - double-paged, double titled & half finished as your Govt. vomits periodically into the great ocean of Scientific bibliography.



Such boondoggles were being conducted at first by the Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, and then by the Army Corps of Engineers and the US Geographical Surveys. The Pacific Railroad reports, for instance, issued for free, cost our federal government over a million dollars, at a time when a million dollars was a very, very large fraction of the government's total annual expenditures.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MARCH 26th-MARCH 29th]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

[Transcript]

1860-1861

1860-1861

March 27, Wednesday: When Poles demonstrated in Warsaw against the Russian government's closing of their Agricultural Society, a center of Polish nationalism, security forces killed or wounded many of the demonstrators.

The Italian Parliament voted to make Rome the capital of the new nation.

A 238-ton sidewheel paddle steamer, the *Lecompte*, burned at Mobile, Alabama.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Reverend Bishop wants to buy my house as soon as I get the roof on.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MARCH 26th-MARCH 29th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 28, Thursday: David Walker, President of the State Convention of Arkansas, sent correspondence including "Resolutions for Secession by Arkansas" to the governor of North Carolina, inquiring as to any plans the state of North Carolina had formed related to the issue of secession (North Carolina would be one of the last states to leave the Union despite a string of such communications intended to persuade).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MARCH 26th-MARCH 29th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 29, Friday: President Abraham Lincoln decided to reinforce Fort Sumter guarding the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina.




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MARCH 26th-MARCH 29th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

1860-1861

1860-1861

 March 30, Saturday [Lemuel Shaw](#) died.

William Crookes announced his discovery of Thallium.

Panne-aux-Airs, a spoof on [Richard Wagner](#)'s *Tannhäuser*, opened at the Théâtre-Déjuzet, Paris.


The charges against [John Buchanan Floyd](#) were dismissed in part because, since he had testified before a Congressional committee, he had acquired legal immunity from any such prosecution.


[On March 30] he walked down to the river to gauge its height against "Smith's second post." A week after that, on April 6 and 7, he made his final observations on the river: "Am surprised to find the river fallen some nine inches notwithstanding the melted snow." Keeping track of river stage was a habit he couldn't break. Left behind on the bank, he noted, was a residue like "gossamer."

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 221



March 30. High water, — up to sixth slat (or gap) above Smith's second post. It is said to have been some nine inches higher about a month ago, when the snow first went off.  
R.W.E. lately found a Norway pine cut down in Stow's wood by Saw Mill Brook.  
According to Channing's account, Walden must have skimmed nearly, if not entirely, over again once since the 11th or 12th, or after it had been some time completely clear. It seems, then, that in some years it may thaw and freeze again.

 March 31, Easter Sunday: The only set of chimes in the city of [Providence](#) (*Moshasuck*), [Rhode Island](#), the set that pertained to Grace Church, were on this day played for the first time. Each bell of this set of bells, 16 in all, had been inscribed with the names of the various individuals and organizations that had donated it. Two military organizations had been involved, the First Light Infantry and the Marine Corps of Artillery. The Infantry bell had been donated with the condition that the chimes would be rung on each September 10th anniversary of Captain [Oliver Hazard Perry](#)'s victory on Lake Erie.

 March 31, Sunday: Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation Peter Pitchlynn notified the Leavenworth, Kansas [Times](#) of a resolution of the General Council of the Choctaw Nation, that should the southern states secede from the federal union their warriors would side with the [secessionists](#) against the unionists (it is to be noted that despite this there would be little cohesiveness, and in fact various individual Choctaw warriors and groups of warriors would join one side or the other).

[Henry Thoreau](#) made no journal entry on this day. He wrote to cousin-by-marriage [George A. Thatcher](#) in Bangor:

Dear Cousin,  
I am surprised, but

Concord Mar. 31<sup>st</sup> 1861

1860-1861

1860-1861

*at the same time a little encouraged, to hear that you have been imprisoned by a cold, like myself, most of the winter. I am encouraged, because I should like to discover that it is owing to some peculiarity in the season, rather than in my constitution. I hope that the knowledge of my sickness will be, at least an equal benefit to you. I hear that throat complaints have been very prevalent and unmanageable of late; but it is hard to come at the truth, for it is natural that we, having such complaints, should hear much more than usual about them. I may say that I have been a close prisoner ever since the 3<sup>d</sup> of December, for the very few times I have ventured out a little way, in the warmest days, just to breathe the fresh air, it has been against the advice of my friends.*

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*However, I may say that I have been unexpectedly well, considering how confined and sedentary my life has been. I have had a good time in the house, and it is really as if nothing had happened; or only I have lost the phenomena of winter. I have been quite as busy as usual, reading and writing, and I trust that, as warm weather advances, & I get out of doors more & more, my cough will gradually cease.*

*My mother continues as much better as she was, though it is not prudent for her to go about the house yet. Sophia, I think, has been better than usual.*

*I trust that Cousin Rebecca will be better soon, & will be able to make the contemplated visit. We shall all be glad to see you in Concord at the same time, & perhaps the change*





1860-1861

1860-1861

*of air will be of service to you.  
I am glad to hear that your  
boys are getting along so well. One  
would say that the most a parent  
can do, is to secure for his children,  
as far as possible, the opportunity*

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*to become what they were intended to be;  
but the rest must depend on them-  
selves. The mention of the wilderness,  
where you say Benjamin is, & of moose-  
meat, is invigorating. But I feel a  
good way from these things now.  
The only excursion that I made last  
year was a very short though pleasant  
one to Monadnock, with my neighbor Channing.  
We built 2 spruce huts, and  
lived (in one at a time) on the rocky sum-  
mit, for 6 days & 5 nights, without  
descending. It was an easy way to get  
an idea of the mountain.  
As for Charles, I shall be glad,  
and expect, to hear ere long that  
he is the master of a vessel. Possibly  
such a position may open yet  
new fields of enterprise to him, such  
as Navigation — Exploration, &  
Marine discovery generally. At any  
rate, the Captain is always nearer  
shore than the sailor, if there is  
any advantage in that, because he  
looks beyond his present employ-  
ment.  
As to the condition of the country,  
though Lincoln has been president for*

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*nearly a month, I continue to feel  
as if I lived in an interregnum, &  
we had no government at all. I  
have not heard that a single  
person, north or south, has as yet  
been punished for treason — stealing  
from the public treasury — or murdering  
on political accounts.  
If the people of the north thus*



1860-1861

1860-1861

*come to see clearly that there can be no Union between freemen & slaveholders, & vote & act accordingly, I shall think that we have purchased that progress cheaply by [this] revolution. A nation of 20 millions of freemen will be far more respectable & powerful, than if 10 millions of slaves & slave holders were added to them.*

*I am only afraid that they will still remember their miserable party watchwords — that Democrats will be Democrats still, & so by their concessions & want of patriotism, keep us in purgatory a spell longer.  
Accept these words from*

*Yrs truly  
Henry D. Thoreau*


**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.**



1860-1861

1860-1861

**APRIL 1861**

 April 1, Monday: By Moyra Schauffler's assessment, no Secretary of State, or cabinet member, had ever submitted or would ever submit to a President of the United States of America a document quite like the one Secretary of State William Henry Seward submitted to President Abraham Lincoln on this day, a document she has labeled as an "April Fool's Day Memorandum." This presumptuous document assessed the President's 1st month in office while describing itself as:

### **Some thoughts for the President's consideration**

Among the vigorous courses of action Seward proposed was declaring war on France and Spain if certain conditions were not met, and the reinforcing of forts along the Gulf of Mexico. The president must either order such things or allow a Cabinet member, such as himself for one fine instance, to do so. Although the President wrote out his response as below, in fact he read it aloud to his Cabinet. We do not know Seward's reaction. What we do know is that Seward had been so sure of the President's approval that he had already summoned to [Washington DC](#) the editor-in-chief of the New-York Times, Henry Jarvis Raymond, so as immediately to telegraph the news.

Executive Mansion  
April 1, 1861  
Hon. W.H. Seward  
My dear Sir:

Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some thoughts for the President's consideration." The first proposition in it is, "1st. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties, and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and, taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception, that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumpter.

Again, I do not perceive how the re-inforcement of Fort Sumpter would be done on a slavery, or party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national, and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo, certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars, and instructions to ministers, and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing propositions, that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it"

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly"

"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or"

"Devolve it on some member of his cabinet"

"Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide"



1860-1861

1860-1861

I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress, I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have the advice of all the cabinet.  
Your Obt. Servt.  
A. LINCOLN



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 1st]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



April 2, Tuesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

I had another streak of luck today. I cut off my big toe except for a little skin on the under side, and also cut two others to the bone. It will at least damage me \$25.00.

HDT

WHAT?

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SILAS MARNER by [George Eliot](#) was published.





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[César Franck](#)'s incomplete Messe à 3 voix for chorus and orchestra was performed for the initial time, in Ste.-Clothilde, Paris, conducted by the composer. The reception was "universally hostile." The orchestration would be reduced to organ, harp, cello, and bass.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported that:

SELLS, YESTERDAY. — Very few "sells" of note were perpetrated yesterday. The majority of the folks seemingly being "up to snuff." Packages were temptingly laid an the sidewalk, but remained untouched. A practical joke was played off on the - indefatigable local of a morning paper, by the wits at the Station House: he took it in such good humor that it would be rather hard on him to publish it. His excess of zeal was his only fault and he was trapped thereon. A compositor on a morning paper found a note under his door on retiring at 4 o'clock in the morning, in which he was conjured by his devotion to his friends to be at the "Nightingale" at 9 o'clock in the morning — his presence was needed in a case where life was in jeopardy. Concluding that he could not wake himself at that hour, and being one of the "break-o'-day" kind, he stayed up and took the earliest train to the Mission, and made inquiry at the hotel designated, only to find that some observer of the day had caught a gudgeon. Some mischievous boys induced a German son of St. Crispin, named Fritz, living on Second street, to bore a hole in a half dollar and affix a wax end thereto to "April fool" the passers-by. They showed him how to place it on the pavement and one cunningly took a hitch in the string around a nail. They then retired round the corner and one of them changing bis jacket made for the money. The shoemaker tugged, the string broke, and the urchin grabbed the coin. The folks said somebody was nicely "April fooled."

A HARD CASE. — A good looking woman named Manning was arrested yesterday afternoon, at tbs request of her husband, for being drunk at a porter house kept by J. Carroll, on the corner of Sacramento and Kearny streets. The woman states that she had passed Sunday at Oakland, and on returning yesterday, went to Carroll's at 10 o'clock, A.M. to enquire for her husband. Carroll induced her to drink, and she soon became stupified, and was removed to Carroll's bedroom, where she was found.

FUN AT THE CITY HALL. — Tbe legal and police gents, at the City Hall, had a little fun of their own yesterday. A sample of beet sugar exhibited, created no small amount of curiosity. It looked well, but tasters were bit, as it consisted of salt and red pepper. Officer Johnson was considerably annoyed by a fictitious complaint being lodged against him for a nuisance, and it was not until be remembered the day, that he seemed to comprehend the matter.



April 2. A drifting snow-storm, perhaps a foot deep on an average. Pratt thought the cowslip was out the 4th.


[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



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 April 3, Wednesday: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco reported that on the previous Thursday, on the Trinity River, 4 “Chinamen” had been carried over Beaver Dam. This news item concluded with “Three of them were drowned; the fourth can still pay his poll-tax.”

This was the effective date of Bedrich Smetana’s resignation as conductor of the Choral and Harmonic Societies in Göteborg.

Amory Battles wrote to Charles Wesley Slack giving the topic of his sermon and selecting hymns.<sup>58</sup>

A “test vote” in the Virginia secession convention revealed that 2 representatives were against secession for every representative who was for secession.

**US CIVIL WAR**


In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

James Muir moved into his house.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 3d-5th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 April 4, Thursday: A Virginia state convention voted 80-45 against a referendum on secession.

**US CIVIL WAR**

Perpetuum mobile, op.257, a musical joke by Johann Baptist Strauss II, was performed for the initial time, in Schwender’s Colosseum, Vienna.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

My foot feels easy.  
I have it tied to a shingle so as not to move the toes.




**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 3d-5th]** [Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

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 April 5, Friday: Federal forces abandoned Ft. Quitman in Texas. (The fort, which is now at the border between Mexico and the United States of America, had been named after Major General John A. Quitman of our previous war on Mexico. 2d Lieutenant Zenas Bliss marched the 20 soldiers of this garrison to San Antonio with other federal troops who were evacuating from West Texas, and trusted that they would be put on ships and sent to the North — instead they would all be detained in the South as prisoners of war.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 3d-5th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL


 April 6, Saturday: Incidental music to Shakespeare's play *The Tempest* by Arthur Sullivan was performed for the 1st time, directed by the composer at a graduation concert for the Leipzig Conservatory.

Ya-Mein-Herr, cacophonie de l'Avenue, a spoof on [Richard Wagner's Tannhäuser](#), opened at the Variétés, Paris.

[Henry Thoreau](#) mentioned in his journal that he was studying in [Lorin Blodget's CLIMATOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THE TEMPERATE LATITUDES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. EMBRACING A FULL COMPARISON OF THESE WITH THE CLIMATOLOGY OF THE TEMPERATE LATITUDES OF EUROPE AND ASIA. AND ESPECIALLY IN REGARD TO AGRICULTURE, SANITARY INVESTIGATIONS, AND ENGINEERING. WITH ISOTHERMAL AND RAIN CHARTS FOR EACH SEASON, THE EXTREME MONTHS, AND THE YEAR. INCLUDING A SUMMARY OF THE STATISTICS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, CONDENSED FROM RECENT SCIENTIFIC AND OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS. \(Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1857\).](#)<sup>59</sup>

*[On March 30] he walked down to the river to gauge its height against "Smith's second post." A week after that, on April 6 and 7, he made his final observations on the river: "Am surprised to find the river fallen some nine inches notwithstanding the melted snow." Keeping track of river stage was a habit he couldn't break. Left behind on the bank, he noted, was a residue like "gossamer."*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 221




April 6. Am surprised to find the river fallen some nine inches notwithstanding the melted snow. But I read in [Blodget](#) that the equivalent in water is about one tenth. Say one ninth in this case, and you have one and one third inches, and this falling on an unfrozen surface, the river at the same time falling from a height, shows why it was no more retarded (far from being absolutely raised). There is now scarcely a button-ball to be seen on Moore's tree, where there were many a month ago or more. The balls have not fallen entire, but been decomposed and the seed dispersed gradually, leaving long, stringy stems and their cores dangling still. It is the storms of February and March that disperse them. The (are they cinnamon?) sparrows [[Fox Sparrow Passerella iliaca](#)] are the finest singers I have heard yet,

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59. His notes are in his 2d Commonplace Book.



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

especially in Monroe's garden, where I see no tree sparrows. Similar but more prolonged and remarkable and loud.

 April 7, Sunday: When P.G.T. Beauregard ordered that all transports to Fort Sumter be cut off, by ending the federal fort's supplies of fresh food, he placed the fort essentially in a state of siege.

Wales took its 1861 Census. All house reports were to indicate what individuals had spent this night at that location. Those traveling or living abroad were to be enumerated per the location at which they had spent this night.




April 7. Round the two-mile square.

I see where the common great tufted sedge (*Carex stricta*) has started under the water on the meadows, now fast falling. The white maple at the bridge not quite out. See a water-bug and a frog. Hylas are heard to-day.

I see where the meadow flood has gone down in a bay on the southeast side of the meadow, whither the foam had been driven. A delicate scum now left an inch high on the grass. It is a dirty white, yet silvery, and as thin as the thinnest foil, often unbroken and apparently air-tight for two or three inches across and almost as light as gossamer. What is the material? It is a kind of paper, but far more delicate than man makes.

Saw in a roadside gutter at [Simon Brown's](#) barn a bird like the solitary tattler, with a long bill, which at length flew off to the river. But it may have been a small species of snipe.

 April 8, Monday: In Warsaw, when Russian troops fired on street demonstrators, several hundred were killed although the official tally added up to only 10.

Lord Lyons, in a despatch to Lord John Russell, wrote that "When I despatched the requisition for the surrender, to Canada, I was not aware that [John Anderson](#) had been a slave, or that there were any peculiar circumstances in the case."



April 8, Monday. Examine the pitch pines, which have been much gnawed or barked this snowy winter. The marks on them show the fine teeth of the mouse, and they are also nicked as with a sharp knife.



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1860-1861

At the base of each, also, is a quantity of the mice droppings. It is probably the white-footed mouse.



April 9, Tuesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

We raised Jones' blacksmith shop. Thorne helped. With my lame foot, I could only give instructions. Bean came up from Junction and says Lane and Pomeroy are Senators. Says corn meal, beans, potatoes and old clothes elected Pomeroy. Brought a man to set up the mill.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Parker Pillsbury](#) of the Anti-Slavery Office, with a request that he provide a copy of each of his books

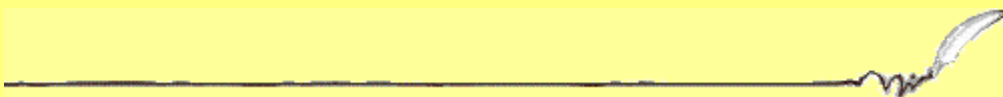
The Massachusetts Legislature suspended the teardown of the [Billerica dam](#) and required that the matter once again be studied.



*Approximately one year before he died, Thoreau had a good laugh about the practice of law in general and water law in particular. "I hear the Judge Minott of Haverhill once told a client, by way of warning, that two millers who owned mills on the same stream went to law about a dam, and at the end of the lawsuit one lawyer owned one mill and the other the other." This black humor from the April 11, 1861 entry in his journal nicely summarized the final result of the [flowage](#) controversy. When the gavel came down in the General Court at Boston on April 25, 1862, the result was a big fat zero, except for three years' worth of gainful employment for the attorneys on opposite sides, and for those within the legislature.*

*After more than 1,100 days of meetings, hearings, experiments, and writing sessions coordinated by half a dozen government-funded committees and commissions, the final result looped back to where it all started. The last of four legislative acts repealed the first. First came the act to appoint a Joint Committee to study the situation ([April 1, 1859](#)). Next, based on that study, came the act to tear down the [Billerica dam](#) ([September 1, 1860](#)). After that came the act to suspend the teardown and study the matter once again ([April 9, 1861](#)). Finally came the act to repeal the initial act, which brought everything back to the beginning ([April 25, 1862](#)). All of this time and money, especially during preparations for Civil War, could have been saved by asking one local genius to weigh in. Of course, Thoreau would not have rendered the Solomon-like judgment that the law so craves. Rather, after eighteen months of river investigations, he had become convinced that the entire watershed of Musketaquid above its natural outlet was behaving as one big coherent system within which humans were pervasive and ubiquitous players.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 231





**1860-1861**

**1860-1861**

{No MS—from manuscript catalog}

*A friend of mine away in New York, wishes very much a copy of each of your "Memoirs"—"In the Woods" and "On the Rivers". . . . Can you & will you cause a copy of each to meet me at the Anti-Slavery Office.*

1860-1861

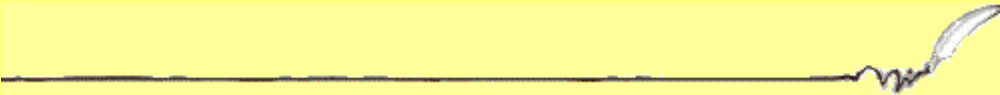
1860-1861

Thoreau's last day as a boatman coincided with a day of victory for the industrialists. On April 9 he described "worm piles in grass at Clamshell," a place that was far easier for someone in his weakened condition to access by boat than by foot. On that same day, the Act to Suspend "An Act in Relation to the Flowage of the Meadows on Concord and Sudbury Rivers" cleared the desk of Governor [John Albion] Andrew. It stipulated that the previous law was suspended until at least May 1, 1862. It also appointed an official commission to conduct a new round of experiments at the Billerica dam, the fourth since the controversy began. The act mandated that the commission consist of "three suitable and competent persons, two of whom shall be civil engineers, experienced in the management and operation of water." The results of those experiments were to be reported to the governor by January 1, 1862.

The language of this legislative act sealed the river's fate. Asking a majority of politically connected engineers allied with the hydropower industry to decide whether a perfectly good hydropower dam should be torn down is like asking oil executives to abandon a profitable petroleum reserve. Or like asking the fox to guard the henhouse. Would the decision have turned out differently if the law had mandated a committee of three agriculturalists experienced with soils? Or three naturalists experienced with meadows?

Whether knowing or not, this legislation stacked the deck to ensure that the industrial lobby got the cards it wanted. Chairing the special committee was Charles S[torer] Storrow (1809-1904), arguably the most prominent engineer in the region after James B. Francis, the respondents' chief consultant. Storrow, a Harvard graduate, learned his waterworks from the French School, attending the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées in Paris. The second engineer on the committee was Joel Herbert Shedd (1834-1915), a politically connected professional colleague. The third member of the commission was the attorney Daniel Wells Alvord (1816-1871), a former state senator from Greenfield, a graduate of Cambridge School of law (related to Harvard Law School), and an appointed district attorney for western Massachusetts....

– Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, page 221



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...  
 All three had conflicts of interest. The chairman of the commission, Storrow, was a wealthy textile-mill capitalist in the same business as the respondents, Talbot and Faulkner. After returning from France, he joined with six other hydropower industrialists to incorporate the Essex Company in 1845. Nearly from scratch they built a "New City on the Merrimack," later named Lawrence after one of the wealthiest stockholders. That city's economy was utterly tied to the Great Stone Dam across the Merrimack River. With a height of 35 feet and a length of 900 feet, it was the largest dam in the world at the time, and is now recognized as one of the great engineering feats of the Nineteenth century. Storrow was its chief project engineer. With his appointment to the 1861 engineering committee, Governor Andrew was asking the builder of the world's largest factory dam to decide whether the lowly factory dam at Billerica was too big. The second engineer, Herbert Shedd, was linked to the respondents' consultant James Francis through their co-leadership of the American Society of Civil Engineers. The society's transactions also document Shedd's previous paid experience with the Assabet and Sudbury Rivers and his work for the City of Boston's water supply at Lake Cochituate, which required construction of the compensating reservoirs. Additionally, someone with the surname of Shedd was paid to supervise the field operations of the 1861 experiments, suggesting nepotism. The other appointed member, Daniel Alvord, was something of a third wheel to the mandated majority of engineers. As a state district attorney, pleasing the governor was part of his job description. Oddly, he, rather than Storrow, is credited as first author of the commission's REPORT OF EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONCORD AND SUDBURY RIVERS IN THE YEAR 1861. Was the writing mainly his?

The American civil war began on April 12, 1861, with the shelling of Fort Sumter by Confederate troops. At the time, John Shepard Keyes wrote that "the Legislature ... was in a bad way" and that Gov. Andrew "was very busy equipping the militia with overcoats and corresponding and advising in every direction." Despite his concerted lobbying efforts to gain "some relief for the river meadow case," Keyes saw his attempts go nowhere. Understandably, a three-year-old investigation of wet meadows fell rather low on the list of government priorities.

- [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 222



April 9. Small reddish butterflies common; also, on snow banks, many of the small fuzzy gnats and cicindelæ and some large black dor-bug-like beetles. The two latter are easily detected from a distance on the snow.

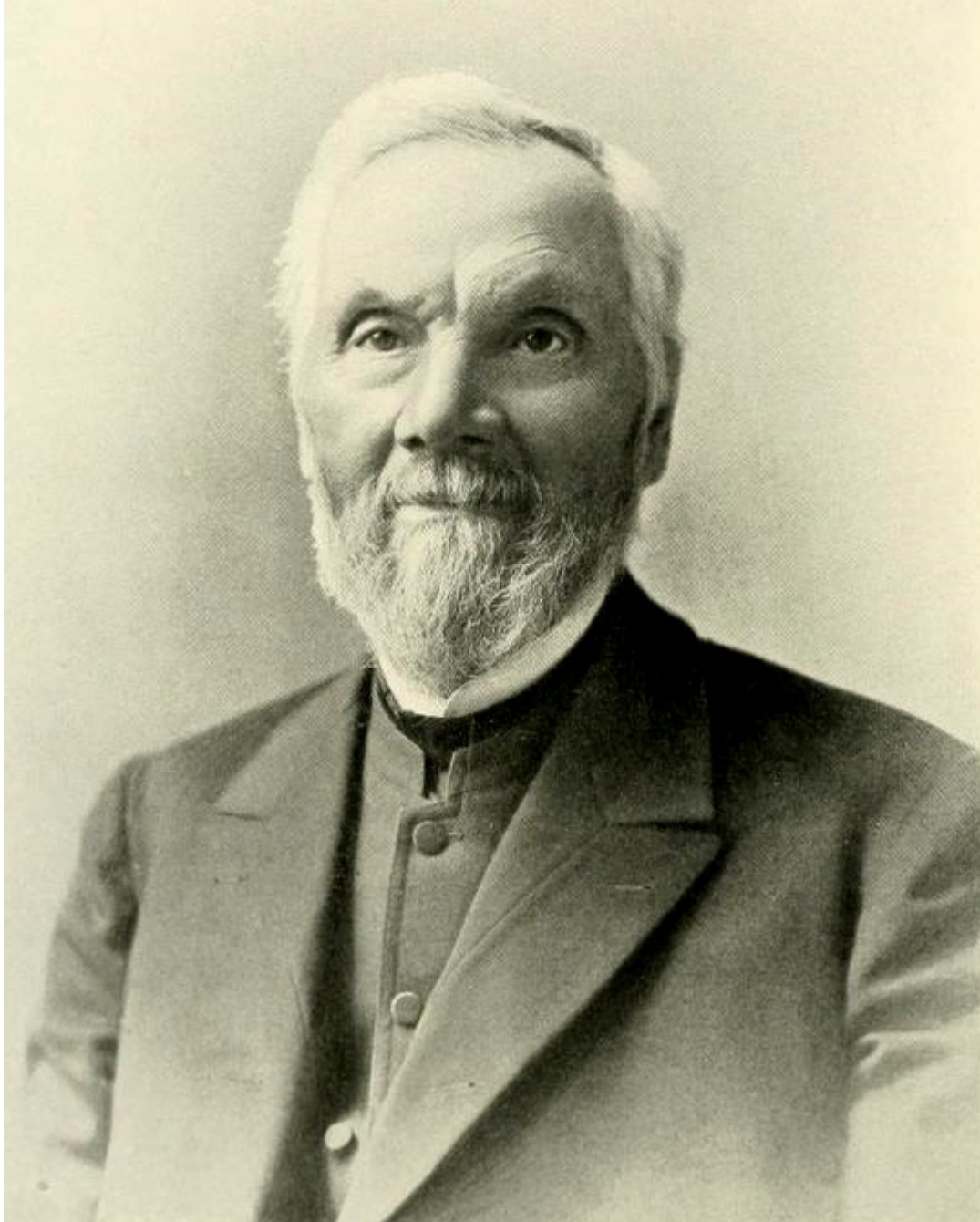
The phœbe note of chickadee.

White frosts these mornings.

Worm-piles in grass at Clamshell.

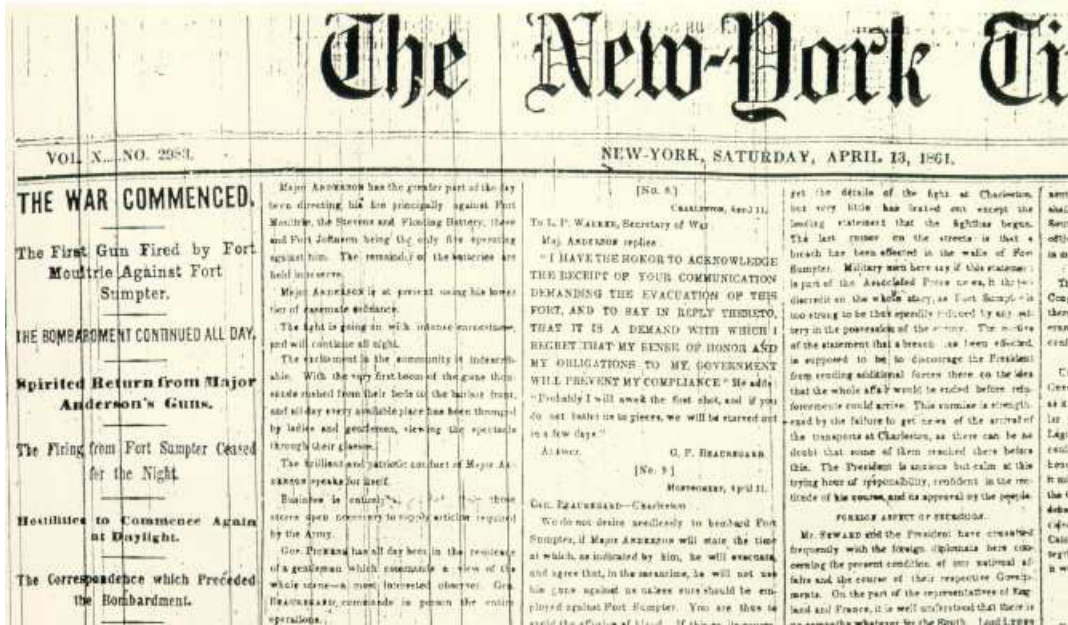
[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1860-1861****1860-1861**

April 10, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Parker Pillsbury](#), sending along a copy of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) per their request but indicating that for [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) the Anti-Slavery Office will need to go to [Ticknor & Fields](#).



A macarism from this letter: “[Ignoring evil, in general, and, specifically, ignoring the fighting that was going on at [Fort Sumter](#), and ignoring the attitudes of President [Abraham Lincoln](#) about this fighting] is just the most fatal and indeed the only fatal, weapon you can direct against evil, ever.... I do not so much regret the present condition of things in this country (provided I regret it at all) as I do that I ever heard of it.... Blessed were the days before you read a president’s message. Blessed are they who never read a newspaper, for they shall see

Nature, and through her, God.”



US CIVIL WAR

Concord Ap. 10<sup>th</sup>  
 1861  
 Friend Pillsbury,  
 I am sorry to say that I have not a copy of "Walden" which I can spare, and know of none, unless, possibly, Ticknor & Fields have one. I send, nevertheless, a copy of the "Week", the price of which is \$1.25 which you can pay at your convenience.  
 As for my prospective reader, I hope that he ignores Fort Sumpter, & Old Abe, & all that, for that is just the most fatal, and indeed the only fatal, weapon you can direct against evil ever; for as long as you know of it, you are particeps criminis. What business have you, if you are "an angel of light," to be pondering over the deeds of darkness, — reading the New York Herald, & the like? I do not so much regret the present condition of things in this country, (provided I regret it at all) as I do that I ever heard of it. I know one or 2 who have this year, for the first time, read a president's message; but they do not see that this implies a fall in themselves, rather than a rise in the president. Blessed were the days before you read a president's message. Blessed are the young for they do not read the president's message.  
 Blessed are they who never read a newspaper, for they shall see Nature, and through her, God.  
 But alas I have heard of Sumpter, & Pickens, & even of Buchanan, (though I did not read his message).  
 I also read the New York Tribune, but then I am reading Herodotus & Strabo, & Blodget's Climatology, and Six Years in the Deserts of North America, as hard as I can, to counterbalance it.  
 By the way, Alcott is at present our most popular & successful man, and has just published a volume in size, in the shape of the annual school report, which, I presume, he has sent to you.  
 Yrs, for remembering all good things,

STRABO  
 BLODGET

1860-1861

1860-1861

*Henry D. Thoreau*

SEVEN YEARS RESIDENCE, I

SEVEN YEARS RESIDENCE, II

Finland received a constitution from Russia.

Arthur Sullivan received a diploma from Leipzig Conservatory (soon he would return home).

At the Stockholm Court Theater, Bedrich Smetana debuted before the King of Sweden.

By act of the Massachusetts General Court (that is to say, of the state legislature), the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was incorporated.



April 10. Purple finch.



April 11, Thursday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Phillips' team arrived with the mill fixtures.





1860-1861

1860-1861

In [Charleston](#), South Carolina, Roger A. Pryor has been appointed in P.G.T. Beauregard's staff. Beauregard, at 2 o'clock, demanded the surrender of [Fort Sumter](#), which Major Anderson declined probably with a reservation. It was currently reported that negotiation would be opened to-morrow between Anderson and Beauregard about the surrender of Sumter.

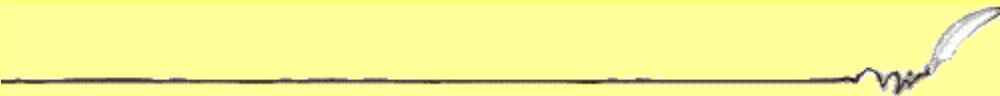
Intercepted dispatches disclosed the fact that Mr. Fox, who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson on the pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed his opportunity to devise a plan for supplying Fort Sumter by force, and that this plan had been adopted by the Washington government and was in progress of execution.

US CIVIL WAR

*Approximately one year before he died, Thoreau had a good laugh about the practice of law in general and water law in particular. "I hear the Judge Minott of Haverhill once told a client, by way of warning, that two millers who owned mills on the same stream went to law about a dam, and at the end of the lawsuit one lawyer owned one mill and the other the other." This black humor from the April 11, 1861 entry in his journal nicely summarized the final result of the [flowage](#) controversy. When the gavel came down in the General Court at Boston on April 25, 1862, the result was a big fat zero, except for three years' worth of gainful employment for the attorneys on opposite sides, and for those within the legislature.*

*After more than 1,100 days of meetings, hearings, experiments, and writing sessions coordinated by half a dozen government-funded committees and commissions, the final result looped back to where it all started. The last of four legislative acts repealed the first. First came the act to appoint a Joint Committee to study the situation ([April 1, 1859](#)). Next, based on that study, came the act to tear down the [Billerica dam](#) ([September 1, 1860](#)). After that came the act to suspend the teardown and study the matter once again ([April 9, 1861](#)). Finally came the act to repeal the initial act, which brought everything back to the beginning ([April 25, 1862](#)). All of this time and money, especially during preparations for Civil War, could have been saved by asking one local genius to weigh in. Of course, Thoreau would not have rendered the Solomon-like judgment that the law so craves. Rather, after eighteen months of river investigations, he had become convinced that the entire watershed of Musketaquid above its natural outlet was behaving as one big coherent system within which humans were pervasive and ubiquitous players.*

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 231





1860-1861

1860-1861

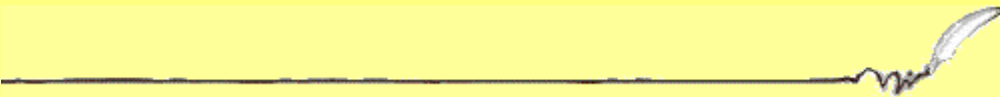
In consideration of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal entry on this day, with its joke about dams and the law, I will arbitrarily select this point to introject that in the previous year an anonymous pamphlet had been issued in regard to the [Billerica dam](#) across the outlet of the [Concord River](#) and [Sudbury River](#) into the Merrimack River, and in this year a response pamphlet had been issued. The 18-page 1860 pamphlet had been entitled "[Statement to the Public in Reference to the Act of the Legislature to Remove the Dam across the Concord River at Billerica](#)" (Lowell: Stone and Huse Book Printers) and the 16-page 1861 response pamphlet was therefore entitled "[Reply to the statement to the public in reference to the act of Legislature to remove the dam across the Concord River at Billerica](#)" (Boston: G.C. Rand & Avery). It is the 1860 pamphlet that we find among the River Meadow Association papers of [Thoreau](#).

*By November 1860 the temporary injunction to stop the [Billerica dam](#) teardown had been "dissolved" by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. The original ruling that "authorized the commissioners to lower the dam thirty three inches" was declared "valid and constitutional." The successful legal argument invoked an "instrumental" conception of the law that had previously long been used to favor industry. Agricultural leaders hailed the decision as a final vindication, and once again the appointed commissioners began their plans to tear the dam down.*

*And once again the factory owners fought back. Having been overruled by the highest court of the Commonwealth, they changed tactics and sought a political solution: sending out a clarion call to their employees, their families, and the towns they all paid taxes to, making their case for the repeal of the state law. Handbills, miscellaneous propaganda, newspaper advertisements, and the rumor mill became instruments in a campaign of disinformation claiming that the surveyed profiles were inaccurate.*

*In Thoreau's personal papers is a "Statement to the Public" published in Lowell in 1860, a propaganda pamphlet insisting that the dam be left standing. Cleverly, it asked not for an "unconditional repeal" but for an act "authorizing the appointment of commissioners" to "ascertain by actual experiment the effect produced on the meadows by the drawing down of the river at the dam." Scientifically, this was nothing new. Drawdown experiments based on surveyed river profiles were integral parts of the 1822, 1834, and 1859 studies. Advocates of repeal turned the issue into a debate between jobs and the environment that reads like a harbinger of modern political debates.... Specifically, they asked "members of the Legislature of 1861 to consider" keeping the dam for the sake of "the interests of their constituents, the tax-paying citizens of the Commonwealth," and asked them "to act discreetly and justly." Intense lobbying commenced.*

*— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 219*





1860-18



1860-1861

April 11. Going to law. I hear that Judge Minott of Haverhill once told a client, by way of warning, that two millers who owned mills on the same stream went to law about a dam, and at the end of the lawsuit one lawyer owned one mill and the other the other.



April 12, Friday: Federal troops were disembarking at Fort Pickens in Pensacola Bay.

In [Charleston](#) harbor, [Fort Sumter](#) was bombarded (beginning of war between Confederacy and Union).

At 4:30AM P.G.T. Beauregard ordered his Confederate artillery initiated a half-hearted bombardment, of the federal garrison of Fort Sumter in [Charleston](#) harbor, the guns of which pointed toward the sea, away from the city. Our nation went on a furlough, a 5-year holiday from religion and from morality. We had ourselves a state of exception, a festival in which all the codes were inverted: "Thou shalt kill." "Thou shalt steal." "Thou shalt bear false witness." "Resist evil with the utmost of your power." "Return not good for evil, but for evil return greater evil." And let the better group win, let the more powerful group prove that the God of right and of righteousness had been on their side. It was our *jubilum* in which slaves of decency liberated themselves.

[Go to Jubilee](#)

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

The Ball has opened. War is inaugurated. The batteries of Sullivan's Island, Morris Island and other points were opened on Fort Sumter at 4PM this morning. Fort Sumter returned the cannon fire, and a brisk cannonading has been kept up. No information has been received from the seaboard yet. The military are under arms and the whole of our people are in the streets, and every available space facing the harbor is filled with anxious spectators.

In New-York, the Herald's special correspondent said Fort Moultrie had begun the bombardment with 2 guns, to which Major Anderson had replied with 3 shots from his barbette guns, after which the batteries at Mount Pleasant, Cumming's Point, and the floating batteries opened a brisk fire of shot and shell.

Major Anderson replied only at long intervals until between 7PM and 8PM when he opened from 2 tiers of guns looking toward Fort Moultrie and Stevens' Battery, but at 3AM had failed to produce serious effect. During the greater part of the day Anderson directed his shots principally against Fort Moultrie, the Stevens and floating battery, and Fort Johnson, they being the only ones operating against him. 15 or 18 shots struck the floating battery without effect, breaches to all appearance being made in the sides of Fort Sumter exposed to the fire.

Portions of the parapets were destroyed and several guns shot away. The shelling would continue all night. The fort might readily be carried by storm. It was reported that the *Harriet Lane* received a shot through her wheel head. She was in the affray. no active government ships being in sight.

Confederate troops were pouring into the city by the thousands.

(Special Dispatch-Charleston) The firing has continued all day without intermission. Two of Fort Sumter's guns have been silenced and it is reported that a breach has been made in the south east wall. The answer to Gen. Beauregard's demand by Maj. Anderson was that he would surrender when his supplies were exhausted — that is if he was not reinforced. Not a casualty has yet happened to any of the forces. Of the 19 batteries in operation only seven have opened fire on Ft. Sumter.

The remainder are held in reserve for the expected fleet. 2,000 men reached this city this morning, and embarked for Morris Island and the neighborhood.

(New-York) Among the passengers in the North Star, from Cal., was G.D. Wade Esq., and family, of Cleveland. We understand that Mr. Wade came as the representative of the Western Union

Telegraph Company. He was entirely successful in perfecting arrangements on the Pacific side for the immediate completion of the telegraph line from San Francisco to Salt Lake.

(New Orleans) Dispatches received here from the War Department at Montgomery to hold the Kentucky

HDT

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1860-1861

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1860-1861

1860-1861


Volunteer Regiment in readiness to march at a moments notice.  
(Charleston) The bombardment continued from the floating battery, Stevens and other batteries.  
Sumter continues returning the fire.  
It is reported that three war vessels are now off the bar.  
The firing has ceased for the night to be renewed early in the morning. ample arrangements are made to prevent reinforcements to-night.  
(Special to Herald) Two men were wounded on Sullivan's Island and number struck by spent projectiles.  
Three ships are visible in the offing.  
It is believed an attempt will be made to-night to reinforce Sumter from the regularity offering throughout.  
Anderson has a larger force than was supposed. It has rained all day.  
(Charleston) Later-bombardment is continuing, with mortars, and will be kept up all night. It is supposed Anderson is resting his men for night. Vessels cannot get in as a storm is raging and the sea rough, making it impossible to expect reinforcement to-night.  
The floating battery works well.

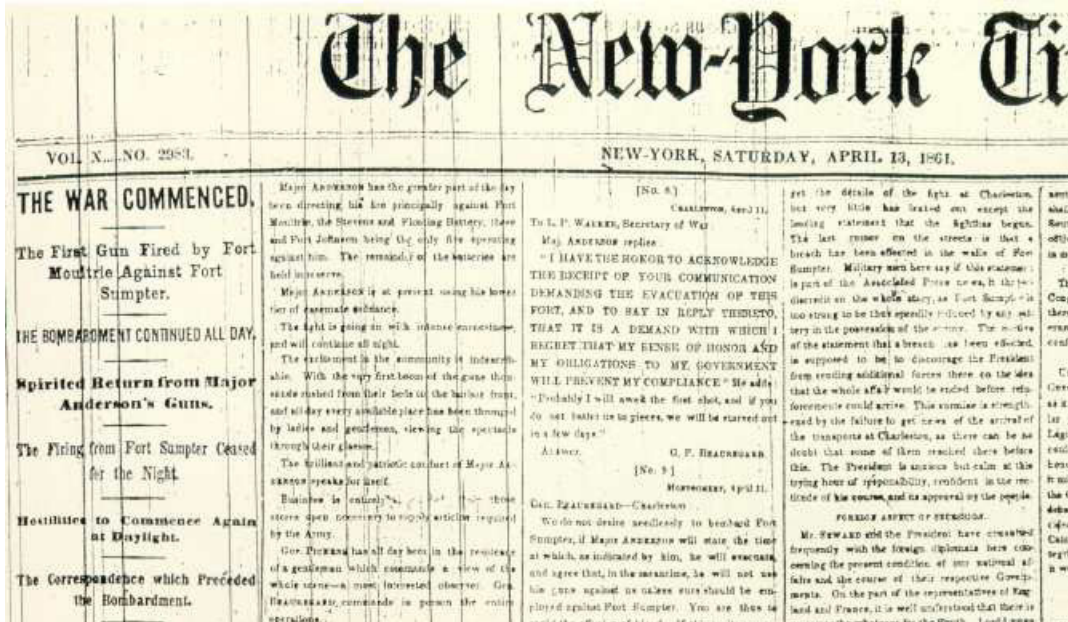


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 12th]

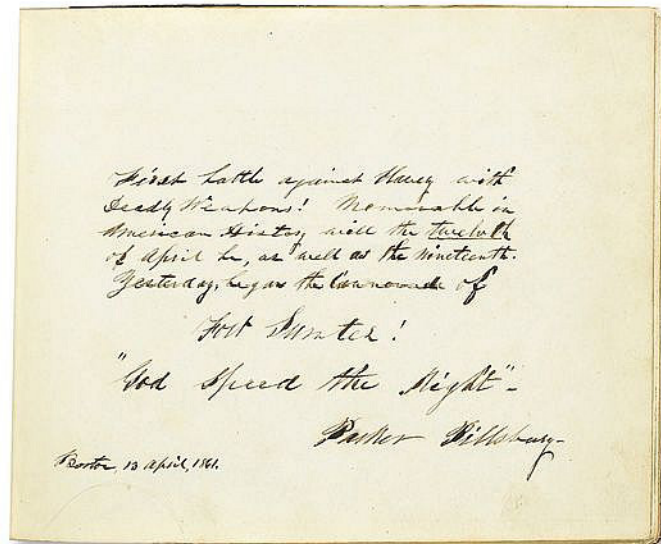
[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

 April 13, Saturday: As Fort Sumter was surrendering to [Charleston](#) Confederate forces, news of its bombardment began to reach the cities of the North:



In Boston, in order to generate an autograph, [Parker Pillsbury](#) summoned the following sentiment: “First battle against slavery with deadly weapons! Memorable in American history will the twelfth of April be, as well as the nineteenth. Yesterday began the cannonade of Fort Sumter! ‘God speed the night.’ — Parker Pillsbury — Boston 13 April 1861.”





1860-1861

1860-1861

[Walt Whitman](#) reported from New-York that:

## “Specimen Days”

### OPENING OF THE SECESSION WAR

News of the attack on fort Sumter and **the flag** at Charleston harbor, S.C., was receiv'd in New York city late at night (13th April, 1861,) and was immediately sent out in extras of the newspapers. I had been to the opera in Fourteenth street that night, and after the performance was walking down Broadway toward twelve o'clock, on my way to Brooklyn, when I heard in the distance the loud cries of the newsboys, who came presently tearing and yelling up the street, rushing from side to side even more furiously than usual. I bought an extra and cross'd to the Metropolitan hotel (Niblo's) where the great lamps were still brightly blazing, and, with a crowd of others, who gather'd impromptu, read the news, which was evidently authentic. For the benefit of some who had no papers, one of us read the telegram aloud, while all listen'd silently and attentively. No remark was made by any of the crowd, which had increas'd to thirty or forty, but all stood a minute or two, I remember, before they dispers'd. I can almost see them there now, under the lamps at midnight again.

That evening [Whitman](#) would recall that “News of the attack on fort Sumter and **the flag** at [Charleston](#) harbor, S.C., was receiv'd in New York city late at night (13th April, 1861) and was immediately sent out in extras of the newspapers. I had been to the opera in Fourteenth street that night, and after the performance was walking down Broadway toward twelve o'clock, on my way to Brooklyn, when I heard in the distance the loud cries of the newsboys.” (He had been hearing Clara Louisa Kellogg sing the title role of *Linda di Chamounix*.)

(Charleston) The cannonading is going on fiercely from all points, and from the vessels outside and all along our coast.

It is reported that Fort Sumter is on fire!

10:30 A.M: At intervals of twenty minutes firing was kept up all night on Ft. Sumter. Maj. Anderson ceased firing from Ft. Sumter in the evening. All night he was engaged in repairing damages and protecting the barbette guns. He commenced to return the fire at 7 o'clock this morning. Ft. Sumter seems to be greatly disabled. The battery on Cumming's Point does Fort Sumter great damage.

At 9 o'clock this morning a dense smoke poured out from Ft. Sumter.

The federal flag is at half mast signaling distress.

The shells from Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Morris Island fall into Maj. Anderson's stronghold thick and fast, and they can be seen in their course from the Charleston Battery.

1 1/2 o'clock- Firing ceased. Unconditional surrender made. Carolinians are surprised the fight is over.

After flag staff was shot away, Wigfall was sent by Beauregard to Sumter with white flag, to offer assistance to subdue the flames. He was meet by Anderson, who had just displayed a white flag.

But batteries had not stopped firing.

Wigfall replied: Anderson must haul down the American flag, and surrender, or fight was the word. Anderson then hauled the flag down. Several of Beauregard's staff came over and stipulated that the surrender must be unconditional. Anderson allowed them to take actual possession.

Five of Anderson's men wounded one thought mortally.

At 2:30PM Fort Sumter did surrender, wherupon a boat and 10 men were sent from ships of war outside to Morris' Island requesting permission for a vessel to take off Anderson's command. Anderson's reported surrender was because quarters and barracks had been destroyed and they had no hope of reinforcements. Fleet lay by 30 hours. Couldn't or wouldn't help him. His men were prostrated by over exertion. Explosions heard in Sumter. Everything in ruins but the casements. Many guns are dismounted, and the walls look like



1860-1861

1860-1861

honey combs. Moultrie is badly damaged. The houses on the island are riddled. Boats sent from the fort to-night officially notify the fleet of the surrender of Sumter. It is not known what will be done with Sumter or the vanquished.

(New-York) The President received the war news calmly and with a confident feeling that he had done his duty in the matter.

Senator Sherman arrived from Ohio and reports the Republicans there ready to stand by to the last. The opinion prevails that an attempt will be made before sunrise to run the light draft vessels of the fleet up to Sumter to reinforce and provision it.

Washington Tribune dispatch says Capt. Fox commands the vessel with provisions which is to lead the expedition into Charleston.

US CIVIL WAR



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 13th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



April 14, Sunday: In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Galoway got Simons to walk down to Junction with him.





1860-1861

1860-1861

Virginia troops occupied the federal customs house and post office in Richmond.

US CIVIL WAR

Daniel Hough was the first “collateral damage” due to “friendly fire” of the Civil War. While the federal troops were in the process of surrendering their Fort Sumter in the harbor of [Charleston](#), South Carolina after a token bombardment by their former compatriots in which no injuries had been sustained, they thought they would fire off a “farewell salute to the Old Glory.” But one of their cannon exploded, rendering its gunner, Daniel Hough, the initial fatality of the war between the two presidents Lincoln and Davis.<sup>60</sup> Over the next five years more than 600,000 Americans would follow Gunner Hough, after which our nation would be a much finer place and we all much finer people to live in it. On the Sunday after the surrender of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) would lead his congregation of Unitarians in Cincinnati, Ohio in the singing of the Star Spangled Banner.<sup>61</sup>

## “Specimen Days”

### NATIONAL UPRISING AND VOLUNTEERING

I have said somewhere that the three Presidentiads preceding 1861 show'd how the weakness and wickedness of rulers are just as eligible here in America under republican, as in Europe under dynastic influences. But what can I say of that prompt and splendid wrestling with secession slavery, the arch-enemy personified, the instant he unmistakably show'd his face? The volcanic upheaval of the nation, after that firing on the flag at Charleston, proved for certain something which [Page 707] had been previously in great doubt, and at once substantially settled the question of disunion. In my judgment it will remain as the grandest and most encouraging spectacle yet vouchsafed in any age, old or new, to political progress and democracy. It was not for what came to the surface merely – though that was important – but what it indicated below, which was of eternal importance. Down in the abysses of New World humanity there had form'd and harden'd a primal hard-pan of national Union will, determin'd and in the majority, refusing to be tamper'd with or argued against, confronting all emergencies, and capable at any time of bursting all surface bonds, and breaking out like an earthquake. It is, indeed, the best lesson of the century, or of America, and it is a mighty privilege to have been part of it. (Two great spectacles, immortal proofs of democracy, unequall'd in all the history of the past, are furnish'd by the secession war – one at the beginning, the other at its close. Those are, the general, voluntary, arm'd upheaval, and the peaceful and harmonious disbanding of the armies in the summer of 1865.)

A Presidential proclamation:

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60. Since the guns at Fort Sumter pointed out to sea, this defense structure was of marginal value as a military asset in any attack upon the South. Fundamentally, the two military presences in Charleston harbor were playing a mere game of “King of the Hill” with each other. This was an object lesson in how military commanders can utilize provocations and maneuvers to preempt national political policy.

61. This was an object lesson in how Protestant churches can flip-flop from religious peace in times of national peace to religious war in times of national war, an object lesson which is of incalculable assistance to us in comprehending what happened in Protestant churches in Germany under the Third Reich.



1860-1861

1860-1861

Washington, April 14

“Whereas, laws of the United states have been and now are opposed in several States by combinations too powerful to be suppressed in the ordinary way, I therefore call forth the Militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate No. of 75,000 men, to suppress said combination and execute the laws. I appeal to all loyal citizens to facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the laws, the integrity of the National union, and the perpetuity of the popular government; and redress wrongs long enough endured.

The first service assigned forces will probably be to repossess forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union.

The utmost care will be taken consistent with the object, against the devastation, destruction or interference with property of peaceable citizens in any part of the country and I hereby command persons composing the aforesaid combination to disperse within twenty days.

I hereby convene both Houses of Congress for the 4th of July next to determine upon measures of public safety, as the occasion demands.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President

By Wm. H. Seward, Sec’y of State.

(Charleston) Sumter is unconditionally surrendered. The people are wild with joy. No Carolinians are hurt. Anderson and men conveyed to Morris Island under guard and reached city as guest of Beauregard. The people sympathize with Anderson but abhor those in the steamers in sight, who did not come to attempt to reinforce him. The wood-work and officers quarters at Sumter burnt.

No officers wounded. Fort Sumter taken possession of to-night.

Beauregard just goes to Sumter; also three fire companies to extinguish the fire before it reaches the magazine. Negotiations completed last night. Anderson’s command will evaporate in the morning — and embark on the vessels now off the bar.

Major Anderson and men leave to-night on the steamer *Isabel* for New York. fleet still outside.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 14th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The governor of Minnesota just happened to dropping by various offices of the new Lincoln administration in [Washington DC](#) on matters of patronage when the magnificent, liberating news of the hostilities at Fort Sumter arrived. At the time the entire standing army of the United States of America, the peacetime cadre exclusive of volunteer regiments and state militias, amounted only to some 16,000 men. Governor Alexander Ramsey:



...rushed to the War Department to see the secretary, Simon Cameron, an old acquaintance from Pennsylvania. As Ramsey later told the story, he "found the Secretary with his hat on and papers in his hand, about to leave his office. I said, "my business is simply as Governor of Minnesota to tender a thousand men to defend the government." "Sit down immediately," he replied, "and write the tender you have made, as I am no on my way to the President's mansion." Ramsey wrote out the offer as requested, thus earning for Minnesota the distinction of being the first state to tender volunteer troops to preserve the Union. ... The next day Lincoln called for 75,000 three-month volunteers to suppress the insurrection "and to cause the laws to be duly executed."



April 15, Monday: President [Abraham Lincoln](#) issued a Proclamation Calling Militia and Convening Congress, asking for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion. John F. Rand of Batavia was 1st to volunteer for the Union Army.

**US CIVIL WAR**

Elizabeth Burrill Curtis was born, 1st child of [George William Curtis](#) and Anna Shaw Curtis.

[Richard Wagner](#) met the Grand Duke of Baden in Karlsruhe. The two made plans to mount *Tristan und Isolde* in September (this would come to naught).

[Margaret Mitchell](#)'s 1936 novel [GONE WITH THE WIND](#) opens on this day at the plantation of Gerald O'Hara, an Irish immigrant who has become successful as a planter, and his wife Ellen Robillard O'Hara, who hails from a coastal aristocratic family of French descent. The white people in the "Tara" plantation house are discussing the prospect of a sectional Civil War between Northern states and Southern states. A 16-year-old daughter, Scarlett O'Hara, although not exactly beautiful, is able to get herself noticed to men.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 15th]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



April 16, Tuesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

My foot pained me all day. Probably because of too severe exercise yesterday. Thomas White came in with another wagon of mill fixtures. (Fixtures for Col. Phillips old sawmill).

1860-1861

1860-1861



April 16. Horace Mann says that he killed a bullfrog in Walden Pond which had swallowed and contained a common striped snake which measured one foot and eight inches in length.

Says he saw two blue herons (?) go over a fortnight ago.

He brought me some days ago the contents of a stakedriver's stomach or crop. It is apparently a perch (?), some seven inches long originally, with three or four pebble-shaped, compact masses of the fur of some very small quadruped, as a meadow mouse, some one fourth inch thick by three fourths in diameter, also several wing-cases of black beetles such as I see on the meadow flood.

He brought me also some time ago the contents of a black duck's crop (killed at Goose Pond),—green gobbets of fine grass (?) or weeds (?), apparently from the bottom of the pond (just then begun to spring up), but I have not yet examined these out of the bottle.



April 17, Wednesday: When the garrison at Fort Sumter surrendered, [Rhode Island](#) called for 90-day enlistments in the Union army and [Robert S. Brownell](#), who was a member of a club called the “Mechanics’ Rifles,” signed up with Company 11, 1st Rhode Island Infantry, a company of sharpshooters.

**US CIVIL WAR**

On this day the legislature of the sovereign state of Virginia, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, voted 88-55 in favor of an Ordinance of [Secession](#) from the federal union centered in [Washington DC](#) (that is to say, without hyperbole, that the Virginia Secession Convention approved the wording of a referendum of secession and called for a popular vote on May 23d to approve it).

The above hyperbole is of course a cold joke, a cold joke based on a reputation that Virginia has acquired, as the state where everyone knows the difference between Virginia and West Virginia. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That’s merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn’t known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere “stalking horse.” All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because



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the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn't ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man's chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn't matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind ("Who, lil' ol' me?").

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices –such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform– but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.

HDT

WHAT?

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 17th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

**WAR!**  
**WAR! WAR!**

The Freemen of Old Concord will meet

AT THE

**TOWN HALL,**

**On Friday Evening, April 19th,**

AT 7 1-2 O'CLOCK,

to take measures to fill up the ranks and strengthen the arms of

**THE CONCORD ARTILLERY COMPANY,**

that they may go forth to fight our country's battles as our fathers did in '75.

**Come one! Come all!! From the farm and the workshop, the counting room and the office, and show by our action that we are not degenerate sons of brave sires.**

CONCORD, April 17, 1861.

➡ April 18, Thursday: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#), angered by the disbanding of his army, came through cheering streets to the Italian Parliament in Turin. He entered by a side door (just as the government was explaining its decision to disband his army) and after five minutes of cheering he took the oath as a deputy and was seated. Count Cavour and Garibaldi then took part in a fractious, personal debate.

Pierre Paul Broca presented the findings of an autopsy he had performed on the previous day to the Anthropological Society of Paris. He offered that the reason the patient could not speak was due to softening of the tissue in a particular area of the brain. This suggested to him that different physical areas of the brain must be governing different functions.

The temple scene from a projected opera by Modest Musorgsky to Ozerov's (after Sophocles) play Oedipus in Athens was performed for the initial time, at the Mariinsky Theater of St. Petersburg.

In a machine shop connected with the silk mill in [Florence](#), Massachusetts, Edwin Thwing got his clothes caught "through carelessness" on the shafting that carried the mill power to the work machinery. "He was whirled around the shaft with great rapidity, death coming in a few seconds."


TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

(There is no comment in the record about safety shields on the power equipment, and I suppose the attitude at the time must have been that workmen were supposed to be careful to protect themselves against injury — and if they should neglect so to do it would be nobody's fault but their own.)

Federal troops set the US Arsenal at Harpers Ferry afire to prevent it from falling into the hands of secessionists (the Confederates would nonetheless be able to seize valuable military supplies as they occupied Harpers Ferry).

Maria Mason Tabb Hubard wrote in her [diary](#):<sup>62</sup>

*The day it was proclaimed publicly that Virginia has seceded from the Union of the United States, and had become a Sovereign and independent State!!! This day was also the anniversary of April 18th 1859, to me the most memorable day because it was the most miserable one of my whole existence! May God in mercy grant it may never be repeated to me.*



US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

William Bean came from Manhattan with fifteen bushels of charity

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62. I presently have no clue what had rendered April 18, 1859 the most miserable day of Mrs. Hubard's existence. What follows would be mere speculation based on the fact that although this family produced a total of six babies only three of the children are on record, but — would this "April 18, 1859" have been when the family lost those other three, in some sort of unrecorded epidemic?

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wheat.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 18th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



April 19, Friday: President [Abraham Lincoln](#) issued a Proclamation of Blockade against Southern ports, and the 1st blood of civil warfare was shed.

**US CIVIL WAR**

**WAR!**  
**WAR! WAR!**

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CONCORD, April 17, 1861.

**US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS**





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 April 19, Friday: The Pratt Street Riot in Baltimore, Maryland.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Bishop brings report that the North and South are concentrating their forces near Charleston, North [sic] Carolina.

On this “sacred date” of American independence, couriers rode along the route followed by [Paul Revere](#) in 1775 calling out regiments for a new war, and there was “the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon and the assembling of soldiers, as brave, true and prompt as those of olden times.”<sup>63</sup>

On this “sacred date” of American independence, as a detachment of four companies, C, D, I, and L, under Captain Albert S. Follansbee, of the [6th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia \(Infantry\)](#), and the brigade band of Lowell, Massachusetts, was passing through [Baltimore](#), Maryland in its new blue uniforms on the way toward Fort Monroe in Virginia to defend for 3 months the nation’s capital, [Washington DC](#), it was attacked by a [secessionist mob of local citizens](#). The commanding officer ordered “Men file out. March as close as you possibly can. Fire on no man unless compelled.” The rioters were throwing stuff and shouting their support of the South, of Jefferson Davis, of secession from the union, and of South Carolina. The soldiers were soon firing indiscriminately into the crowd. The rioters had but did not use a cannon. The result of a march through city streets of a mile and a half was that 4 soldiers were killed and 36 wounded (I have been unable to determine the number of rioters the soldiers wounded, but 12 were killed). [Private Luther Crawford Ladd](#) was the 1st to be struck down, killed at the age of 17 when a bullet opened an artery in his thigh and he bled out, but Privates Addison Whitney and Charles Taylor, and Corporal Sumner Needham, were also fatalities. At the Chicago Public Library, filed under American Civil War Documents, Part 1, Series 18, #72.1018, is a poem written by [Richard Realf](#), “Apocalypse” (on the verso of the 1st page are 8 lines of an unknown poem and the last 14 lines of “Mollie” in Realf’s hand, signed but undated). This poem celebrates “[Private Arthur Ladd](#), 6th Regt. Mass. Vols. First Martyr in War for liberty of 1861-5. Murdered, Baltimore, Md., April 19, 1861.”<sup>64</sup>

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

## Apocalypse

Straight to his heart the bullet crushed;  
Down from his breast the red blood gushed,  
And o’er his face a glory rushed.


A sudden spasm shook his frame,  
And in his ears there went and came  
A sound as of devouring flame.

Which in a moment ceased, and then  
The great light clasped his brows again,  
So that they shone like Stephen’s when

Saul stood apart a little space  
And shook with shuddering awe to trace  
God’s splendors settling o’er his face.

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63. Pullen, Doris L. and Donald B. Cobb. THE CELEBRATION OF APRIL THE NINETEENTH FROM 1776 TO 1960 IN LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Lexington MA: Town Celebrations Committee, 1960, page 9.

64. When the [Concord](#) Soldiers’ Monument recording that “The Sons Defended What the Fathers Won” would be established in Monument Square upon a pedestal made of a stone from the abutment of the washed-away [Old North Bridge](#) 6 years later,  an orator would remind the citizenry to be indignant at this Southern outrage, since when “our 6th Regiment was attacked in the streets of [Baltimore](#), and the first blood was shed in defense of the American Union as it was, on the same day, in 1775,” that had been an injustice for “our boys were good boys” who had not been coming “with their hearts full of hatred.”



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Thus, like a king, erect in pride,  
Raising clean hands toward heaven, he cried:  
'All hail the Stars and Stripes!' and died.

Died grandly. But before he fell—  
(O blessedness ineffable!)  
Vision apocalyptic

Was granted to him, and his eyes,  
All radiant with glad surprise,  
Looked forward through the Centuries,

And saw the seeds which sages cast  
In the world's soil in cycles past,  
Spring up and blossom at the last;

Saw how the souls of men had grown,  
And where the scythes of Truth had mown  
Clear space for Liberty's white throne;

Saw how, by sorrow tried and proved,  
The blackening stains had been removed  
Forever from the land he loved;

Saw Treason crushed and Freedom crowned,  
And clamorous Faction, gagged and bound,  
Gasping its life out on the ground.

With far-off vision gazing clear  
Beyond this gloomy atmosphere  
Which shuts us out with doubt and fear

He—marking how her high increase  
Ran greatening in perpetual lease  
Through balmy years of odorous Peace

Greeted in one transcendent cry  
Of intense, passionate ecstasy  
The sight which thrilled him utterly;



Saluting, with most proud disdain  
Of murder and of mortal pain,  
The vision which shall be again!

So, lifted with prophetic pride,  
Raised conquering hands to heaven and cried:  
'All hail the Stars and Stripes!' and died.

Meanwhile an even fresher company of [Concord](#) volunteers “marched off for the Civil War.” They marched to the depot, that is, and took a train to [Washington DC](#). [Louisa May Alcott](#), watching this brave display, wrote:

*I've often longed to see a war, and now I have my wish.  
I long to be a man; but as I can't fight, I will content  
myself with working for those who can.*

—You will pardon me if, in my inimitable manner, I become disgusted and insist on translating this as a [masturbation](#) fantasy which in the vernacular of the 20th Century would be something like “If I can't fuck you, I need to kill you, and if I can't kill you, I want you to kill somebody while I watch, and if I can't watch, I want to fantasize about your killing somebody while you're off doing it. (If you get wounded, that'll work for me too.)” Is it any wonder that [Henry Thoreau](#) never wanted to get romantically involved with such a person as Louisa?

As the American Civil War began, [Kit Carson](#) would resign as federal Indian agent for northern New Mexico



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and join the New Mexico volunteer infantry that were being organized by Ceran St. Verain. Although the territory of New Mexico officially allowed slavery, this region's geography and economics made the peculiar institution so peculiar that there were in fact very few slaves anywhere to be found. The territorial government and the leaders of opinion would therefore all throw their support to the Union. Carson would occupy himself during the civil war in organizing a New Mexico volunteer infantry on behalf of the Union. Overall command of Union forces in the Department of New Mexico would fall to Colonel Edward R.S. Canby of the Regular Army's 19th Infantry, headquartered at Ft. Marcy in Santa Fe. Carson, provided with the rank of Colonel of Volunteers, would be in command of the 3d of Canby's five columns. Carson would divide his 500 soldiers into two battalions, each consisting of four companies of the 1st New Mexico Volunteers. When the Navajo would attempt to take advantage of the military slack caused by the hostilities among the white people, the US federal government would delegate Colonel of Volunteers Carson to take care of the matter one way or another. His mission as the government understood it would be to get these native hostiles into a clump and sequester them at Fort Sumner in Reservation Bosque Redondo. When some of the natives hid in the Canyon de Chelly, Carson would begin a merciless scorched-earth campaign of burning fields and villages and killing livestock plus any Navajo he could locate. Once their fields of crops had been laid waste and their herds were rotting on the ground, the Navajos would realize that being shepherded onto a reservation in this manner was the sole manner in which they might hope to avoid starvation.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

John Knowles Paine gave his 3d concert in Berlin, just before leaving the city for London (he'd been in Berlin since August 1858).

[Richard Realf](#) penned the following poem in regard to the stimulating events of this day:

### Apocalypse

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And o'er his face a glory rushed.

A sudden spasm shook his frame,  
And in his ears there went and came  
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Which in a moment ceased, and then  
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In the world's soil in cycles past,  
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Clear space for Liberty's white throne;



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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 19th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

1860-1861

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–You will pardon me again, if again in my inimitable manner, I do not neglect to point out that this demonstration of Concordians marching off to war on April 19th demonstrated that the Concordians had utterly forgotten the lesson of April 19th, which had been that one ought not attack other people with harmful weapons in order to force them to behave as one believes they ought to behave?

## “Specimen Days”

### CONTEMPTUOUS FEELING

Even after the bombardment of Sumter, however, the gravity of the revolt, and the power and will of the slave States for a strong and continued military resistance to national authority, were not at all realized at the North, except by a few. Nine-tenths of the people of the free States look'd upon the rebellion, as started in South Carolina, from a feeling one-half of contempt, and the other half composed of anger and incredulity. It was not thought it would be join'd in by Virginia, North Carolina, or Georgia. A great and cautious national official predicted that it would blow over “in sixty days,” and folks generally believ'd the prediction. I remember talking about it on a Fulton ferry-boat with the Brooklyn mayor, who said he only “hoped the Southern fire-eaters would commit some overt act of resistance, as they would then be at once so effectually squelch'd, we would never hear of secession again – but he was afraid they never would have the pluck to really do anything.” I remember, too, that a couple of companies of the Thirteenth Brooklyn, who rendezvou'd [Page 708] at the city armory, and started thence as thirty days' men, were all provided with pieces of rope, conspicuously tied to their musket-barrels, with which to bring back each man a prisoner from the audacious South, to be led in a noose, on our men's early and triumphant return!

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This article appeared in the [Goodhue County Republican](#) of Red Wing, [Minnesota](#):

**THE WAR'S BEGUN!**  
**Maj. Anderson Summoned and Refuses to Surrender!**  
**CHARLESTON BATTERIES OPEN THE FIRE!**  
**Fort Sumter Reported on Fire!**  
**REPORT OF ITS SURRENDER!**  
**WASHINGTON IN DANGER!**  
**Pennsylvania in the Field with Men and Money!**

CHARLESTON, April 11.—Beauregard at two o'clock to-day demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter which Anderson declined. It is currently reported that negotiations relative to the surrender will be opened to-morrow between Anderson and Beauregard.

Special dispatches received at Washington to-day, assert that both Pickens and Sumter will be attacked, but they doubt if war follows.

A Montgomery dispatch to-day says it has been resolved to attack the two forts immediately.

Three steamers were seen off the coast yesterday for a long time. Anderson fired a signal gun this morning.

The attack on Fort Sumter is momentarily expected. Business is suspended. It is rumored that the fight will commence at eight o'clock this evening, unless Anderson surrenders. The steamer Harriet Lane is off the bar. Thousands of persons line the shores to witness the attack.

CHARLESTON, April 12.—The ball has opened. War is inaugurated. The batteries of Sullivan's Island, Morris Island and other points were opened on Fort Sumter at four o'clock this morning. Fort Sumter has returned the fire and a brisk cannonading has been kept up. No information has been received from the seaboard yet.

The military are under arms, and the whole of our population are in the streets, and every available space facing the harbor is filled with anxious spectators.

The firing has continued all day without intermission. Two of Fort Sumter's guns have been silenced, and it is reported that a breach has been made in the southeast ward.

The answer to Gen. Beauregard's demand by Maj. Anderson was, that he would surrender when his supplies were exhausted; provided he was not reinforced.

## THE WAR'S BEGUN!

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The answer to Gen. Beauregard's demand by Major Anderson was, that he would surrender when his supplies were exhausted; provided he was not reinforced.



April 20, Saturday: [Dr. Robert Montgomery Smith Jackson](#) was commissioned as a surgeon with the 3rd Pennsylvania Infantry.

Federal forces attempted to destroy the Gosport Navy Yard at Norfolk, Virginia by setting it ablaze. Secessionists were able to put out the fires and salvage a large portion of the facility.

US CIVIL WAR

A 2d Federal expedition to relieve Fort Sumter left the harbor of [New-York](#).

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Wish I knew as much as Mrs. Jones thinks her yellow tomcat knows.



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Grace Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott Greenwood (1823-1904) wrote from Philadelphia to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), discussing events of the times.<sup>65</sup>

From the Madison, Wisconsin Weekly Patriot:

State of Wisconsin

Proclamation To the Loyal Citizens of Wisconsin:

For the first time in the history of this federal government, organized treason has manifested itself with several states of the Union, and armed rebels making war against it. The Proclamation of the President of the United States tells of unlawful combinations too powerful to be suppressed in the ordinary manner, and calls for military forces to suppress such combinations, and to sustain him in executing the laws.

The Treasures of the country must no longer be plundered; the public property must be protected from aggressive violence; that already seized, must be retaken and the laws must be executed in every State of the Union alike.

A demand made upon Wisconsin by the President of the United States for aid to sustain the Federal Army, must meet with a prompt response. One Regiment of the Militia of this State will be required for immediate service, and further service will be required as the exigencies of the government may demand. It is a time when, against the civil and religious liberties of the people, and against the integrity of the Government of the United States, parties and politicians and platforms must be as dust in the balance. All good citizens, everywhere, must join in making common cause against a common enemy.

Opportunities will be immediately offered to all existing military companies, under the direction of the proper authorities of the State, for enlistment to fill the demand of the Federal government, and I hereby invite the patriotic citizens of the State to enroll themselves into companies of seventy-eight men each, and to advise the Executive of their readiness to be mustered into service immediately.- Detailed instructions will be furnished on the acceptance of companies, and the commissioned officers of each regiment will nominate their own field officers.

In times of public danger bad men grow bold and reckless. The property of the citizen becomes unsafe, and both public and private rights liable to be jeopardized. I enjoin upon all administrative and peace officers with the State renewed vigilance in the maintenance and execution of the laws, and in guarding against excesses leading to disorder among the people. Given under my hand and the great Seal of the State of Wisconsin, this 16th day of April, A.D. 1861

By the Governor:

Alex W. Randall

L.P. Harvey, Sec'y of State.

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65. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections



1860-18



April 20. H. Mann brings me the hermit thrush.

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H. MANN, JR.



April 21, Sunday: On the Sunday after the surrender of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor,<sup>66</sup> the Reverend Moncure Daniel Conway led his congregation in the singing of the Star Spangled Banner.<sup>67</sup>

The Reverend William Rounseville Alger delivered "A historic sketch of the Bulfinch Street society." (This would be published in this year in Boston as A HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE BULFINCH STREET SOCIETY: A DISCOURSE DELIVERED APRIL 21, 1861.)

The slave ship Nightingale was captured by the USS Saratoga.



April 21. Pratt collects very handsome tufts of Hepatica triloba in flower at Melrose, and the bloodroot out also there.



April 22, Monday: General Robert E. Lee accepted command of Virginia forces.

After the attack on Fort Sumter, Frederick Douglass hailed this as news of the northern determination to fight to save the Union, and called for the use of black troops in the federal army. He forecast this war's only outcomes as either destruction of Slavery, or destruction of Union.

US CIVIL WAR



April 22. It was high water again about a week ago,—Mann thinks with[in] three or four inches as high as at end of winter. He obtained to-day the buffle-headed duck, diving in the river near the Nine-Acre Corner bridge. I identify it at sight as my bird seen on Walden. I hear a chip-bird.



April 23, Tuesday The Virginia secessionist convention ratified a temporary union with the Confederacy and accepted the Southern Constitution (subject to approval of the ordinance of secession).

Fort Smith was seized by Arkansas state troops.

United State Army officers in San Antonio, Texas were seized as prisoners of war.

US CIVIL WAR

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Worked for Phillips on the mill.

66. Since the guns at Fort Sumter pointed out to sea, it was of marginal value as a military asset in any attack upon the South. Fundamentally, the two military presences in Charleston harbor were playing a mere game of "King of the Hill" with each other. This was an object lesson in how military commanders can utilize provocations and maneuvers to preempt national political policy. 67. This was an object lesson in how Protestant churches can flip-flop from religious peace in times of national peace to religious war in times of national war, an object lesson which is of incalculable assistance to us in comprehending what happened in Protestant churches in Germany under the Third Reich.



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James Muir started log house on his claim.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, “Yellow Bird”) retired as editor of the Daily National Democrat of Marysville, [California](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being replied to by [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) in Shrewsbury, about his concern for the warlike state of the world. (It would seem, on the basis of the substance of this letter, that Thoreau had written him a letter in which he had commented on the evolutionary theory of [Charles Darwin](#), but that this prior Thoreau letter has not survived.)

*Shrewsbury*

*April 23. 1861*

*My dear Thoreau— It is now some time since I wrote to you or heard from you but do not suppose that I have forgotten you or shall ever cease to cherish in my mind those days at dear old Concord. The last I heard about you all was from Morton who was in England about a year ago; & I hope that he has got over his difficulties & is now in his own country again. I think he has seen rather more of English country life than most Yankee tourists: & appeared to find it curious, though I fear he was dulled by our ways, for he was too full of ceremony & compliments & bows, which is a mistake here; though very well in Spain. I am afraid he was rather on pins & needles; but he made a splendid speech at a volunteer supper, & indeed the very best, some said, ever heard in this part of the country. We are here in a state of alarm & apprehension the world being so troubl'd in East & West & everywhere. Last year the harvest was bad & scanty. This year, our trade is beginning to feel the events in America. In reply to the northern tariff, of course we are going to smuggle as much as we can. The supply of cotton being such a necessity to us – we must work up India & South Africa a little better. There is war even in old Newzealand. but not in the same island where my people are! Besides we are certainly on the eve of a continental blaze. So we are making merry & living while we can: not being sure where we shall be this time year.*

*Give my affectionate regards to your father mother & sister & to M' Emerson & his family, & to Channing Sanborn Ricketson Blake & Morton & Alcott & Parker. A thought arises in my mind whether I may not be enumerating some dead men! Perhaps Parker is! These rum ours of wars make me wish that we had got done with this brutal stupidity of War altogether; & I believe, Thoreau, that the human race will at last get rid of it, though perhaps not in a creditable way— but such powers will be brought to bear that it will become monstrous even to the French.*

*Dundonald declared to the last that he possessed secrets which from their tremendous character would make war impossible. So peace may be begotten from the machinations of evil.*

*Have you heard of any good books lately? I think “Burnt Njal” good & believe it to be genuine. “Hast thou not heard (says Steinvora to*



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*Thangbrand) how Thor challenged Christ to single combat & how he did not dare to fight with Thor” When Gunnar brandishes his sword three swords are seen in air.*

*The account of Ospak & Brodir & Brians battle is the only historical account of that engagement which the Irish talk so much of; for I place little trust in OHallorans authority, though the outline is the same in both.*

— *Darwin’s origin of species may be fanciful but it is a move in the right direction.*

— *Emersons conduct of Life has done me good; but it will not go down in England for a generation or so.*

*But these are some of them already a year or two old. The book of the season is De Chaillu’s central Africa with accounts of the Gorilla of which you are aware that you have had a skeleton at Boston for many years. There is also one in the British museum; but they have now several stuffed specimens at the Geographical societys rooms in Town.*

*I suppose you will have seen Sir Emerson Tennent’s Ceylon, which is perhaps as complete a book as ever was published; & a better monument to a Governors-residence in a great province was never made.*

*We have been lately astonished by a foreign Hamlet, a supposed impossibility; but M’ Fechter does real wonders. No doubt he will visit America & then you may see the best actor in the world. He has carried out Goethes idea of Hamlet as given in the Wilhelm Meister showing him forth as a fair hair’d & fat man. I suppose you are not got fat yet!*

*yrs ever truly Thos Cholmondeley*

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CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER



April 23. Think I hear bay-wings. Toads ring.



April 24, Wednesday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Robert Crawford came from Lawrence.  
Heard that North and South had actually had a fight at Ft. Sumpter.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 24th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



April 25, Thursday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Campbell went down for the mail. Heard that the Cherokees and Osage Indians had committed depredation on the south border and that Kansas forts and frontiers must be defended by Kansas volunteers.

Elizabeth Blackwell assembled 92 [New-York](#) society women at the Infirmary for Women and Children, to organize a meeting of prospective nurses, to create a Women's Central Association for Relief.

Students and faculty at Geneva's Hobart College staged a pro-war rally.

US CIVIL WAR

Horace Mann, Jr. brought to [Henry Thoreau](#) what appeared to be a pigeon hawk:



April 25. Horace Mann brings me apparently a pigeon hawk. The two middle tail-feathers are not tipped with white and are pointed almost as a woodpecker's.



Late April: The construction of [Fort Warren](#) with its 10-foot-thick granite walls on [Georges Island](#), just to the



north of the shipping channel into [Boston Harbor](#) known as Nantasket Roads, which had been begun by Sylvanus Thayer in 1833,<sup>68</sup> was by no means complete, and it was feared that the Southrons or their European allies might attempt a sea attack upon the city of Boston. Therefore the "Tiger Battalion," made up of four elite companies of Massachusetts's 2d Infantry, was boated out to the construction site. As these troops began to clear away some of the construction rubble, they sang popular hymn tunes such as "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us," improvising various amusing verses about their Sergeant [John Brown](#) to fit the melody. It has been claimed therefore that it was these soldiers working on the fort's parade ground who actually invented the lyrics to "John Brown's Body," and that the role of [Julia Ward Howe](#) later on was merely to clean the thing up for formal civic performance as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." When Governor Andrew came out on inspection, the troops were not ready and the Governor had to belay awhile as they scraping together enough powder to fire him an appropriate salute.



Grace Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott Greenwood (1823-1904) wrote from Philadelphia to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) detailing plans for a Boston lecture.<sup>69</sup>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 26th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

68. Sylvanus Thayer had been born in Braintree, Massachusetts in 1785 and had studied military methods in Europe after the [War of 1812](#), superintending West Point from 1817 to 1833. From 1833 until his death in 1872 he would improve and better fortify US harbors.

69. 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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April 27, Saturday: President [Abraham Lincoln](#) instructed Army commanders in [Maryland](#) that public resistance there was to be overcome by “the most prompt and efficient means ... even, if necessary ... the bombardment of their cities and, in the extremest necessity, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.” What this meant in practice was that for the duration of this [civil warfare](#) the military could take citizens, and hold them indefinitely, and treat them in any manner considered convenient, without ever needing to lodge formal charges against them and thus without ever coming under outside scrutiny. The leading opponent of the president’s action would be the 85-year-old Chief Justice of the United States, [Roger Brooke Taney](#), since he was at the time sitting as circuit judge for [Maryland](#) and thus would be the one called upon to rule in the case of John Merryman, an advocate of the Southern cause who raised a company of soldiers to serve in its army and was implicated in the burning of bridges in Maryland to keep Union soldiers from getting to the defense of [Washington DC](#). Merryman’s lawyers would seek to have him released on grounds that he was being illegally held without formal presentation of charges. Taney would order Merryman released and denounce the president for voiding a basic right of the American people. The President would ignore the order and the case never reached the Supreme Court.<sup>70</sup> Merryman would eventually be released and afterward not again heard of.

According to the New-York [Sun](#), “There is a Providence which shapes our ends”:

“The New York [Sun](#), of a late date introduces an article on the present condition of the country in the following appropriate language:

There is a God who governs the world and the passions of bad men are among the leading instruments by which He ‘coerces’ states and empires to fulfill His inscrutable decrees. Human passion is the ‘rod of iron’ with which He is said to rule the nations. It moves at His touch or rather –like certain pieces of machinery, which a cold spring is permitted at the proper moment to actuate of itself– whenever it suits the All wise Ruler to modify or remove the pressure which He keeps upon human depravity it springs fourth like the wild fury of a demon, to execute whatever work of destruction and change had been decreed.

The following is the concluding paragraph: While we stand in awe at the visible ‘finger of God’ in the great events of the hours, the Christian, at least should watch the paternal providence with strengthening hope and solemn cheer.

Mercy and judgment are mingled in the storm. We shall not come out of this conflict where we went in. The love of liberty, of country, of the rights of man, of truth and honor, of law and Justice, had sunk too low in the corruption and venality of our times for any resuscitation less violent and convulsive than this. When the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the earth on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat then look we according to His promise for a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelt righteousness.

So in the minor convulsions that prefigure and prepare for the last great change, we may find the same cause and a like result — a new and better country.”

According to the Chilton, Wisconsin [Times](#):

“VOLUNTEER’S OUTFIT. — Adjutant Gen. Utly addressed the following communication to Quartermaster Gen. Tredway...

‘It is the direction of the Commander-in-Chief, after some consideration, that the following outfit be allowed to each soldier in the Wisconsin active Militia: 1 cap, 1 eagle and ring, 2 flannel shirts, 2 pair of stockings, 1 tin or rubber canteen, 1 pompon, 1 coat, 2 pair of flannel drawers, 1 leather stock, 1 haversack, 1 cap cover, 1 pair trousers, 1 pair boot’s or shoes, 1 great coat, 1 knapsack. It is not deemed advisable to purchase at this time any further articles of outfitting such as rubber blankets, ponchos, &c. not until such time as the troops are called into actual service. Other articles, axes, saws, spades, and camp equipage, generally, will be hereafter considered.’”

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70. What might the exact *obiter dicta* be? — Perhaps something like the following: “In this land of the free and home of the brave in which no person of color has any rights which any white man is bound to respect, and in which he or she may justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit, unless it is quite convenient citizens are to have no rights which their government is bound to respect.”



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According to the Wisconsin Weekly Patriot:

“Progress of the Rebellion!!!!!!”

We need not be surprised if we hear of sundry preliminary advances taken by the Southern rebels over the Government troops; for we must all know that so far as preparation and organization go, they have had some year or more to prepare with many traitors high in federal offices, including two Cabinet ministers, to assist them, while the Federal government was obliged to wait till they struck the first blow, before our organization could be attempted, so as to throw the onus of the fight ostensibly, where it in fact belongs — on the Southern traitors.

Had it not been for the determination of the Government not to commence the fight the rebels would not have been permitted to work at Fort Moultry, in [Charleston](#) harbor for months throwing up redoubts, building floating batteries, and strengthening their positions on every hand, without hearing from Fort Sumter.

But as it was, the Government muzzled its guns, and looked on in silence, day by day, for months seeing the elements of destruction erected around Fort Sumter, without so much as interposing an obstacle. When the rebels got ready they commenced the attack on Fort Sumter, and then the President’s Proclamation was issued, and in less than two weeks time some ten thousand good and loyal troops had reached the Federal Capitol, having to cut their way through some 40 miles of hostile territory, by the light of burning railroad bridges, while no less than 200,000 more troops were enlisted, of which about one-third have already been mustered into service and are either at rendezvous, on the tented field, or on their way thither. All this aside from the bringing the Navy out of chaos — providing vast quantities of military stores, &c. — has been accomplished in the incredible space of 2 weeks — a feat that eclipses the halcyon days of the great Napoleon, when his troops were raised by conscription, instead of voluntary enlistment. And besides during this time, no less than five hundred millions of dollars have been either tendered to the Government and the loyal States, or actually paid over, by various Corporations and millions of individuals.

The rebels have deep laid and desperate schemes. Their object has been to force all the border states into [secession](#) and we don’t know but they will succeed. They have got Virginia, and they now want Maryland, so as to hem in Washington by hostile territory. It is a part of their programme to cut off all communication with the North by rail, silence the telegraph and then to post war’s destruction on the flanks of the Potomac, so as to cut off Washington from succor, either by land or water. If they could once get possession of the Capitol then half their game would be played out for they would destroy the public records and other valuables, and drive the officers of Government into the loyal states or take them prisoners of war. We hardly think this can be done so long as old General Scott has a live head on his shoulders.

The next move of the traitors is to block up the Mississippi, with a view of forcing terms with the Western states, but they count without their hosts for the Great West is united as one man.

Traitors here are few and far between, and as fast as discovered, they will be boxed up and sent to their sympathizing friends.

We believe, at least we hope, that the citizens of Maryland and especially Baltimore, will have good sense enough to offer no more obstructions to the passage of volunteers for if they do the Monumental City may soon become a monument of ruin’s. The North has been one great sleeping volcano. The Traitors have applied the torch, and they need not be surprised if they are consumed in the dreadful eruption. The North has waited for the first blow, and when that was struck, without a cause, from that moment party lines were obliterated, and Democrats, and Republicans, all parties, creeds and denominations instantly forgot their creeds and their platforms and are to-day enrolled under but one flag — the Star Spangled Banner.

The North was slow to anger — slow to start — patient, enduring and even forgiving of the most wanton insults, all for the sake of peace; but since, her very toleration has been treated as an evidence of weakness and cowardice. She has now arisen in the majesty of her might and woe to the provokes of her wrath.

Since all mild measures have failed — and since Mars is to be the umpire, we say war to the knife, and knife to the hilt — carry the conflict into the very heart of Africa and since the malcontent rebels would not let us fight for constitutional rights to their slave property, let us all turn abolitionists — if that word will express the meaning — and aim a blow at slavery that shall make the proud master’s hearts quake.

Always strike the enemy in his most vulnerable part and as we know of no subject more tender to Southern consciences than their slaves, let such a blow be struck as will make every rebel howl with midnight affright

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for fear of a servile insurrection.

Yes that's it. In war we have no compliments and if Maryland acts the traitor too, let us begin by a *coup de etat* with her 80,000 slaves and when we have put them in a condition of offence and defense let us turn our attention to the half million slaves in Virginia, and make the chivalry see specters in every bush.

We might extend this chapter *ad infinitum* but this will do for the present. Now our hands are in let us make no child's play of it, but draw the claret at every blow."

According to the Milwaukee Sentinel:

"A SOLDIER'S KIT - At this time, when so many are preparing for the wars, a memorandum of the things necessary to take along as baggage will not be unacceptable. An old soldier contributes the desired catalogue as follows: 'Two flannel shirts, red preferable; 2 stout hickory shirts; 2 fine shirts, if you can take them along; 4 pairs of woolen socks; 2 pair of drawers, white cotton or wool, indispensable; 2 pair stout and easy boots, if you can take a second pair; 2 towels, indispensable; 1 piece soap; 1 fine and one coarse comb; 1 tooth-brush; 1 butcher knife, (a good place for this is in the boot); 1 quart tin cup; 1 button stick; 1 vial of sweet oil; 1 piece rotten stone; 1 piece chalk; 1 button-brush, (nail brush will do); 1 flannel housewife for and full of needles — throw in a few pins while you're about it; 1 pair small scissors; strong black and white threads in tidy skeins; 1 blacking brush, if you can take it; 1 box blacking. Learn to pack your knapsack tidily, closely and conveniently for use.

To the above you can add all the grub you can stow away, inside and out, and replenish when you can, without waiting for the stock on hand to be exhausted."



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 27th]

[Transcript]

## THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



April 28, Sunday: At the church on Bulfinch Street in Boston, the Reverend [William Rounseville Alger](#) delivered a sermon on "Our civil war, as seen from the pulpit." (This would soon be published in Boston as OUR CIVIL WAR, AS SEEN FROM THE PULPIT: A SERMON, PREACHED IN THE BULFINCH-STREET CHURCH, APRIL 28, 1861).

A request was made to expand the new [Confederate Corps of Marines](#) to provide for 3 2d lieutenants per company rather than 2.

[Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "In the same way as a dream transforms according to its nature, the incidents of sleep, so the soul converts into psychical phenomena the ill-defined impressions of the organism. An uncomfortable attitude becomes nightmare; an atmosphere charged with storm becomes moral torment. Not mechanically and by direct causality; but imagination and conscience engender, according to their own nature, analogous effects; they translate into their own language, and cast into their own mold, whatever reaches them from outside. Thus dreams may be helpful to medicine and to divination, and states of weather may stir up and set free within the soul vague and hidden evils. The suggestions and solicitations which act upon life come from outside, but life produces nothing but itself after all. Originality consists in rapid and clear reaction against these outside influences, in giving to them our individual stamp. To think is to withdraw, as it were, into one's impression — to make it clear to one's self, and then to put it forth in the shape of a personal judgment. In this also consists self-deliverance, self-enfranchisement, self-conquest. All that comes from outside is a question to which we owe an answer — a pressure to be met by counter-pressure, if we are to remain free and living agents. The development of our unconscious nature follows the astronomical laws of Ptolemy; everything in it is change



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— cycle, epi-cycle, and metamorphosis.

Every man then possesses in himself the analogies and rudiments of all things, of all beings, and of all forms of life. He who knows how to divine the small beginnings, the germs and symptoms of things, can retrace in himself the universal mechanism, and divine by intuition the series which he himself will not finish, such as vegetable and animal existences, human passions and crises, the diseases of the soul and those of the body. The mind which is subtle and powerful may penetrate all these potentialities, and make every point flash out the world which it contains. This is to be conscious of and to possess the general life, this is to enter into the divine sanctuary of contemplation.”

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

They say that Bean’s horses were stolen at Iecompton.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 28th]

[Transcript]

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April 29, Monday: [August Bondi](#) took an oath of allegiance to the federal government.

KANSAS



The legislature of the state of [Maryland](#) voted 52-13 to continue as part of the United States of America.

R. Solyer wrote to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) explaining about his debts and asserting that he was having problems collecting the fees for his lectures. An immediate response was urged.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 29th]

[Transcript]

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April 30, Tuesday: The New York Yacht Club offered its vessels to the Federal government.

US CIVIL WAR

Federal troops evacuated the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) leaving Cherokees, Chickisaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles under Confederate jurisdiction.

A newsy letter sent out of [Washington DC](#) on this date describes the difficulties of federal troops, including Massachusetts men and men who had enlisted from Concord, in [Baltimore](#):

Friend Bartlett:

I will endeavor to gratify you with a brief description of the doings here for the past week or so of course I will not tell you all for I cannot and need not as the telegraph performs that labor as to important events as they transpire.

When you left the Capitol all was quiet — unusually so when we consider that here all classes and sections meet and that there must, of necessity, be considerable political wrangling going on all the time. I confess to a little disappointment in this respect. I have found this city as quiet and orderly as any I was ever in. It might be expected that after the fall of Fort Sumter there would have been a change in this respect but there was none visible save that the [secessionists](#) were a little more bold and open in the expression of their opinions.

The fall of Sumter threw a gloom over the minds of the friends of freedom here. The blow was such and the Government had failed to give us any evidence that it had the energy and vigor necessary to deal with open high handed rebellion. It appeared as imbecile as its predecessor.

The time had come to act. Volunteers within the District were enrolled the proclamation was issued, Virginia was seceding, Ben McCulloch was at Richmond and Washington was in eminent danger.

It still an easy prey to be captured by a band of desperadoes, if any were found bold enough to strike the blow. It was truly a gloomily hour men consulted anxiously, timid ones left for home as fast as railroad could carry them. What was to be done? Whatever was to be done must be done well and quickly for the danger was imminent. There was an organized band of 1000 [secessionists](#) in the City. The Departments were full of open sympathies for the South. There were large numbers more who would go with Virginia and Maryland, even the volunteers enrolling for the defense of the District and for their \$20 per month and rations were not to be trusted. Some, of course, were true but a large number would have faltered when brought to the test. Their conversation and their associations caused them to be suspected.

Well might the friends of the Government feel gloomy! There were many strangers here on business from different parts of the Union. Nightly meetings were held in Old Trinity Church and the regular Abolitionists were ventilating themselves freely.

What shall we do? was being asked. One or two attempts were tried to form the strangers into a company but they did not succeed. At this critical hour when Washington was in danger of attack from with out and within that noble and gallant spirit Col. Cassius M. Clay tendered his services to the President for the defense of the Capitol.

He was at once commissioned to organize a company of picked men upon whom he could rely and to act in concert with Marshall Lamon as a special police — Gen. King, of the [Mil. Sentinel](#), was here. He selected 20 reliable men from Wisconsin and tendered them to Clay.

Others from other States did like wise. There were 150 assembled thus the first night and the number soon reached 300. We were drilled and organized into scouting parties and put out on duty at once. Our quarters were at the Willard House Concert Room — which was formerly a church. At the head of the room was a platform on which was a sofa — there was Clay, sometimes some times asleep and sometimes superintending the movements of his men or in counsel with his Lieutenants. The platform in front was covered with a compound of men and rifles in a recumbent posture. The setters around the room at times were likewise occupied. We were not allowed to sleep long undisturbed. Alarms or the noise and bustle of scouting; armies coming and going kept us in a wakeful condition — When too much inclined to slumber a call to the ranks would be heard from our vigilant commander.

The order would be given to see that your pieces were loaded and that you were supplied with 10 rounds a



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piece for there was a prospect of fun ahead.

One night a part of us were detail to stand at the White House. It fell to my lot in company with Bryan of the Appleton Motor to watch the Southern front.

Little did I think one year ago however that our country would require my services thus or that I should enjoy the high honor and distinction of standing guard over the President of the United States not as a hireling soldier but as a lover of my country who was glad to be able to obey that county's call and render my services without pay or reward, except the consciousness of doing my duty.

At another time we were ordered to spend the night at the Navy Yard with a similar company under the command of Col. Jim Lane, of Kansas notoriety. Of course we did so and as you may well expect enjoyed ourselves hugely.

It was indeed highly amusing to see Senators and members of Congress and others of high standing in society crawling up on coils of rope and among cordage or boxes, endeavoring to rest and sleep. In this manner we have passed eight nights, on guard and under arms waiting and watching for traitors. We have watched in vain. They did not come; I think they dared not.

The name of Clay and Lane carried terror. The fact of their having gathered a band of reliable men around them was enough. Our numbers remained unknown and it was supposed that we were at least one thousand strong. Of course Clay and Lane would fight and those who formed in companies under them would be true to their leaders and follow where ever they led. Such being the case it was not desirable to meet us; we were given a wide berth. We were called pirates, border ruffians and every other epithet that could be thought of. It was well it should be so. The Secessionists took the hint and fearing arrest and punishment, their most prominent men took leave. Good riddance to Washington.

All were rejoiced to see them go, for their company was not so desirable as their absence.

Shortly after our organization a few Pennsylvanians, and the Massachusetts men who fought their way through Baltimore, arrived. These, with a few U.S. soldiers here, in all say 1,500 men, took charge of the public buildings leaving the active scouting duty for us.

We kept our selves active until the arrival of the famous New York Seventh Regiment. This made us feel more easy, especially as we knew that more troops were on their way. The critical hour was passed, the Capitol was in a measure safe. The volunteers, of course, had done their duty in guarding bridges and could full reliance have been placed in them, there would have been no danger.

Our gallant Clay feeling that he had done his duty resigned his command being obliged to sail at once for Europe. His second in command, Gen. Nye, was now our leader. The parting with Clay was an interesting scene. He made a brief speech thanking us for the readiness with which we obeyed his every command.

The evening was spent in speaking. Gov. Nye, Denio, of Galena, Vinton, who is now a captain, Ex.-Speaker Littlejohn of New York, Galusha A. Grow, and others make glowing speeches. All were for fight and all were sternly opposed to compromising in the least. The South had appealed to the sword, and now there was nothing but death to the traitors and the Constitution as it is for the masses.

On Sunday we had divine service by our chaplain. Every thing was conducted in true military style. The pulpit was surrounded by stacks of muskets on which were hung the cartridge boxes and other accoutrements. The stand was covered with the "Stars and Stripes" and others were hung in other parts of the hall. We had a good sermon and our services were closed by the entire congregation singing the Star Spangled Banner. It was well sung and effect was electric.

In the afternoon the two companies, Clay's and Lane's, went to the Capitol and called upon the New York and Massachusetts boys quartered there. We were handsomely received. The New York 7th is in the Representatives Hall and the Massachusetts boys, who tasted blood at Baltimore, are in the Senate Chamber; the Capitol is used for barracks. While in the Senate Chamber, Lane and Vaughan, of Kansas, made some stirring speeches and were followed by Mrs. Edward Daniels of Wisconsin who sung in a most beautiful manner our glorious National Anthem — the Star Spangled Banner. The audience joined into the chorus and many hearts swelled under the impulses of the moment.

After leaving the Capitol, we went to the Patent Office and called on Gov. Sprague's Rhode Island boys. They paid us the compliment to come over and drill, and sent their fine band of music to escort us home. Gov. Sprague and Rhode Island have done themselves and that state credit by sending this regiment. They look like



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picked men, so uniform are they in size and so stalwart in appearance. Their uniform is dark gray pants, dark blue frocks and black felt hats, with a red blanket for field service in cold or wet weather. These men will make terrible work with the Southerners if ever they get a pop at them. That can be relied on.

Troops are constantly arriving. There must be at least 12,000 Northern men and U.S. troops here, besides 4,000 to 5,000 volunteers from the District of Columbia.

There being no longer any particular duty for the Clay Guards, unless it be to go through Baltimore, the Company will disband. Commodore Paulding, it is reported, told Col. Clay that he saved the Capitol. This is pretty generally conceded by those high in authority and long will the Clay Guards and the Frontier Guards under Col. Lane, be remembered by those who knew the danger Washington was in between the 18th and 25th days of April, 1861.

O'Brien is here and has done his duty like a man, he has advanced to the post of orderly sergeant in the Clay Guards. We are quietly waiting now for Jeff. Davis, on the one side and Billy Wilson on the other, the latter is going through Baltimore with his rowdy regiment.

Of course war brings many horrors in its train. It is creating great activity here, dray men and teamsters are busy. Throughout the North the preparation for war will and must give great life and activity. This added to the scarcity of labor caused by drawing on the surplus to play soldiers will make labor high. Again, it is developing the character and resources of the people. Our armies as they move show themselves capable of sailing, repairing engines and railroads, laying track and building bridges. Nothing can daunt or stop the Northern soldier. He is at home wherever you place him, whether in the field or work shop, or in the parlor or Senate Chamber, it is all the same to him.

The great contest between freedom and slavery is fairly commenced. Traitors have appealed to the sword, and have essayed to strike down the fairest government on earth. The North, thank God, is a unit, and men and money will not be wanting. There is a sublimity and a grandeur in the unanimity of the North in the support of our Government that makes my heart glad, and fills me with joy. Though this contest will cost millions of money and thousands of lives, it is well that it has come. The result will be the humiliation of the slave power, if not its extinction; the reification of Patriotism and a love of country and its glorious Star Spangled banner, which will serve to strengthen our government, and perpetuate our institutions of Freedom, and transmit them to posterity unimpaired. We have been loving and power, — we have been growing rich, luxurious and effeminate, we will hereafter love our country better, and appreciate more highly than ever the blessings of liberty we enjoy.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 30th]

[Transcript]

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HDT

WHAT?

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**MAY 1861**

**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.**

**1860-1861****1860-1861**

May 1, Wednesday: Later, the attorney John M. Greene would record a fateful visit to his office which had occurred on this day, by the rich lady Sophia Smith: “When, May 1, 1861, she came to see me, that she might talk over the matter of the disposition of her large property, I saw at once that she was very introspective, gloomy, and depressed; and I then advised her to keep a journal, and write in it daily or weekly the events of her life, giving a brief account of the persons she met, her thoughts about the books she read, and anything else that interested her and would draw her mind from herself and her afflictions and losses.” Although this was not initially at all clear, now, with the benefit of history, when we read “disposition of her large property” we can think “Oh, yes, [Smith College](#) in [Northampton](#), Massachusetts.”



In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:


The two Calkins families came today to settle.



May 1. Water in our neighbors' cellars quite generally. May it not be partly owing to the fact that the ground was not frozen the last winter to any depth, and so the melted snow as well as rain has been chiefly absorbed by it? [Probably it was.]

1860-1861

1860-1861

 May 2, Thursday: [President Abraham Lincoln](#) called for the enlistment of 18,000 additional seamen.

In Minnesota, the St. Paul Press reported troop movements:



On 27 April, the fresh Goodhue County recruits, most of them of Scandinavian descent, were seen off by a large, enthusiastic crowd. A brass band made the trip with them, and when they reached the capital, according to the St. Paul Press, "an immense crowd of citizens were at the levee to welcome their arrival, and as the companies filed through the streets to their quarters, the sidewalks were lined with ladies and gentlemen, who kept up a continuous cheer as the brave vounteers passed along. The ranks returned the salutations with hearty goodwill. The Red Wing brass band ... added materially to the enthusiasm of the occasion. The company is more than full, and composed of the very bone and sinew of the stalwart farmers of Goodhue county."



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 2d]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

The President unified the work of suppression of American participation in the international slave trade by entrusting the entirety of this problem to Caleb B. Smith, his Secretary of the Interior.



[W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): In the North, with all the hesitation in many matters, there existed unanimity in regard to the slave-trade; and the new Lincoln government ushered in the new policy of uncompromising suppression by hanging the first American slave-trader who ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law.<sup>71</sup> One of the earliest acts of President Lincoln was a step which had been necessary since 1808, but had never been taken, viz., the unification of the whole work of suppression into the hands

71. Captain Gordon of the slaver "Erie;" condemned in the U.S. District Court for Southern New York in 1862. Cf. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 37th Congress, 2d session, I. No. 1, page 13.



1860-1861

1860-1861

of one responsible department. By an order, dated May 2, 1861, Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was charged with the execution of the slave-trade laws,<sup>72</sup> and he immediately began energetic work. Early in 1861, as soon as the withdrawal of the Southern members untied the hands of Congress, two appropriations of \$900,000 each were made to suppress the slave trade, the first appropriations commensurate with the vastness of the task. These were followed by four appropriations of \$17,000 each in the years 1863 to 1867, and two of \$12,500 each in 1868 and 1869.<sup>73</sup> The first work of the new secretary was to obtain a corps of efficient assistants. To this end, he assembled all the marshals of the loyal seaboard States at New York, and gave them instruction and opportunity to inspect actual slavers. Congress also, for the first time, offered them proper compensation.<sup>74</sup> The next six months showed the effect of this policy in the fact that five vessels were seized and condemned, and four slave-traders were convicted and suffered the penalty of their crimes. "This is probably the largest number [of convictions] ever obtained, and certainly the only ones for many years."<sup>75</sup>

Meantime the government opened negotiations with Great Britain, and the treaty of 1862 was signed June 7, and carried out by Act of Congress, July 11.<sup>76</sup> Specially commissioned war vessels of either government were by this agreement authorized to search merchant vessels on the high seas and specified coasts, and if they were found to be slavers, or, on account of their construction or equipment, were suspected to be such, they were to be sent for condemnation to one of the mixed courts established at New York, Sierra Leone, and the Cape of Good Hope. These courts, consisting of one judge and one arbitrator on the part of each government, were to judge the facts without appeal, and upon condemnation by them, the culprits were to be punished according to the laws of their respective countries. The area in which this Right of Search could be exercised was somewhat enlarged by an additional article to the treaty, signed in 1863. In 1870 the mixed courts were abolished, but the main part of the treaty was left in force. The Act of July 17, 1862, enabled the President to contract with foreign governments for the apprenticing of recaptured Africans in the West Indies,<sup>77</sup> and in 1864 the coastwise slave-trade was forever prohibited.<sup>78</sup> By these measures the trade was soon checked, and before the end of the war entirely suppressed.<sup>79</sup> The vigilance of the government, however, was not checked, and as late as 1866 a squadron of ten ships, with one hundred and thirteen guns, patrolled the slave coast.<sup>80</sup> Finally, the Thirteenth Amendment legally confirmed what the war had already accomplished, and

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72. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 37th Congress, 2d session, I. No. 1, pages 453-4.

73. STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 132, 219, 639; XIII. 424; XIV. 226, 415; XV. 58, 321. The sum of \$250,000 was also appropriated to return the slaves on the "Wildfire": STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 40-41.

74. STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 368-9.

75. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 37th Congress, 2d session, I. No. 1, pages 453-4.

76. STATUTES AT LARGE, XII, page 531.

77. For a time not exceeding five years: STATUTES AT LARGE, XII, pages 592-3.

78. By section 9 of an appropriation act for civil expenses, July 2, 1864: STATUTES AT LARGE, XIII. 353.

79. British officers attested this: DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE, 1862, page 285.

80. REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, 1866; HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 39th Congress, 2d session, IV. page 12.





1860-1861

1860-1861

slavery and the slave-trade fell at one blow.<sup>81</sup>



May 3, Friday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Spillman and Lizzie Alverson, Packard and Ermina Morrison went a Maying out to the Buttes with a mule team.

Anthony Philip (Anton Philipp) Heinrich died in [New-York](#) at the age of 80.

Lincoln called for volunteers to join the Union Army for a 3-year term.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)



[Henry Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal on this day. He wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#):

*Concord May 3<sup>d</sup> 1861*

*Mr Blake,*

*I am still as much an invalid as when you & Brown were here, if not more of one, and at this rate there is danger that the cold weather may come again, before I get over my bronchitis. The Doctor accordingly tells me that I must "clear out", to the West Indies, or elsewhere, he does not seem to care much where. But I decide against the West Indies, on account of their muggy heat in the summer, & the S. of Europe, on ac. of the expense of time & money, and have at last concluded that it will be most expedient for me to try the air of Minnesota, say somewhere about St Paul's. I am only waiting to be well enough to start—hope to get off within a week or 10 days.*

*The inland air may help me at once or it may not, At any rate I am so much of an invalid that I shall have to study my comfort in travelling to a remarkable degree—stopping to rest &c &c if need be. I think to get a through ticket to Chicago—with liberty to stop frequently on the way, making my first stop of consequence at Niagara Falls—several days or a week, at a private boarding house—then a night or day at Detroit—& as much at Chicago, as my health may require.*

*At Chicago I can decide at what point (Fulton—Dunleith or another) to strike the Mississippi & take a boat to St. Pauls.*

*I trust to find a private boarding house in one or various agreeable places in that region, & spend my time there.*

*I expect, and shall be prepared to be gone 3 months—& I would like to return by a different route—perhaps Mackinaw & Montreal.*

*I have thought of finding a companion, of course, yet not seriously, because I had no right to offer myself as a companion to anybody—having such a peculiarly private & all absorbing but miserable business as my health, & not altogether his, to attend to—causing me to*

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81. There were some later attempts to legislate. Sumner tried to repeal the Act of 1803: CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 41 Congress, 2d session, pages 2894, 2932, 4953, 5594. Banks introduced a bill to prohibit Americans owning or dealing in slaves abroad: HOUSE JOURNAL, 42d Congress, 2d session, page 48. For the legislation of the Confederate States, cf. Mason, VETO POWER, 2d ed., Appendix C, No. 1.

1860-1861

1860-1861

stop here & go there—&c &c unaccountably. Never the less, I have just now decided to let you know of my intention, thinking it barely possible that you might like to make a part or the whole of this journey, at the same time, & that perhaps your own health may be such as to be benefitted by it. Pray let me know, if such a statement offers any temptations to you— I write in great haste for the mails & must omit all the moral. H. D. Thoreau

NIAGARA FALLS

May 4, Saturday: Emily Dickinson's "The May-Wine" appeared in the Springfield, Massachusetts Republican.

Horace Mann, Jr. brought to Henry Thoreau a couple of small peewees, which Thoreau described as "not yellowish about eye and bill, and bill is also black."



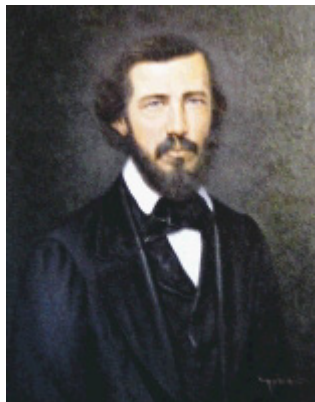
May 4. H. Mann brings me two small peewees, but not yellowish about eye and bill, and bill is all black. Also a white-throat sparrow, Wilson's thrush, and myrtlebird.

May 5, Sunday: In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Spillman was so venturesome as to take a walk with Lizzie. I am afraid Cupid has pierced his innocent heart.

The Reverend Moncure Daniel Conway offered "The Horrors of Peace" to his congregation:

Every society is a foe to war but in diseased bodies the wise physician prefers the fever to typhoid.



Time To Go To War, Says The Prince of Peace

1860-18



May 5. Hear the seringo note. [Pasted in at this point is a penciled slip reading, “[Strabo](#) read as far as 306th p.” with memoranda apparently referring to the book.<sup>82</sup>]

1860-1861



May 6, Monday: The Confederate States of America declared war on the United States of America. Tennessee adopted an Ordinance of Secession and scheduled a referendum for June 8th. British Foreign Secretary Lord Russell announced in Parliament that the government had decided to recognize the Confederate States of America as a belligerent.

**US CIVIL WAR**

On this day, also, the legislature of the sovereign state of Arkansas, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, voted 69-1 in favor of secession from the federal union centered in [Washington DC](#).

Well, the above remarks are a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that Arkansas has acquired as a state in which you're only allowed to beat your wife once a month. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That's merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn't known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the

82. *STRABONIS RERUM GEOGRAPHICARUM LIBRI XVII...* (Amstelaedami: apud Joannem Wolters, 1707).

**READ IN STRABO TEXT**



1860-1861

1860-1861

country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere “stalking horse.” All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn’t ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man’s chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn’t matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind (“Who, lil’ ol’ me?”).

Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices —such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform— but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 6th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



May 7, Tuesday: On this day the legislature of the sovereign state of Tennessee, unable to sustain the thought that all men had been created equal, voted 66-25 in favor of [secession](#) from the federal union centered in [Washington DC](#).

IRISH

The [Catholic](#) Archbishop of New-York, John Hughes, pledged to a Southern co-religionist his neutrality: he would neither encourage his “Catholics to take part in” the suppression of the insurrection of the South, nor advise them “not to do so.”

The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) wrote to President [Abraham Lincoln](#) offering to the federal government precisely what Conway didn’t have: military intelligence about the territory surrounding his home plantation in Virginia. (If the President forwarded this goofball offer to the War Department, someone had enough military intelligence to ignore it.)<sup>83</sup>

US CIVIL WAR

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

We formed a Company of Volunteers this evening of forty-one.  
I was elected Captain.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 7th]

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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83. In a curiously similar gesture, Elvis Presley would offer his services as a drug informant for the federal administration.

1860-1861

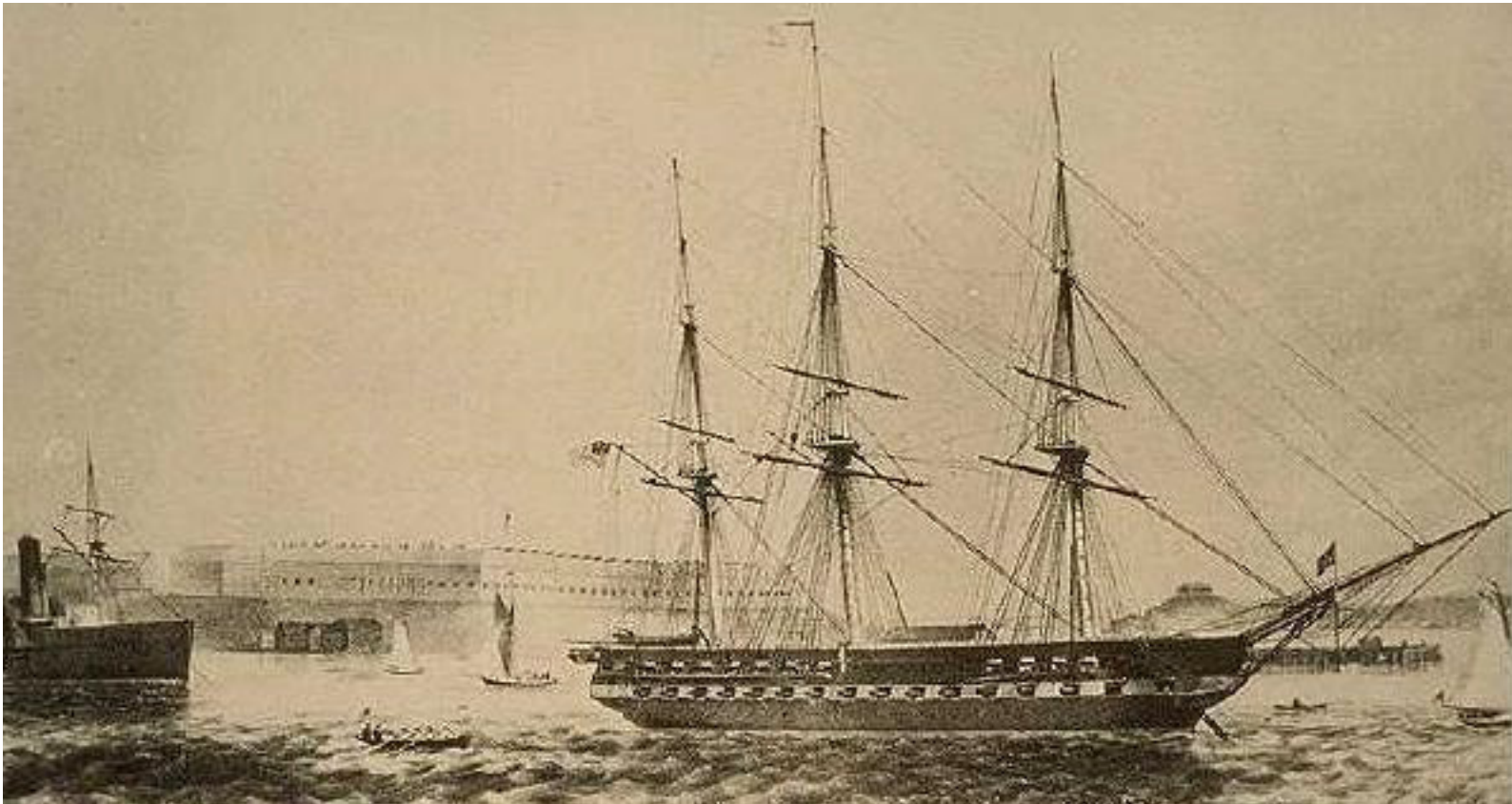
1860-1861



May 8, Wednesday: At Weymouth, on May 3, 1860, the pregnant Betsy Frances Tirrell had ingested 10 grains of strychnine in preserved fruit, supplied to her by George C. Hersey under the pretense that this deadly poison would merely produce miscarriage. On this day Tirrell pleaded Not Guilty on a charge of murder before Mr. Justice Metcalf of the Supreme Judicial Court, and was assigned as counsel for his defense George S. Sullivan, Esq., and Hon. Elihu C. Baker.

[Nathanael Munroe](#) died. The burial would be in the Green Mountain Cemetery of Baltimore, Maryland, a garden cemetery laid out in imitation of the Mount Auburn Cemetery by a local citizen who had toured Boston in 1834.

The [USS Constitution](#) rode at anchor in [Newport](#) harbor.



RHODE ISLAND

(It had sailed there for its safety from Annapolis, [Maryland](#), and would remain there, serving as the school ship for midshipmen, for the duration of the Civil War.)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 8th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



1860-1861

1860-1861



May 9, Thursday: Amory Dwight Mayo (1823-1907) wrote from Albany, New York to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) accepting an invitation to speak; and suggesting a possible date.

[Richard Wagner](#) arrived in Vienna looking for singers for a projected performance of *Tristan und Isolde* in Karlsruhe.

**LISTEN TO IT NOW**



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 9th-10th]

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

1860-1861

1860-1861



May 10, Friday: The Reverend M. Richardson wrote from Worcester, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), indicating that he would be unable to deliver the sermon he had promised.

Riots broke out in St. Louis with federal troops and German-American civilians against [secessionists](#) and the state militia. 29 people were killed.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal on this day. He paid \$25.<sup>25</sup> for a railroad ticket as far as [Chicago](#), with stopover privileges at the [Niagara Falls](#) and in Detroit. He dined with [Waldo Emerson](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#)

The Path of Henry and Horace's Journey West, May – July 1861



© 2006 Corinne H. Smith

According to the Milwaukee [Sentinel](#), there had been “Punsters at the Play” on Wednesday evening, the occasion of a Mr. Sharp’s benefit at the Albany Hall, and a number of “conundrums” had been read in accordance with the programme, which stated that the author of the best conundrum on the Union would be presented with a silver cup:

Immediately after the representation of the first piece, Mr. Sharp came before the curtain with the cup, and read the following dreadful affairs:





1860-1861

1860-1861

- 1. Why is the Union like a quince? Because it must be preserved! (Oh!)
- 2. Why is it that the Seceeders refused to adopt our National Banner for their ensign? Because, like naughty boys, in getting the stripes they would have seen stars!
- 3. Why is DeGroat & Ryan's Company like the Southern Confederacy? Because seven of them seceded.
- 4. Why is Lincoln like a poor horse? Because he shows backbone! (This was received with roars of laughter as may be imagined)
- 5. Why will the Southern planters, instead of tilling their plantations, turn to a new vocation? Because, while they choose to secede (see seed), they will have plenty of grape to make them whine (wine).
- 6. Why is the American Flag like the colors of the rainbow? Because, though these colors may fade, a whole legion of traitors cannot make them run.
- 7. Why will the Union pass safely through the crisis? Because the Stars and Stripes are never to be trampled upon by traitors. (My!)
- 8. What is the difference between Lincoln before and after the Union was dissolved? (!!)
- 9. Why will the winner of the cup tonight be like a man undergoing a severe course of medical treatment? Because he will be sold coming in, and cupped going out.
- 10. Why will our flag outlive all others? Because the rose will wither, the shamrock will droop, the thistle will die and the palmetto decay, but the stars must shine forever.

It was decided that the number 10 was the best conundrum and the author was requested to come forward and receive the cup, but no one came forward, it was left in the box office to be claimed to-day.

[Corinne Hosfeld Smith's "What a Difference a Year Can Make: Henry David Thoreau and the Grand Pleasure Excursion of 1861" has just been published in [Minnesota's Heritage](#), #4, July 2011 and is available now online at <http://www.thoreausjourneywest.com/mnheritagearticle.pdf>].

Thoreau's visit to Minnesota has been previously written up in 1905 by Franklin Benjamin Sanborn as *FIRST AND LAST JOURNEYS OF THOREAU, LATELY DISCOVERED AMONG HIS UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS AND MANUSCRIPTS*. Volume Two. Boston: The Bibliophile Society [http://books.google.com/books?id=gLU2F4\\_60WoC](http://books.google.com/books?id=gLU2F4_60WoC), and in 1962 by Professor Walter Roy Harding as *THOREAU'S MINNESOTA JOURNEY: TWO DOCUMENTS: THOREAU'S NOTES ON THE JOURNEY WEST AND THE LETTERS OF HORACE MANN, JR.* Geneseo, N.Y.: The Thoreau Society (Thoreau Society Booklet No. Sixteen). Thoreau's holograph 100-page journey notebook is at The Huntington Library in San Marino, California. A typed transcript has been prepared by Mabel Densmore and is on file as "Quarto 917.68 T39a" at the Owen H. Wangensteen Historical Library of Biology and Medicine at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis. A new annotated transcription of each page in this notebook will soon be available online with The Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods Library.

We are presently awaiting publication, by Green Frigate Books, of Corinne Hosfeld Smith's *WESTWARD I GO FREE: TRACING THOREAU'S LAST JOURNEY*.]



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 9th-10th]**

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



May 11, Saturday: A boy brought [Henry Thoreau](#) a salamander from S. Mason's, and Thoreau sent it on to Horace Mann, Jr.



May 11. A boy brings me a salamander from S. Mason's. Sent it to Mann. What kind?

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

[Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Waldo Emerson](#), suggesting a number of people he might seek out on his trip west.

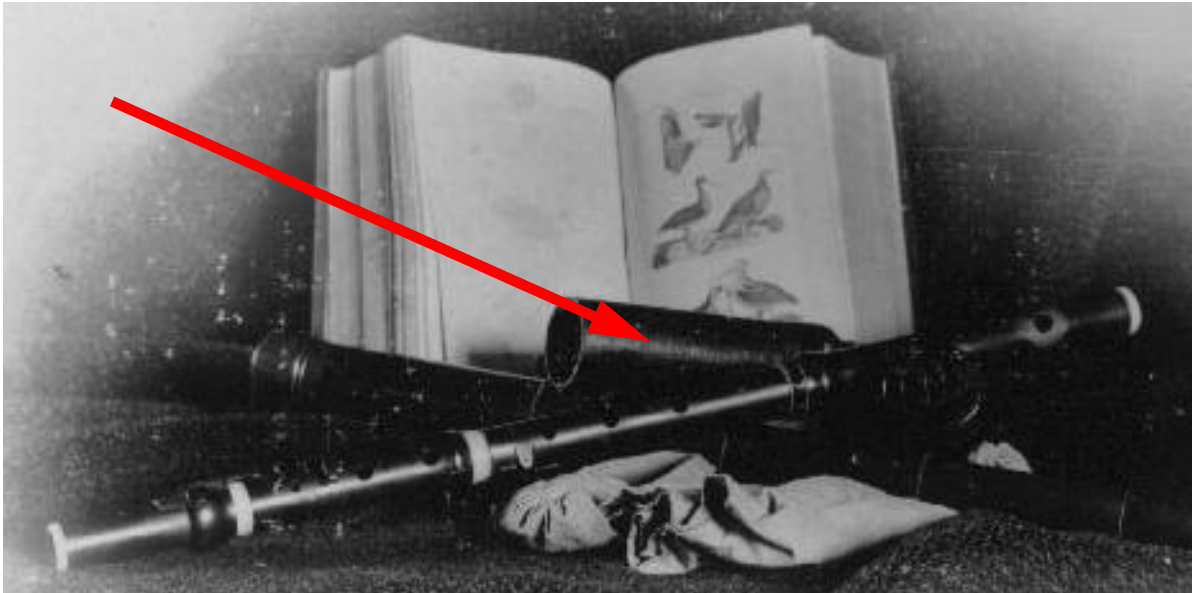
*Concord, Mass<sup>ts</sup>  
 11 May, 1861.  
 My dear Thoreau,  
 I give you a little list of names of good men whom you may chance to see on your road. If you come into the neighborhood of any of these, I pray you to send this note to them, by way of introduction, praying them, from me, not to let you pass by, without salutation, & any aid & comfort they can administer to an invalid traveller, one so dear & valued by me & all good Americans.  
 Yours faithfully,  
 R.W. Emerson  
 Henry D. Thoreau.*

1860-1861

1860-1861

In starting out by rail from Concord to Albany and then to [Niagara Falls](#), [Thoreau](#) was aware that he was generally retracing the “great central trail of the Iroquois,” some 12 to 18 inches in width, that had stretched from Albany to Buffalo. He had once made extensive excerpts from [Lewis Henry Morgan](#)’s LEAGUE OF THE HO-DE-NO-SAU-NEE, OR [IROQUOIS](#), and was aware that this path had been “so judiciously selected, that the turnpike was laid out mainly on [its] line.”

He took with him his compass, his microscope, and his telescope.



He set out on this Iroquois Trail with \$178.<sup>10</sup> on his person, about half a year’s income. As a precaution against theft and being left entirely without funds on this journey, he carried \$78.<sup>10</sup> of this in his left pants pocket, \$60.<sup>00</sup> in his right pants pocket, and \$40.<sup>00</sup> in his “bosom” garment. (Bear in mind that this was presumably almost all in gold coins, and that a dollar then was worth a hundred-dollar bill now.) They spent the evening chatting with [H.G.O. Blake](#) in [Worcester](#), and slept at his home. Here is a raw “OCR” scan, which needs to be checked, of the list Thoreau made of things to take with him on his long trip:

.arpet oar & umbrella; 1) half-thick coat; 2) plant book, blot[ tin~l ¥ aper ~ hritin~ dr ittlo; 3) waist coat; 4) smoke cap; 7) boteny; 8) twine & cards, pencils, buttons, scissors, &c.; 8) thin coat; 9) trochees; 8) envelopes; 10) tape; 11) dipper & bo. sles.

In pocket~ 5~c: [word], pins, needles, thread, stamps, & money, Jack[knife, watch, ticket, guidebook &c., shoestring, map of U.S., notebook, matches, letters.

1) best pants; 2) 3 pr socks; 3) flannel shirt; 2) 1 p[air] drawers; 4) cotton batting; 6) 5 handkerchiefs Sc 2; 8) towel & soap; 13) medicine; 14) compass & microscope; 10) spy glass; 15) insect boxes; 11) clothes brush; 15) 1 slippers; 7) 2 neckerchiefs, ribbon; 3



1860-1861

1860-1861

shirts; 9) 5 (& 1) bosoms.

Left pocket, \$78.10

Right 60.

Bosom 40.

178.10

Send home smoke ~, 1 pair drawers or 2.

According to the Madison, Wisconsin Weekly Patriot:

Now Let Slip the Dogs of War.

The President's twenty days of grace is exhausted, and unless we soon witness the most decided military action against the rebels, the most intense distrust and excitement will prevail. We cannot now afford to permit the rebels, to maintain an armed defensive, to block our commerce, insult and hang our citizens, and annoy us in all manner of ways. No, the President has given ample time for all lawless bands to disperse, and it should not be sufficient for him to know the capital is merely safe, with 30,000 troops, at enormous expense, surrounding it. It will not be enough to keep what forts and arsenals we now holds by force of arms - It will not satisfy the law-abiding north to merely keep the Potomac, the Chesapeake, the Delaware - the railroad and telegraph communications free for government use and occupation by the force of 150,000 troops, at a cost of millions. No, these things are not enough - They must not be the sine qua non of the object for which 153,000 troops were marshaled into service at the tap of the drum.

The great north-west, and the upper Mississippi Valley are in a blaze of excitement. Here we are, cut off from the Gulf by piratical bandits, who not only hinder and menace our commerce, but threaten our lives. This state of thing's cannot - Must not - shall not long continue. If the powers that be do not give the word of command, the Mississippi - Civilians will "assume the responsibility," and in mighty phalanx of 200,000 strong, will swarm like clouds of Saharan locusts, overrunning the lower Mississippi, until every Bayou is free from piratical obstruction. All the captured forts must be retaken - All the stolen property must be restored - all menace must be withdrawn or the southern rebels will see such an outpouring of Hoosiers, Wolverines, Buckeyes, Badgers, Gophers and Hawkeye's as will overwhelm them in dismay.

Our commercial pathway to the Gulf must be kept free from the thorns and debris of rebellion or the Mississippi will be crimsoned from Cairo to the delta. This we believe to be the determined sentiment of every 999 out of a thousand who inhabit the Great West. We all prefer to have the government act - to take the lead, and to say "come, boys" but if we are not called out our volunteers will Go Out. They cannot and will not lie



1860-1861

1860-1861

idle, so long as there is a foe in the field. We must not merely stand on the defensive now – we must punch on the aggressive. That is, we must follow up the retreating foe – give him battle until he shall cry enough and be content to live under the good old stars and stripes – We say to the President and Cabinet, that the people of the great north-west are not satisfied with this apparent tardy movement. Our troops are anxious to be led on.

They must and they will go. No power can keep them in check much longer and if the President don't soon give the word of command, the western battalions will put themselves under marching orders, and will be after the scalps of the free-booters.

The Power of the United North

We have during the past three weeks had the most convincing evidence that an army can be assembled in the course of twenty or thirty days of seven hundred thousand men, devoted to the union. Here are the figures:

- Maine 18,000
- New Hampshire 12,000
- Vermont 10,000
- Massachusetts 40,000
- [Rhode Island](#) 5,000
- Connecticut 15,000
- New York 150,000
- New Jersey 20,000
- Pennsylvania 135,000
- Delaware 4,000
- Ohio 100,000
- Indiana 50,000
- [Illinois](#) 65,000
- Michigan 20,000
- Wisconsin 20,000
- Iowa 15,000
- [Minnesota](#) 8,000
- [Kansas](#) 3,000
- [California](#) 10,000

Total 700,000

But a well appointed army of half this number, giving Wisconsin the privilege of furnishing 10,000 good men, would beyond all question be amply sufficient to conquer a permanent peace, and bury secession so deep that it would never be heard of again. We want to see an army called into the field on a scale of such magnitude, that Jeff. Davis and his crew, like Crockett's coon will be willing to come down and stay down, until it shall please the insulted laws to run them up as high as Human's gallows.

The Printers

No trade or craft in the country has turned out an equal number of volunteers with the printers, in proportion to numbers. They are accustomed to the use of the



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"shooting stick" and no one would be "justified" in questioning their bravery in the "matter" of war. The printers have given a "proof" of patriotism, that all may "copy" after, with perfect "justification" So walk up and "register" your names in "large caps."

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➡ May 12, Sunday: In [Worcester](#), the travelers [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) visited the east side of Quinsigamond Pond with [H.G.O. Blake](#) and [Theophilus Brown](#) (and another resident of Worcester) and again slept over at Blake's home. Thoreau being too weak, they took a carriage out from the center of town to Lake Quinsigamond. (The only time before, that they had taken a carriage, was once when they had been accompanied by Sophia Thoreau.) Meanwhile, at a flag-raising ceremony at Ft. Warren, William J. Martland's Brockton Band was playing the tune of the song "Say, brothers, will you meet us on Canaan's happy shore?" while the battalion chorus of the 2d Battalion of Boston Light Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia was singing the lyrics of the song "John Brown's Body" for the first time at a public event. The lyrics for the song "John Brown's Body" presumably were in reference to Sergeant John Brown of that battalion, rather than to the nationally famous "Captain" [John Brown](#). A smallish Scotsman and a second tenor in the 2d Battalion chorus, Sgt. Brown had evidently been something of a figure of fun among the men. Their commanding officer, Major Ralph W. Newton, was concerned that his command might, by the use of a mis-interpretable name such as "John Brown," implicitly become associated with the politically incorrect cause of abolitionism (identified at the time with an attitude of insolence, sedition, anarchism, free love, disobedience to orders, etc.) and attempted to force a change to the lyrics so that they referred instead to Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth. Rank has its privileges, and colonels and other superior officers are of course inherently of greater interest than inferior and noncommissioned officers such as mere sergeants — but unaccountably this attempt did not succeed.



John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all  
to save ;  
But, tho' he lost his life in struggling for the slave,  
His Soul is marching on.  
Chorus : Glory, Glory Hallelujah !  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah !  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah !  
His Soul is marching on.

John Brown was a Hero undaunted, true and brave ;  
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights  
to save ;  
And now, though the grass grows green above his grave,  
His Soul is marching on. Glory, &c.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,  
And he frightened Old Virginy, till she trembled  
through and through.  
They hung him for a traitor : themselves a Traitor crew ;  
But his Soul is marching on. Glory, &c.

John Brown was John the Baptist of Christ we are to see,  
Christ who of the bondman shall the Liberator be ;  
And soon, throughout the Sunny South, the slaves  
shall all be free :  
For, his Soul is marching on ! Glory, &c.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from Heaven to view  
On the army of the Union, with his Flag, red, white and blue,  
And Heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deed :  
they mean to do :  
For, his Soul is marching on. Glory, &c.

Ye, Soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,  
The death-blow of Oppression, in a better time and way ;  
For, the dawn of Old John Brown has brightened into day,  
And his Soul is marching on. Glory, &c.



May 12, Sunday: In Worcester.  
Rode to east side of Quinsigamond Pond with Blake and Brown and a dry humorist, a gentleman who has been



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a sportsman and was well acquainted with dogs. He said that he once went by water to St. John, N.B., on a sporting excursion, taking his dog with him; but the latter had such a remarkable sense of decency that, seeing no suitable place aboard the vessel, he did not yield to the pressing demands of nature and, as the voyage lasted several days, swelled up very much. At length his master, by taking him aside and setting him the example, persuaded him to make water only. When at length he reached St. John, and was leading his dog by a rope up a long hill there which led to the town, he was compelled to stop repeatedly for his dog to empty himself and was the observed of all observers. This suggested that a dog could be educated to be far more cleanly in some respects than men are.

DOG

He also states that a fox does not regard all dogs,—or, rather, avoid them,—but only hunting dogs. He one day heard the voices of hounds in pursuit of a fox and soon after saw the fox come trotting along a path in which he himself was walking. Secreting himself behind a wall he watched the motions of the fox, wishing to get a shot at him, but at that moment his dog, a spaniel, leapt out into the path and advanced to meet the fox, which stood still without fear to receive him. They smelled of one another like dogs, and the sportsman was prevented from shooting the fox for fear of hitting his dog. So he suddenly showed himself in the path, hoping thus to separate them and get a shot. The fox immediately cantered backward in the path, but his dog ran after him so directly in a line with the fox that he was afraid to fire for fear of killing the dog.



May 13, Monday: In [Australia](#), without the assistance of a telescope, Jerome L. Tebbutt sighted a new [comet](#), that would come to be known as the Great Comet of 1861, or formally designated as C/1861 J1 and 1861 II:



One of the great comets. No great comet between the one in 1556 and Hyakutake in 1996 came as close as this one. But there were additional wonders unique to this comet. Certainly no comet in at least the past 500 years filled the sky with so broad a fan of observable tail, and perhaps there is none whose tail Earth is so likely to have passed through. And, as far as I can determine, this comet presented the angularly longest completely visible tail on record (at least in recent centuries).

SKY EVENT

[Henry Thoreau](#) and Mann got as far as the Delevan House (“not so good as costly”) in Albany, New York overlooking the railroad and the Hudson River. In a letter to his mother, Mann indicated that it had been raining and Mr. Thoreau was “pretty tired.”

Queen Victoria announced Britain’s intention to remain neutral in the American Civil War.

Federal troops occupied Baltimore, Maryland:

### **SPECIAL DISPATCHES FROM WASHINGTON.**

There are now in this City or within sight of the Capitol, about thirty-one thousand men – more than enough to withstand any forces that can be combined against the City.

Gen. BUTLER and his Staff dined in Baltimore to-day. He told me this morning of his intention to do so when he left Annapolis, and he kept his word. No attempts were made to annoy him, and every courtesy was extended both to himself and his Staff.

The reports that Gen. SCOTT is sick or incapacitated to perform the duty incumbent upon him are false, and, I am afraid, malicious misstatements. The veteran is quite equal to the emergency. He works from 8 in the morning until 12 o’clock at night, and, of course, is greatly fatigued, but his mind is clear and his intellect as strong, apparently, as when he commenced





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his campaign in Mexico. He thoroughly comprehends the military necessities of the hour, and I am convinced a little time will prove his last campaign to be as brilliant and conclusive as any which he has ever conceived. It may not be as bloody as some campaigns, but it will be a glorious finis to Gen. SCOTT'S long and useful career.

The Sixty-Ninth has been accepted by the Government to serve for the war.

The Twentieth is doing picket duty along the line of railroad from Annapolis to the junction. Col. PRATT'S Head-quarters are at the latter place. His Regiment will be kept in its present position for about ten days.

The Massachusetts Eighth will be moved to the Relay House tomorrow morning, and relieve the New-York Eighth, which will come to Washington.

Baltimore will hereafter be held under military occupation. If resistance is made, the most extreme measures will be resorted to in order to enforce respect to the Government. It is probable that martial law will be proclaimed there, in order to arrest and punish as traitors Marshal KANE and ROSS WINANS – the one for inciting the attacks upon the Government troops and resistance to its officers, and the other for aiding and abetting the enemies of the United States.

The reported probable attacks upon the Government forces at the Relay House are without foundation. There are no hostile troops within reach of that station. Gen. BUTLER'S pickets are extended to a great distance, and they sometimes come in contact with or within seeing distance of a few mounted marauders, who, under the command of a Georgian, hang on the outskirts of the posts, showing themselves only in the night-time. They do not number over 30 men, all told, and it was from their movements that arose the story of a projected attack upon the Relay encampment.

A messenger arrived to-day, with dispatches from Commander BLAIR, giving an official account of the affair at St. Louis. The reports already published are fully confirmed.

The steamship Bienville, having landed the Connecticut troops, leaves for New-York in the morning. There was a parade of the whole District Volunteer Militia to-day, numbering thirty-one hundred, seven battalions, under command of Col. STONE, of Massachusetts, Commander of the District troops. They formed at 12 o'clock at the different Battalion Head-quarters, and were in line on Franklin-square at half-past two o'clock. The whole division passed in front of the White House, where they were reviewed by the President, the Cabinet, Gens. SCOTT, MANSFIELD and THOMAS, with a large corps of military officers. They made a parade through the principal avenues, making a magnificent appearance. There was a presentation of a fine stand of colors to the National Rifles, by HUDSON TAYLOR, Esq. The President and the officers of the army complimented the whole brigade highly. A member of the Rhode Island corps was shot through the arm to-day, and badly injured. It was an accident.

The Connecticut troops, encamped in the vicinity of the Seventh (New-York) Regiment, have a fine place. They made a very fine appearance on parade to-day in the streets. They are in for the war.

Nearly all the regiments made parades to-day and were reviewed



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by the various superior officers in the District. The President and Cabinet, with Gen. SCOTT, spent about half the day reviewing troops. The New-York Fifth and Thirteenth paraded for the first time, and made a fine display. They are sworn in, and ready to serve for the war.

Ellsworth's Zouaves are in camp, something like a mile east of the Navy-yard, over the east branch of the Potomac. They were reviewed this afternoon by Chief-Engineer CECKER, of the New-York Fire Department. Mr. DECKER addressed them, encouraging them in well-doing. He spoke with regret of the few instances of insubordination, and assured them that their brethren in New-York have an interest in them, and in the position they have assumed for the protection of their country, its institutions and its flag. He said there was no doubt they would come off victorious in the cause of their country. He counselled them to obey their commander, Col. ELLSWORTH, who had the confidence of their friends in New-York. After the address the regiment went through with the battalion movements, much to their credit. If the opportunity offers, ELLSWORTH'S Zouaves will give a good account of themselves. Their friends in New-York need have no fears but that they will sustain the cause for which they have enlisted. The medical department of that regiment is in bad condition, owing to want of means and necessary arrangements. Surgeon GRAY thinks a few days will reform these faults and supply the necessities.

It is a matter of surprise that the Government does not give a better supply of tents. The surgeon's tent is a small ell tent, occupied by six beside himself. There is no hospital tent, and all those taken sick are brought into town, a distance of four miles, and placed in the Capitol Hospital or the infirmary. All these things will be remedied in time, but exhibit exceeding laxity in the Government arrangements just now. More energy is needed on the part of the officers.

Secretary SEWARD gave an entertainment this evening to the field officers of the regiments now in Washington. It was a brilliant and pleasant reunion.

Messrs. IRA GOULD and son, of Montreal, have forwarded through Mr. GIDDINGS, our Consul-General in Canada, an offer for \$1,000,000 treasury notes, at six per cent., and to pay the amount in drafts on BARING BROTHERS at three days' sight. Of course our capitalists will offer so much better terms as to prevent the Secretary of the Treasury from accepting this bid, but it does none the less credit to the Messrs. GOULD.



May 13. Worcester to Albany.

[Transcript]

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The latter part of the day rainy. The hills come near the railroad between Westfield and Chester Village. Thereafter in Massachusetts they may be as high or higher, but are somewhat further off.

The leafing is decidedly more advanced in western Massachusetts than in eastern. Apple trees are greenish. Red elder-berry is apparently just beginning to bloom.

Put up at the Delavan House. Not so good as costly.



May 14, Tuesday: The [Reverend Joseph Wolff](#) remarried with Louisa Decima, daughter of James King, rector of [St. Peter-le-Poer](#) on Broad Street in London.

“Traveled to Niagara.” In traveling through Albany to Niagara, [Henry Thoreau](#)’s train had been roughly following, and Thoreau knew it had been following, the foot-wide to foot-and-a-half-wide beaten track which had been known as “the great central trail of the Iroquois.” For he had read and had copied lengthy excerpts from [Lewis Henry Morgan](#)’s LEAGUE OF THE *HO-DE-NO-SAU-NEE*, OR [IROQUOIS](#), in which this trail was described.

I began to notice from the cars a tree with handsome rose-colored flowers. At first I thought it some variety of thorn; but it was not long before the truth flashed on me, that this was my long-sought Crab-Apple.

That night [Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) would stay at the New York Central House.



May 14. Albany to Suspension Bridge.

[Transcript]




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Albany to Schenectady a level pitch pine plain with also white pine, white birch, and shad-bush in bloom, with hills at last. No houses; only two or three huts on the edge of woods without any road. These were the last pitch pines that I saw on my westward journey.



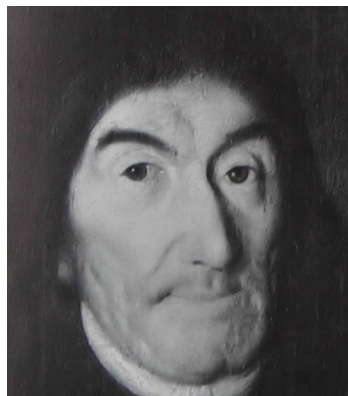
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 May 15, Wednesday: Crossing the river to [Niagara Falls](#)<sup>84</sup> on the [John Augustus Roebling](#) span suspended from wire cables cost [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) \$1.<sup>50</sup> each.

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84. In considering [Thoreau](#)'s visit to Niagara Falls, you really should go back and review the treatment of the falls given by [Margaret Fuller](#) in her [SUMMER ON THE LAKES](#), IN 1843 (Boston MA: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1844, Chapter I). She wrote several things which Thoreau must certainly have remembered, such as "It seems strange that men could fight in such a place." The book begins with some utterly conventional remarks about the falls such as that it is a spectacle "great enough to fill the whole life, and supersede thought," from which however we are immediately distanced by remarks such as that although Fuller has only been at the falls for eight days, once she had witnessed a fellow visitor appropriate them by spitting into them, she found that she was "quite willing to go away." When she first saw the falls, her take was that it was just like its pictures. Referring to the first viewers of the falls who were not only white but also male, such as [Father Hennepin](#) (she was, after all, an inhabitant of the 19th Century, and a beneficiary of white civilization), she wrote "Happy were the first discoverers of Niagara, those who could come unawares upon this view and upon that, whose feelings were entirely their own."



➡ “No one is afraid to cross.”



BRIDGE DESIGN

There is not a record that either Thoreau or Mann were in fear during their crossing.<sup>85</sup> Their tickets to Goat Island cost an additional \$0.<sup>25</sup> each.



May 15: To Niagara Falls. Afternoon to Goat Island. Sight of the Rapids from the Bridge like the sea off Cape Cod – most imposing sight as yet. The great apparent height of the waves tumbling over the immense ledges – at a distance; while the water view is broad and boundless in that direction, as if you were looking out to sea, you are so low. Yet the distances are very deceptive; the most distant billow was scarcely more than a quarter of a mile off, though it appeared two miles or more. Many ducks [Oldsquaw **Clangula hyemalis**] were constantly floating a little way down from the Rapids, -then flying back and alighting again.

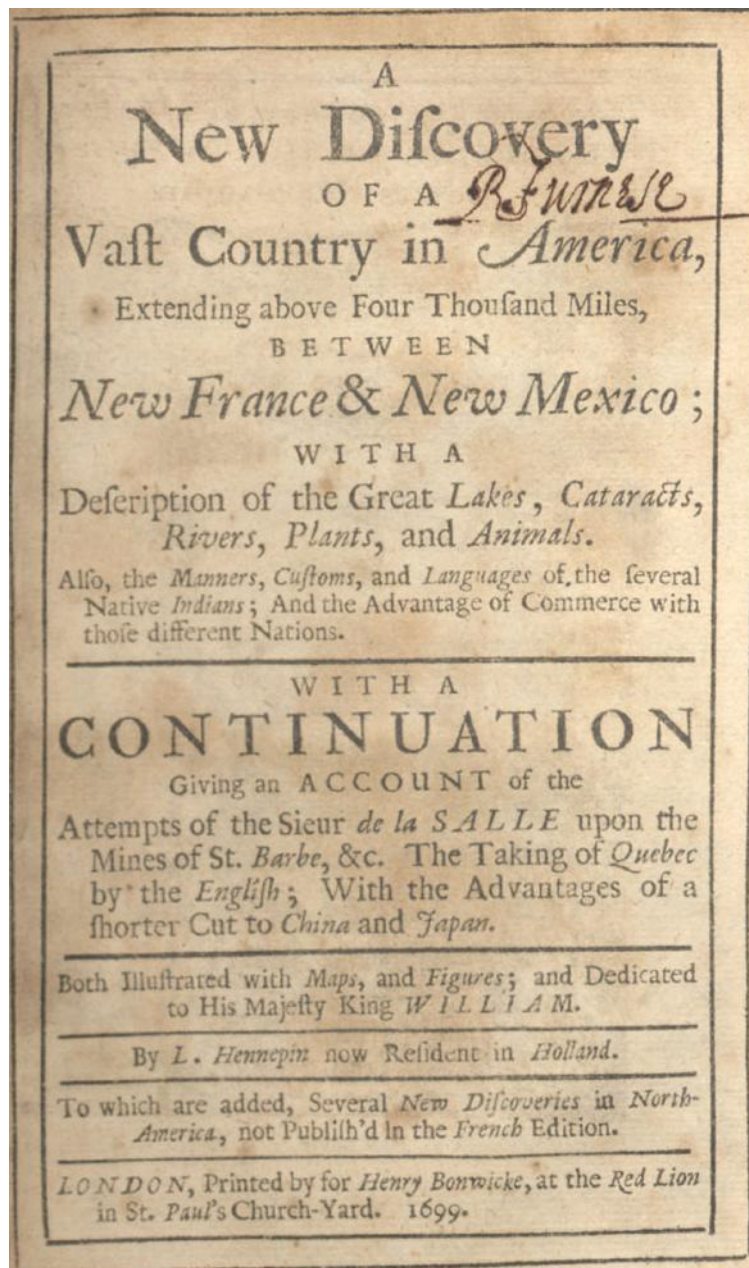
[Transcript]

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85. We may speculate that [John Augustus Roebling](#)'s claim “No one is afraid to cross” had been made because, five years earlier, 200 people had fallen to their deaths when a suspension bridge collapsed in France. However, when he passed over this bridge, Mark Twain commented “You drive over the Suspension Bridge, and divide your misery between the chances of smashing down two hundred feet into the river below, and the chances of having a railway train overhead smashing down onto you. Either possibility is discomfiting taken by itself, but, mixed together, they amount in the aggregate to positive unhappiness.”

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An editorial in the St. Paul, Minnesota Pioneer and Democrat elaborated on the needs of war and managed to stop a bit short of urging Minnesota's farmers to immediately get their wives pregnant:

**To Farmers.** — Now is the time for the farmers to make money. The country is at war. A half million of men instead of being producers will become consumers. Flour, beef, pork, beans — the substantials — will be wanted in large quantity. Europe is convulsed, and the indications are that there will be a general outbreak across the water; if so, America must supply the armies of France, Italy and England with food. Let the farmers prepare for a great demand; let every cultivator put in an extra acre of corn or wheat, and carry his tilth to the best possible perfection; let every calf be saved from the butcher's hand, for there will be a great demand for beef. Farmers, every where, now is your time!



In a letter to his mother, Mann said “We arrived at the Suspension Bridge last night at about half past eight, and stopped over night at the New York Central House.... a room at the American House ... for one dollar a day.... I have seen the falls though I have not been to look at them yet, and I hear them roaring now all the time.”

 May 15, Wednesday or later: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#) &/or [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) presumably from [Niagara Falls, New York](#).

*Horace Mann asked me if I did not hear the sound of the Fall as we went—from the Depot to the Hotel last night—but I had not—though certainly it was loud enough— I had probably mistaken it for a train coming or a locomotive letting off steam—of which we hear so much at home— It sounds hardly as loud this morning though now only 1/3 of a mile off— As I sit in my chamber the impression is as if I were surrounded by many factories—in full blast This is quite a town—with numerous hotels—& stores—Pave streets & &c— —& niagra falls will soon be surrounded by a city— I intend to walk down to the Falls & goat Island after dinner I pay a dollar a day here & shall certainly stay here till next Monday— Direct to Chicago Ill. till Monday next is passed—*

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## White Men Worship Size and Power *circa* 1698



May 15: To Niagara Falls. Afternoon to Goat Island. Sight of the Rapids from the Bridge like the sea off Cape Cod – most imposing sight as yet. The great apparent height of the waves tumbling over the immense ledges – at a distance; while the water view is broad and boundless in that direction, as if you were looking out to sea, you are so low. Yet the distances are very deceptive; the most distant billow was scarcely more than a quarter of a mile off, though it appeared two miles or more. Many ducks [Oldsquaw █ *Clangula hyemalis*] were constantly floating a little way down from the Rapids, -then flying back and alighting again.

[Transcript]

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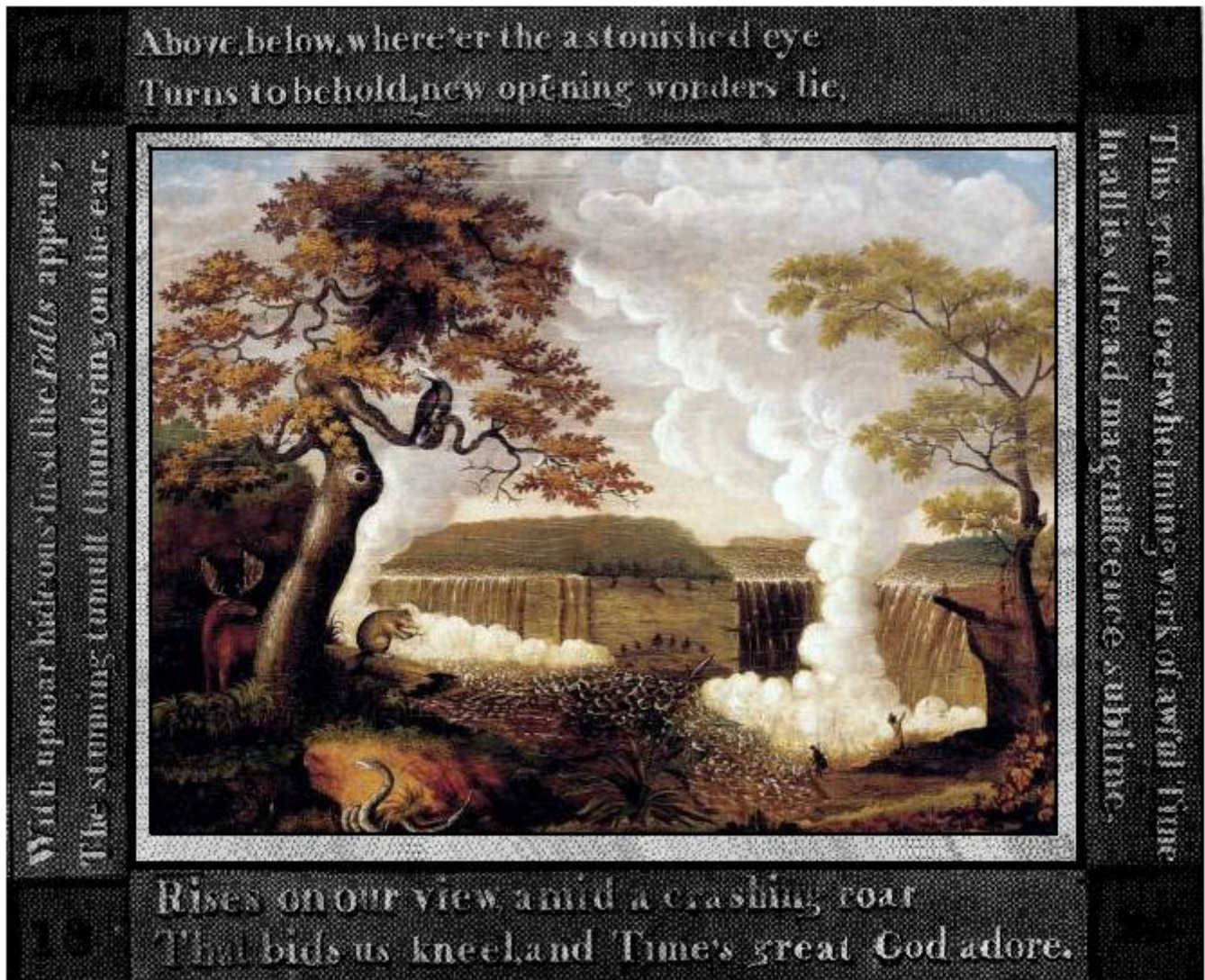
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## Niagara as portrayed by H.S. Tanner in 1822

"It was not until I came to Table Rock and looked, Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water, that it came upon me in its full might and majesty... Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

—Charles Dickens, 1842



The H.S. Tanner picture of 1822, as quoted by [Edward Hicks](#) in 1825



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May 16, Thursday: "P.M. Walk on Goat Island."

[Transcript]

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[Anne Isabella "Annabella" Noel Byron](#) died of breast cancer. The body would be placed in Kensal Green Cemetery.



May 17, Friday: The Reverend [Beriah Green](#), pastor of the Congregational Church in Whitesboro, New York, wrote to [The Liberator](#) to take [William Lloyd Garrison](#) to task for supposing that a meaningful emancipation could possibly eventuate to the black people of America as a consequence of civil war. He pointed out that, obviously,

Freedom in any proper sense of the inspiring word, is not the child of violence.

He also mentioned that, obviously,

Good must be built in good alone.

and concluded that, obviously, in consequence of this,

We shall derive **from** war what is characteristically involved **in** war, and nothing else.

One is left wondering, by the magnificent simplicity of his reasoning, how anyone could ever have been so foolish and misguided, as to have supposed that a spasm of warfare was going to cause some of America's problems to become more tractable! If you yourself just don't get this, gentle reader — which part of "resist not evil" is it that you just don't get?



May 17: Go to the Suspension Bridge and walk up on the Canada side. The completest view of the Falls is from that side.... A man says he calls these ducks "coween" [[Oldsquaw](#) [Clangula hyemalis](#)], and that they and other ducks both wild and tame, alight in the mist and are often carried over the Falls.

[Transcript]

**Cruickshank  
commentary**

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May 18, Saturday: The Catholic Archbishop of New-York, John Hughes, declared that if the federal government moved to abolish human [enslavement](#), it would be setting aside its Constitution. If such was President Lincoln's intent, he suggested, the man ought to resign his office forthwith.

**IRISH**

Friedrich Hebbel's "Kriemhildes Rache" premiered in Weimar.

On this day and the following one there would be fighting and mutual killing at [Sewell's Point](#), in what amounted to the North's initial assault on the South.

HDT

WHAT?

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"The pachinko ball doesn't want to plonk into the plastic tub before it has accomplished some sort of trajectory."

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- *no credit*



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This appeared in Punch:

Am I satyr or man?  
 Pray tell me who can,  
 And settle my place in the scale.  
 A man in ape's shape,  
 An anthropoid ape,  
 Or monkey deprived of his tail?  
 The Vestiges taught,  
 That all came from naught  
 By "development," so called, "progressive;"  
 That insects and worms  
 Assume higher forms  
 By modification excessive.  
 Then DARWIN set forth,  
 In a book of much worth,  
 The importance of "Nature's selection;"  
 How the struggle for life  
 Is a laudable strife,  
 And results in "specific distinction."  
 Let pigeons and doves  
 Select their own loves,  
 And grant them a million of ages,  
 Then doubtless you'll find  
 They've altered their kind,  
 And changed into prophets and sages....

EVOLUTION

RACE POLITICS

CHARLES DARWIN

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May 19, Sunday: In an attempt to maintain their neutrality, the English arrested the American mercenary adventurer [Frederick Townsend "Wah" Ward](#) and charged him with encouraging their sailors and marines



to desert to join his independent military formation. Having an application for [Chinese](#) citizenship pending, he responded, quite a bit prematurely it would seem, that as a Chinese citizen he was simply not subject to such Western discipline. He would escape, dramatically, by rushing at and leaping through a ship window into the dark water, to organize a new military group, this time led and equipped by foreigners but manned by Chinese soldiers, and to continue his activities in support of the *Ch'ing* emperor in suppression of the long-term Chinese Christian rebellion of South [China](#) in the vicinity of the port city of [Shanghai](#).



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Wah Ward never bore arms. He led his soldiers by waving his riding crop, a Manila cheroot stuck fiercely in his mouth:



The following is excerpted from Chapter 3 “Ward and Gordon: Glorious Days of Looting” of Jonathan D. Spence’s *TO CHANGE CHINA, WESTERN ADVISERS IN CHINA, 1620-1960* (pages 57-92; London: Penguin, 1969):

Ward was still without an army and recovering from his wounds when, on May 19, 1861, he was arrested by Admiral Hope for having defied the Allied declaration of neutrality in the civil war. At his court hearing, Ward insisted he was a naturalized subject of the Ch’ing government, but this claim was untrue and Hope ignored it, imprisoning him on board his ship the *Chesapeake*. In June 1861, the *North China Herald* noted: “[Ward’s] force is now disbanded. Some have probably suffered capital punishment at the hands of the Chinese, some have fallen in action, some are expiating their offences against our laws in common jails, and some few have escaped it is hoped with sufficient examples before them never to again engage in such an illegitimate mode of earning a livelihood as enrolling themselves in such disreputable ranks as those of a Chinese Foreign Legion.” Yet the selfrighteous hostility of most Westerners in China toward



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Ward hardly reflected the realities of their position. For, like Ward, the Western powers were "adventurers." They had arrived by sea and settled, by means of guile and coercion, onto the Chinese coast. Moreover, their diplomatic and military representatives had great freedom of action since it took so long for them to request or receive instructions from their home governments. Often they were out to get what they could for themselves or their own countries by any means possible, and accordingly their loyalties went not to the Ch'ing dynasty but to whatever groups in China best promised to forward their interests....

[I]n May 1861, Ward, under arrest in a cabin on the *Chesapeake*, had yet to feel the effects of this change in policy. Contriving to escape dramatically -leaping at night through a porthole, and being whisked away by a waiting junk to cries of "man overboard"-his only recourse was to hide out with the remnants of his Sungkiang garrison. Later that summer Admiral Hope, now of a different mind, having visited the Taipings in person in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a guarantee. for the security of Shanghai, invited Ward and his lieutenants to a conference on board the *Chesapeake*, assuring them of safe conduct. At this conference, Ward offered the admiral a new plan. In his escapades he had learned from the Taipings themselves that Chinese soldiers, well armed, well trained, and well led, made fierce fighters. Thus "he abandoned the enlistment of deserters and turned his attention to recruiting a native force to be commanded by European officers and patiently drilled in the European School of Arms."



May 20, Monday: The [Confederate States of America](#) again to some degree expanded its [Confederate Corps of Marines](#).

William Andy Heirs wrote to Sue Carter that "Shortly after the secession of Virginia, I thought it to be my duty to volunteer my services to defend my adopted country, and thereupon joined a company called the Washington Light Infantry, in Mobile. I remember the day I enlisted perfectly well, it was Friday. The following Tuesday at 11 o'clock A.M., the Company received orders to prepare ourselves to leave for Virginia at 4 that evening. My uniform was just cut and must be made or sewed together by 4 o'clock. That difficulty was soon overcome by the combined efforts of four ladies (to whom a heartfelt thanks are due,) and a sewing machine, and at the time appointed I was prepared to take my position with the rest. We left the city on the Steamer, amidst the most uproarious applause and shouting from the citizens, and waving of kerchiefs by the ladies, who had assembled and thousands to salute and cheer us onward, wishing us God Speed with many a tearful eye. We arrived at Montgomery safe, and there with the rest of our Regiment, elected field officers. James M. Withers, 'ex-Mayor of Mobile,' Colonel. — Lomax, Lt. Col. — Battle, Major. There are in the Regiment the Mobile Cadets, Mobile Rifles, Gulf City Guards of Mobile, and Washington Light Infantry, of Mobile.... The trip from Montgomery to Lynchburg, was made in boxcars, which, together with being cold and uncomfortable, were very dirty.... At Lynchburg, we were encamped near the fairgrounds, nearly three days, and during that time I had abundant opportunity to see the city, and enjoy the hospitality of the citizens.... we were ordered to leave next day, at 5 A.M., for Norfolk, which we did, arriving here next morning. It was a beautiful sight to behold our regiment of 11 hundred men (1100) moving down and up the hills to the depot of the south-side R.R. at Lynchburg...."

Large plantations such as Hardscrabble, Cameron, and Leigh had been established in the region surrounding [Durham, North Carolina](#). By this decade, Stagville Plantation lay at the center of one of the largest plantation

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holdings in the South. Black slaves from Africa labored on the farms and plantations. Due to a disagreement between the plantation owners and the farmers, [North Carolina](#) would make itself the last state to secede from the Union. However, on this day the sovereign state of [North Carolina](#), whose plantation masters were unable to sustain the thought that all men were created equal, did actually vote to “undo” the act that had brought it into the federal union centered in [Washington DC](#). White Durhamite sons would fight in several North Carolina regiments. Seventeen days after Lee would surrender his army at Appomattox, it would be at Bennett Place in Durham that General Sherman and General Johnston would negotiate the largest surrender and the end of civil strife. While in Durham, Yankee troops would become users of Brightleaf tobacco — and this would be what would spawn the commercial success of Washington Duke and his family and the firms known as American Tobacco, Liggett & Meyers, R.J. Reynolds, and P. Lorillard. The first mill to produce denim and the world’s largest hosiery maker would eventually establish themselves in Durham.

Well, the above remark about being unable to sustain the thought that all men were created equal is a cold joke, really, a cold joke based on the reputation that North Carolina has acquired — as a state whose chief claim to fame is that at least it is not South Carolina. In fact none of the Southern tier of states were breaking away in order to protect their peculiar institution of human enslavement. That’s merely a modern misapprehension! The president-elect, Abraham Lincoln, had given them assurances that interfering with human enslavement was not an item to be found anywhere on his agenda. None of the Southern politicians had any reason at all to suspect that Lincoln had any affection for people of color, for in fact, as was well understood, he had no such affection. The man was a master of the nigger joke (if you hadn’t known that, it is merely that our historians have been sparing you the agony of hearing them). The primary reason for the breaking away was that the election had indicated to the states of the Southern agricultural tier very clearly that the Northern industrial sector of the nation was increasing in relative influence over the Southern. During the first century of the existence of our nation, the most important political fact was that the primary political division in the federal government was sectional, between the Northern sector and the Southern sector of the country. The Constitution had been drafted in such a manner that the powers of these two sectors were about on a par with one another — it was to achieve this rough parity between the industrial North and the agricultural South that slavemasters had been granted an extra 3/5ths of a vote for every human being they owned. Year after year, shifts in the relative power of the two regions had been being carefully monitored and struggled over. This was a sectional issue, a geographical one, an economic one, Northern sector versus Southern sector, and so, you see, any and all debates as to the morality of race enslavement pro and con amount to a mere “stalking horse.” All of American national politics had for all of the existence of the federal union been a delicate balancing act. When Florida had become available, from Spain, Florida could not be brought into the union as an addition to the Southern sector until the federal politicians had come up with the idea of offering something equivalent to the Northern sector, so that the relative influences of the two sectors could be kept in balance within the corridors of power in [Washington DC](#) (so, Massachusetts was split into two states, Massachusetts and Maine, with the addition of Maine to the Northern sector balancing the addition of Florida to the Southern sector). When Texas came in, the whole chunk of territory had been brought in as one humongous state rather than breaking it apart into four reasonably sized new states, simply because the relative power of the two regions, north versus south, was being so carefully monitored and struggled for. For similar reasons, Canada is now an independent nation: Canada retained its independence because nobody could figure out how to add Canada to the Northern sector without adding Mexico to the Southern sector (and nobody wanted the Mexicans because they were thought of as half-breeds). National politics went on and on like this, and it wasn’t ever a struggle over freeing the negroes, but was instead a struggle between two groups of white men over which group of white men was going to achieve dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). Now hear me, the black people were just a pawn, being moved around the white man’s chessboard. So, in the 1860 election, when a northern candidate won rather than the candidate that was in the pocket of the Southern sector, they became fearful that the big bad wolf was knocking on the door, that the Northern sector had finally won out in this long-term contest for dominance over the federal establishment in [Washington](#). It didn’t matter how much Lincoln protested that freeing the slaves was the furthest thing from his mind (“Who, lil’ ol’ me?”).



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Thus, at our present juncture, the states of the Southern sector were seceding not because the [Republican](#) election victory posed a threat to enslavement practices –such a threat was not presented by the new [Republican party](#) platform– but because with the growing industrial power of the North, the agricultural South sensed a permanent diminution of its relative influence. It was willing to be part of a 50% versus 50% nation but feared having to suck hind tit in a 60% versus 40% nation. It had been all right when Franklin Pierce, a Northerner, had been president, because they had all understood that Pierce was a true blue Southerner at heart (besides, he was an ineffectual drunkard with the charisma of a door stop). This time, with a Northerner rather than a Southerner in control of the White House, the Northern bloc was going to start adding a bunch of free states out west, with each free state having two senators to make the Senate ever more and more lopsided — and this long stalemate would be irrevocably shattered.

[Ellery Channing](#) had hinted that he might join [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) at [Niagara Falls](#). He did not show up, which disappointed Thoreau. After having spent 5 days waiting in the Niagara Falls area, Thoreau and Mann took the train across lower Ontario and spent a night in Detroit.



May 20. Niagara Falls to Detroit... Wild fowl east of Lake St. Clair; of which a long and fine view on each side of the Thames. Crossing, saw about Thamesville a small plump bird, –red head and blackish or bluish back and wings, but with broad white on the rounded wing and tail. Probably the red-headed woodpecker [ [Red-headed Woodpecker](#) [Melanerpes erythrocephalus](#) ] .  
The one dollar houses in Detroit are the Garrison & the Franklin H.

[Transcript]

### THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



May 21, Tuesday: Off the mouth of the Congo River, the [USS Constellation](#) captured the empty slaver brig *Triton*. The three slavers that had been captured were impounded and would be sold at auction. The crews were landed at the nearest port and released. The captains of such slavers were required to post bond and await trial, but in every case except one, would manage to escape the supposedly mandatory death penalty. Captain Nicholas would report on the following day: “I captured at Punta da Leha the American brig Triton. She had no slaves on board, but every preparation for their reception had been made...”

The legislature of the state of [North Carolina](#) voted in favor of [secession](#) from the United States of America.

### US CIVIL WAR

For some time during the Civil War, [Dr. George Cuvier Harlan](#) would be on leave from Wills’ Eye Hospital to serve first as Acting Assistant Surgeon on the gunboat *Union* and then as Major and Surgeon of the 11th Pennsylvania cavalry. Captured by the Confederate forces, he would be interned in the Libby Prison at Richmond, Virginia.



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“Detroit to [Chicago](#).” The following would be published privately by [August Derleth](#) in 1944:



**WILD APPLES**

*Thoreau in the Midwest: May, 1861*

Calamus budded in the bottomland,  
the lilacs blooming, and the wild crabapple:  
rivers swollen with water from the north,  
snow water, and the whippoorwills,  
as once before, sing in the dusk ...

Eighty years since he crossed Wisconsin  
into Minnesota, along wild rivers—  
cold to the council of the Sioux  
at Redwood, who had expected to be warmed:  
cold to the flash and show,  
cold even to the Little Crow  
exchanging words with him. —Thoreau!  
Thoreau dying.

The Mississippi indolent with late spring:  
country of larks, redwings, hawks,  
wild pigeons, where he hunted nests  
and gophers, and at last—  
lo! the wild crabapple!

*“Half-fabulous to me ...  
I began to notice from the cars a tree  
with handsome rose-colored flowers.  
Eight miles west of the Falls,  
I touched it, smelled it,  
secured a lingering corymbe of the flowers,  
remarkable for their delicious odor ...”*

Sweet on the air, crabapple,  
wild crabapple cloud of pink on country lane,  
on rind of hill:

*“Indigenous,  
like the Indians ...”*

The May wind  
in their branches, moonlight  
white in the enlarging whiteness of the night  
on the rose corymbs—  
his footsteps passing,  
spectral, hushed sound in muted air; touching,  
smelling —lover of bird, wood, sky—  
(with one year left in which to die).

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Fifth Month again. Where now  
 I walk beneath the old new-leaving bough—  
 underfoot bergamotte, the violet,  
 picking morels where I go—  
 upon the air the wild perfume,  
 the pink crab's bloom,  
 the tree an alien visitation at the line-fence—  
 I think of him, Thoreau.

The wild, indigenous American tree,—  
 so it must have seemed to him,  
 the indigenous American,  
 the man forever young ...

*"Not an assured inhabitant of earth ...  
 not quite earthy ... something tender  
 and divine about him."*

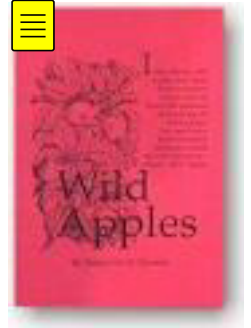
Lilacs in the dooryards,  
 in the deep woods spikenard;  
 in the bottoms budded  
 calamus, and water-lilies yellow on the sloughs;  
 at field's edge, the pasture line,  
 wood's rim, the tawny tree,  
 the cloud of pink against unclouded sky,  
 as eighty years gone by ...

*"Half-fabulous to me ..  
 I begin to notice from the cars a tree  
 with handsome rose-colored flowers .."*

—words clinging to the mind  
 like scent far-scattered by the heart  
 of Thoreau, Thoreau dying, his feet on earth  
 last, lingering, to track the trackless  
 path into the enormous last unseen wonder,  
 hearing the bees' sound, the kildeer's crying,  
 hearing the heart of the continent beating  
 in the sweet land,  
 he walked, dying.


*"Not an assured inhabitant of earth ..  
 not quite earthy .. something tender  
 and divine about him.... Indigenous,  
 like the Indians ..."*

*"..a lingering corymb of the flowers:"*  
 —so with scent the heart bemusing  
 another generations' hours.




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 May 22, Wednesday: Franz Liszt dined at the Tuileries with the Emperor [Napoléon III](#) and Empress Eugenie. His playing for the invited guests produced a sensation.

The two visitors from Massachusetts, [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#), “Rode down Michigan Avenue” in [Chicago](#). Meanwhile, in [Minnesota](#), the destination of our Massachusetts travelers, a missionary teacher of the Chippewa Indians at Belle Prairie some 50 miles upriver from Fort Snelling, Patrick Henry Taylor—a young man who had lost one eye in a childhood accident but had nevertheless already adventured with his older brother Jonathon for some 500 miles on the Red River and the Mississippi River in a birchbark canoe—volunteered for the Union forces. From a letter Henry Taylor wrote to his parents:

  
*I have heard that it is doubtful about the St. Cloud company being accepted for some time at least, and as more men are wanted to fill up the First Regiment which has already been accepted for three months, but now wanted for three years or during the war, I have given my name to go in that Reg. I am to start for Fort Snelling (near St. Paul) in the course of three hours. It is now 7 o'clock A.M. I am the only one who goes from Belle Prairie. I have taught two weeks on my term at Little Falls, but you know schools come after Law and Government. I shall probably take the oath day after tomorrow. The "Star Spangled Banner, o long may it wave." I should be pleased to see you all before I go, but I cannot. The same God, who has thus protected me will not withhold his guardian care in future. I go feeling that I am right and in a good cause, and if that be the case, I will not fear. Tell all my brothers and sisters to stand firm by the Union and by the glorious liberties which, under God, we enjoy.*

And, from the diary which Henry Taylor began at that significant juncture in his life:

  
*May 22, 1861 — Left Belle Prairie, Minn. at 11 a.m. by stage, arriving at Sauk Rapids at 7 p.m., the boys drilling in the opening.*

[Thoreau](#), evidently after ditching his travelling companion for awhile, visited the Chicago [Unitarian](#) minister, the Reverend [Robert Collyer](#), evidently at his parsonage next to the church, and then after Thoreau left the Reverend wrote him an enclosure note, sending him some materials which he had requested, and added a

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suggestion that Thoreau might author a book about the American West.



*Mr Thoreau*

*Dear Sir*

*You will find herein the things you wanted to know. Mr Whitfield is very well posted about the country and what he Says is reliable. I hope you will have a pleasant time get heartily well and write a book about the great west that will be to us what your other books are. ["a freinds"] I want you to stop in Chicago as you come back if it can be possible, and be my guest a few days. I should be very much pleased to have you take a rest and feel at home with us, and if you do please write in time so that I shall be sure to be at home.*

*I am very truly  
Robert Collyer  
Chicago May 22<sup>d</sup>.*

Thirty-one years later, in 1892, this minister would write most perceptively about the person whom he so briefly encountered, in a manuscript he would title CLEAR GRIT: A COLLECTION OF LECTURES, ADDRESSES AND POEMS which eventually, in 1913, would see publication by Boston's Beacon Press.



Here are pages 294-7 as eventually published:

Thirty-one years ago last June a man came to see me in [Chicago](#) whom I was very glad and proud to meet. It was Henry Thoreau of Concord, the Diogenes of this new world, the Hermit of Walden Woods. The gentle and loving misanthropist and apostle of individualism so singular and separate that I do not know where to look for his father or his son – the most perfect instance to be found I think of American independence run to seed, or

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shall we say to a mild variety which is very fair to look on but can never sow itself for another harvest. The man of a natural mind which was **not** enmity against God, but in a great and wide sense was subject to the law of God and to no other law. The saint of the **bright** ages and the own brother in this to the Saint of the dark ages, who called the wild creatures that run and fly his sisters and brothers, and was more intimate with them than he was with our human kind. The man of whom, so far as pure seeing goes, Jesus would have said "blessed are your eyes, for **they see,**" and whose life I want to touch this evening for some lessons that as it seems to me he alone could teach those who would learn.

As I remember Henry Thoreau then, he was something over forty years of age but would have easily passed for thirty-five, and he was rather slender, but of a fine, delicate mold, and with a presence which touched you with the sense of perfect purity as newly opened roses do. It is a clear rose-tinted face he turns to me through the mist of all these years, and delicate to look on as the face of a girl; also he has great gray eyes, the seer's eyes full of quiet sunshine. But it is a strong face, too, and the nose is especially notable, being as [Moncure] Conway said to me once of Emerson's nose, a sort of interrogation mark to the universe. His voice was low, but still sweet in the tones and inflections, though the organs were all in revolt just then and wasting away and he was making for the great tablelands beyond us Westwards, to see if he could not find there a new lease of life. His words also were as distinct and true to the ear as those of a great singer, and he had Tennyson's splendid gift in this, that he never went back on his tracks to pick up the fallen loops of a sentence as commonplace talkers do. He would hesitate for an instant now and then, waiting for the right word, or would pause with a pathetic patience to master the trouble in his chest, but when he was through the sentence was perfect and entire, lacking nothing, and the word was so purely one with the man that when I read his books now and then I do not hear my own voice within my reading but the voice I heard that day....

We are not sure it would be best to meet some men who have touched us by their genius, but it seems to me now that to see Thoreau as I did that day in Chicago and hear him talk was the one thing needful to me, because he was so simply and entirely the man I had thought of when I read what he had written. There was no lapse, no missing link; the books and the man were one, and I found it was true of him also that "the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."


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 May 23, Thursday: A plebiscite in Virginia favored [secession](#) from the United States 128,884-32,134 (80% yes).

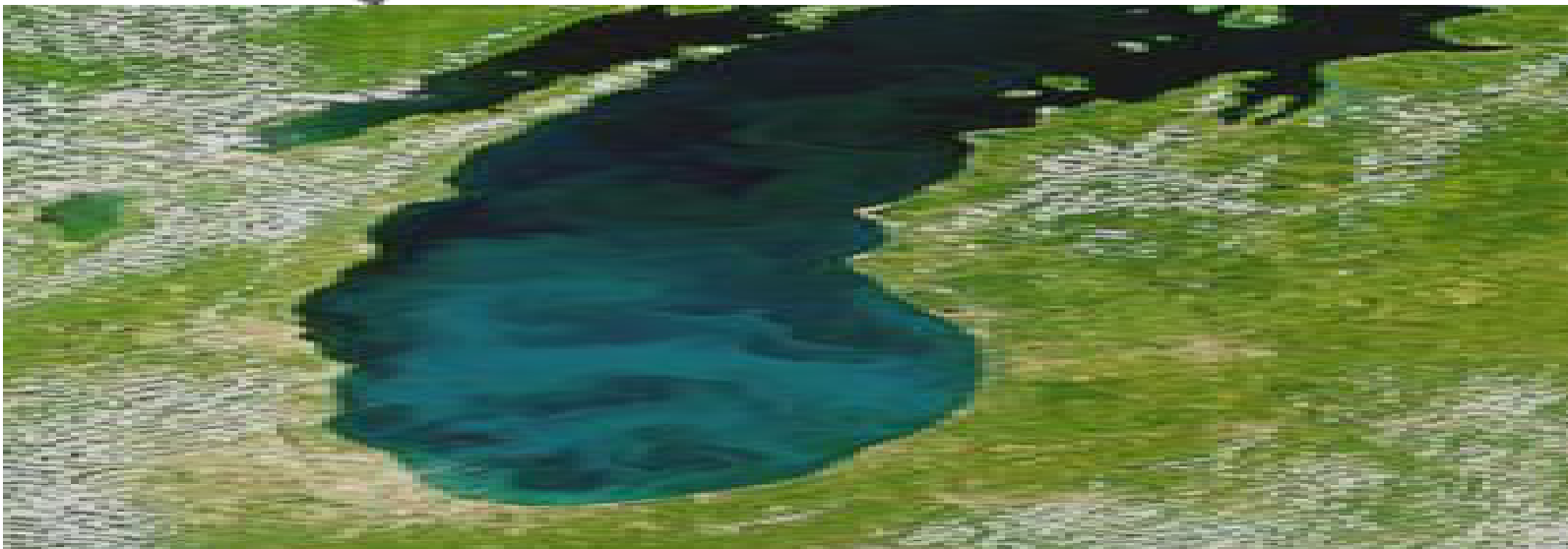
**US CIVIL WAR**

[John Buchanan Floyd](#) was appointed as a brigadier general in the Confederate States Army (CSA). Our Massachusetts travelers [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) spent an additional day in [Chicago](#). And, from the diary of Henry Taylor the Minnesota recruit to the Union forces:

  
*May 23 - St. Anthony, 7 p.m. Put up at "St. Charles."*



Mann: "I walked around most all day yesterday and saw considerable of Chicago..."



**Chicago in 1858**

[Thoreau](#) and [Mann](#) had their supper on the Mississippi riverboat *Itasca*<sup>86</sup> tied up at the dock at Dunleith (now East Dubuque, [Illinois](#)).<sup>87</sup>

86. The *Itasca* was a larger sized 230-foot by 35-foot paddle-wheel steamboat built in 1857 at the Cincinnati Boatworks. It normally boarded 200 to 300 passengers, and made regular trips to St. Paul. "Itasca" is a name coined in Minnesota to refer to the "true source" of the Mississippi River, coined because discovering the "true source" of this mighty stream in this or that little rivulet has been found by some in these parts to be of overwhelming interest. The steamboat *Itasca* burned in 1870.

87. Notice, please, that this is precisely the scenic [steamboat](#) adventure which had been so highly recommended in the pages of the New York [Daily Times](#) on June 14, 1854:

Perhaps you have beheld such sublimity in dreams, but surely never in daylight walking elsewhere in this wonderful world. Over one hundred and fifty miles of unimaginable fairy-land, genii-land, and world of visions, have we passed during the last twenty-four hours.... Throw away your guide books; heed not the statements of travelers; deal not with seekers after and retailers of the picturesque; believe on man, but see for yourself the Mississippi River above Dubuque.



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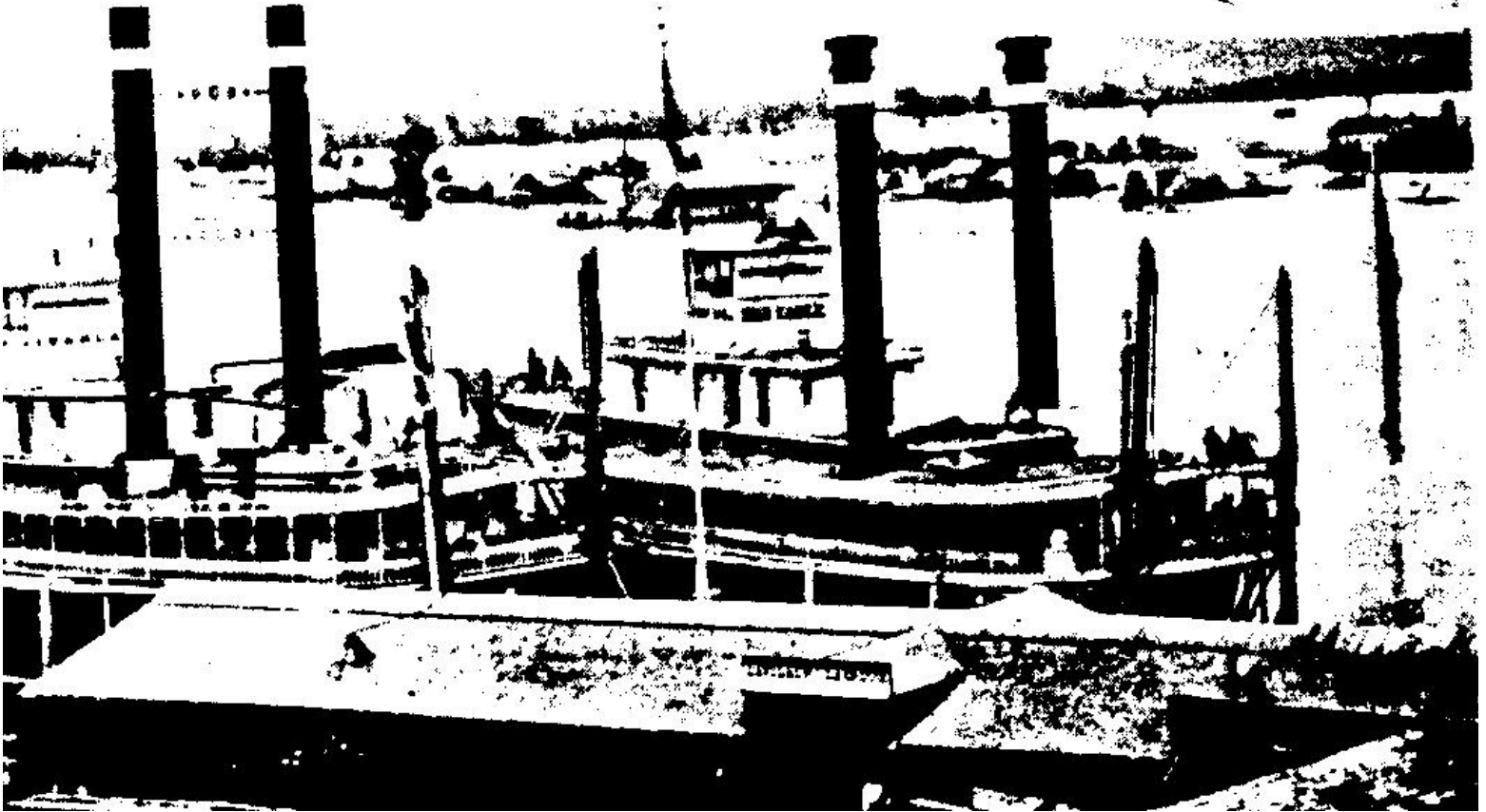


The prevailing shade tree in Chicago the cottonwood.... Sewers or main drains fall but 2 feet in a mile.... Water milky.

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[Transcript]

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The War Eagle and the Itasca at the St. Paul levee in 1867



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“Chicago to Dunleath.... Distances on the prairie deceptive.” In Minnesota, it had been raining but then the weather cleared and the citizenry of Minneapolis and St. Anthony threw an alcoholic picnic on Nicollet Island



in the Mississippi for its brave soldier boys in new blue. Here is the press dispatch the Head Quarters



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First Reg. M.V. at Fort Snelling sent to a Minnesota newspaper:

...Dame Nature was weeping over the impending fate of those poor infatuated rebels who by their madness have brought disgrace on themselves and the country to which the ingrates belong; but now the clouds have cleared away and the heavens seem to predict a glorious future for us of the North and West – the land of the bold and free.

...In good spirits we all started "oph" – flags flying, "drums a beating" – for the scene of the day's festivity.... The suspension bridge is a magnificent structure – well worthy of attention – spanning the "Father of Waters." Above the falls of St. Anthony the visitor has a fine view of the river, and, if inclined to calculation might form some idea of the vast amount of power that is running to waste.

We had dinner in the grove on Nicollet Island, a beautiful place for such purposes. The ladies and gents who had the affair in charge deserve great praise for the manner in which they discharged their duties.– The tables were supplied with plenty to have fed two regiments, and the materials were all of the choicest kind: sandwiches, bread – as white as the fair hands that made it – and butter as delicious as the lips of the ladies who passed it around; but why particularize when everything was excellent – sweet milk and beer as drinkables. So much beer was furnished that after we had drunk all we wished there were sixty kegs untapped.

Before partaking of the dinner our Colonel gave the command to "uncover," and a benediction was invoked by a venerable clergyman of Minneapolis. Owing to the distance between us I did not hear a word he said. After dinner Col. Gorman, in behalf of the regiment, returned thanks to the citizens and committee in his usual happy style. It was responded to by Col. Aldrich of Minneapolis. After complimenting the officers and men, he said, "success would surely attend our arms. – We were engaged in a glorious and holy cause – the cause of freedom and humanity."

Three hearty cheers were given by our soldier boys for the ladies of St. Anthony and Minneapolis, which we sent back with a will by the citizens, including the ladies, the waving of whose scented pocket handkerchiefs seemed to load the air with perfume.

I think it was the happiest thing in the shape of a picnic that I ever attended. The day was fine; the ladies beautiful; the soldiers performed their evolutions gracefully, and everything passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned.

...Tomorrow we go to St. Paul to receive our regimental flag.

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**Footbridge to Nicollet Island for regimental picnic (and for Thoreau's botanizing)**



May 24, Friday: Federal troops occupied Alexandria, Virginia.

**US CIVIL WAR**

After a dinner party at the home of Fromental Halévy, Georges Bizet sight-read a difficult work by Franz Liszt. The composer, who was present, called Bizet one of the 3 finest pianists in Europe, along with Hans von Bülow and himself.

From the diary of Henry Taylor the recent Minnesota recruit to the Union forces:



*May 24 - Took buss for Fort Snelling via Minnehaha Falls. Was sworn into the U.S. Army at 2 p.m. to serve three years or during the war. Ho, Ho, for the wars!*

**Horace Mann, Jr.** was carrying a hundred dollars in gold coins, which he had obtained in **Chicago** despite the current panic in the banks. The *Itasca* first crossed the river to Dubuque, then steamed past Cassville to Prairie du Chien.

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Up river, — the river, say sixty rods wide, or three-quarters of a mile between the bluffs.... The birds

*"Upriver," "To Fairhaven," and "To Clamshell" were other common opening phrases. This signified a southward trip up the lakelike Sudbury River, which zigzagged between rocky cliffs and lush meadows. Its current could be detected only at narrows and shallows. Parallel lines of sweet-scented lily pads, aquatic flowers rooted in shoreline mud, and buttonbush swamps flanked the river for much of its length. With a breeze from the north or east, he would usually sail. Otherwise he would row.*  
— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 11

are kingfishers, small ducks, swallows, jays, etc....

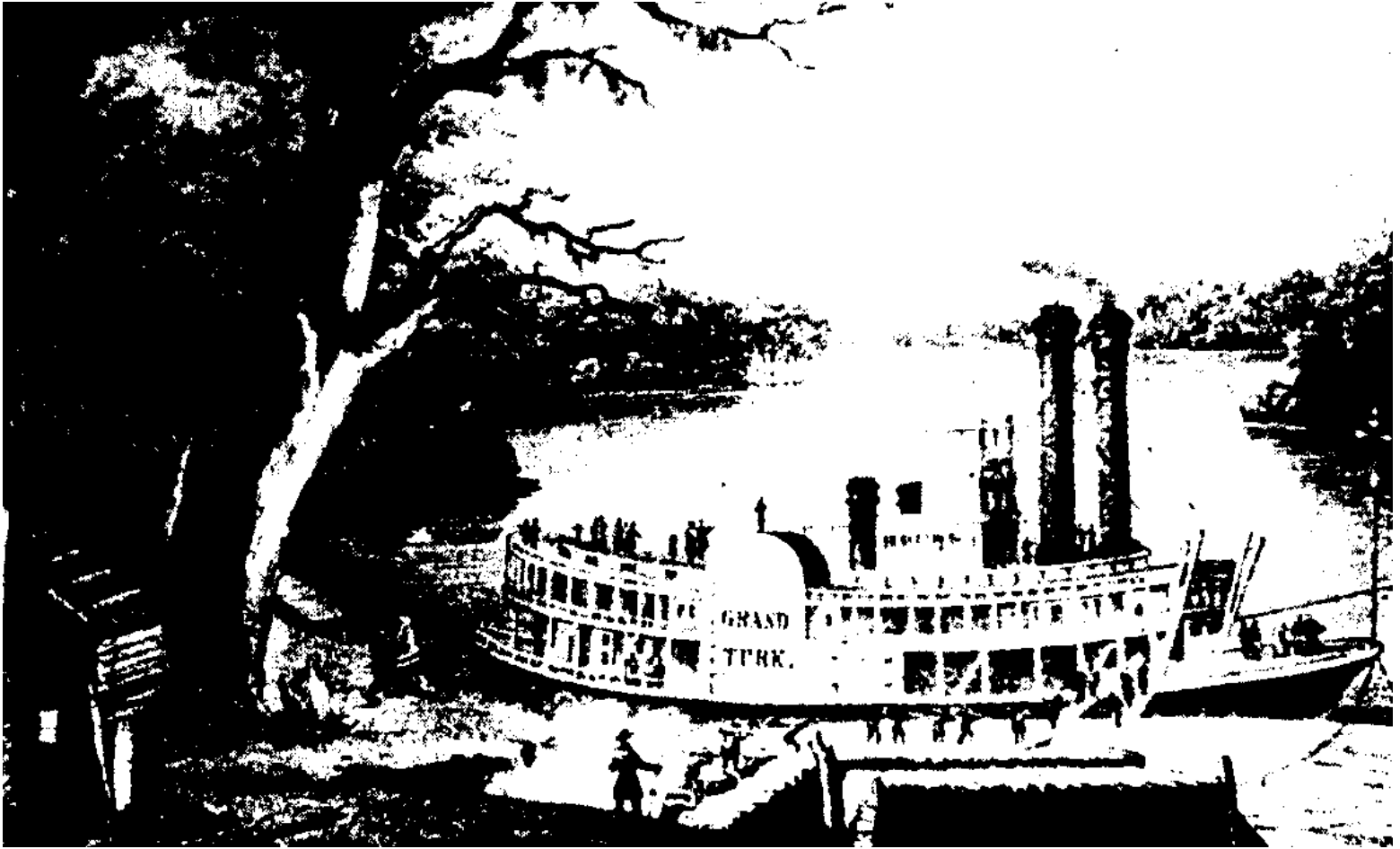
[Transcript]

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Land on the shore often with a plank.... Load some 9 or 10 cords of wood at a landing. 20 men in

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10 minutes. Disturb a bat which flies aboard.



### Steamboat "wooding" at night

The steamer whistles, then strikes its bell about 6 times funereally & with a pause after the 3rd & You see the whole village making haste to the landing — commonly the raw stony or sandy shore. The postmaster with his bag, the passengers, & almost every dog & pig in the town of commonly one narrow street under the bluff & back yards at angles of about 45° with the horizon.

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This was the tourist package tour that had become known nationwide as the "Fashionable Tour" and it had been taken by, among others, Millard Fillmore and Anthony Trollope and Clara Barton. Henry Thoreau was amused to read in a tourist puff that the Mississippi flows from the pine to the palm. The journey had been being puffed by James M. Goodhue, the editor of the Minnesota Pioneer, for at least the past nine years:

Who that is idle would be caged up between walls of burning brick and mortar, in dog-days, down the river, if at less daily expense, he could be hurried along through the valley of the Mississippi, its shores studded with towns, and farms, flying by islands, prairies, woodlands, bluffs - an ever varied scene of beauty, away up into the land of the wild Dakota, and of cascades and pine forests, and cooling breezes? - Why it is an exhilarating luxury, compared with which, all the fashion and tinsel and parade of your Newports and Saratogas, are utterly insipid... A month in Minnesota, in dog-days, is worth a whole year anywhere else; and, we confidently look to see the time, when all families of leisure down South, from the Gulf of Mexico along up, will make their regular summer hegira to our Territory, and when hundreds of the opulent from those regions, will build delightful cottages on the borders of our ten thousand lakes and ornament their grounds with all that is tasteful in shrubbery and horticulture, for a summer retreat.



[At Prairie du Chien] The redwing blackbird [Red-winged Blackbird Agelaius phoeniceus] is the prevailing bird till the Mississippi River; on the river, pigeons, kingfishers, crows, jays, etc., with swallows (the white-bellied).

[Transcript]

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[NOTE: From this point forward I will be embellishing the record of Thoreau's visit to Minnesota with ancient representations of human figures as they were pounded into the flat limestones of southwest Minnesota, and recorded in Gorton Allen Lothson's THE JEFFERS PETROGLYPH SITE (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 1976).

I have inserted these at random in order to emphasize a point, that whatever benefit you may be deriving from reading about Thoreau's visit to Minnesota, what he himself most hoped for was encounters with the originary inhabitants of this area, encounters which would help him figure out what it took to be a human being.]

88. This particular puff is dated July 22, 1852.

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➡ May 25, Saturday, very early in the morning: John Merryman, a [Maryland](#) state legislator, was taken into custody at Fort McHenry on charges of attempting to disrupt a movement of soldiers from Baltimore to Washington DC. He had evidently been implicated in some plan to burn local bridges to impede such a troop movement.

In Concord, Massachusetts, this was [Waldo Emerson](#)'s 58th birthday.



At Fort Snelling in [Minnesota](#), [Henry Thoreau](#)'s travel destination, in the diary of Henry Taylor the teacher recruited to the Union forces we read:<sup>89</sup>

☰  
*May 25 - On guard, but I don't know "beans" about a sentinel's duty.*

The *Itasca* stopped in the morning at Brownsville, then steamed through Lake Pepin<sup>90</sup> and arrived at Fountain

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89. Hopefully Henry would be able to teach this teacher to know beans.

90. Lake Pepin was a critical link in seasonal travel on the Mississippi River. All steamboat tours had to wait each spring until the ice broke up on this lake.



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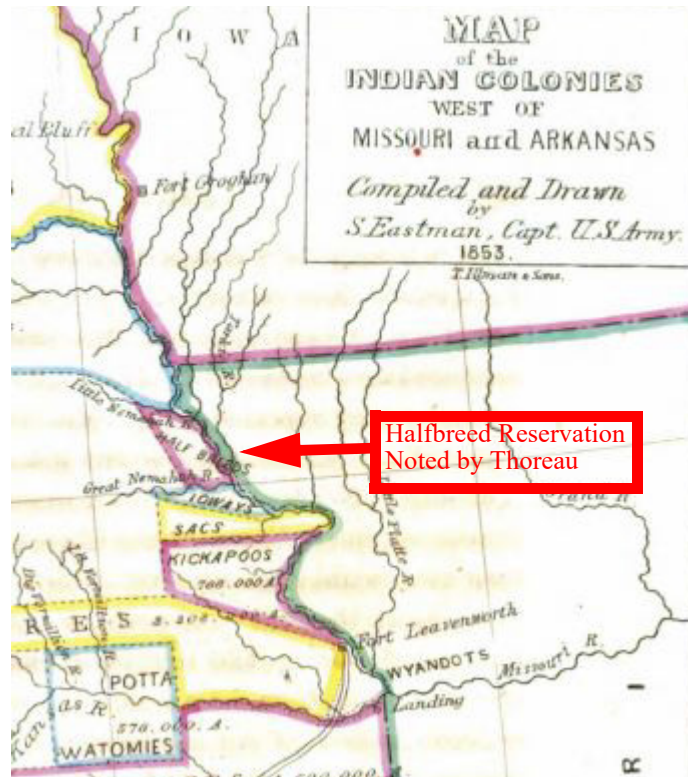
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City, Wisconsin about noon:<sup>91</sup>



91. This puff is by a land agent, of course. His name was Nathan Howe Parker, he lived in Clinton, Iowa, and he was "associated with Snyder & McFarlane, Land Agents, Minneapolis." THE MINNESOTA HANDBOOK FOR 1856-7, WITH A NEW AND ACCURATE MAP. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co., 1857, pages 17-19). Since Thoreau paid \$1.<sup>00</sup> for his map of Minnesota, which was a high price to pay for a map by itself, equivalent to on the order of a hundred dollars today, and since Thoreau quotes from and references this guidebook, it is likely that this book published four years earlier in Boston, with its map, was what Thoreau had acquired for a dollar in Chicago.



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Lake Pepin is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-five miles long by an average width of five miles. The bluffs are very rugged and precipitous on either shore, and the distance between them does not seem to differ much from the space between them for a hundred miles below, and "it would seem that the lake was made by weeding out the islands, and thus leaving the base of bluffs to be bathed by the Father of Waters." The bluffs here, on either shore, are rugged and precipitous. At the great bend of this lake, on the northeast side, is a conspicuous escarpment, celebrated in Indian annals as the Maiden's Rock, or Cap des Sioux. From this rock, tradition informs us that "Winona, the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief, precipitated [sic] herself rather than to marry a man she did not love. She illustrated some of the noblest principles of our nature, and hence her name is immortal, while fashionable belles by the thousand pass away and are forgotten forever." The Maiden's Rock is four hundred and ten feet high – the perpendicular wall of lower magnesian limestone being nearly two hundred feet. Lake Pepin, near its mouth, has been sounded four hundred fathoms without finding bottom. Lake City, Central Point, and Florence, are within three miles of each other, on the west bank of Lake Pepin, on one of the most beautiful plains in the western country. The high, picturesque bluffs that have hugged either shore so long, above and below, here stretch back, leaving a level plateau containing probably ten thousand acres, dotted here and there with small lakes of clear pure water, and groves of medium-sized trees. This plain is eight miles long on the lake and three to four miles wide in the centre, bounded on the west by a range of high, thickly wooded bluffs, and on the east by the lake – a desirable spot for a large rural village, or watering-place, or even for farming purposes. This land is upon the Half-breed Reservation, which accounts for the slow growth of these three embryonic towns.

[Thoreau](#) jotted down the following:

"Indians encamped below Wabashaw with Dacotah shaped wigwams. Loon on lake & fish leap."

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The steamboat *Itaska* passed Red Wing, Minnesota:<sup>92</sup>

Red Wing, six miles above the head of the lake, is beautifully and advantageously located, and will become a point of commercial importance. This town is the county-seat of Goodhue county, and has a population, in July, of 1500, and is rapidly improving. Here is located the Hamline University, under the auspices of the M.E. Church, attended by upwards of seventy students, with a fine brick edifice for the preparatory department, costing \$10,000.... A lot on Main street was sold, recently, for \$500 in the morning, and again in the afternoon for the sum of \$1,000.

### Red Wing

In scenic Red Wing, about an hour's drive south of the metro area, the Mississippi widens below dramatic limestone bluffs. Most visits begin with a trip to the St. James Hotel. Built in 1874 and restored in the 1970s to its full Italianate glory, the St. James is now a favorite among weekenders, with romantic river views, turn-down service and morning coffee.


Red Wing seems to have something for everyone. Shoppers flock to Pottery Place for bargains at more than 50 outlets and antique stores. And sightseers shouldn't miss guided tours of the town's high spots aboard the "Spirit of Red Wing," a San Francisco-style cable car. History buffs will love the geological, Native American and pioneer exhibits on display at the Goodhue County Historical Museum.

At the T.B. Sheldon Theater (Red Wing's restored "jewel box"), concerts, ballet and theater run year-round. And nearby Welch Village is a favorite top for downhill skiers.

For more information, call 800-762-9516.

- The City Pages "Annual Manual," 1992-1993



[At Prairie du Chien] The redwing blackbird [Red-winged Blackbird  *Agelaius phoeniceus*] is the prevailing bird till the Mississippi River; on the river, pigeons, kingfishers, crows, jays, etc., with swallows (the white-bellied).

[Transcript]

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Red Wing had been named after a Dakota headman or *wicasa itancan*, Koopoohoosha “Red Wing.”<sup>93</sup> The Itaska’s load of [tourists](#) hung over the rail to gawk at the big bluff<sup>94</sup> many of them had already seen in a theatre, on the famous rolled [panorama](#) by [John Banvard](#) of the entire course of the Mississippi that was 1,200 feet long.<sup>95</sup>

This is the season [tourist handbook describing early June] when pleasure-seekers from the crowded East or the sunny South seek a retreat from care and toil, on the shaded, pebbly shores of the crystal lakes, or by the foaming torrent of the cataract, intent upon enjoying to the utmost the numerous advantages afforded by the northwest to those in quest of health, wealth, or pleasure. At this season of the year, every thoroughfare leading to the West and Northwest is thronged, and at times the boats passing up the river are crowded to their utmost capacity.

93. He was also known as Tatankamani “Walking Buffalo” and as Shakea “He Who Paints Himself,” because the title “Chief Red Wing” referred only to a dyed swan wing the headman or *wicasa itancan* carried, that had been carried by his father and would be carried by his son Wacouta “The Shooter,” and his grandson. Incidentally, this “chief” business is very much a White misunderstanding, a radical oversimplification of a complex status. A headman or *wicasa itancan*, referred to by intrusives as a “chief,” is merely “someone who serves his people in a special admirable way in some area of need in human life,” and this obviously has nothing whatever to do with supposedly equivalent intrusive roles such as “The President” or “Mr. Chairman” or whatever. The song “Red Wing,” about a pretty Indian princess on whom “the moon shines tonight” while “The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying, / For a far away her brave is dying / and Red Wing's crying her heart away” is specious.



94. White people had renamed Khemnichan “Hill-Water-Wood” –because of their joke “Why, it’s as big as a barn!”– as “Barn Bluff.”

95. [Banvard](#) liked to claim it was three miles long. Parker’s MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 9.



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The steamboat passed Red Rock and headed for “Iminijaska White Rocks,” or St. Paul.<sup>96</sup>

Red Rock, six miles below St. Paul, is a point of some note. Upon this rock certain tribes of Indians have for years laid their offerings, and a chief informs me that “no good Indian passes this rock without leaving here tobacco, wampum, beads, skins, or other valuables, as offerings to the Great Spirit.”

[ISN'T THE ABOVE QUOTATION, FROM THIS WHITE GUIDEBOOK TO MINNESOTA REAL ESTATE, PRINTED IN BOSTON, ILLUMINATING! HERE WE HAVE A SORRY RECORD OF THE DESTRUCTION OF NATIVE AMERICAN RELIGION THROUGH THE CAPTURE AND DESECRATION OF HOLY PLACES, AND IT IS OFFERED AS AN ACCOUNT OF A PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITION AND IT IS PUT IN THE MOUTH OF SOME ANONYMOUS “CHIEF” TALKING ABOUT, OF ALL CODE WORDS, GOOD INDIANS! A “POINT OF SOME NOTE” INDEED!]



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96. Parker’s MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 19. Mr. Parker continued here, in his inimitable manner: “Of course, the more valuable the offering, the better the Indian.”



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St. Paul was far north as steamboats could get at that time, although some skippers of these shallow-draft boats were proclaiming that they could sail across a pasture, if the grass were long enough and the dew heavy enough, and if it were early enough in the morning.<sup>97</sup>

The town was surveyed in 1845, and as late as the spring of 1847 there were but three white families upon the ground now occupied by a city of 10,000 intelligent and industrious American citizens. To recapitulate: in 1846, St. Paul contained but ten white inhabitants; ten years afterwards, its census shows a population of 10,000!... The site where St. Paul now stands, was, eight years ago, a wilderness; now a proud city of 10,000 inhabitants, possessing all the elements of refined civilization, greets the eye and astonishes every beholder. Where but a few moons ago the pale-face would have fallen a prey to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, now stands the house of worship, with its tall spire; and instead of the war-whoop is heard the church-going bell, or the melodious voices of a hundred happy Sabbath-school children, in praise to the Great Spirit who has given them a home in this goodly land.... From small beginnings St. Paul has grown great as rapidly as a bird unfolds its wings for an upward flight. No sudden combination of circumstances has brought about this result. It has been accomplished by hard and unremitted labor.

By the autumn of 1856 the 4 principal hostelrys of St. Paul were accommodating 1,000 of these [tourists](#) per week, many of them, like [Thoreau](#), seeking a Minnesota cure for lung trouble. (In fact the famous Mayo Clinic began as one of these “TB-tourist” places when Dr. W.W. Mayo of Indiana fled the “[malaria](#) hell of the Wabash Valley” to Rochester MN.)

The American House of St. Paul was currently catering to this trade and was advertising by understatement in the St. Paul [Pioneer and Democrat](#) that

This popular hotel has long since passed the period when a “puff” could add to its reputation.

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## THE ITASCA



May 26, Sunday: Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) departed from Montgomery for Richmond, Virginia.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

The attorney representing [Maryland](#) legislator and Southern sympathizer John Merryman, his client being held in Fort McHenry in Baltimore, obtained a writ of *habeas corpus* for General George Cadwallader to produce this prisoner before a federal judge. Surprise, the General instead produced an officer who attempted to inform the court that due to current unrest in the civilian population, this citizens' right of long standing, of *habeas corpus*, had just been suspended in Maryland by the President of the United States of America. Had [Abraham Lincoln](#) in fact done such a thing? What Lincoln had instructed on April 27th was that this resistance in Maryland was to be overcome by "the most prompt and efficient means ... even, if necessary ... the bombardment of their cities and, in the extremest necessity, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus," and, it goes without saying, the military, being an authoritarian structure, interpreted this as a blanket permission to do what it does most naturally. The response of Judge [Roger Brooke Taney](#) was to order that General George



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Cadwallader be brought before him, if necessary by force. However, when a US marshal attempted to serve this writ of attachment at Fort McHenry, the general simply refused to receive him, and the judge of course decided against forming a judicial posse to storm the fortification. Instead, the judge issued an opinion that the President of the United States of America, who to assume this office had been required to swear an oath “to take care that the laws be faithfully executed,” thereby lacked the authority to suspend a fundamental legal right such as *habeas corpus*, and he forwarded a copy of his judicial opinion to the White House. Of course, Lincoln would make no response and Merryman would remain in federal custody.<sup>98</sup>

The *Itasca* tied up with the other steamboats at the dock of St. Paul “Iminijaska White Rocks”<sup>99</sup> in the wee



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98. What might the exact *obiter dicta* be? — Perhaps something like the following: “In this land of the free and home of the brave in which no person of color has any rights which any white man is bound to respect, and in which he or she may justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit, unless it is quite convenient citizens are to have no rights which their government is bound to respect.”

99. The local newspapers did not report that an important person had arrived. One year later, however, on May 26, 1862, [Henry Thoreau](#)’s death would be noted in the Minneapolis [Morning Tribune](#):

On this day, 1861, Henry David Thoreau ... landed in St Paul. He came to Minnesota for his health. One year later he died.

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smalls of the night. Breakfast at the American House cost our adventurers \$0.<sup>50</sup> each.



Steamboat arriving at St. Paul "Iminjaska White Rocks," Minnesota



Mann wrote: "We had a very pleasant passage up the river.... went up in town to the American House where we got breakfast at 7:30 and at about 8:30 we left in the stage coach<sup>100</sup> in a driving rain-storm. We are at a house here called the Tremont House, and from the window of my room I can see a little bit of the Falls of St. Anthony, though not enough to know how they look.... The fall is divided by Henepin I name after a Jesuit missionary, the first white man who ever saw them and who named them, arriving on St. Anthony's day.... Mr. Thoreau ... is doing very well now and I think will be a great deal better before long...."



Mann continued: "The falls are not very high the highest being the last and not more than 10 or 20

100. The stagecoach line between St. Paul and St. Anthony, until 1863, was known as the "Red Coach" line.

101. The fashionable hostelry with the best view of the falls, the Winslow House hotel in which Southern plantation owners loved to escaped the summer heat attended by their favorite slaves, would have cost our travelers twice that, \$2.<sup>00</sup> per day. (This Winslow House had been constructed in 1857, and would become the main building of Macalister College in 1874.)

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ft. high; there are smaller falls above it and the rapids are very swift. Below the falls on each side there are high steep banks from 50 to 75 ft. high but they are highest on the southern side.”



St. Anthony in 1863, with Steele's suspension bridge in the background.



May 26: The burr oaks are low & spreading, the bark generally darker than a white oak which grows in the woods. They are from 1 to 3 rods apart. The Minnesota University here is set in the midst of such an oak opening & it looks quite artificial, & unlike our pines left standing will prob thrive as if nothing had happened.

[Transcript]

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At Fort Snelling in Minnesota, [Henry Thoreau](#)'s destination, in the diary of Henry Taylor the teacher recruited to the Union forces we read:



*May 26 – Rains. No religious service. Most of the boys pay very little respect for the Sabbath. I am reminded of the kindly restraining influence of women. Assigned to Company E under Capt. G.N. Morgan, First Minnesota Volunteers.*



May 27, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) in St. Paul, Minnesota wrote to [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#) &/or [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#).

*7 Am May 27—  
last evening I called on Mr Thatcher. He is much worse in consequence of having been recently thrown from a carriage—so as to have had watchers within a few nights past. He was however able to give me a note of introduction to a Dr Anderson, of Minneapolis just over the river  
You may as well direct to Mr Thatcher's care—still, for I cannot see where I may be a fortnight hence*

“Nicollet Island, where the bridge crosses” — this appears to be Thoreau's rough draft of a letter home about Colonel Samuel Thatcher, a distant cousin who had moved to Minnesota from Maine for his health and who would die on August 31st (Dr. Charles L. Anderson was the Minnesota state geologist):

*7 a.m., May 27. I last evening called on Mr. Thatcher. He is much worse in consequence of having been recently thrown from a carriage, so as to have had watchers within a few nights past. He was however able to give me a note of introduction to a Dr. Anderson, of Minneapolis, just over the river. You may as well direct to Mr. Thatcher's care, still, for I cannot see where I may be a fortnight hence.*

Alyeksandr Borodin met Yekaterina Sergeevna Protopopova, a talented Russian pianist in Heidelberg to be treated for [tuberculosis](#).

William Andy Heirs wrote to Sue Carter that he “was startled and feigned to hear of the position my brother has taken in the war between the two sections of our once glorious Union. After a short study I came to the conclusion that the company to which he referred was a company of militia organized from Fire Company No. 1 (of which he was foreman), for home protection. This would materially change the face of matters, and relieve his position of the unfaithfulness to his heretofore expressed sentiment, in regard to the matters in question. While it is perfectly mature for persons to protect their homes from invasion (even by a people whose political principles do not differ from their own), I would most certainly denounce and oppose the action of my brother in following or leading a body of men whose object was to invade and desecrate the land of a



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people who are using every honest effort to separate themselves peacefully from an obnoxious Government. I suppose you have long since heard the particulars of the fight at Hampton, in which some 700 of the Federal troops are reported killed, and 50 of the Virginians. The explosion mentioned which blew up the bridge and kept the enemy at bay, was plainly heard here, and men now, while I am writing, firing can be heard distinctly in the direction of Sewells Point, and it is [rumored] in camp that another fight is in progress at that place, as we can easily distinguish the difference between the firing — the deep quick sound of cannon, and the long, rolling sound of musketry. Our boys are only dissatisfied with their position and say with a negro in camp yesterday, that, 'they dun put us so far de woods de Yankees will never find us.' However, I presume we will be in action soon enough, and too soon for a great many of us to maintain longevity to the natural term of man's existence...."



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May 28, Tuesday: At Weymouth, on May 3d, 1860, the pregnant Betsy Frances Tirrell had ingested 10 grains of strychnine in preserved fruit, supplied to her by her fiancé George Canning Hersey under the pretense that this deadly poison would merely produce miscarriage. Tirrell had pleaded Not Guilty and had been assigned as counsel for his defense George S. Sullivan, Esq., and Hon. Elihu C. Baker. On this day he stood trial for murder before Chief Justice Bigelow and Associate Justices Merrick, Dewey, and Chapman. The prosecutors would be Attorney General Foster and District Attorney Harris.

### TRANSCRIPT OF THE TRIAL

As guests of Dr. Anderson, after dinner [Henry Thoreau](#) and Horace Mann, Jr. were taken on the standard carriage tour. This jaunt on which Dr. Anderson took dinner guests was known, locally, to distinguish it from “The Fashionable Tour” on the river, as “The Grand Tour.” The two visitors from Massachusetts were being taken along the route shown to President [Millard Fillmore](#) in 1854. The stagecoach ride, 9 miles over a muddy and sandy road to St. Anthony, cost the travelers \$0.<sup>75</sup> each. When [Thoreau](#) then hired a carriage to cross from St. Anthony on the east bank to Minneapolis on the west bank to dine with the state geologist, this cost him, inclusive of his 5-cent toll for using Franklin Steele’s first bridge<sup>102</sup> ever thrown over the Mississippi

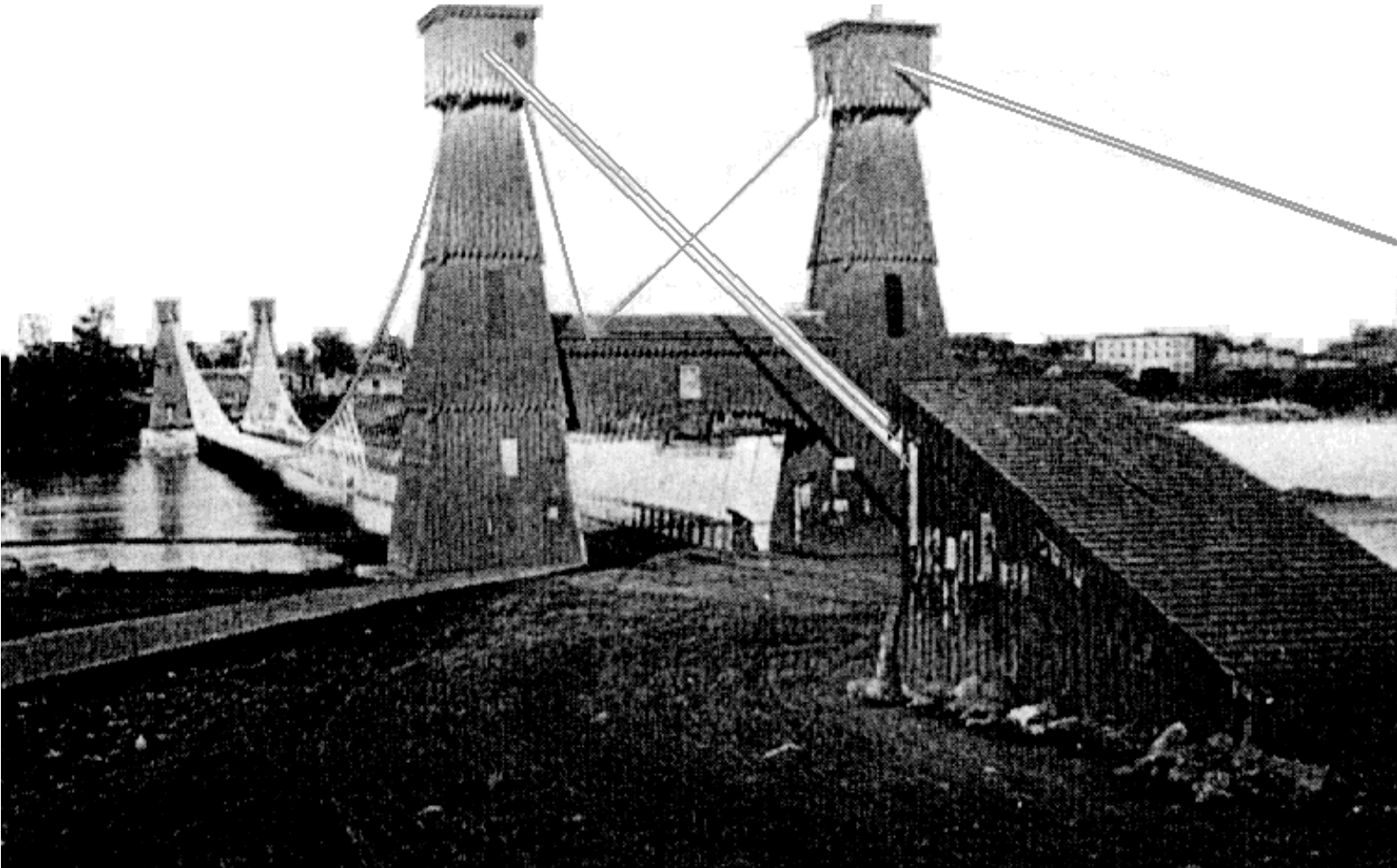
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102. Evidently [Thoreau](#) did not stop to chat at the toll office in the bridge tower when he paid his \$0.<sup>28</sup> to cross the Mississippi, for he would have encountered John Tapper and would have been put in touch with his sidekick Charles Mousseau, who had lived in the area since 1848 and would have been of interest to Thoreau. Mousseau was French-Canadian and had originally come to Minnesota in 1827 as a *voyageur* canoeman for the American Fur Company. He took up carpentry and, with John Tapper, constructed houses in the New England Greek Revival style then popular, for instance they constructed the Ard Godfrey house in St. Anthony in 1848-49 (you can still visit this house, between the Pillsbury flour mills and the Riverside malls next to St. Anthony Falls) and the John H. Stevens house in Minneapolis in 1849-50. Tapper had been the Mississippi River ferryman and had then become the master of the new bridge. Mousseau had been living since 1848 on Mde Medoza “Lake of the Loons” (renamed Lake Calhoun), on the site of the abandoned village of Marpiyawicasta “Man of the Clouds” and his band of Dakota farmers.

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River, an additional \$0.<sup>28</sup>.<sup>103</sup> Along the way they saw an attractively situated boarding house between Mde



**A continent united by greed and cupidity:  
Franklin Steele's first bridge across the Mississippi *circa* 1855**

Medoza "Lake of the Loons" (renamed Lake Calhoun) and Lake Harriet, near the fields of the Dakota cluster of bark homes that had made up Marpiyawicasta's village of "Eatonville" (where the French Canadian ex-*voyageur* Charles Mousseau was then living) so they could botanize around Mde Medoza "Lake of the Loons"

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103. People will tell you the first bridge across the Mississippi was the Rock Island Railroad bridge of 1855 between Davenport IA and Rock Island IL, but they are making an invidious distinction: if pressed they will admit that they mean the navigable Mississippi, and you will find that they have drawn an imaginary line just below St. Anthony Falls, which vanishes the suspension bridge a hundred rods above these falls. But there seems to have been a race, for although the grand opening celebration for this new suspension bridge was held in January 1855—enough of the roadway being in place to allow passage of a line of horse-drawn sleighs filled with celebrants—construction work on the bridge continued until at least July 1, 1855.

(renamed Lake Calhoun).<sup>104</sup>

From Minneapolis you pass in a westerly direction nearly six miles to lakes Harriet and Calhoun, two beautiful, sparkling gems, encircled by a thin belt of thrifty young oaks. These lakes are each about three miles in length and two in width. The water is clear as crystal, and having a fine, pebbly beach. These lakes are filled with an abundance of fish. Six miles farther and you are at Minnehaha Falls, probably the most romantic and beautiful cascade in the Union. The stream falls forty-five feet perpendicularly into a magnificent basin below. As the rock projects several feet, parties can travel entirely around, under the Falls. One mile farther is Fort Snelling, the largest and most eligibly situated military post in the Territory. Here you are ferried across the Mississippi, and proceed to within two miles of St. Paul, where you find Fountain Cave. This is truly a curiosity. The cave appears to have been worn from the sand rock, in which it exists, by the pure crystal stream passing through it.... No where else on this continent can so much of interest and beauty be seen in so short a time.

Thoreau entered into his journal notes:



[Edward D. Neill, Minnesota Historical Collections 1, 262] says the 3d band of M'Dewakantonwans is called ([18]53) Reyatactonwe (Island People),<sup>105</sup> so called because until a very few years since, they lived at Lake Calhoun. Principal chief Sky-man.<sup>106</sup>



104. PARKER'S MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 30.

105. [Thoreau](#) raised the question, whether this should be "Inland People" rather than "Island People."

106. Marpiyawicasta "Man of the Clouds" had established his farming village near where Lakewood Cemetery touches Mde Medoza "Lake of the Loons" (renamed Lake Calhoun) in 1828 with the assistance of Major Lawrence Taliaferro, the Indian Agent at Fort Snelling, after that experience in the snow on the prairie had changed his life. It was by his "civilized" name that Thoreau heard of him: "L.O. Skyman." But the Lake Calhoun band of Reyata Otonwa Dakotas, who were of the Mdewakanton group of Dakotas, had abandoned their village and fields by Lake Calhoun due to conflict with the Ojibwa, for a site Payzhehooeteze "Hazel Run" on the south shore of the Minnesota River five miles west of Yellow Medicine Agency where the band eventually joined a missionary-sponsored "Hazelwood Republic" of "Christian Indians." So [Thoreau](#) unfortunately did not have a chance to meet this warrior who had become by conviction a pacifist — unless, of course, they passed each other unknowingly in that enormous crowd at the Lower Sioux Agency that summer in 1861.



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I will show you George Catlin's vision of Eatonville near Mde Medoza "Lake of the Loons" (renamed Lake Calhoun) in 1835-6, but don't take it seriously:



### Eatonville near Lake Calhoun, in the suspect imagination of George Catlin circa 1835-6



May 28: In a letter to his mother, Horace Mann, Jr. described the visit to the home of Dr. Anderson as "On Tuesday Mr. Thoreau thought he would go over to Minneapolis, which is on the other side of the river, and call upon a Dr. Anderson, to whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr. Thacher, and so I went over with him. We found him at last and Mr. Thoreau gave the letter to him and he said he was very glad to see us, and invited us to go to his house to dinner, so we went there, and after dinner he took us out to ride in his buggy, and went to Lake Calhoun about 4 miles s. w. of Minneapolis (look at the map). It is a very pretty little lake of about 640 acres as he told us. We wandered around there for a while, and I got some shells and then we came home." In another letter he wrote:

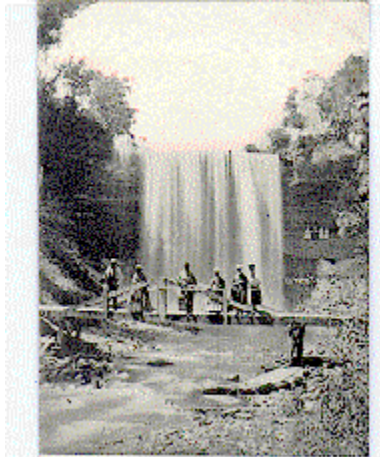


It is a beautiful sheet of water, perhaps a mile and a half or three quarters the longest way and

107. The painting is an interesting way to portray a cluster of bark homes between a lake shore and corn fields. Where is the log cabin of the Pond brothers? At least this time Catlin didn't make all his teepees the same size! [Thoreau](#) commented that George Catlin "disappoints the writer. Only his sketches with his pencil good."

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nearly a mile the other way in breadth; it has an outlet by which it MTT [empties] itself into Lake Harriet, which lies a little way to the SE of here, and that again MTT into the Minnehaha and goes over the falls.



[Incidentally, the “falls” in question, the [Minnehaha Falls](#) as opposed to the great first cataract of the Mississippi River at St. Anthony, Minnesota, was originally one with that great first cataract. Both the falls of the creek and the falls of the river are formed by the same rock formation, to wit, the nine meters of Platteville limestone laid down during the Silurian epoch which underlie the campus of the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis (in which is located the network of communication tunnels upon which the students rely to get between classrooms in the dead of winter), but the Mississippi portion, since it has of course been subjected to much more pounding, has separated itself because it moved upstream so much more rapidly. You will see many home foundations and retaining walls in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area that have been made of this gray sedimentary rock.]

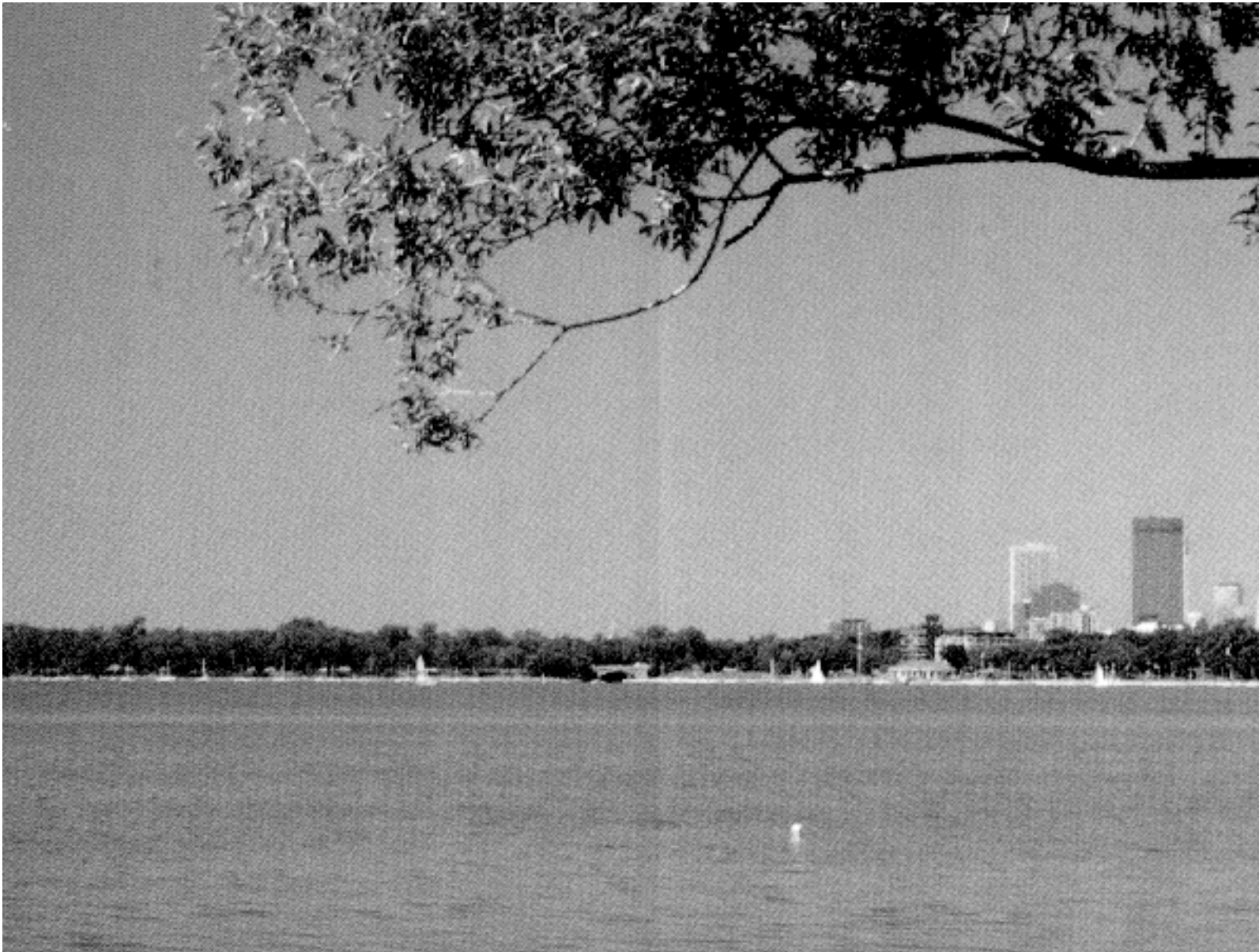
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In the above postcard scene, you are viewing *Mde Medoza* “Lake of the Loons” (renamed Lake Calhoun) from its south beach. There has also been a north beach on Lake Calhoun, at the left on the far shore in the above scene, but the history of this beach in the 20th Century has racially repeated the history of Lake Calhoun in the 19th Century. Except that in the 19th Century it was palefaces who were excluding redskins, whereas in the 20th Century it was whites who were excluding blacks. I will tell the story as Larry Blackwell, who has been the affirmative action director of the city of Minneapolis for more than a decade, has told it to Steve Perry, evidently a white man since he does not identify his race (and we all know this identification convention: white is normal and therefore unremarkable, whereas nonwhite is abnormal and therefore must be mentioned), of the local [City Pages](#) weekly newspaper. Perry had been musing on the recent riots in Los Angeles, riots that were the worst in our nation’s history since the white people of New York City went insane during the Civil War and spent a week invading slums and hanging black men from the lampposts, and dashing out the gray brains of babies against walls. Perry was talking with this Larry Blackwell, whom he promptly identifies in accordance with the identification convention (“a black man”), and was saying that the recent riots in LA had



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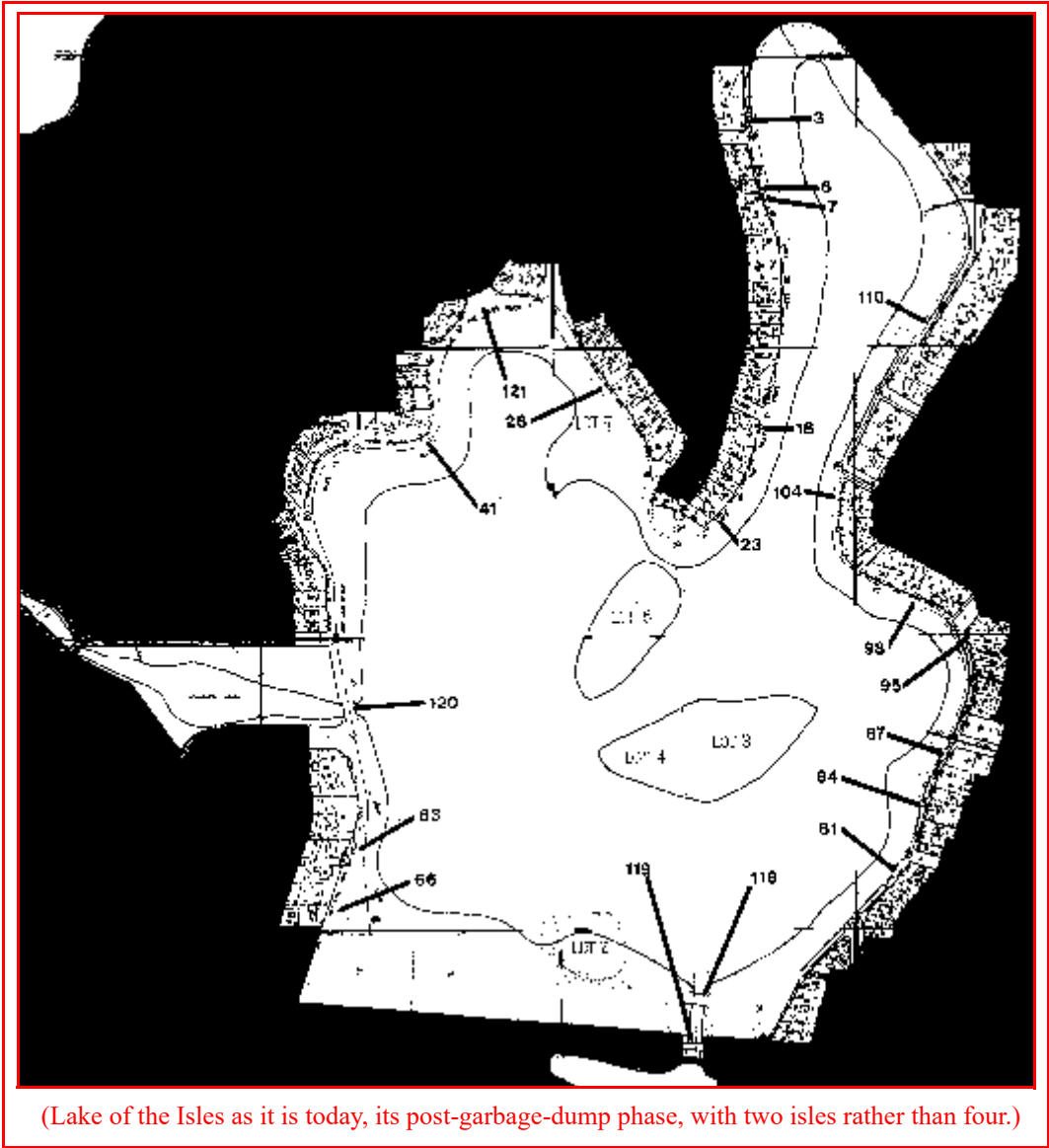
given him hope that in the streets and at the grassroots, America may not be as racist as its institutions:<sup>108</sup>

"I think that's right," says Blackwell. And he proceeds to tell a story. A few years ago city officials found cause to close the north beach at Lake Calhoun. Though they had their official reasons, the perception in many quarters was that they did it simply because it was the black beach. Predictably enough, a lot of its patrons started going to the south beach – the white beach, that is. There began to be problems with police. Eventually a public hearing was held. Oddly, though, none of the neighbors who showed up for the hearing expressed any animosity or claimed any problems with the blacks who'd come down to the south beach. A few said the real problem was that police came around and harassed blacks there. "I remember feeling very surprised," Blackwell muses. "It was really the police and one council member who were pushing the issue. Not the community."

It's a small story, but a hopeful one.

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(Lake of the Isles as it is today, its post-garbage-dump phase, with two isles rather than four.)



108. City Pages of May 27, 1992, page 8. The staff of this weekly alternative newspaper is, to all appearances, entirely constituted of journalists who have been determined to be too professional to be employable by the non-alternative press in the Twin Cities.

1860-18



What did the bison mean to Thoreau?

bison last seen E of Mississippi in [18]32 & last beaver killed in S part of Wisconsin in 1819.... Dine with Dr. Anderson. P.m., ride to Lake Calhoun 4 ms S.... St. Anthony settled about [18]47; Minneapolis in [18]51. Its main streets the unaltered prairie with bur & other oaks left. Roads over prairie a mere trail more or less broad & distinct.

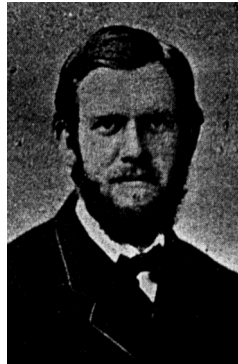
1860-1861



New England has been to these United States what the Dorian hive was to Greece. It has always been a capital country to emigrate from, and North, South, East, and West have been populated largely from New England, so that the seed-bed of New England was the seed-bed of this great American Republic, and of all that is likely to come of it.



May 29, Wednesday: In Minneapolis, [Minnesota](#), 17-year-old [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) recorded “He asked us to



come over the next day. So on Wednesday we went over, and he took us to ride down to the falls of Minne-ha-ha.” That morning [Henry Thoreau](#) and Mann viewed Minnehaha “Falls of Curling Water” and then walked downstream a mile or so to the Minnesota River, just as people do today.<sup>109</sup> Thoreau had copied Edward D. Neill’s account from [Collection of the Minnesota Historical Society](#), Volume I, page 262:



All water falls, in the Dakota tongue, are called Ha-ha, never Minnehaha [“as Longfellow has it,” Thoreau remarked here in brackets]. The “h” has a strong guttural sound. The word is applied because of the curling of the waters. The verb I-ha-ha primarily means to curl; secondarily to laugh because of the curling

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motion of the mouth in laughter.

1860-1861



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109. The same layer of rocks that forms Minnehaha Falls also forms the falls of the Mississippi at St. Anthony, and at a point in geological history this small falls and this large falls were one and the same. The distance between the creek falls (Minnehaha Falls) and the juncture with the river is only about a mile, whereas the distance between the river falls (St. Anthony Falls) and that point is a number of miles, because a large falls eats away at the rock and moves upstream much more rapidly.





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Thoreau and Mann visited the “great unbroken prairie that belonged to Ft Snelling”<sup>110</sup> to watch the 1st regiment of Minnesota volunteers in blue uniforms parading and preparing to march off to our Civil War. There had been enough .58-caliber Springfield rifles in the Minnesota militia arsenal, capable of firing the deadly expanding “Minié” bullet, to arm only 3 of the companies with this advanced weapon, and so the others had had to put up with being issued older .69-caliber rifled muskets.



Since the fort had been built to accommodate only 6 companies of soldiers, 4 men to each narrow double-deck cot, 12 men to each tiny room, and since there were 8 companies in the First Minnesota Volunteers, what Thoreau and Mann saw was presumably a tent city set up in the flat area north of and outside the walls.

US CIVIL WAR

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110. We local residents still see a piece of less than an acre of this never-turned sod, perhaps the only undisturbed soil in all Minnesota at this late date, along the north side of the road as we make our way to the Greater Minneapolis/St. Paul airport. This about half an acre of undisturbed prairie has been protected by easily climbed waist-high industrial fencing; it is actually protected from highway workers and from tourists only by their indifference and its uninterestingness.

1860-1861

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The men quickly became the focus of admiring public attention, and the life at Fort Snelling took on something approaching a holiday atmosphere. Visitors swarmed into the fort nearly every day, among them "the soldiers' relatives, friends and neighbors, who were often charged with distributing articles of comfort and convenience prepared by the ladies of different localities throughout the state," according to Lochren. In the evenings there were often dress parades, which invariably drew appreciative civilian audiences. One day the women of Minneapolis and St. Anthony treated the regiment to a banquet on Nicollet Island, after which, according to Pressnell, Gorman put the regiment through maneuvers "principally for the purpose of 'showing us off' to the ladies." A week later the men assembled in front of the capitol to hear flowery speeches and receive the regimental flag from the governor's wife. After the ceremony the regiment moved on to yet another banquet before enjoying a leisurely steamboat ride back to Fort Snelling. A few days later a half dozen coaches carrying young women from St. Anthony visited the fort. "The life of the First at Snelling," Private Searles would remember, "was all the people could make it in point of comfort and encouragement."

The business of preparing for war under these circumstances was not altogether unpleasant, but neither was it trouble-free. The first food provided by local contractors was so bad that it provoked what came to be known as the "bad beef riots." After the men took out their ire on the cooks by pillorying them with plates and the malodorous meat, Colonel Gorman threatened drastic measures.

These new troops had just gotten in trouble for firing a cannon within the walls of the fort, because the concussion had broken window panes and new glass had to be brought in by riverboat at a cost of approximately \$0.<sup>25</sup> per 4X6 pane. The US government had "sold" Fort Snelling to the local fixer Franklin Steele (who had, however, neglected to pay for it), and the travelers saw a newly reactivated fort for the area within the walls had been in use as an enclosure for sheep — and as an enclosure for farmers, during Minnesota's second State Fair. Thoreau jotted in his notebook that "F. Steele in 1837" was "the first white man that 'flashed his axe in the unbroken wilderness' & commenced improvements in Minnesota." This was, of course, a preposterous fatuous brag which [Thoreau](#) could only have been recording as a preposterous fatuous brag.



Some 600 men there, volunteers. About 300 had left that morning.... Regimental drill.... Prairies burned annually. Government handsome building.... Mission was (Ind[ian]) not far SW of here.... Fort of limestone (tawny or buffish) 10 feet high, at the angle of the 2 rivers.... Houses on prairie half a mile apart. Little fencing & that sawed boards.... Ind[ian] graves in a o[ak] opening on a ridge.... Keep out fires & the oak-openings will grow up.... Annals of the Minn. Hist. Soc. for 1853, no. 4 (St. Paul): "Previous to the year 1695, the canoe laden with trinkets, tobacco & knives had entered the Minnesota, or 'sky-tinted' river & in 1700 trading houses were erected on the banks of the Mankato or Blue Earth."

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# MAKERS OF MINNESOTA

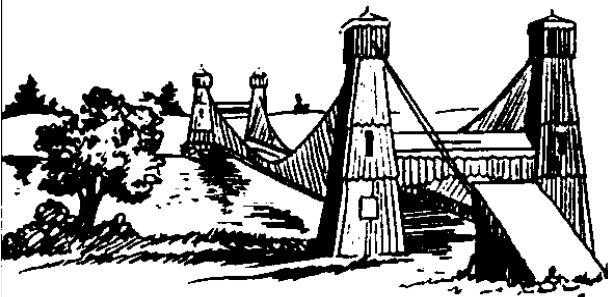
Sponsored by the Minnesota Historical Society

## Franklin Steele

FRONTIER BUSINESS MAN; HELPED TO OPEN THE NORTHWEST TO SETTLEMENT.



STEELE CAME TO MINNESOTA IN 1837. HE TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WATER POWER AT THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, AND MAY BE CALLED THE FOUNDER OF MINNEAPOLIS.



IN 1854 STEELE BUILT A SUSPENSION BRIDGE CONNECTING ST. ANTHONY AND MINNEAPOLIS, WHICH WAS THE FIRST BRIDGE TO SPAN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



IN THE WINTER OF 1838 STEELE LEARNED THAT THE LANDS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI HAD BEEN OPENED FOR SALE. HE HOMESTEADED THE LAND ADJOINING THE FALLS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE RIVER AND ESTABLISHED HIS CLAIM BY CONSTRUCTING A SHACK OF BOARDS AND STARTING A FARM, PLANTING POTATOES IN HOLES IN THE SNOW.



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### **Mankato**

The Native American name for "Blue Earth," Mankato offers historic attractions for day-trippers. Begin with the Blue Earth County Heritage Center and stop next at the Victorian-style Hubbard House, a 19th century mansion, carriage house and gardens, all carefully restored.

Other historic sites in and around Mankato include an impressive seven-foot Kasota stone sculpture dedicated to the 38 Dakota chiefs who lost their lives as a result of the 1862 U.S.-Dakota Conflict. Nearby Minneopa State Park is the perfect place for a picnic, hike, camping and cross-country skiing; and a drive across the park's prairie yields a close-up view of the 1864 Seppmann Mill.

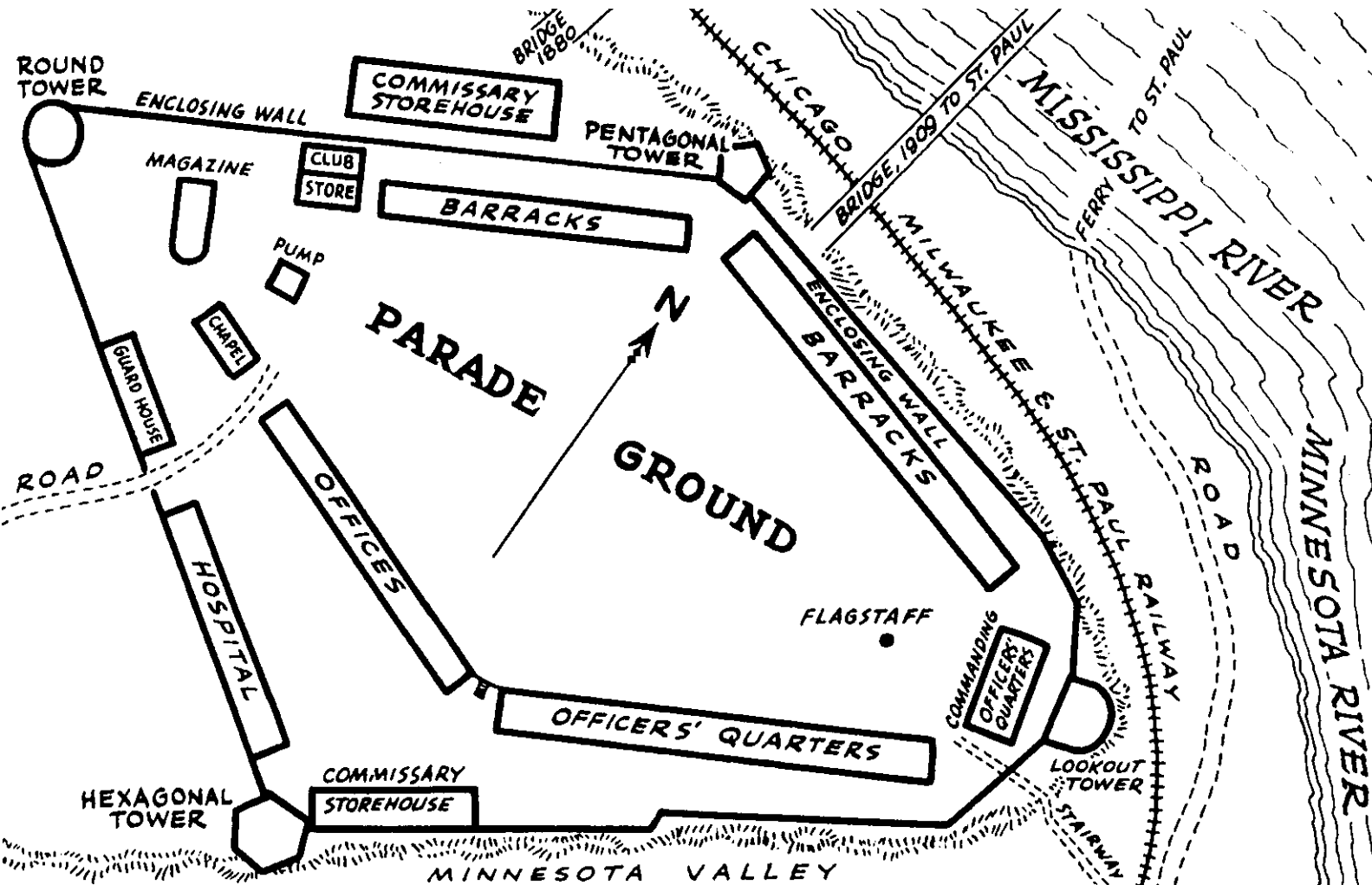
Among other special Mankato events to watch for include the Mdewakanton Pow Wow in September.

For more information, call 800-426-6025.

— The City Pages "Annual Manual," 1992-1993

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MINNESOTA VALLEY  
Plan of the main fort on the river bluff



[May] 29th A.m. to Minnehaha [Falls].



Rose-br[east] grosbeak eating slip[pery] elm seeds. Get horned lark (*Otocoris alpestris*), totanus flavipes [Lesser Yellowlegs █ *Tringa flavipes*] (the young) smaller telltale, rose-breasted grosbeak, chestnut-sided warbler at Minnehaha Laughing Water.



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861



In his letter to his mother, Horace Mann, Jr.'s version was "From there we went to Fort Snelling at the junction of the Mississippi and St. Peters or Minnesota Rivers. The Minnesota voluntary militia are quartered there, and we saw a little of the regimental drill at four o'clock; they are all green at it.<sup>111</sup> We then steered towards home and I shot some more birds and gophers on the way. On Thursday Mr. Thoreau and I went out behind St. Anthony and I got some more birds."

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111. Seven years later, one in ten of these "all green" soldiers—like this teenage tenderfoot Mann chasing around town with a rifle—would be in their graves.

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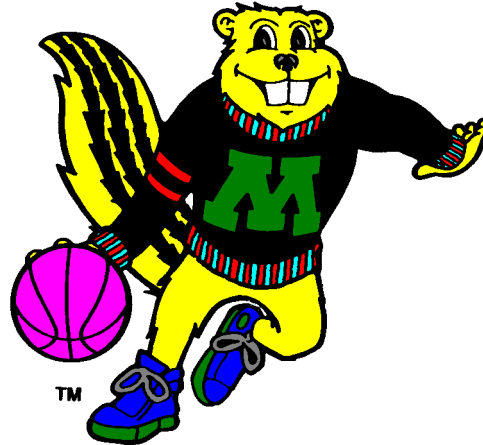
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**Here is the gopher in question, a 13-stripe ground squirrel that is now the  
“U of M Golden Gopher” of local basketball and hockey legend:**

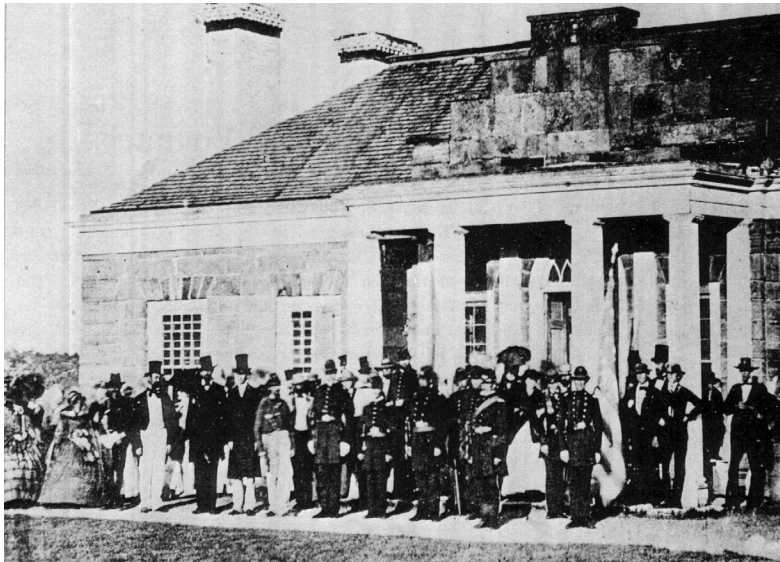
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(Was [Thoreau](#) reminded of the visit to the fort in 1823 by [Giacomo Costantino Beltrami](#)? Was Thoreau reminded of the 1836 wedding at the fort of [Dred Scott](#) and [Harriet Robinson Scott](#)?<sup>112</sup>)

Governor Alexander H. Ramsey of Minnesota, fresh from cheating the Dakotas in treaty negotiations by paying to white traders everything they wanted –whatever they alleged that the Indians owed them without any evidence and without any confrontation– before paying the Dakotas a cent, wanted his state to have a nice military adventure:



[Bromley, Edward A. MINNEAPOLIS PORTRAIT OF THE PAST: A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE EARLY DAYS IN MINNEAPOLIS; A COLLECTION OF VIEWS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CITY'S GROWTH FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT DOWN TO 1880, WITH ACCOMPANYING DESCRIPTIVE MATTER AND PORTRAITS OF PIONEER CITIZENS, FORMING A COMPLETE HISTORICAL PICTURE. Minneapolis MN: Frank L. Thresher Publisher, 1890]

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112. When I visited the fort, I had a pleasant chat with the ticket taker right up to the point at which I mentioned I was interested, among other things, in “the Scotts having been here.” My subjective impression is that the chat turned distinctly icy and perfunctory at this point — but all I can say for sure is what this ticket taker explained, that the Minnesota Historical Society is engaged in recreating an “earlier and less controversial” era of the fort’s history.




# First Regiment Minnesota Volunteers.


MINNEAPOLIS and St. Anthony were peopled with sturdy and patriotic men and women. The electric shock of the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter produced a profound impression. Business was for the time being at a stand-still. The call for men to go to the defense of the Union received a ready response, and in the numerous regiments sent from Minnesota the towns at the Falls were largely represented. The famous First Regiment stands out in boldest relief in the annals of those stirring times. In its ranks were Minnesota's bravest sons, who rushed to the rescue of the endangered stars and stripes. Minnesota was almost a *terra incognita* in those days, and the news of the sending of this regiment to the war surprised and thrilled the nation. The regiment's record, too, was a glorious one, beginning with a noble struggle in the battle of Bull Run.

It was April 29, 1861, that the Lincoln Guards, the first company enlisted in St. Anthony and Minneapolis, marched to Fort Snelling and became Company D of the First Regiment Minnesota Volunteers. June 18, after a stand of colors had been presented to the regiment, a picture was taken of the field and staff officers, standing in front of the commandant's headquarters. The officer with the colors behind him was Lieut. Col. Stephen A. Miller; the color-bearer was Harry Stansbury. Next to him, at the front, was Col. Willis A. Gorman; then comes Major Dike; next to him Adj. Wm. B. Leach; next to him Capt. Mark M. Downie. At the rear of Leach, between the posts, is Capt. Wm. Colville. Geo. A. Brackett, wearing a gray hat and white vest, is among the civilians between Downie and M. L. Sproat, who stood next to Hon. Morton S. Wilkinson. Major Sanders, of the regular army, was the gentleman wearing the tall felt hat.

 May 29, Wednesday: Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) arrived in Richmond, Virginia.

 In the 1st set-to between Union and Confederate forces, there was fighting at Aquia Creek, Virginia, centering on May 31st and continuing until June 1st.

US CIVIL WAR

 May 30, Thursday: At a convention in Knoxville, a group of Tennessee Unionists denounced that state's secessionists.



"A. m. to Hennepin I."


[Transcript]

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 May 31, Saturday: M. Choufleuri restera chez lui le..., an operetta by Jacques Offenbach to words of Saint-Rémy (pseudonym of le Duc de Morny), L'Épine, Crémieux and Halévy, was performed for the initial time, at the Présidence du Corps Législatif, Paris.

In the [Minnesota](#) Territory, [Henry Thoreau](#) paid another visit to Dr. Anderson.


Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) met with John Letcher, P. G. T. Beauregard, and [General Robert E. Lee](#).

Federal troops occupied Fort Leavenworth, [Kansas](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

JUNE 1861

**[THERE ARE NO ENTRIES IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL FOR 1 JUNE-9 JULY,  
AT LEAST,  
ALL THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNAL (A COUPLE OF PAGES OF  
PARAGRAPHS) BEING ENTIRELY UNDATED WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN  
ENTRY DATING TO SEPTEMBER 29th, 1861 AND AN ENTRY DATING TO  
OCTOBER 5th, 1861]**

 June 1, Saturday: Great Britain forbade either side in the [US Civil War](#) to bring prize ships into its ports.

Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) met Mrs. Varina Davis and his family at the station, visited the city defenses, conferred with Letcher, and delivered an address.

US CIVIL WAR

There was a skirmish at Fairfax Court House, Virginia.

In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

We drilled in two squads. Rev. Bishop was mad because I didn't put him in the Senior squad. Phillips got home. Says they are fighting in Virginia.

Several centuries beyond [Hannah Emerson Duston](#)'s bloody act of 17th-Century race vengeance, the 1st monument in the United States commemorating the fame of a woman, a 25-foot obelisk, was erected, in [Haverhill, Massachusetts](#). Guess who!<sup>113</sup>

At some point during this month J.D. Mills would demonstrate to President [Abraham Lincoln](#) a Union Repeating Gun that someone, perhaps Edward Nugent or William Palmer, had developed. This device was mounted on wheels and had a tray of cartridges that, as the operator turned a crank, dropped into the rotating cylinder. Lincoln would in a few months on his own authority place an order for 10 such "coffee-mills" at \$1,300 each.

GATLING'S MACHINE GUN

[Horace Mann, Jr.](#) responded to a long list of inquiries from his mother.



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- Q. XIII. Do you get the war news? A. We get a little of it, though not enough to make us very excited.  
Q. XIV. Do you think Mr. T. is prudent A. Yes.

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113. At some point during this decade the 25-foot granite monolith which the town of [Haverhill](#) had erected upon its common in honor of its fave local ax murderer, [Hannah Emerson Duston](#), would be repossessed by the stonecarvers and cut up into individual tombstones for resale, when subscribers got behind in their payments.

New England literati wrestled over Duston's grisly tale for centuries. [Cotton Mather](#) lauded her courageous stand against Catholic (French) inspired "idolators" and saw her deliverance as evidence of God's mercy. [Henry Thoreau](#), floating down the same Merrimack by which Duston had fled, thought her exploits worthier of the Dark Ages than an enlightened modern era. Haverhill native [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) cast her as an avenging angel acting in a fury of passion. And intent as always on revealing a stain in the Puritan soul, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) dourly offered in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, "Would that the bloody old hag had been drowned in crossing Contocook river."



## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

At this point I interrupt the narrative for a special mention. [Henry Thoreau](#) was interested enough to insert a drawing in his notes, of the way the cables of the ferry were slung from cliff to cliff across the Mississippi River below Fort Snelling, and how the people running the ferry hauled on tackle attached to these cables to move the ferry back and forth across the river. And Walter Harding couldn't figure out Thoreau's drawing so he omitted it from his published account. But I have come across a drawing made from a daguerreotype of that ferry in midstream at an unknown date, and a stereograph at the Minnesota Historical Society made of that ferry at the river side by Whitney's Gallery in 1860, and you can just about make out from these illustrations the way they



HDT

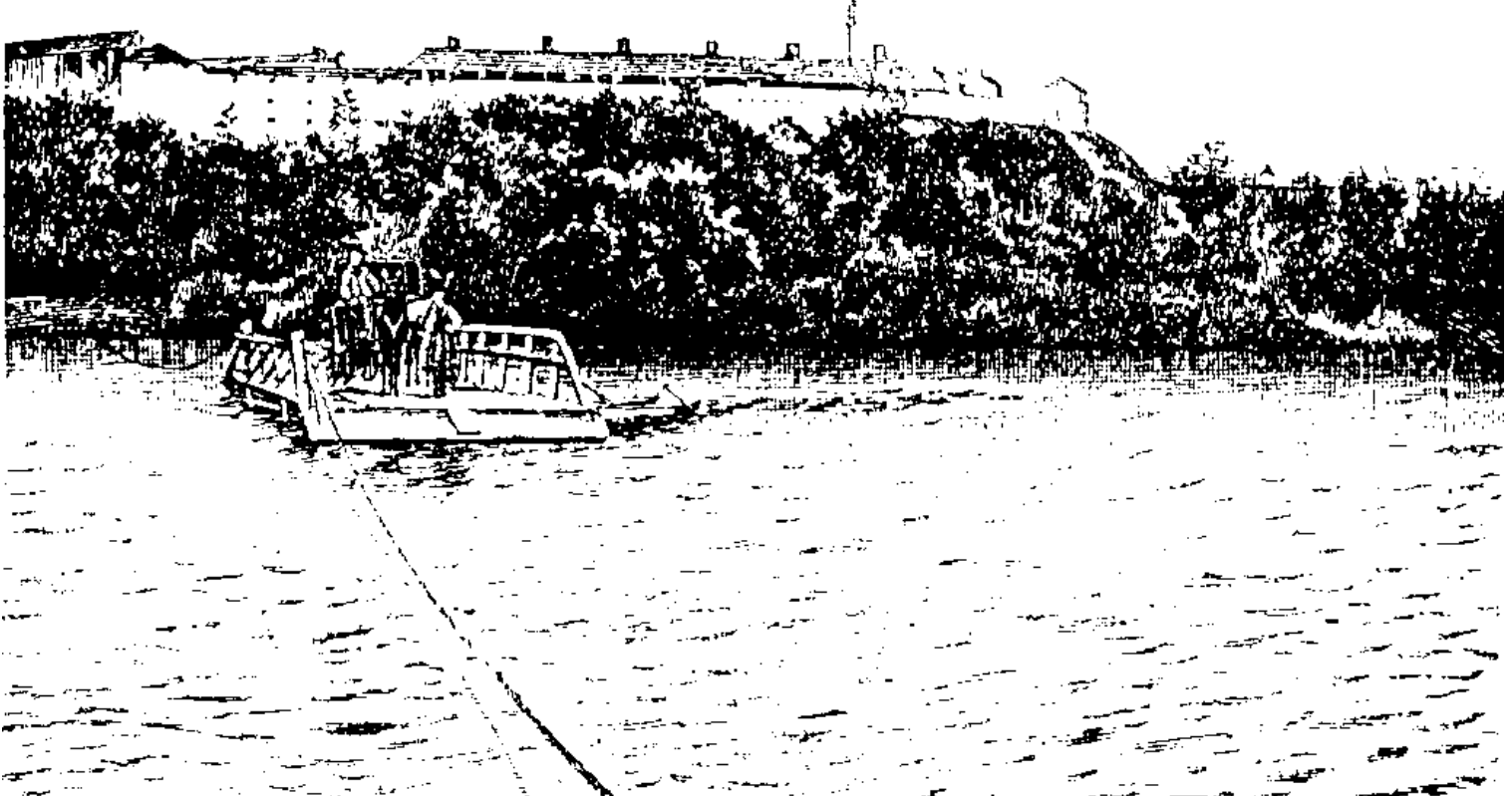
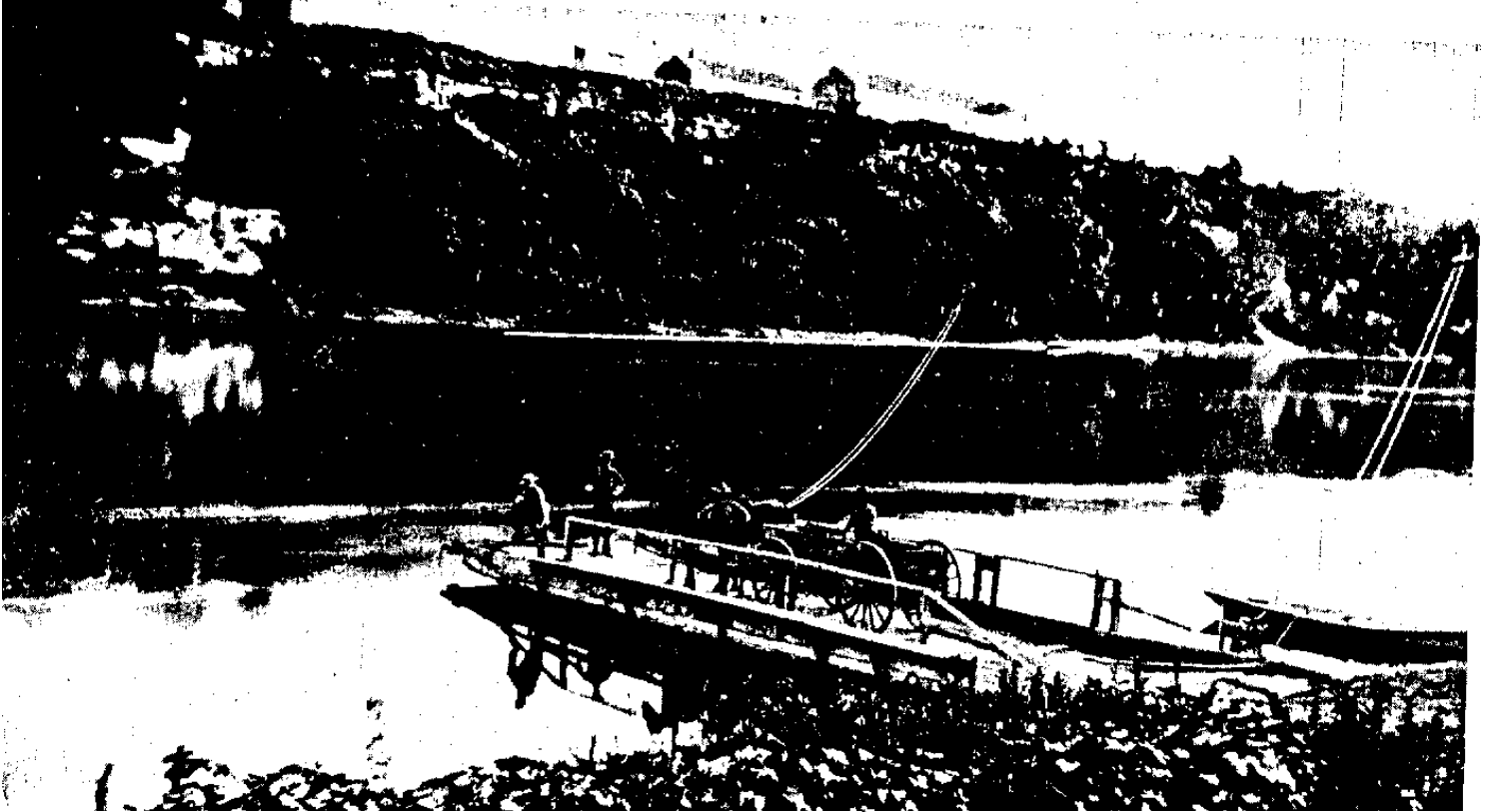
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had the cables of the ferry rigged to the cliffs on the river banks:




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 June 2, Sunday: P.G.T. Beauregard took command of the Confederate forces in northern Virginia.

US CIVIL WAR


 June 3, Monday: There was fighting at Philippi / Philippi Races.

US CIVIL WAR

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) went “To Minneapolis. Lead plant. To Lake Calhoun & Harriet.”

President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s political rival [Stephen Arnold Douglass](#) died unexpectedly of [typhoid fever](#) or acute rheumatism in Chicago at the age of 48.

[Giuseppe Verdi](#) concluded a contract with the Russian Imperial Theater to compose an opera on the poem “Don Alvaro ou la Forza del Destino.”

 June 4, Tuesday: African American John Clarkson was [hanged](#) in the jailyard in San Francisco, [California](#) for having cut the throat of his estranged lover, Caroline F. Park, with a razor on December 1st, 1860.


J.L. Goodrich wrote from Boston to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), informing Slack that notice has been given to the assistant [Cashier?].


In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Helped survey the town.

 June 5, Wednesday: [Charles Sumner](#) wrote from Hancock to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) congratulating him on his new post at the Custom House.

[Henry Thoreau](#) and Man went “To Mrs. Hamilton’s,” the boarding house on Lake Calhoun. Nearby, at Fort Snelling, Henry Taylor the teacher recruited to the Union forces had been out on a pass when a telegram had come in from Secretary of War Simon Cameron ordering the First Minnesota to report to Washington DC, news at which Colonel Gorman “fairly howled with joy,” but in this private’s diary we read merely that:

 June 5 – I hasten back as I learn our regiment is ordered to Washington, D.C. All hands busy packing up our “duds.”

 June 6, Thursday, 3PM: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Thomas Anderson went out hunting.

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861

The 1st *Maid of the Mist* had been launched on May 27, 1846, and until 1848, when the 1st suspension bridge was built, it had constituted the only way to cross the border. With ferry service no longer needed, that craft had been repurposed as a tourist boat. It had been superseded with this larger boat, the *Maid of the Mist II*, a 72-foot paddle wheeler, on July 14, 1854. The vessel had been sold at public auction to a Canadian company on condition that it be transferred to the docks at Queenston, Ontario, three incredibly difficult miles downstream. The crew had been promised a reward of \$500 if this could be accomplished. On this day, with a shrill blast of the steam whistle, Captain Joel Robinson, mechanic James McIntyre, and engineer James Jones took the *Maid of the Mist II* tourist ferry full speed ahead down the [Niagara Falls](#) through the Great Gorge Rapids, the Whirlpool Rapids, and the Devil's Hole Rapids, three miles of excitement to Lake Ontario. In this passage the craft reached a speed of approximately 39 miles per hour. When they reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they were without their smokestack, but despite this the three-man crew would be receiving the promised reward.

The Prime Minister of [Italy](#), Count Camilo Benso di Cavour, died in Turin. He would be replaced by Bettino Ricasoli, Count Brolio.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird"), a militant [Cherokee](#) who was no friend of the pacific local "Digger Indians," read one of his poems at the Commencement of Oakland College in [California](#):

The waves that murmur at our feet,  
Through many an age had rolled  
Ere fortune found her favorite seat  
Within this land of gold.

The Digger, searching for his roots,  
Here roamed the region wide—  
Or, wearied with the day's pursuits,  
Slept by this restless tide.

The dream of greatness never rose  
Upon his simple brain;  
The wealth on which a nation grows,  
And builds its power to reign,

All darkly lay beneath his tread,  
Where many a stream did wind,  
Deep slumbering in its yellow bed,  
The charm that rules mankind.

Had he and his dark brethren known  
Of gold the countless worth,  
They now beyond that power had grown  
Which sweeps them from the earth.

But happier he perchance, by far,  
Still digging for his roots,  
Than thousand paler wanderers are  
Whose toil hath had no fruits.

Still following luck's unsteady star,  
Where'er its light hath gleamed,  
To many a gulch and burning bar,  
Which proved not what it seemed.

How wearied they have sat them down,  
To watch the passers by—  
The throng that still 'gainst Fortune's frown,  
Their varied "prospects" try.

Behold the active and the young,  
Whose strength not yet doth fail,  
And hear them, with a cheerful tongue,

## 1860-1861

Encourage those that quail.

With mournful, melancholy look,  
The broken-hearted come,  
Whose souls we read as in a book,  
Though shut their lips and dumb!

And mark yon aged, trembling one,  
How weak his step and slow!  
Ah, hear him as he totters on,  
Sigh painfully and low!

Far from the peaceful home he left,  
In fever-rage for gold—  
Of friends, almost of hope bereft,  
He now is trebly old.

And Fortune often favors not,  
Who most her favors need;  
Thus he may wander on forgot,  
While strong ones gain the meed

How many hearts like his have pined,  
As prisoned bird of air,  
For sunny homes they left behind,  
And friends who loved them there,

And many a merry heart shall pine,  
Through long and lonesome years,  
And watch the light of life decline  
Amidst uncounted tears.

Far off among the mountains stern,  
Shall thousands meet with blight,  
And many a raven lock shall turn  
To hairs of frosty white;

And many a lonely grave shall hide  
The mouldering form of him  
For whom sad eyes are never dried,  
With age and sorrow dim.

Yet, though the wayside all be strewn  
With sorrows and with graves,  
The glory of the race is shown  
By what it does and braves.

What though the desert's mouldering heaps  
Affright the startled eye—  
What though in wilds the venturer sleeps,  
His bones uncovered lie,

'Tis not the living that have won  
Alone the victory:  
But each dead soldier, too, has done  
His part as loftily.

'Tis they—the living and the dead—  
Who have redeemed our land;  
Have cities reared, the arts have spread,  
And placed us where we stand.

As led Adventure bold before,  
The Arts and Learning came;  
And now, behold I upon this shore  
They have a place and name.

Where roamed erewhile the rugged bear  
Amid these oaks of green,

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And wandering from his mountain lair  
The cougar's steps were seen,

Lo! Peace hath built her quiet nest;  
And "mild-eyed Science" roves,  
As was her wont when Greece was blest,  
In Academic groves.

Oh! tranquil be these shades for aye,  
These groves forever green;  
And youth and age still bless their day  
That here their steps have been.

May Learning here still have her seat,  
Her empire of the mind  
The home of Genius, Wit's Retreat,  
Whate'er is pure refined.

And thus the proudest boast shall be  
Of young Ambition crowned—  
"The woods of Oakland sheltered me,  
Their leaves my brow have bound."



June 6: ... a wild pigeon's nest in a young bass tree, ten feet from the ground, four or five rods south of Lake Calhoun; built over a broad fork of the tree, where a third slender twig divided it, and a fourth forked it.... Built of slender hard twigs only, so open that I could see the eggs from the ground, and also so slight I could scarcely get to it without upsetting it. The bulk of the nest was six inches over; the ring of the concavity three-quarters of an inch thick, but irregular. At first (seeing the bird fly off) I thought it an unfinished nest.

Lumberers came here & speared this eve.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

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June 7, Friday: [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#) had begun collecting his statistics in regard to [Henry Thoreau](#)'s activities as of May 12th, 1850, and completed his tabulation as of this date:

*Where did [Henry](#) go on his sojourns? With whom? What did he do? These sound like simple questions. And they are, if we're talking about a day, week, month, or a season. But what interested me for this book project was the whole slice of his life as a regularly sojourning scientist. I knew that the only good answers would come from making tallies of what, where, when, and with whom, followed by a search for broad patterns using statistical methods. Very quickly I learned two things. The first was that this decade was indeed a remarkably stable period, one regular enough to yield meaningful generalizations based on journal entry frequencies. The exact duration I reconciled ranged from May 12, 1850 through June 7, 1861. The total was 3,653 days spread over ten calendar years, three of which were leap years. Thought the journal shows great changes in content and mood during this decade of consistent observations, the overall pattern for entries remained much the same, making proportional comparisons possible.*

*The second thing I quickly learned was that his descriptions of where he went specifically, with whom, and what he did were too inconsistent to meet any standard of statistical rigor. The journal was private, so there was no need to tell himself things he already knew. For example, the pronoun "we" doesn't identify whom he was with. Though I gathered data for sixty-two categories of information from 6,958 journal entries, my research method quickly narrowed to four nested geographic questions: Was Thoreau in Concord that day? If so, did he sojourn beyond the town streets? If so, did he go to the river, or to some interior landscape? And if the latter, did he go to Walden Pond?*

*Specifically, I wanted to test my hypothesis that Thoreau was more a man of the river than of the interior woods, meaning more of a boatman than a woodsman. A corollary would be that the link between Thoreau and Walden Pond is stronger in our minds than it is in his journal....*

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*By my count, of these 3,653 days, Henry made journal entries for 2,994 of them, or 82 percent of the time. Of those entries, 2,735, or 92 percent, were written when he was in Concord. Of those Concord entries, 2,123, or 71 percent, involved a local sojourning experience beyond the town center. Of those local sojourning experiences, 1,466, or 69 percent, were to the Concord River. This means that, based on the daily frequency of his visits, river sojourns were more than twice as common as inland sojourns. Unequivocally, Thoreau's default destination was his system of three-rivers, his go-to-place for finding God in nature, most often by boat. In contrast, only 21 of the 1,466 local sojourns were to Walden Pond and its nearby woods, marking visits there one-sixth as frequent as visits to the rivers. Walden visits peaked in 1852, when he was researching this locale for new material to add to his old WALDEN manuscript, and in 1856, when he began visiting this floristically unusual place for his new program of systematic phenology.*

*For the full ten consecutive sojourning years between 1851 and 1861, he wrote an average of 300 dated journal entries per year. Of these, an average of 274 were penned in Concord, of which 212 involved local sojourns. And of those local sojourns, on average 174 involved the river, with only 28 involving Walden Pond. After his transitional year of 1851, he became very consistent with his sojourning and journaling activities. For the succeeding nine years through 1860, he made 311, 313, 304, 300, 316, 315, 302, and 313 entries, of which 233, 203, 242, 212, 226, 200, 236, 225, and 224 were local sojourns. The year-to-year stability of these numbers is extraordinary, with significant year-to-year variation showing up only for specific activities. Here is someone who, after fourteen years of post-college trial and error (1837-1851), had finally found his groove and stayed in it until pushed out by fatal illness....*

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One of the most interesting observations from this data set involves 1854, the year of WALDEN's publication (the manuscript was submitted on March 13, during the spring freshet). Henry made more sojourns to the river in this year than in any other: 204 in total, compared with the ten-year average of 147. River visits for the next two years were above the average, with 173 and 151. The first full year after WALDEN's publication, 1855, was the most lopsided year for Henry's attention to the river, relative to Walden Pond. That year, he journalized about the river nearly twelve times more often than about the pond, a ratio twice the long-term average. Based on these three ratios, I interpret that, with the lingering demands of the WALDEN manuscript and the anxiety of its launch finally behind him, Henry's attention was drawn back to his first love, the river, even more exclusively. I also kept track of the number of days Thoreau went boating on the river, rather than simply visiting it. Keep in mind that boating is possible only about nine months out of the year, and that the tally I present is a minimum value; my conservative criterion for assigning a boating day was an explicit mention of the word "boat" or text indicating that a boat's presence was required. Nevertheless, the minimum frequency of boating during this ten-year stretch is forty-four times more frequent than the daily boat use for registered owners of small watercraft in the United States today. Explicit boating sojourns constitute approximately one-third of the total number of Thoreau's river sojourns. notably, the minimum frequency for boating is nearly double that of visits to Walden Pond.


– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 132-133



Board and the washing of "3 shirts, 1 flannel, 1 pr drawers, 4 bosoms, 5 handkerchiefs (2 small cotton), 1 pair socks" and "2 shirts, 1 flannel, 1 Donners, 1 pr stockings, 3 bosoms, 2 handkerchiefs" at the boarding house of a Mrs. Hamilton<sup>114</sup> between Lake Calhoun and Lake Harriet cost \$7.<sup>50</sup> and [Thoreau](#) made a note in his list of expenses that the widow had cheated him to the extent of \$0.<sup>05</sup>.



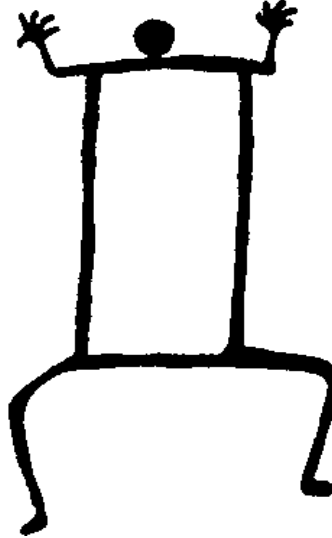
"Dear Mother You see by the date of this letter that we are staying at a house on the edge of Lake Calhoun.... We are staying at the house of a Mrs. Hamilton, a widow, and one of the first settlers near this lake. The house is surrounded with very thick woods which is full of great big mosquitoes, so when you walk in them, particularly near nightfall, they swarm around you in such a cloud that you can hardly see through them. There are also a great many pigeons in the woods back of the house, (though I should hardly know them from a musquito here by [size](#)).... The lake is full of fishes and we have them at every meal almost.... The trees around here are not very large ones, and the fires seem to have run through the woods all around here and killed a great

114. If this Mrs. Hamilton was the widow of a land speculator named William Hamilton, then she would likely have been an in-law of the Alexander Hamilton family, because when Hamilton's widow visited by steamboat in 1837, she came to see her son William the land speculator. If this is so, then Thoreau may have learned something of the Dred Scott case while he was residing in this boardinghouse, as this lady may well have been related to the Judge Alexander Hamilton of Philadelphia and St. Louis whose incorrect decision in 1847  in the original primary trial had started the Dred Scott case on its way up the chain of courts of appeals toward the Supreme Court. Or this Mrs. Hamilton may have been the widow of a Major Thomas Hamilton who was once stationed at Fort Snelling.

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many of the trees. The praries burn over most always in the spring or fall of the year out here. The 'oak openings' on the praries consist of small oaks scattered around at some distance (1 to 10 rods) from one another and where the fire has not run for several years the hazel bushes spring up; also little oaks and aspens, and after a little longer basswood trees ... and then the brush begins to get thicker and thicker till it is very hard to get through it. You want me to tell you how things make me feel but I will not do so about the musquitoes. It is pretty warm weather here all the time now.... Mr. Thoreau and I went in swimming this afternoon.... Mr. Thoreau continues to get better and I am very well of course. We drink lake water here.... I wish you would leave the 'Esq' of when you direct my letters because that is not any part of my name."



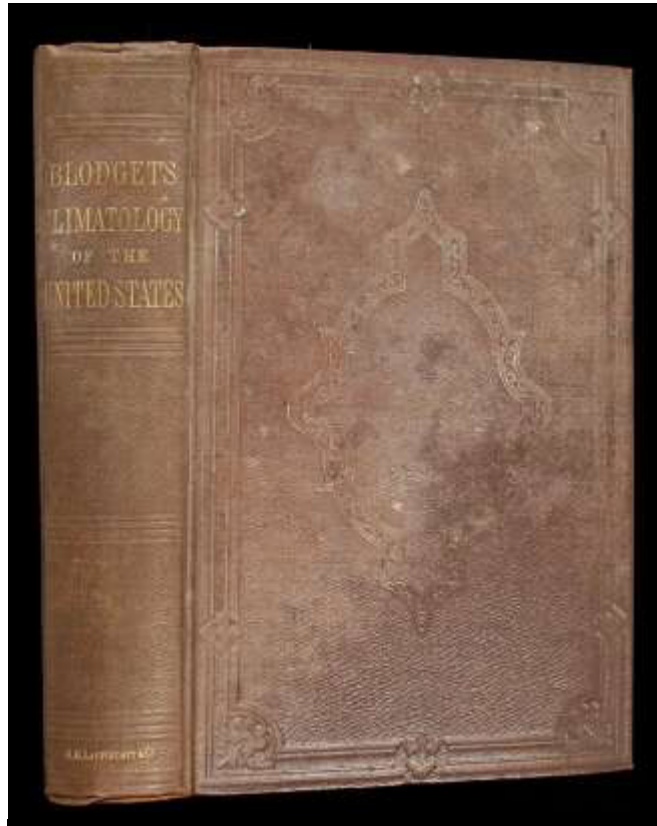
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June 8, Saturday: An invitation was extended to Giuseppe Garibaldi, who although Italian had once traveled on a US passport, to become a general in the Army of the North. The man was a force of nature, there was no more point in trying to resist him than in trying to resist Mount Vesuvius. If such a man would lead our armies, without question we would in short order win this war.

Franz Liszt dined at the home of Marie d'Agoult in Paris for the last time. Marie was overwhelmed, as if those years of anger and recrimination never happened. "It was still he and he alone who makes me feel the divine mystery of life." He departed Paris for Weimar tonight.

A plebiscite in Tennessee favored secession from the United States 104,019-47,238 (69% yes).



US CIVIL WAR

June 9, Sunday: The western powers agreed to the autonomy of Lebanon within the Ottoman Empire and the appointment of a Christian governor.



June 9: [By Lake Harriet] By the lake in a scarlet oak, eight feet up, I found a pigeon's nest like the former one, but more stable, containing one young bird three inches long, of a dirty yellowish and leaden color, with pinfeathers, and with a great bill bare at the base and a blackish tip. Another young bird slipped to the ground, fluttering as if wounded, two or three times, as she went off amid the shrubs.... I come upon a third, fourth, and fifth nest of pigeons, with young,- the fourth not so high up (on a hop-hornbeam) as in the former nests, -say seven and a half feet high, and all much more substantially built, but made of the same-sized twigs as the first one. The last two nests were placed against the tree-trunk above a low branch or two.

[Transcript]



June 10, Monday: [Ebenezer Weaver Pierce](#) served with General Benjamin Butler and led Union forces at the battle of [Big Bethel / Bethel Church on the Virginia peninsula near Newport News](#). The result was a disaster.

US CIVIL WAR



June 10: "Dear Mother ... nothing has happened that I can tell you of that I think of now ... It is such hard work to write that you must not expect every little particular ...



Dont you show this to any body now nor let either of the boys. Representation of your loving son shooting a bird with that gun that kicks so."<sup>115</sup>

[COMMENT: ONE IS REMINDED OF THOREAU'S WISDOM IN WALDEN. HERE WE CAN SEE HIM IN THE BACKGROUND OF THIS ACCOUNT, APPLYING THAT WISDOM, WISDOM WHICH PERHAPS WAS DIFFERENT FROM BRONSON ALCOTT'S DISDAIN OF "MONSTROUS BOYS" AND CONTEMPT FOR "THE GUNNER'S CRACK AIMING DEATH TO THOSE JOYOUS SONGSTERS OF THE AIR AND GROVES," APPLYING IT IN REAL LIFE WITH A REAL MANCHILD, WAITING AND WATCHING AND PREPARED AT THE RIGHT OCCASION TO HELP THIS YOUNG MAN PUT ASIDE CHILDISH THINGS:]



June 10: A.m. to prairie.

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115. PUT ALCOTT QUOTE ABOUT KILLING BIRDS HERE.

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... As for fowling, during the last years that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I confess that I am now inclined to think that there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds, that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun. Yet notwithstanding the objection on the score of humanity, I am compelled to doubt if equally valuable sports are ever substituted for these; and when some of my friends have asked me anxiously about their boys, whether they should let them hunt, I have answered, yes, - remembering that it was one of the best parts of my education, - **make** them hunters, though sportsmen only at first, if possible, mighty hunters at last, so that they shall not find game large enough for them in this or any vegetable wilderness, - hunters as well as fishers of men. Thus far I am of the opinion of Chaucer's nun, who

"yave not of the text a pulled hen


That saith that hunters ben not holy men."

There is a period in the history of the individual, as of the race, when the hunters are the "best men," as the Algonquins called them. We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun; he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected. This was my answer with respect to those youths who were bent on this pursuit, trusting that they would soon outgrow it. No humane being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature which holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child. I warn you mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual **anthropic** distinctions.




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 June 11, Tuesday: The great comet of this year, although at this point its tail was 40 degrees in length, was lost in the glare of the sun.

SKY EVENT

This was a red letter day in Henry Thoreau's life. He finally found the native American crabapple  *Malus angustifolia* for which he had been searching for so many years, growing wild in a pasture near the shore of Mde Medoza "Lake of the Loons" (renamed Lake Calhoun) in Minnesota, and collected a sprig as a treasured memento to take back to Concord with him.

APPLES



The discovery Henry made "about eight miles west of the Falls" of St. Anthony would be incorporated into



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his revision of the essay "[WILD APPLES](#)" just prior to his death:

I never saw the Crab-Apple till May, 1861. I had heard of it through Michaux, but more modern botanists, as far as I know, have not treated it as of any peculiar importance. Thus it was a half-fabulous tree to me. I contemplated a pilgrimage to the "Glades," a portion of Pennsylvania where it was said to grow to perfection. I thought of sending to a nursery for it, but doubted if they had it, or would distinguish it from European varieties. At last I had occasion to go to Minnesota, and on entering Michigan I began to notice from the cars a tree with handsome rose-colored flowers. At first I thought it some variety of thorn; but it was not long before the truth flashed on me, that this was my long-sought Crab-Apple. It was the prevailing flowering shrub or tree to be seen from the cars at that season of the year, — about the middle of May. But the cars never stopped before one, and so I was launched on the bosom of the Mississippi without having touched one, experiencing the fate of Tantalus. On arriving at St. Anthony's Falls, I was sorry to be told that I was too far north for the Crab-Apple. Nevertheless I succeeded in finding it about eight miles west of the Falls; touched it and smelled it, and secured a lingering corymb of flowers for my herbarium. This must have been near its northern limit.



[June] 11 *Cynoglossum Virginicum* (wild comfrey) in an opening on a point in Hamilton's great meadow. 7 years ago Hamilton preempted this claim. *Lophanthus anisatus* [fragrant giant hyssop] (?), the anise-scented flower, not out, which seems to yield the sweet fragrance I've often perceived here.

Find no worms. Use pork & clams, &c. for bait. Yesterday quite a flock of turkey buzzards [Turkey Vulture  *Cathartes aura*] soaring over the s[outh]w[est] shore of the lake. Going over a hill which had been cut off a year or 2 & the fires had run over it, I stooped to pluck a flower & smelled the spring fragrance stronger & nearer than ever. So, breaking plants, all freshly leaved & vigorously growing, & smelling them, I found one square—stemmed which yielded a strong anise scent, esp[ecially] when bruised, though then it was far from being as agreeable as when perceived in the air. This seems to be the *Lophanthus anisatus* [fragrant giant hyssop]. Parry calls this "a characteristic Northwestern species."

The outlet of the lake though muddy is not dark muddy, but like the sand of the lake & very transparent, so that the fish are all seen.

Plants said to be introduced: shepherd's purse, plantain — very common about settlers' yards & on prairie, sorrel — common (on prairie), nettle very common (many by H[amilton]'s ice house, catnip common, stickseed very common at St. Anthony & Minneapolis.

[Transcript]

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She [Mrs. Hamilton] said the wild apple grew about her premises. Her husband 1st saw it on a ridge by the lake shore. They had dug up several & set them out, but all died. (The settlers also set out the wild plum & thimble berry &c.). So I went & searched in that very unlikely place, but could find no-thing like it, though Hamilton said there was one there 3 feet higher than the lake. But I brought home a thorn in bloom instead & asked if that was it. She then gave me more particular directions & I searched again faithfully. & this time I brought home an Amelanchier as the nearest of kin, doubting if the apple had ever been seen there. But she knew both these plants. Her husband had first discovered it by the fruit. But she had not seen it in bloom here. Then called on Fitch & talked about it. said it was found — the same they had in Vermont (?) & directed me to a Mr. Grimes as one who had found it. He was gone to catch the horses to send his boy 6 miles for a doctor on ac[ount] of the sick child. Evidently a [word] & enquiring man.<sup>116</sup> The boy showed me some of the trees he had set out this spring. But they had all died, having a long tap root & being taken up too late. But then I was convinced by the sight of the just expanding though withered flower bud to analyze. Finally stayed & went in search of it with the father in his pasture, where I found it first myself, quite a cluster of them. See a great flight of large ephemera this a.m. on L[ake] Harriet shore & this eve[ning] on L[ake] Calhoun.<sup>117</sup> Loons said to nest on old muskrat houses.

Brave Buffalo said: "I have noticed in my life that all men have a liking for some special animal, tree, plant, or spot of earth. If men would pay more attention to these preferences and seek what is best to do in order to make themselves worthy of that toward which they are so attracted, they might have dreams which would purify their lives. Let a man decide upon his favorite animal and make a study of it, learning its innocent ways. Let him learn to understand its sounds and motions. The animals want to communicate with man, but Wakan-tanka does not intend they shall do so directly — man must do the greater part in securing an understanding."

— Frances Desmore, TETON SIOUX MUSIC (1918), as quoted on page 417 of William Least Heat-Moon's PRAIRYERTH (A DEEP MAP) [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].

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116. Per Grimes, Mary Agatha. THE GRIMES FAMILY (Minneapolis, 1946, 70 pages):

During the sixties I had an unusual experience. Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, came to Minnesota on account of his health. He boarded with a Mrs. Hamilton who had an exclusive boarding house on the shores of Lake Calhoun where the residence of Judge Uelard now stands and where many southern people had been guests before the war. As Mr. Thoreau was a lover of trees and flowers he often visited with me and one can imagine the pleasure Mr. Thoreau must have derived from roaming through Linden Hills when Lake Harriet was surrounded by a virgin forest.

Jonathan T. Grimes was a prominent Minneapolis apple-grower and nurseryman. See the Minneapolis Journal of May 22, 1938.  
117. These swarming "ephimera" Thoreau mentions are mayflies enjoying their one very brief day of mating (hence that name).



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June 12, Wednesday: The great [comet](#) of this year completed its voyage toward the sun and began its trip outward. It had still not become visible from the northern hemisphere, nor had the news of its existence yet arrived by steamer from its southern-hemisphere observers — the astronomers of the earth's major observatories, all of them in the northern hemisphere, would be suddenly stunned by its appearance as it came up in full display over our southern horizons.

SKY EVENT

John Tebbutt (Windsor, New South Wales) discovered this comet on 1861 May 13.37

The comet was widely observed in the Southern Hemisphere during June. Although it passed perihelion on June 12, the comet actually continued to brighten and develop a spectacular tail as it continued to approach Earth. Emmanuel Liais (Rio de Janeiro) saw the comet on the 12th and said the nucleus equalled a star of magnitude 2 or 3, while the tail was 40° long. On the 20th Edward John White (Williamstown, Victoria, [Australia](#)) said the nucleus equalled a star of magnitude 2 and was distinctly fan-shaped in a telescope. He added that the tail was double, with the western or main tail extending over 40° and the eastern tail extending about 5° and separated by an angle of 34°. The eastern tail was also slightly curved toward the east. The comet's path kept it south of the sun until after June 28, thus making the 29th the absolute earliest Northern Hemisphere observers could have seen it.

Closest Distance to Earth (0.1326 AU): The comet was well-observed as it passed closest to Earth on June 30. The total brightness was estimated as “not as bright as Jupiter” (fainter than magnitude -2) by Johann Friedrich Julius Schmidt (Athens), while the nuclear magnitude was estimated as 1 by T. Brorsen (Senftenberg), but “intermediate” between Venus and Jupiter according to the Reverend Thomas William Webb (Hardwick Parsonage). He added that the comet had a golden hue to it. Hermann Goldschmidt (Paris, France) estimated the diameter of the nucleus as near 4”, while G. Schweizer (Moscow, Russia) more precisely measured it as 3.07”. Webb observed with a 5.5-inch refractor and estimated it as 2”, but admitted that he probably underrated it. He added that it was “a fine luminous disc” with “a very ill-terminated, but still definite, limb.” Webb also observed the comet at 27x and said the comet looked “as though a number of light, hazy clouds were floating around a miniature full moon.” He was describing six “luminous veils” located within the coma, the brightest of which was nearest the nucleus, while the faintest was farthest away. Johann Gottfried Galle (Wroclaw (formerly Breslau), Poland) said the nucleus was “extremely bright and distinct,” while the Reverend R. Main (Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford) said a telescope showed it was elliptical, with the major axis “directed nearly towards the Sun.” Main added, “A stream of light went off from the upper apparent part of the nucleus, and turned round towards the apparent west in the shape of a sickle. Another but fainter stream was seen on the apparent east side of the first stream, also turning round towards the west.” The coma was described as a parabolic curve by Galle, with Schmidt estimating its diameter as 60-70'. The tail was very impressive and contained a number of rays. Although Galle estimated the length as 30° to 40° and Goldschmidt said it was 35° long and 3° to 4° wide, other observers noted a much longer length. Schmidt said the tail was 120° long, Brorsen estimated it as 90° in length, Webb said it was at least 90° long, and Main indicated it was “considerably longer” than 43°. George Williams (Liverpool) observed a tail ray extending through Boötis into Ursa Major, as well as a somewhat brighter ray extending into Cassiopeia. He suspected they might have been clouds, but noted that both pointed towards the comet's nucleus. Webb and his wife noticed a faint ray “of perfectly similar character to the tail, stretching under the square of Ursa Major, about 3° or 3.5° broad...and traceable about half way from the latter star to Arturus: it pointed to the Comet, but in the twilight no connexion could be made out.” Webb added that about 20-minutes later it had become brighter. He concluded it was probably a “cirrus cloud, brought up by the N. W. wind.”

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July Observations: Although the comet continued to be well-observed during the first days of July, fewer physical descriptions were being made by July 5th, but these still indicated the tail was of great length. The main tail was estimated as 63 degrees long by Littrow, 85 degrees long by Schmidt, and 45 degrees long by Quirling, with the latter astronomer also indicating the greatest width was 10 degrees. The second tail was estimated as wide and 30 degrees long by Littrow. Schmidt estimated the coma diameter as 50 arcmin. Webb swept rapidly across the tail with his comet eyepiece and noted a slightly darker region extended from the nucleus for a short distance into the tail. Activity was still visible within the coma. Main said the nucleus was "very bright and almost equal to a star of the first magnitude." He added that the two streams of light "now pass symmetrically on each side of the nucleus." Peters said the diameter of the nucleus was 5.7 arcsec or possibly smaller and that the 13.5-inch refractor showed one bright inner envelope and two faint outer ones. In addition, he noted "many fine jets streaming out from the nucleus, part of them recurving to the right, others to the left." This comet was independently discovered by David Livingston on July 6, who was then traveling down the Shire River near present day Blantyre, Malawi, in Africa. He noted "a large comet in Ursa Major" and estimated the tail length as 23 degrees. Littrow estimated the main tail as 59 degrees long and about 2.5 degrees wide, while the second tail was about 30 degrees long and distinctly fainter since the 5th. Webb said the tail seemed slightly turned to the left again. Peters said, "The secondary tail is quite bright, and as wide as the principal tail, branching off from it to the west under an acute angle." He added that the 13.5-inch refractor revealed a nucleus 3.8 arcsec across. The last big day of observations for this comet came on July 7. John Kirk, who was traveling independent of Livingston down the Shire River, in Africa wrote, "This night we got sight of a splendid comet in the Great Bear moving rapidly from the sun." Heis said the brightness equalled Gamma Ursae Majoris (magnitude 2.44). Dembowski estimated the tail length as 30 degrees, while Gilliss said it was no more than 25 degrees long and 3 degrees wide. Peters agreed that the tail seemed to have decreased in brightness at its end, but was wider and still visible over 30 degrees. Dembowski said the fan extending from the nucleus was less definite than on the 3rd. Gilliss commented that the luminous sector was "much smaller and fainter, and for the greater part of the time could scarcely be discerned at all as distinct from the general mass of light." Peters said the 13.5-inch refractor indicated the outer envelopes were no longer visible, while the inner envelope seemed to be undulating before his eyes. Descriptive observations were sparse during the second half of July. On the 16th Heis said the brightness nearly equalled that of Iota Draconis (magnitude 3.29), while Quirling estimated the tail length as 12 to 13 degrees. On the 17th Heis said the brightness was between those of Iota Draconis (magnitude 3.29) and Alpha Draconis (magnitude 3.65). While the comet faded the nucleus was beginning to change as well. E. Schönfeld (Mannheim) said the nucleus appeared a little diffuse on the 18th, while Peters noted on the 24th, "The nucleus now appears much less stellar than before, rather as a blurred surface, of 8" in diameter, though this measure is little reliable." He added that the outline of the envelope was no longer visible, though the moon was nearly full.

Observations for Remainder of 1861: On August 10, Heis said the comet was three steps fainter than Iota Boötis (magnitude 4.76). On August 12, Peters observed with a 13.5-inch refractor and wrote, "The nucleus has become small and is rather dim..." On August 13, Schönfeld said the coma was 5 arcmin across, and contained a nucleus which was not centrally placed. On August 14, Schönfeld said the coma was 4 arcmin across. On August 15, Heis said the comet was still a naked eye object. On September 2, Schönfeld said the coma was 5 arcmin across. On September 3, Schönfeld said the nuclear magnitude was 9. On September 12, Schönfeld said the coma was about 2.5 arcmin across in moonlight. On September 16, Peters said skies were cloudy and affected by moonlight, but he did manage to catch sight of the comet with the 13.5-inch refractor. He noted that the comet's faintness only allowed a faint illumination of the wires used for measuring its position. On October 1, C. Bruhns (Leipzig) said the comet appeared rather faint in the 6-foot focal length refractor. On October 4, Schönfeld said the nucleus was still visible. Bruhns said the comet appeared rather faint. On October 5, Schönfeld said the nucleus was magnitude 11. On October 11, Peters observed with a



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13.5-inch refractor and described the comet as “dull”. On October 13, Schönfeld said the coma was round and 2 arcmin across, with a nucleus of magnitude 11. On October 19, Peters observed with the 13.5-inch refractor and noted the nucleus “is more concentrated to a point.” On October 25, Schönfeld said the coma was 3 arcmin across, with an eccentrically situated faint nucleus. On November 4, Schönfeld said the coma was fairly faint, with an indistinct nucleus of about magnitude 11-12. On November 5, Schönfeld said the coma was 1.3 arcmin across. On November 21, Schönfeld said the coma was 1.5 arcmin across. On November 25, Schönfeld said the comet contained a condensation of magnitude 12-13. On November 28, Schönfeld said the diffuse coma was rather faint and 0.7 arcmin across. There was also a weak condensation. Schönfeld observed on December 22 and 23 and said the comet was fairly bright, with a coma 20 arcsec across, and well condensed. On December 26, Peters observed the comet with a 13.5-inch refractor.

On January 3, 1862, Peters observed the comet with a 13.5-inch refractor. On January 5, Peters observed with a 13.5-inch refractor in moonlight, strong winds, and a temperature of  $-4^{\circ}\text{F}$ , and noted the comet was difficult to see. Schmidt observed the comet with difficulty using peripheral vision on both February 3 and 6. O. Struve (Pulkova) saw the comet on April 16 and said the coma was 40" across. He noted, “Its light is, even in its present faint state, not quite uniform, but shows distinctly traces of concentration.” The comet was last detected on May 1.

Orbit: Hopff used three positions obtained between June 30 and July 2, and computed a parabolic orbit which was first published on July 12. The perihelion date was determined as June 11.98. Pape used three positions obtained between June 30 and July 6, and computed a parabolic orbit which was first published on July 12. The perihelion date was determined as June 12.23. Hubbard used three positions obtained between July 3 and 18, and computed a hyperbolic orbit. The perihelion date was determined as June 12.57, and the eccentricity was 1.0265470. A. Murmann used three positions obtained between June 30 and July 4, and computed a parabolic orbit which was first published on August 2. The perihelion date was determined as June 12.15. H. Seeling (Altona) used three positions obtained between June 12 and July 21, and computed a parabolic orbit which was first published on August 2. The perihelion date was determined as June 12.21. Sluzki took positions determined by Schweizer during the period of June 30 to September 10, and computed an elliptical orbit with a perihelion date of June 12.00, and an orbital period of 399.81 years. During 1880, Heinrich Carl Friedrich Kreutz used 1156 positions obtained between 1861 May 27 and 1862 May 1 and computed an elliptical orbit with a perihelion date of June 12.01 and an orbital period of 409 years. Perturbations for four planets were included.



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June 12, Wednesday: Horace Mann, Jr. reported to his mother that their plans were to leave Lake Calhoun on June 15 for St. Anthony and then St. Paul on June 16 “and I think we may go up the St. Peters, or [Minnesota](#), river to the lower Sioux agency where the indians are going to be paid off on the 18th and subsequent days of this month.” That day’s St. Paul [Pioneer and Democrat](#) newspaper puffed:

We would inform strangers who may be amongst us that this excursion will give them a better opportunity of seeing wild, frontier life, and the sports of the red men than they could otherwise have. There will doubtless be a large attendance from this city.

In considering what [Henry Thoreau](#) intended to get out of this excursion to witness the payment, we may consider what [Margaret Fuller](#) had gotten out of having witnessed a payment at Mackinaw Island. Henry was certainly familiar with what Margaret had written:

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Late at night we reached this island of Mackinaw, so famous for its beauty.... It was the last week in August, at which time a large representation from the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes are here to receive their annual payments from the American government. ...they come hither by thousands and those thousands in families, secure of accommodation on the beach and food from the lake, to make a long holiday out of the occasion. There were near two thousand encamped on the island already, and more arriving every day.

As our boat came in, the captain had some rockets let off. This greatly excited the Indians, and their yells and wild cries resounded along the shore. Except for the momentary flash of the rockets, it was perfectly dark... With the first rosy streak, I was out among my Indian neighbors whose lodges honeycombed the beautiful beach, that curved away in long, fair outline on either side the house. They were already on the alert, the children creeping out from beneath the blanket door of the lodge, the women pounding corn in their rude mortars, the young men playing on their pipes.... The first afternoon I was there, looking down from a near height, I felt that I never wished to see a more fascinating picture. It was an hour of the deepest serenity; bright blue and gold, with rich shadows. Every moment the sunlight fell more mellow. The Indians were grouped and scattered among the lodges; the women preparing food, in the kettle or frying-pan, over the many small fires; the children, half naked, wild as little goblins, were playing both in and out of the water. Here and there lounged a young girl, with a baby at her back, whose bright eyes glanced, as if born into a world of courage and of joy, instead of ignominious servitude and slow decay. Some girls were cutting wood, a little way from me, talking and laughing, in the low musical tone, so charming in the Indian women. Many bark canoes were upturned upon the beach, and, by that light, of almost the same amber as the lodges; others coming in, their square sails set, and with almost arrowy speed, though heavily laden with dusky forms, and all the apparatus of their household. Here and there a sailboat glided by, with a different but scarce less pleasing motion.





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We can now compare this St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat newspaper puff with a more truthful account published by a witness to an earlier year's "Payment," a Mr. Phillips of the Shakopee Independent.<sup>118</sup>

A terrific hail-storm visited this place [the Lower Sioux Agency] a few days before our arrival, which destroyed about two hundred acres of corn, planted by the Sioux; thus cutting off, in a great measure, their means of support. The inhabitants averred that hail fell as large as eggs; and, although several days had elapsed since the storm, we saw indentations in the earth which led us to believe that the report was correct.... The Indian is slowly beginning to realize the fact, that it is far better to turn his attention to the cultivation of the earth than to rely upon the uncertainties of the chase for a subsistence; and, although it is hard for them to overcome their prejudices, and their natural antipathy to imitation of the whites, there is a decided progressive spirit perceptible, which argues well for a better state of things than have heretofore existed among them.... A convocation of the principal chiefs of the bands in attendance was held at the office of the agent.... They represented themselves as being in an extreme destitute condition; but their demands for provisions and pay met with a firm and decided refusal from the agent.... We looked in vain for that proud, haughty bearing that we had been led to suppose existed among them in their councils. Their spirits seem to be crushed, and there is a tame submissiveness manifest, which but ill accords with the wild, untamable spirit with which writers have invested them.... Heartily sick and tired of the misery and degradation that we saw existing among them, we gladly, next morning, took our way homeward....



[June] 12th A.m. around L[ake] Harriet.

118. Parker's MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 49. Note the bias: after describing the terrible uncertainty of subsistence agriculture in these latitudes, which if anything should lead into a critique of the motives and reliability of the white advisers who were pushing and shoving the native Americans in this direction, this unsympathetic white observer merely reaffirms his condemnation of the hunting and gathering life upon which it was supposed to improve. He wastes not one word of criticism on the men who were hearing and scorning these pleas for understanding, focusing instead on how pitiful it makes us feel to be forced to listen to such pleas. Ronald Reagan should have been there to give these shiftless people a good lecture, and tell again his favorite story of the welfare queen arriving at the payment office in her Cadillac!

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Sp[ecimen]. Heuchers hispida [rough heuchera]. My tallest is all hispid or hirsute (& slightly glandular above) & is 2 feet high. The calix is very one-sided, bell-shaped. Parry says [it is] a common plant, characteristic of dry rolling prairies. R[anunculus] flammula [creeping spearwort], which var{iety}? F[ragaria] vesca [strawberry] with fruit raised in high pits on surface. (Symphocarpus racemosus [snowy-berry] (?) just beginning, stamens &c. not now protruded. Is it same with the large plants?) Is the prairie one S[ymplocarpus] occidentalis [wolf-berry] — saw these, a dense dry raceme.

J.J. AUDUBON

Chic[k]ade[e], pho[e]be note. P.m. to prairie pond. Nighthawk, 2 eggs far advanced, in prairie. Sturnella neglecta, Audubon's western lark [Western Meadowlark] ■ *Sturnella neglecta*. Note very peculiar. Heard at the same time with the common meadow lark. Much louder, a toodle-em note.

A shrike (?), young bird with a broad head. Light gray with black wings, tail black with side feathers & tips more or less white. Note unlvely, rasping.

Lathyrus venosus [veiny vetchling], a little late. Blue, purple & white. Asclepias Nuttalliana [milkweed] (?) on prairie about pond. Ground plum (Astragalus) full grow[n] & red on one side, on the gravelly sides of prairie hollows. Parry says it "is frequently used to allay the thirst of the traveller on the great western plains." A great many striped (?) snakes esp[ecially] about ponds [and] pools on the prairie.



Undated Mann letter: "In the afternoon we went over the St. Paul Bridge over the Mississippi<sup>119</sup> and took a walk of several miles and found a few new plants. The bridge is a very long one and descending the whole way from St. Paul to the other bank, for it commences on a bluff of sandstone at St. Paul about 100 ft high and goes down to almost the level of the river on the other side. As I said, the city of St. Paul is built right along on the edge of a steep sandstone bluff, the sandstone being very soft and crumbling, so that the bank swallows dig holes in it and build nests and lay eggs in them. In some parts of the bank the sandstone is all speckled with little holes and I should think that there were hundreds of them, every one or nearly every one inhabited and the young swallows would come to the mouth of the hole to be fed."



[Between St. Anthony (Minneapolis) and St. Paul] The little brake grew in clefts of the sandstone; and there were many bank swallows' nests in and under the pillared and turreted (coped?) sandstone, so hard that you could not make the hole with your hand —or would not.



June 13, Thursday: The 1st major step toward the statehood of West Virginia was taken by a committee led by John Carlile of Clarksburg: it presented a Declaration of Rights of the People of Virginia to the 2d Wheeling Convention. Coming only two months after Virginia's vote to leave the federal union, Carlile's declaration described the state's secession as "a usurpation of the rights of the people" and declared that the convention and the governor had forced Virginia citizens into "an illegal confederacy of rebellious states," something which was very much beyond its powers and authorities. The Declaration of Rights, grounded in the Virginia Declaration of Rights of 1776 and the state constitutions of 1830 and 1851, was signed by 86 of the 100-plus delegates. From 1861 until 1863, a "Reorganized Government of Virginia" would be based in the custom house at Wheeling, a building now described as the West Virginia Independence Hall. That Reorganized Government would, on behalf of Virginia, authorize the formation of a new state to be known as West Virginia.



[June] 13th Spermophilus [ground squirrel] eating oats in horse-dung. See a scum on the smooth surface of the lake 3 or 4 feet from shore, the color of the sand of the shore, like pollen & lint, which I took it to be. Taking some up in my hand, I was surprised to find it the sand of the shore, sometimes pretty large grains 1/10 inch diam[eter] — but most 1/20 or less. Some dark brown, some white or yellowish. Some minute but perfectly regular oval pebbles of white quartz. I suppose that the water rises gently, lifts up a layer of sand where it is slightly cemented by some glutinous matter, for I felt a slight stickiness on my hand after the (gravel or) sand was shaken off. It was in irregular oblong patches, 3 or 4 inches long.

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119. This bridge was opened in 1858, after the suspension bridge at St. Anthony, and joined St. Paul to the abandoned site of the village of *Taovateduta* "Our Red Nation," which had been named Kaposia "Not Encumbered by Much Baggage," and which had by this point become "South St. Paul."

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Poplar 7 feet [in] circumference, some 90 feet high.

➡ June 14, Friday: Back in Massachusetts, [Bronson Alcott](#) noted in his journal that, checking with the Thoreau family, he had learned that [Henry Thoreau](#) was still near St. Paul, and had written that he was “finding some new plants in those parts and enjoying the freedom of the country house and wild life where he is staying, but says nothing concerning his health.”

➡ June 15, Saturday: The First Massachusetts Regiment left Boston on its way to [Washington DC](#). –And the Boston resident Patrick Gilmore hadn’t even written “When Johnny Comes Marching Home” yet!

[Henry Thoreau](#) jotted down in his pocket notes: “From St. Anthony to St. Pauls.... Walked in p.m. across bridge s of St. Pauls.”

➡ June 15, Saturday: During the 3 months following his liberation, [John Anderson](#) had been hailed and feted in [Toronto](#) and Montréal, and had decided to let the abolitionists sent him to England to be further hailed and feted — and at about this point would have been disembarking at Liverpool.





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June 16, Sunday: Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) visited Manassas Junction, Virginia.

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) went “A.m., to Carver’s Cave.... P.m. to w end of town.” The St. Paul [Pioneer and Democrat](#) newspaper proclaimed:

HO! FOR THE PAYMENT! – Remember that the Frank Steele and Favorite leave for Red Wood, at 4 o’clock, on Monday afternoon, accompanied with the Great Western [German] Band, and a bevy of beautiful ladies and brave men.

Thaddeus Lowe demonstrated the potential of hot air balloons to the government in [Washington DC](#).

**US CIVIL WAR**

At the United States Custom Office in the port of New-York, a black American had been hired. The newspaper of the Democratic Party, the [Leader](#), opinioned that if this sort of thing was allowed to go on, it was going to require “more than honied words” to appease “the entire race of white men,” who were going to arise “in vindictive rebellion” against such offers of racial equality of economic opportunity.

Control of hiring at the United States Custom House was in the hands of the national government, and consequently most of the time in the hands of the Democrats. It was “the largest single federal office in the country and was the greatest source of patronage.” The Collector “had at his disposal hundreds of relatively well-paying jobs which he could distribute to the advantage of the political party or faction he represented,” and “[i]t was at the Custom House that the spoils system reached its highest form of development.” The Custom House therefore offered an opportunity not only to build up the pro-slavery political machine; by strictly keeping employment at this government facility as a white-skin privilege, it effectively was a Northern bastion of the principle that the Negro had no job rights that a “white” person was bound to respect.

**IRISH**



**SALEM CUSTOM HOUSE**



June 17, Monday: Spain declared neutrality in the American Civil War but recognized the Confederate States of America as a belligerent.

Grace Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott Greenwood (1823-1904) wrote from Philadelphia to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) detailing her plans for lecturing in Boston.

Engagement at Boonville, Missouri.

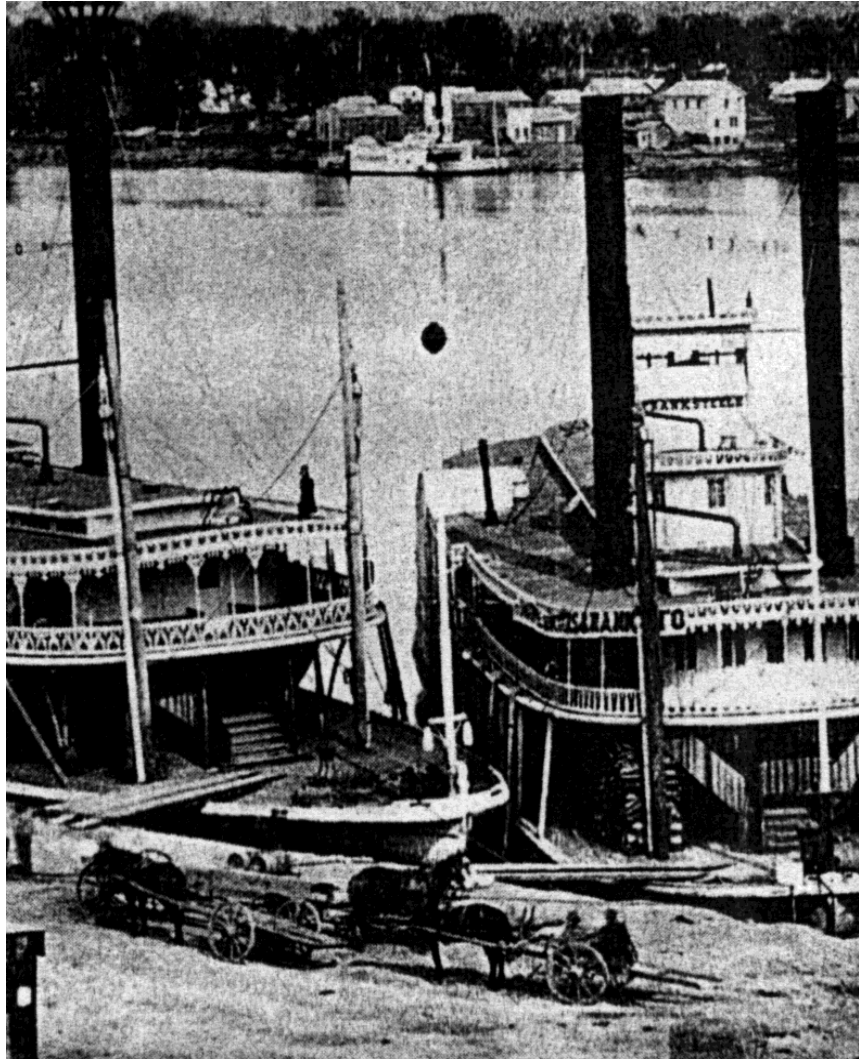
Action at Vienna, Virginia.

**US CIVIL WAR**

The travelers spent \$3.<sup>50</sup> at the Merchant’s Hotel in St. Paul and then rented a stateroom on the 160-foot steamboat Frank Steele (“one of the finest”) for a fare of \$10.<sup>00</sup> round trip, to see the annual council of the Dakota/Lakota tribes.

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Frank Steele



Mann: "We shall go today in the Steamer Frank Steele <sup>120</sup>up the Minnesota River."

This steamboat was of course one of the many adventures of Franklin Steele, who had attempted to appropriate

120. I will wait till later to show you a photo of the Frank Steele's companion boat, the "Favorite I," mentioned in the advertisement.



Fort Snelling. Thoreau had recorded from his reading in the local library a few days earlier that:



In [[Minnesota Historical Collections](#) for 1856] (Prof. Neill) [says of the] Minnesota [River]: “The discoverer of the stream of this name, was Le Sueur, & in the first map that delineates the stream, which was issued in France more than a century ago, it is marked as the ‘Minisota’”; It is a Dakota word & means [sky-tinted].

“a small cannon for salutes,<sup>121</sup> and the money for the Indians (aye, and the gamblers, it was said, who were to bring it back in another boat).”

“6 p.m. Start up the Minnesota River in the *Frank Steele*. River valley till 9 p.m.... Near Shakopee at 9 p.m.”

At nine P.M. we are near Stanhope. At five A.M. we are said to be in the big woods; the woods all alive with pigeons [**Passenger Pigeon**  *Ectopistes migratorius*], and they flying across our course. The river is often only eight rods wide, and quite snaggy. About 7:30 we pass a beautiful open interval of native grass on the right. Many large turtle-tracks on shore... Very crooked river; acres of roses in the interval. Swallows, kingfishers, blue jays, and warbling vireos along the shores. Grape-vines in blossom climbing on a cottonwood. We often strike the shore with our stern, or stop and back to get round snags and bars. Muddy-looking water, with soft-shelled and snapping turtles in it. See a turkey-buzzard [Turkey Vulture  *Cathartes aura*] and blue herons, and in the river some young ducks.

Was he wrong about the Passenger Pigeons?



June 18, Tuesday: After almost 3 years in Germany, John Knowles Paine arrived home in Portland aboard the *Jura*, from Liverpool via Quebec.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was on the [Minnesota](#) steamboat with Governor Alexander H. Ramsey and Mrs. Anna Earl Jenks Ramsey:



June 18, 9 AM, a letter by Horace Mann, Jr.: “Dear Mother We are this moment stopping at Henderson on the Minnesota River... We can see the water marks of this spring [flood] on the houses up above the first floor. There may be a hundred houses in the town, but they are much scattered and I cannot see more than half that number. We left St. Paul last night about 5 o'clock with Governor Ramsey,<sup>122</sup> the Governor of Minnesota, on board and about 25 volunteers on board going up to Fort Ridgely... The Minnesota River is a very crooked one, and I suppose we have gone ten miles by water which would have been two or three in a straight line to go from one end of this town to where we are now stopping. We have to double on ourselves several times perhaps like this [a wavy line] and sometimes so sharp a bend that they have to reverse one wheel of the steamer while the other goes ahead and so turn round right where they are. The river is very narrow being in some places that we have come past not more than 7 or 8 rods wide and usually not more than 10 or 15, and

121. At some point in the journey, while this cannon was being employed to keep everyone amused by firing salutes, it would blow up and injure some of the excursionists, but I don't know on which day this sad accident occurred, nor do I know whether it occurred on the *Frank Steele* or on the *Favorite I*.

122. Actually, Governor Alexander H. Ramsey and Mrs. Anna Earl Jenks Ramsey. Ramsey had been the first governor of the territory, then a senator, then governor of the state. He had also recently violated Minnesota's sense of “nice” by refusing to pardon a white wife who had poisoned her husband with arsenic on behalf of her lover, and had then gotten religion in jail. He insisted on [hanging](#) her high in the saintly city (but you can bet we tied her dress around her ankles before we dropped the trap). Be sure to visit the Ramsey mansion if you come to Minnesota, for Ramsey became president of the Minnesota Historical Society and we give nice tours of his digs (265 Exchange Street, St. Paul MN, 296-8681).



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it is full of snags. They have a band on board which is now playing a tune I do not know what one. There are I should think over a hundred passengers on board, and it is a small boat, so that a great many of them have to sleep wherever they can around on chairs, or on the floor, or on trunks, etc. It is a beautiful day, rather hot in the sun and as the river is so narrow we can see everything on the banks very easily.... 9:45 P.M. Since I wrote the above we have passed Le Sueur, Traverse des Sioux, St. Peter's and Mankato, & we are now stopping at South Bend and I do not know but what we may stay here all night as the water is pretty low and the river is full of sand bars and snags."

At [Fort Ridgely](#), the "Soldiers' House" was being manned by volunteer troops. Primary reliance for the defense of the fort was being placed upon the "mountain" howitzers left behind by the regular troops who had marched off to fight in the Civil War.<sup>123</sup>

US CIVIL WAR

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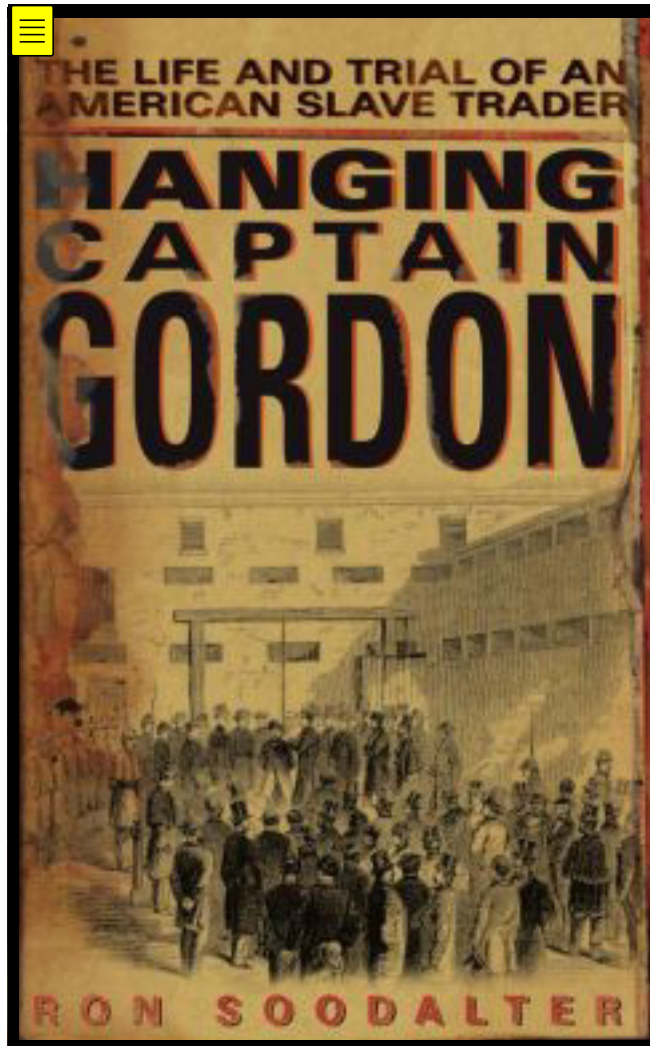
123. Bronze barrel weight 884 pounds. Effective when firing 6-pound solid roundshot at ranges of 1,500 yards, with muzzle elevated some five degrees, but also effective with antipersonnel tin cannisters of grapeshot at 300 to 450 yards.

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→ June 18, Tuesday: The case of Captain [Nathaniel Gordon](#), accused of having engaged in the [international slave trade](#) under the capital federal ordinance of May 15, 1820, went to trial in [New-York](#).

RACE SLAVERY



→ June 19, Wednesday: Francis Pierpont was elected provisional governor of West Virginia.

The North Carolina Secession Convention ratified the Constitution of the Confederate States of America:

### **Constitution of the Confederate States of America.**

We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent federal government, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity — invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God — do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America.

#### ARTICLE I, SECTION 1.

All legislative powers herein delegated shall be vested in a Congress of the Confederate States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.





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SECTION 2.

1. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall be citizens of the Confederate States, and have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; but no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote for any officer, civil or political, State or Federal.
2. No person shall be a Representative, who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years, and be a citizen of the Confederate States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.
3. Representatives and Direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this Confederacy, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined, by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all slaves. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the Confederate States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law, direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every fifty thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of South Carolina shall be entitled to choose six — the State of Georgia ten — the State of Alabama nine — the State of Florida two — State of Mississippi seven — the State of Louisiana six, and the State of Texas six.
4. When vacancies happen in the representation from any state, the Executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.
5. The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers; and shall have the sole power of impeachment; except that any judicial or other federal officer, resident and acting solely within the limits of any State, may be impeached by a vote of two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature thereof.

SECTION 3.

The Senate of the Confederate States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen for six years by the Legislature thereof, at the regular session next immediately preceding the commencement of the term of service; and each Senator shall have one vote.

2. Immediately after they shall be assembled, in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year; of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year; and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year; so that one-third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.
3. No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, and be a citizen of the Confederate States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of the State for which he shall be chosen.
4. The Vice-President of the Confederate States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.
5. The Senate shall choose their other officers; and also a President pro tempore in the absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the Confederate States.
6. The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the Confederate States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.
7. Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit, under the Confederate States; but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment and punishment according to law.

SECTION 4.



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1. The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof, subject to the provisions of this constitution: but the Congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the times and places of choosing Senators.
2. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year; and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall, by law, appoint a different day.

SECTION 5.

1. Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide.
2. Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds of the whole number, expel a member.
3. Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time, publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House, on any question, shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.
4. Neither House, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor, to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

SECTION 6.

1. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the Confederate States. They shall, in all cases, except treason, felony and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place.
2. No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the Confederate States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the Confederate States shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office. But Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments a seat upon the floor of either house, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department.

SECTION 7.

1. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.
2. Every bill which shall have passed both Houses, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the Confederate States; if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it with his objections to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that house, it shall become a law. But in all such cases, the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return; in which case it shall not be a law. The President may approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill. In such case he shall, in signing the bill, designate the appropriations disapproved; and shall return a copy of such appropriations, with his objections, to the house in which the bill shall have originated; and the same proceedings shall then be had as in the case of other bills disapproved by the President.



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3. Every order, resolution or vote, to which the concurrence of both houses may be necessary, (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the Confederate States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him; or being disapproved by him shall be repassed by two-thirds of both houses, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

SECTION 8.

The Congress shall [have] power —

1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, for revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and carry on the government of the Confederate States: but no bounties shall be granted from the treasury; nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry; and all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederate States:
2. To borrow money on the credit of the Confederate States:
3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes; but neither this, nor any other clause contained in the constitution, shall ever be construed to delegate the power to Congress to appropriate money for any internal improvement intended to facilitate commerce; except for the purpose of furnishing lights, beacons, and buoys, and other aids to navigation upon the coasts, and improvement of harbors and the removing of obstructions in river navigation, in all which cases, such duties shall be laid on the navigation facilitated thereby, as may be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof:
4. To establish uniform laws of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the Confederate States, but no law of Congress shall discharge any debt contracted before the passage of the same:
5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures:
6. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the Confederate States:
7. To establish postoffices and post routes; but the expenses of the Postoffice Department, after the first day of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall be paid out of its own revenues:
8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries:
9. To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court:
10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations:
11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water:
12. To raise and support armies; but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years:
13. To provide and maintain a navy:
14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces:
15. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Confederate States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions:
16. To provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the Confederate States; reserving to the States, respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed Congress:
17. To exercise exclusive legislation, in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of one or more States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the Confederate States; and to exercise like authority over all purchased by the consent of the legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards and other needful buildings; and



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18. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the Confederate States, or in any department or officer thereof.

SECTION 9.

1. The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign country, other than the slaveholding States or territories of United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.
2. Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.
3. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.
4. No bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law denying or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed.
5. No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.
6. No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State, except by a vote of two-thirds of both houses.
7. No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another.
8. No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.
9. Congress shall appropriate no money from the treasury except by a vote of two-thirds of both houses, taken by yeas and nays, unless it be asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of department, and submitted to Congress by the President; or for the purpose of paying its own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for the investigation of claims against the government, which is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish.
10. All bills appropriating money shall specify in federal currency the exact amount of each appropriation and the purposes for which it is made; and Congress shall grant no extra compensation to any public contractor, officer, agent or servant, after such contract shall have been made or such service rendered.
11. No title of nobility shall be granted by the Confederate States; and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince or foreign State.
12. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances.
13. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.
14. No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner: nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.
15. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.



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16. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor to be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.
17. In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.
18. In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact so tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the Confederacy, than according to the rules of the common law.
19. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.
20. Every law or resolution having the force of law, shall relate but to one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title.

SECTION. 10.

1. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, or ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.
2. No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the Confederate States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress.
3. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, except on sea-going vessels, for the improvement of its rivers and harbors navigated by the said vessels; but such duties shall not conflict with any treaties of the Confederate States with foreign nations; and any surplus revenue, thus derived, after making such improvement, be paid into the the common treasury. Nor shall any State keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. But when an river divides or flows through two or more States, they may enter into compacts with each other improve the navigation thereof.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 1.

1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the Confederate States of America. He and the Vice President shall hold their offices for the term of six years; but the President shall not be re-eligible. The President and Vice President shall be elected as follows:
2. Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the Confederate States shall be appointed an elector.



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3. The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the government of the Confederate States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then, from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in case of the death, or other constitutional disability of the President.
4. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President, shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then, from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.
5. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the Confederate States.
6. The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the Confederate States.
7. No person, except a natural born citizen of the Confederate States, or a citizen thereof at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, or a citizen thereof born in the United States prior to the 20th of December, 1860, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the limits of the Confederate States, as they may exist at the time of his election.
8. In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President; and the Congress may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.
9. The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he, shall have been elected; and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the Confederate States, or any of them.
10. Before he enters on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:  
"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the Confederate States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution thereof."

## SECTION 2.

1. The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of Confederate States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the Confederate States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the Confederate States, except in cases of impeachment.



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2. He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the Confederate States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law or in the heads of Departments.
3. The principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, and all persons connected with the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the Executive Department may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor.
4. The President shall have power to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session; but no person rejected by the Senate shall be re-appointed to the same office during their ensuing recess.

#### SECTION 3.

1. The President shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Confederacy, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them; and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the Confederate States.

#### SECTION 4.

1. The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the Confederate States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

#### ARTICLE III, SECTION 1.

1. The judicial power of the Confederate States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such Inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish, The judges, both of the Supreme and Inferior Courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

#### SECTION 2.

1. The judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under this Constitution, the laws of the Confederate States, and treaties made or which shall be made under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the Confederate States shall be a party to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizen of another State where the State is plaintiff; between citizens claiming lands under grants of different States; and between a State or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens or subjects; but no State shall be sued by a citizen or subject of any foreign State.
2. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.
3. The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury, and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

#### SECTION 3.



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1. Treason against the Confederate States shall consist only in, levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act or on confession in open court.
2. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.

ARTICLE IV, SECTION 1.

1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

SECTION 2.

1. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired.
2. A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime against the laws of such a State, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.
3. No slave or other person held to service or labor in any State or territory of the Confederate States under the laws thereof, escaping or lawfully carried 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 slave belongs, or to whom such service or labor may be due.

SECTION 3.

1. Other States may be admitted into this Confederacy by a vote of two-thirds of the whole House of Representatives, and two-thirds of the Senate, the Senate voting by States; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress.
2. The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations concerning the property of the Confederate States, including the lands thereof.
3. The Confederate States may acquire new territory; and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States, lying without the limits of the several States; and may permit them, at such times, and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory, the institution of negro slavery as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress, and by the territorial government: and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and territories, shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or territories of the Confederate States.
4. The Confederate States shall guaranty to every State that now is or hereafter may become a member of this Confederacy, a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the Legislature (or of the Executive when the Legislature is not in session) against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V.





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1. Upon the demand of any three States, legally assembled in their several conventions, the Congress shall summon a convention of all the States, to take into consideration such amendments to the Constitution as the said States shall concur in suggesting at the time when the said demand is made; and should any of the proposed amendments to the Constitution be agreed on by the said convention — voting by States — and the same be ratified by the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, or by conventions in two-thirds thereof — as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the general convention — they shall from thenceforward form a part of this constitution. But no State shall, without its consent, be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate.

ARTICLE VI.

1. The Government established by this constitution is the successor of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, and all the laws passed by the latter shall continue in force until the same shall be repealed or modified; and all the officers appointed by the same shall remain in office until their successors are appointed and qualified, or the offices abolished.
2. All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this constitution shall be as valid against the Confederate States under this constitution as under the Provisional Government.
3. This constitution, and the laws of the Confederate States, made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the Confederate States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.
4. The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the Confederate States, and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation, to support this constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the Confederate States.
5. The enumeration, in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people of the several States.
6. The powers not delegated to the Confederate States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people thereof.

ARTICLE VII.

1. The ratification of the convention of five States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.
2. When five States shall have ratified this Constitution, in the manner before specified, the Congress under the Provisional Constitution, shall prescribe the time for holding the election of President and Vice President; and, for the meeting of the Electoral College; and, for counting the votes, and inaugurating the President. They shall, also, prescribe the time for holding the first election for members of Congress under this constitution, and the time for assembling the same. Until the assembling of such Congress, the Congress under the Provisional Constitution shall continue to exercise the legislative powers granted them; not extending beyond the time limited by the Constitution of the Provisional Government.

Read three times and passed, 19th of June, 1861.

W.N. EDWARDS,  
Prest. of Convention.

Teste:

WALTER L. STEELE, Secretary,

L. C. EDWARDS, Assistant Secretary



June 19: Mann to his mother: “We passed a place called ‘Redstone’ from the color of the stone which is of a brick red color as I could see in some quarries opened on the banks of the river. The next place we




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passed was 'New Ulm,' a German town, and we were told everybody there was, except three, two women & one man, American.... At about 7 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Fort Ridgely ... which on the two sides towards the prairie is made of granite garrison houses, two stories high." Fort Ridgely "The Soldiers' House" was the entry to the Redwood Agency.



June 19: [Thoreau found three to five young **Passenger Pigeon**  *Ectopistes migratorius* in nests and said the pigeons fed on pea-vines, which were swelling and sprouting purple flowers.] We see ducks, a rail?... The pigeons seem straggling here. The Illinois man once lived where he could hear them at their roost, four miles off.

**Was he wrong  
about the  
Passenger  
Pigeons?**

To inspect a plan of **Fort Ridgely** made in 1862 during the race war: ■

To inspect a plan of the Redwood Indian Agency made in 1862 during the race war: ■

To inspect a drawing of **Fort Ridgely** made in 1862 during the race war: ■

To inspect a sketch made of **Fort Ridgely** in 1863 after the race war: ■



June 20, Thursday: When Dr. **Bradley P. Dean** would visit Minnesota in 1999, he would stop by the Lower Sioux Agency along the Minnesota River near Redwood Falls, that **Henry Thoreau** had visited on this day. (This was the furthest west that Thoreau ever got. He and **Horace Mann, Jr.** had paid \$10 to take a week-long excursion from St. Paul to the Agency, and **Minnesota** governor **Alexander H. Ramsey** was also on board the river steamboat *Frank Steele*. The purpose of the excursion was for the US federal government to deliver its annual payment to the Dakota nation.) While there, Dr. Dean would talk with the Lower Sioux Agency's site manager, Tim Talbott, who would furnish him with a 9-page typescript from a 70-page document written by a fellow passenger on board the vessel. This fellow appears not to have mentioned Thoreau and Mann, but gives considerable detail about the trip, the steamboat, some of the other passengers, the Indians at the Agency, and some of the festivities that were witnessed.



June 20: At Fort Ridgely at eve.... Start again about 4 a.m. get to Lower Sioux Agency about 9 a.m.... Ind, 30 dance, 12 musicians on drums & others strike arrows against bows. The dancers blow some flutes. Keep good time. Move feet & shoulders, one or both. No shirts. 5 bands there. Ox cut in 5 parts.

The following text has been created out of the above notes:

In the afternoon the half-naked Indians performed a dance at the request of the Governor, for our amusement and their own benefit. Then we took leave of them, and of the officials who had come to treat with them. In the dance were thirty men dancing and twelve musicians with drums, while others struck their arrows against their bows. The dancers blew some flutes, and kept good time, moving their feet or their shoulders, sometimes one, sometimes both. They wear no shirts. Five bands of Indians came in, and were feasted on an ox cut into five parts, one for each band.

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They were quite dissatisfied with the white man's treatment of them, and probably had reason to be so.<sup>124</sup>



Taoyateduta "Our Red Nation" visited St. Paul MN in the summer of 1861

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What did the bison mean to Thoreau?

Although [Henry Thoreau](#) was informed that a few Plains bison were feeding only thirty miles away, when he walked out three miles onto the prairie he still could see nothing on the horizon in any direction — not so much as a tree.

Eternal prairie and grass, with occasional groups of trees. Frémont prefers this to every other landscape. To me it is as if someone would prefer a book with blank pages to a good story.

— Charles Preuss, *EXPLORING WITH FRÉMONT*, 1842, quoted on page 5 of William Least Heat-Moon's *PrairieErth (a deep map)* [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].

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124. I haven't been able to figure out which two of the seven Eastern Dakota bands, the Mdewakanton, the Wahpeton, the Wahpekute, the Sisseton, the Yankton, the Yanktonai, and the Teton, were unrepresented. Thoreau and Mann probably heard Red Owl, █ give a warmup speech to the assembled Dakota men, and gathered enough from his tones and body language for Thoreau to make this comment. But Red Owl didn't give his primary speech until June 25 and Taoyateduta didn't give his primary speech until June 26, when Thoreau's riverboat was already long gone. See the Minneapolis *State Atlas* of July 3, 1861. The previous Indian agent, Judge Charles E. Flandrau, who became famous as the organizer of the defense of New Ulm MN, explained Dakota violence as being due to the fact that they "were given lands that they did not want, which were nearly destitute of game... Their annuities were often delayed, which caused much suffering. It was natural, under such conditions, that they should become discontented ... had I been an Indian, I should have felt very rebellious." A new set of administrators had just been installed at the Redwood Indian Agency as Thoreau and Mann arrived, Superintendent Clark W. Thompson who replaced Superintendent William J. Cullen and Indian Agent Thomas J. Galbraith who replaced Indian Agent Joseph R. "Lame Foot" Brown. Basically, payment for land under treaty was being withheld on an individual basis in order to modify behavior. Those who insisted on living the traditional hunting life or insisted on paying attention to traditional religion and culture were being "stonewalled." Some of the tests that were coming to be applied at that time, before the white father would honor his treaty obligations, were: "Can you speak English?" "Do you normally wear shoes, trousers, a shirt and a coat?" (Actually the question, in the terminology of the time, was "Do you wear citizen's dress?") "Is your home square rather than circular?" "Do you farm, raise cattle, or receive a wage?" "Are your children in the reservation school?" "Do you have more than one wife?" "Are you a Christian?" After the race war of 1862, of course, the white father in Washington would repudiate his treaty obligations altogether.

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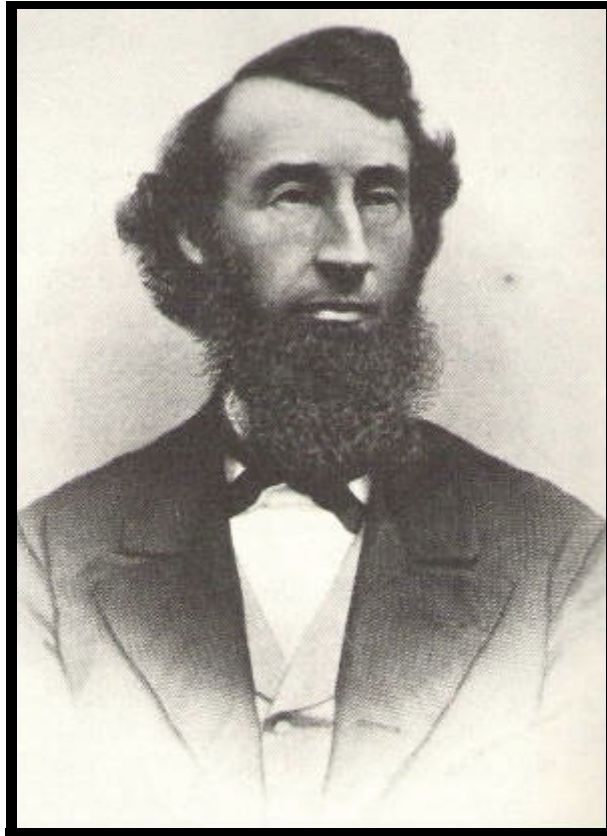
**Bison as painted by Captain Seth Eastman of Fort Snelling**

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→ June 21, Friday: In [New-York](#), in the case of Captain [Nathaniel Gordon](#), accused of having engaged in the [international slave trade](#) in violation of the capital federal ordinance of May 15, 1820, the jury was not one of those Southern “white man, good man, not guilty” juries, and the evidence was incontrovertible — but nevertheless this jury deadlocked.<sup>125</sup>

RACE SLAVERY



The exception that probes the rule?

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125. As, we may suppose, a cautious and informed jury of one’s peers **should** balk under such suspicious circumstances! After all, this law had been on the books since 1820 and obviously a whole lot of this sort of conduct had been taking place for like four decades, and nobody had ever ever gotten hanged, ever ever ever — so what could that old law amount to other than a dead letter, and what could the present case amount to other than unjust because selective prosecution?

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What did the  
bison mean  
to Thoreau?



June 21, Friday: Although [Henry Thoreau](#) was informed that a few Plains bison were feeding only thirty miles away, when he walked out three miles onto the prairie he still could see nothing on the horizon in any direction — not so much as a tree.

Eternal prairie and grass, with occasional groups of trees. Frémont prefers this to every other landscape. To me it is as if someone would prefer a book with blank pages to a good story.

— Charles Preuss, *EXPLORING WITH FRÉMONT*, 1842, quoted on page 5 of William Least Heat-Moon's *PrairieEarth* (a deep map) [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].



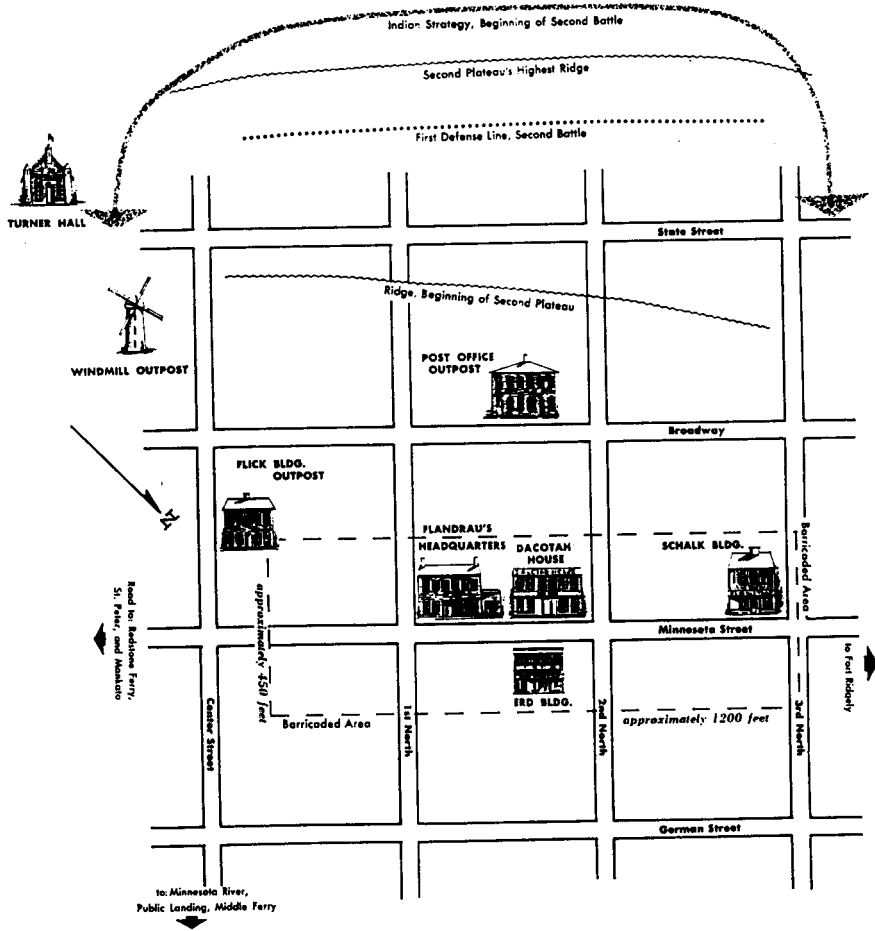
**Bison as painted by Captain Seth Eastman of Fort Snelling**

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June 21: At New Ulm just before dinner... Lay by half night. Were 15 or 20 ms above Mankato.



Fighting at New Ulm in 1862







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June 22, Saturday: [George William Curtis](#) wrote from North Shore, New York to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) to inform him that he would be unable to give a lecture.

The dog Fips died. It had been the final connection between [Richard Wagner](#) and [Christine Wilhelmine "Minna" Planer Wagner](#).

Towards eleven o'clock at night he seemed to have fallen asleep under Minna's bed, but when I drew him out he was dead. The effect of this melancholy event on Minna and myself was never expressed in words. In our childless life together the influence of domestic pets had been very important. The sudden death of this lively and lovable animal acted as the final rift in a union which had long become impossible.



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The *War Eagle* was pressed into service and transferred 5 companies of the 1st Minnesota Infantry from St. Paul to La Crosse. ([Henry Thoreau](#) would board this steamboat on June 26th.)



The Union government began to offer \$100.<sup>00</sup> cash to new 3-year enlistees (today, that'd be like the Army recruiter coming before a high school class and offering a new Detroit compact car as an inducement to enlist):

The more than nine hundred men who fell into ranks on the parade ground of Fort Snelling on the morning of 22 June 1861 were beginning to look like soldiers despite their red flannel shirts, black pants, and black felt hats. They were young, mostly in their late teens and early and mid-twenties, and their appearance suggested that a good number of them made their living with their hands. Just a few months before most of them had been farmers, but there were also trappers, lumbermen, schoolteachers, and clerks in the ranks. The day before many of them had said their final farewells to weeping mothers and sweethearts. Now, less than two months after enlisting, they were off to war.

The men were addressed by their chaplain, the Reverend Edward Neill. He urged them to see their mission in a determined but charitable light. "Your errand is not to overturn, but to uphold the most tolerant and forbearing government on earth," he said. "You go to war with misguided brethren, not with wrathful, but with mourning hearts.... To fight for a great principle is a noble work. We are all erring and fallible men; but the civilized world feel that you are engaged in a just cause, which God will defend."

When the brief departure ceremony concluded, the men marched down the bluffs to the wharf, where two flat-bottomed steamers, the *Northern Belle* and the *War Eagle*, were waiting to take them to St. Paul, the state capital as well as its largest city. On reaching the upper levee they disembarked and proceeded to march through the main street. Although it was only seven o'clock in the morning, most of the town's ten thousand citizens had turned out to see the regiment off. There were more emotional farewells, and the women of St. Paul gave each man a havelock, a cloth covering designed to keep the neck from getting sunburned... "[W]hat a sight it was to see the boys, arrayed in their black felt hats, black pantaloons and bright red shirts - with their guns, carried at a right shoulder shift, glistening in the sun-light as they were marching toward the front, and to duty. I never have seen, never expect to, and, in fact, never want to see a more glamorous one."



June 22: A . m. Some 15 miles below Mankato, detained by fog in last part of night. Big woods below Le Sueur. Have not yet seen no[r] do see for one mile straight — commonly not 1/4 or say about 50 r[o]ds [of] water. Run on a rock. See same birds along river as in C[oncord] except gulls & turkey buzzard [Turkey

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Vulture ■ *Cathartes aura*, viz. peewee, bank swallow, kingfisher & ducks, jays, Wilson thrush, rose—br[east] grosbeak, scarcely a robin, Maryland yel[low]—throat whippoorwill, nighthawk, blue heron, mud hen (?) (Clapper Rail ■ *Rallus longirostris*), a few hawks, great many pigeons, perhaps a few white—bel[lied] swallows, 2 or 3 shelldrakes, some vireos, whippoorwill. Mississippi 3 times as wide where r runs into it below Pike I. Reach St. Pauls at 9 p.m. The very wet lagoons of St. Peter's [River] are close to the mouth. St. Peter's, clay-colored water, yet pretty clear in a tumbler when settled. White maples larger & more prevailing higher up. Next payment (in July) to come off at Yel[low] Medicine [Agency].



June 23, Sunday: "A.m. to bluffs s & sw." On top of the bluff overlooking the river near Red Wing,



Thoreau also wrote a letter: "I could tell you more & perhaps more interesting things, if I had time."



June 23, after staying overnight in the Merchants Hotel in St. Paul: Leave St. Paul for Red Wing at 9

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1/2 a.m.. Get to Red Wing at 2 p.m.<sup>126</sup>



**The river side, per today's postcard**



P.m., under Barn Bluff.... Walk up river. A St. Paul writer calls the redwood

126. Presumably this was on the sidewheeler *Key City*, sister ship to the *War Eagle*, since the *War Eagle*, a medium sized 219-foot by 29-foot paddle-wheel steamboat with 46 staterooms built in 1853-54 at the Cincinnati Boatworks, had left the landing below Fort Snelling on the previous day, heading for the Civil War loaded to the gunwales with five companies of the 1st Minnesota Volunteers (its normal load was 200 to 300 passengers, although it had been known to carry up to 814 civilians on an excursion trip). You may be interested to know that as the *Key City* and the *War Eagle* steamed past Prairie Island on the Mississippi just above Red Wing, they were steaming past a reservation on which has been sited, since 1968, the two nuclear reactors of the Prairie Island Nuclear Power Generation Plant of Northern States Power Company. Local tribespeople don't need to worry about the Mississippi icing over any more. Soon they won't have to worry about anything at all, for Northern States Power proposes to use the reservation for an "Independent Fuel Storage Facility," that is, for radwaste.

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Ind wigwams teepees, thinks were 500 Ind there, danced the “Monkey Dance.”  
The speaker was Red Owl. Wacouta<sup>127</sup> was there.



June 23: “Dear Mother, ... We got a room at the Metropolitan House which is right on the landing and then went up on top of Red-wing bluff which is about a dozen rods off and I can look right at it out of this window. I see three ladies on top of it now. The Bluff is very high, perhaps 400 or 500 feet with a rounded long top with no trees except near the river side and on that slope. It is about half a mile long and between the cliffs perhaps 30 or 40 rods wide, and runs in a SW and NE direction.... The Bluff and town are both named from the old Sioux chief Red Wing who was buried on this bluff about ten years ago, ... a mound about two rods in diameter at the base and five feet high with a flat top on about the highest point of the bluff. ... In answer to your letter of June 10 I do not know as I have any-thing to say it being mostly about the war.... We think of returning home from here through La Crosse, Milwaukee, Mackinaw, Detroit, Hamilton (Canada W), Ogdensburg and home, though we may vary it more or less as we feel at the time.”

MACKINAC



**Mann saw the ugly side out his hotel window**

127. “The Shooter,” headman or *wicasa itancan* of the Wahdakootas, son of Koopoohoosha “Red Wing.”

128. Mann was way off the mark. Over and above the fact that there had been a number of mounds on Barn Bluff for a long time, “Red Wing” was the name of a dynasty or an office rather than an individual. The last Red Wing headman or *wicasa itancan* to die before 1861 was Tatankamani “Walking Buffalo” and he had gotten sick on March 4, 1829 while on an expedition and been buried (according to what his son Wacouta “The Shooter,” the current Red Wing headman, told a missionary named J.W. Hancock) on a bluff near Wabasha. When the big mound on Barn Bluff was dug open by white grave robbers—as of course it was—nothing was found that was of any significance to them.





The riverboats carrying the First Minnesota, moving slowly down the Mississippi, had at this point already gone past the landings at Hastings, at Red Wing, at Lake City, at Wabasha, and at Winona, had transferred to railroad cars at LaCrosse and Prairie du Chien, and had continued on to Chicago. Whereas the Winona patriots had been shouting to them, in encouragement,



*"Don't let them shoot you in the back!"*  
*"Give the traitors hell!"*  
*"Go in to win, boys!"*  
*"God bless you boys!"*  
*"Be sure to thresh the rebels!"*  
*"The Union and victory!"*

by way of contrast in Chicago there was no cheering. –But that was only because they had arrived on a Sunday, when such cheering would have been considered inappropriate. Mayor “Long John” Wentworth made a speech, there was much applause, and then the troops marched across town to another train station. The Tribune reported pleasantly in “strong back weak mind” mode that



[T]here are few regiments we have ever seen that can compare in brawn and muscle with the Minnesotians [*sic*], used to the axe, plow, rifle, oar and setting pole. They are unquestionably the finest body of troops that has yet appeared on our streets.

“Hey, farm boy, let me hold your coat while somebody kills you!”  
In point of fact the only thing these lads were given to eat in Chicago was a slice each of raw salt pork.



June 24, Monday: Union forces attacked Confederate batteries at Mathias Point, Virginia.

Tennessee became the 11th (and final) state to secede from the federal Union.

1860-18



June 24: "Dear Mother ... This morning we walked over back of the town onto the bluffs & found a good many strawberries growing wild, which we ate. little while after dinner I went in swimming in the River and about two hours after that Mr. Thoreau went in. We walked around the bluff today."

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June 25, Tuesday: Ottoman Sultan Abdul Mejid I died in Constantinople and was succeeded by his brother, Abdul Aziz.

A setting of Psalm 18 for male chorus and orchestra by Franz Liszt was performed for the initial time, in Weimar.

The passenger coaches transporting the First Minnesota pulled into Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

It rained during the night and forenoon. At Hamline University in Redwing, [Minnesota](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) paid a visit to [Dr. Horace B. Wilson](#), Professor in Mathematics and Civil Engineering.



He wrote [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#), commenting that he had "performed this journey in a very dead and alive manner."



June 25, letter from Horace Mann, Jr. to his mother: "Dear Mother This morning early we had a very heavy thunder storm..."

*Redwing Minnesota June 25<sup>th</sup> 1861*

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*Mr Sanborn,  
Dear Sir,  
I was very glad  
to find awaiting me, on my ar-  
rival here on Sunday afternoon,  
a letter from you. I have  
performed this journey in a  
very dead-and-alive manner,  
[but] nothing has come so near  
waking me up as the receipt  
of letters from Concord. I read  
yours, and one from my  
sister, (and Horace Mann his  
four) near the top of a  
remarkable isolated bluff  
here, called Barn Bluff or  
The [G]range, or Redwing Bluff,  
some 450 feet high and half  
a mile long — a bit of the  
main bluff or bank standing  
alone. The top, as you know,*

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*rises to the general level of the  
surrounding country, the river  
having eaten out so much.  
Yet the valley just above &  
below this (we are at the head  
of Lake Pepin) must be 3  
or 4 miles wide.  
I am not even so well informed  
as to the progress of the war  
as you suppose. I have seen  
but one eastern paper (that,  
by the way, was the Tribune)  
for 5 weeks. I have not taken  
much pains to get them; but,  
necessarily, I have not seen any  
paper at all for more than  
a week at a time. The people  
of Minnesota have seemed to  
me more cold — to feel less  
implicated in this war, than  
the people of Massachusetts—  
It is apparent that Massachu-  
setts, for one state at least, is  
doing much more than her*





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*share, in carrying it on*

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*However, I have dealt partly with those of southern birth, & have seen but little way beneath the surface— I was glad to be told yesterday that there was a good deal of weeping here at Redwing the other day, when the volunteers stationed at Fort Snelling ~~were ordered to~~ followed the regulars to the seat of the war. They do not weep when their children go up the river to occupy the deserted forts, though they may have to fight the Indians there. I do not even know what the attitude of England is at present.*

*The grand feature hereabouts is, of course, the Mississippi River. Too much can hardly be said of its grandeur, & of the beauty of this portion of it— (from Dunlieth — & prob. from Rock Island — to this place[.])[.] St Paul is a dozen miles below*

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*the Falls of St Anthony, or near the head of uninterrupted navigation on the main stream about 2000 miles from its mouth.*

*There is not a “rip” below that, & the river is almost as wide in the upper as the lower part of its course. Steamers go up to the Sauk Rapids, above the Falls, near a hundred miles further, & then you are fairly in the pine woods & lumbering country— Thus it flows from the pine to the palm*

*The lumber, as you know, is*



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*sawed chiefly at the Falls of St. Anthony (what is not rafted in the log to ports far below) having given rise to the towns of St Anthony, Minneapolis, &c &c— In coming up the river from Dunlieth you meet with great rafts of sawed lumber & of logs— 20 rods or more in length by 5[-]6 wide, floating down, all from the pine region*

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*above the Falls. An old Maine lumberer, who has followed the same busines here, told me that the sources of the Mississippi were comparatively free from rocks & rapids, making easy work for them, but he thought that the timber was more knotty here than in Maine.*

*It has chanced that about half the men whom I have spoken with in Minnesota, whether travellers or settlers, were from Massachusetts.*

*After spending some three weeks in & about St Paul St Anthony, and Minneapolis, we made an excursion in a steamer some 300 or more miles up the Minnesota (St. Peter's) River, to Redwood, or the Lower Sioux Agency, in order to see the plains & the Sioux, who were to receive their annual payment there. This is em-*

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*inently the river of Minnesota, for she shares the Mississippi with Wisconsin, and it is of incalculable value to her. It flows through a very fertile country, destined to be famous for its*

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*wheat; but it is a remarkably winding stream, so that Red-wood is only half as far from its mouth by land as by water. There was not a straight reach of a mile in length, as far as we went,—& generally you could not see a quarter of a mile of water, & the boat was steadily turning this way or that. At the greater bends, as the Traverse des Sioux, some of the passengers were landed & walked across to be taken in on the other side. Two or three times you could have thrown a stone across the neck of the isthmus while it was from one to three miles around it. It was a*

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*very novel kind of navigation to me. The boat was perhaps the largest that had been up so high, & the water was rather low (it had been about 15 feet higher). In making a short turn, we repeatedly and designedly ran square into the steep & soft bank, taking in a cart-load of earth, this being more effectual than the rudder to fetch us about again; or the deeper water was so narrow & close to the shore, that we were obliged to run into & break down at least 50 trees which overhung when we did not cut them off the water, repeatedly losing a ^ part of our outworks, though the most exposed had been taken in. I could pluck almost any plant on the bank from the boat. We very frequently got aground and then drew ourselves along with a windlass & a cable fastened to a tree, or we[ ] swung round in*



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*the current, and completely blocked up & blockaded the river, one end of the boat resting on each shore. And yet we would haul ourselves round again with the windlass & cable in an hour or 2, though the boat was about 160 feet long & drew some 3 feet of water — or, often, water and sand. It was one consolation to know that in such a case we were all the while damming the river & so raising it. We once ran fairly onto a concealed rock, with a shock that aroused all the passengers, & rested there, & the mate went below with a lamp expecting to find a hole, but he did not. Snags & sawyers were so common that I forgot to mention them. The sound of the boat rumbling over one was the ordinary music. However, as long as the boiler did not burst, we knew*

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*that no serious accident was likely to happen. Yet this was a singularly navigable river, more so than the Mississippi above the Falls, & it is owing to its very crookedness— Ditch it straight, & it would not only be very swift, but soon run out. It was from 10 to 15 rods wide near the mouth & from 8 to 10 or 12 at Redwood. Though the current was swift, I did not see a “rip” in it, & only 3 or 4 rocks. For 3 months I am told that in the year it can be navigated ^ by small steamers about*



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*twice as far as we went,  
or to its source in Big Stone  
Lake, & a former Ind. Agent  
told me that at high water  
it was thought that such  
a steamer might pass into the  
Red River.*

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*In short, this river proved  
so very long and navigable,  
that I was reminded of the  
last letter or 2 in the Voyages  
of the Baron la Hontan  
(written near the end of the  
17<sup>th</sup> century, I think) in which  
he states that after reaching the  
(by the Illinois or Wisconsin) Mississippi, the limit of pre-  
^ vious exploration westward, he  
voyaged up it with his Indians,  
& at length turned up a great  
river coming in from the west  
which he called “La Riviere  
Longue” & he relates various  
improbable things about the  
country & its inhabitants, so  
that this letter has been re-  
garded as a pure ~~fabrication~~  
fiction — or more properly speaking  
a lie. But I am somewhat  
inclined now to reconsider the  
matter.*

*The Governor of Minnesota,*

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*(Ramsey) — the superintendent of  
Ind. affairs in this quarter, — & the  
newly appointed Ind. Agent were on  
board; also a German band  
from St Paul, a small cannon  
for salutes, & the money for  
aye the Indians — (and the gamblers,  
^ it was said, who were to bring it  
back in another boat). There  
were about 100 passengers  
chiefly from St Paul, and more  
or less recently from the N. Eastern*

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*States; also half a dozen young educated Englishmen. Chancing to speak with one who sat next to me, when the voyage was nearly half over, I found that he was a son of the Rev. Samuel May, & a classmate of yours, & had been looking for us at St. Anthony.*

*The last of the little settlements on the river, was New Ulm, about 100 miles this side of Redwood. It consists*

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*wholly of Germans. We left them 100 barrels of salt, which will be worth something more when the water is lowest, than at present.*

*Redwood is a mere locality, Indian scarcely an village — where there ^ is a store & some houses have been built for them. We were now fairly on the great plains, and looking south, and after walking that way 3 miles, could see no tree in that horizon. The buffalo was said to be feeding within 25 or 30 miles—*

*A regular council was held with the Indians, who had come in on their ponies, and speeches were made on both sides thro' an interpreter, quite in the described mode; the Indians, as usual, having the advantage in point of truth & earnestness, and therefore of eloquence.*

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*The most prominent chief was named Little Crow. They were quite dissatisfied with the [w]hite man's treatment of them & probably have reason to be so. This council*

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*was to be continued for 2 or 3 days  
—the payment to be made the  
2<sup>nd</sup> day — and another payment  
to other bands a little higher up  
on the Yellow Medicine (a tribu-  
tary of the Minnesota) a few days  
thereafter.*

*In the afternoon the half naked  
Indians performed a dance, at the  
request of the Governor, for our a-  
musement & their own benefit—&  
then we took leave of them & of  
the officials who had come to  
treat with them.*

*Excuse these pencil marks  
but my inkstand is unscrewable  
& I can only direct my letter  
at the bar. I could tell you  
more & perhaps more interesting  
things if I had time.*

*I am consistently better than  
when I left home, but still  
far from well.*

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*Our faces are already set  
toward home. Will you  
please let my sister know  
that we shall probably start  
for Milwaukee & Mackinaw  
in a day or 2 — (or as soon as we  
hear from home) via Prairie  
Du Chien & not La Crosse.  
I am glad to hear that you  
have written to Cholmondedly,  
as it relieves me of some re-  
sponsibility.*

*Yrs truly,  
Henry D. Thoreau*

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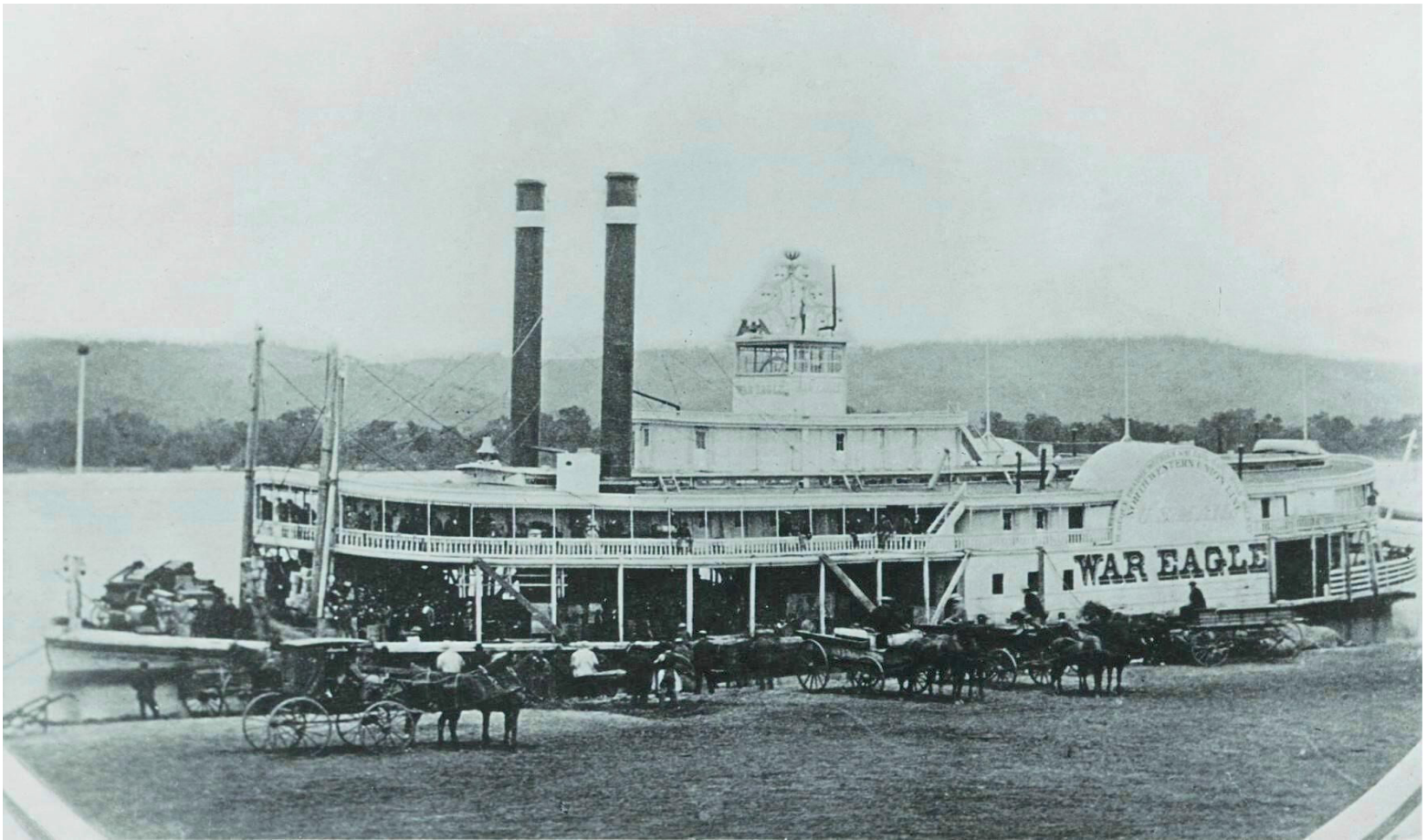
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June 26, Wednesday: The famished First Minnesota learned that their glory days had just been completed and the hard work and pain of their soldiering had just begun, when they were roused from their encampment at 3AM and ordered to insert themselves into filthy cattlecars to be furthered to Baltimore, Maryland. Commented one soldier in his memoirs:

We found we were approaching a region where soldiering was less of a holiday matter than it had been with us.



June 26: "Dear Mother ...We shall leave this afternoon.... I shall write again from Milwaukeee."



The War Eagle I would burn in 1868.





The First Minnesota arrived in their filthy cattlecars in Baltimore MD to find themselves and their glorious cause so unpopular that it was appropriate for them to load their weapons and fix their bayonets before attempting their march across the town to another train station. Commented one soldier in his memoirs:

Suffice it we met nothing worse than cross looks.

Another white boy added an interesting record of an interracial incident:

I put my head out of the window, and seeing an old negro wench whom I had just heard addressed as "Dinah," and wishing to hear her talk, I said "Good bye, Dinah, take care of yourself till I come back." Her answer rather surprised me, and looked as tho' the negro race have an idea that this war is to inure to their benefit. She opened her mouth to its fullest extent, and approaching the car window, spoke in a low voice as follows, in short, distinct jerks: "Good bye, massa - God bless yer honey - Take keer o' yerself - I knows what yer arter - kill 'em all - When yer come back bring a purty little yaller gal wid yer - De Lor's a watchin' ye - Look to him in de hour of trouble and keep yer eyes skinned." With this benediction, she left and I saw her no more.

Near midnight, their train pulled into the station in Washington DC. Waiting upon them was their congressman with a "squad of colored servants, bearing pails of hot coffee, baskets of sandwiches, and other refreshments," up to and evidently including brandy.



June 26: Walk up river... 2 p.m. Leave in War Eagle for Pr du Chien, some 200 miles dist. Mrs. Upham of Clinton<sup>129</sup> with us, has a cousin Clifton in Bedford. L. Pepin. 1st ne then e (?) by sun & compass. Reach P du C about 9 a.m., 27th.

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129. Any relation to the James B. Upham of Malden MA who wrote the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag?

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## 1860-1861

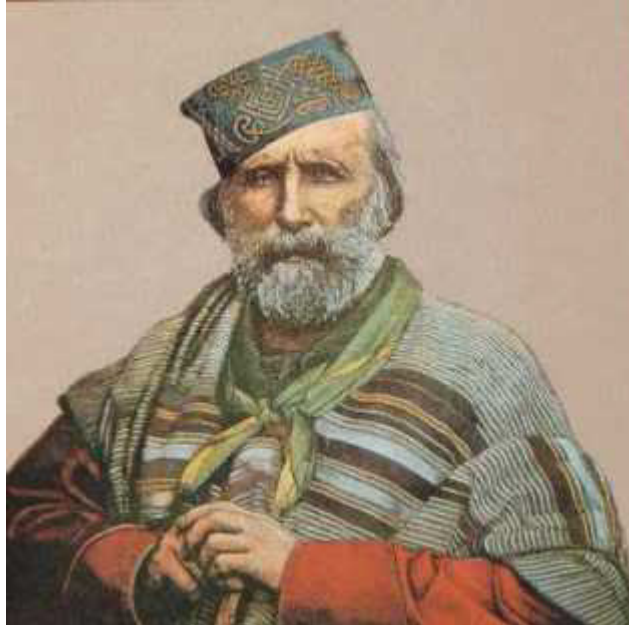
## 1860-1861



June 27, Thursday: With [General Robert E. Lee](#), Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) visited the Virginia convention.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

[Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) responded to the overture of the federal government of the USA that he place his military genius at the disposal of the Army of the North, in accordance with his anti-[slavery](#), pro-race-mingling ideas, inquiring “whether this agitation is the emancipation of the negroes”?

[EMANCIPATION](#)

The [Italian](#) dude in the red shirt didn't just want to come over and kill a whole bunch of Americans — unless there were some good reason to do so. Where was that guy's head at? In his old age he would read a book about Spartacus, who hadn't wanted to be a slave, but had instead wanted freedom, in order to be a slavemaster. But he would find that he had not been at all like [Spartacus](#) — while he was wearing his famous red shirt he had been more like the Spartacus-figure that would be created out of whole cloth by Kirk Douglas in the Hollywood movie “Spartacus,” who ahistorically would demand freedom not just for himself but for everyone. Since Garibaldi was a **real** freedom-fighter, not a mere scrapper like the historical Spartacus, he

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would want no part in our civil war (which would amount to mere **pretend** freedom-fighting).



The Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien Railroad's fare to Milwaukee was \$9.<sup>75</sup>. About this trip on the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, [Henry Thoreau](#) might have — but did not — quote his own journal: “It is pleasant to have been to a place by the way a river went.”



By cars to Milwaukee. 1st 60 miles up the valley of the Wisconsin which looked broad & shallow. Bluffs 2 or 3 miles apart.



“Dear Mother ... We left Red-wing yesterday at about 2 P.M. on the Steamer War Eagle and arrived in Prarie du Chien at 8 A.M. to-day. The train for Milwaukee ... passed through Madison at 1:30 P.M. and shall arrive in Milwaukee at 6 o'clock this evening If we can find a boat going to [Mackinaw](#) we shall take it immediately.... There has been a riot in Milwaukee of which I suppose you have read long before this, but the Milwaukee paper says to-day that the city is quiet.”



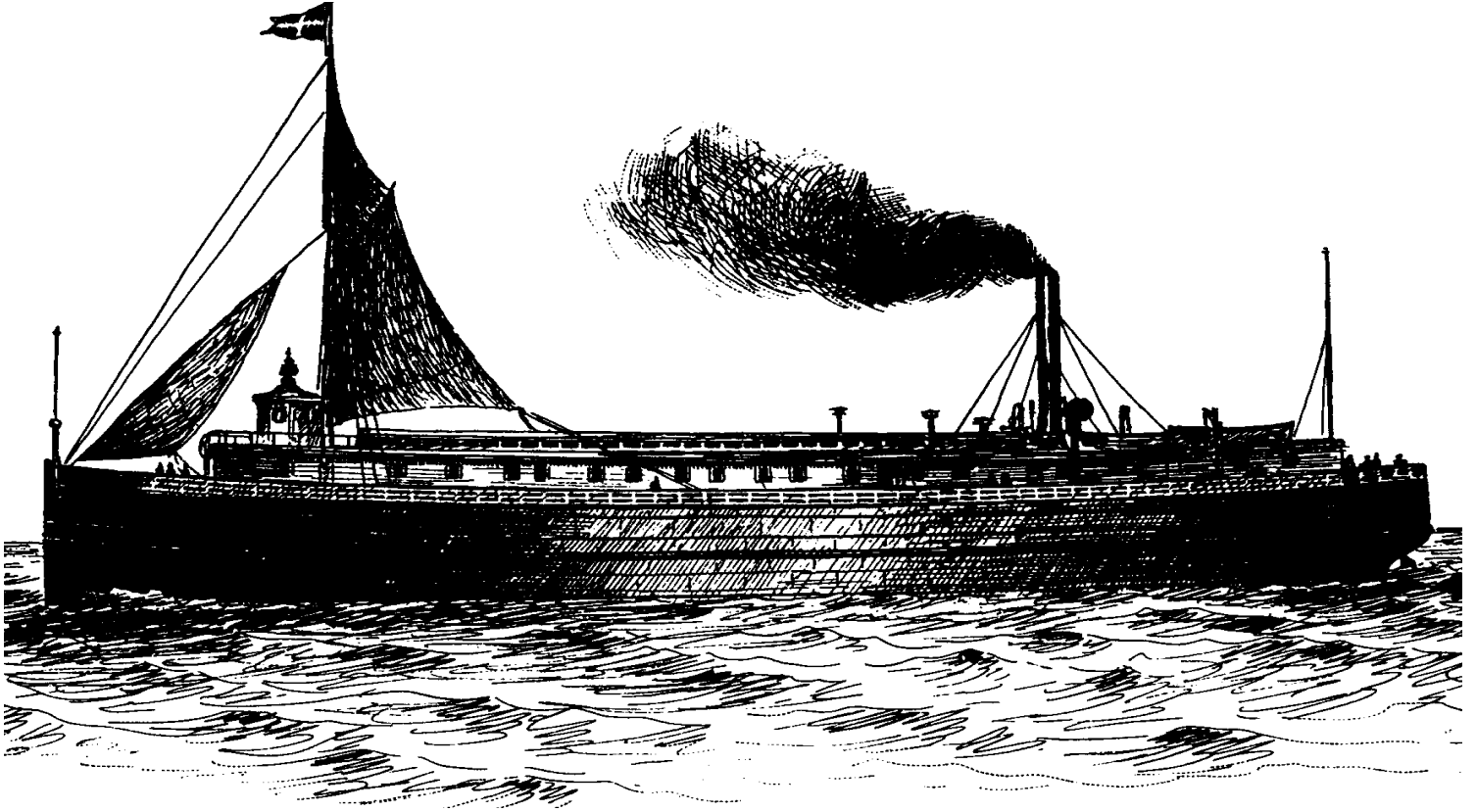
June 28, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote a thank-you note to Dr. Charles L. Anderson of Minneapolis, Minnesota from Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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June 28: By propeller Edith to [Mackinaw](#) [Mackinac Island]. Milwaukee best harbor on lake of settled places & shoal & rocky at s end of lake.... 9 miles wide & cannot see across, but see land loom sometimes on each side from mid.... 28th at eve leave Sheboygan & steam ne to Carp river.<sup>130</sup>



June 28 “Dear Mother ...we are on Lake Michigan.... We bought our tickets for Boston this morning ...via Goderich, Stratford, Ogdensburg, Rouse’s Point, Vermont Central R.R. and Lowell to Boston.” The fare to Boston was \$20.<sup>15</sup>

### Sources Thoreau used to identify plants during and after his 1861 trip

- Parry, Charles Christopher. “Article V: Systematic Catalog of Plants of Wisconsin and Minnesota, by C.C. Parry, M.D., Made in Connexion with the Geological Survey of the Northwest, During the Season of 1848.” An Appendix in David Dale Owen’s REPORT OF A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF WISCONSIN, IOWA, AND MINNESOTA, AND INCIDENTALLY OF A PORTION OF NEBRASKA TERRITORY, MADE UNDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1852, pp, 606-621.

**OWEN’S REPORT OF A GE...**

130. Propellers were gradually replacing side-wheelers “except for elegant passenger service” and as of that date there were 147 side-wheelers and 203 propellers steaming the Great Lakes. The propeller *Edith* on which Thoreau rode in 1861, of 545 tons, had been on the lakes since 1852. Since it never burned or exploded or collided with anything, it was passed out after a long and useful life. The propeller *Sun* on which [Thoreau](#) also rode, of 629 tons, was built in Buffalo in 1854, and likewise was eventually passed out. Since the *Merchant*, shown here in the AMERICAN STEAM VESSELS illustration by S.W. Stanton, was the first iron-hulled propeller-driven ship on the Great Lakes and in 1862 was still on skids in Buffalo NY being constructed, it is clear that both propeller ships on which Thoreau embarked in 1861 had hulls of wood.



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- Pursh, Frederick. *FLORA AMERICAЕ SEPTENTRIONALIS*; OR, A SYSTEMATIC ARRANGEMENT AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PLANTS OF NORTH AMERICA. CONTAINING, BESIDES WHAT HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED BY PRECEDING AUTHORS, MANY NEW AND RARE SPECIES, COLLECTED DURING TWELVE YEARS TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN THAT COUNTRY. London: White, Cochrane and Co., 1814, vol. 2.

### PURSH'S FLORA AMERICAЕ...

- Richardson, Sir John. *ARCTIC SEARCHING EXPEDITION: A JOURNAL OF A BOAT-VOYAGE THROUGH RUPERT'S LAND AND THE ARCTIC SEA, IN SEARCH OF THE DISCOVERY SHIPS UNDER COMMAND OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH AMERICA.* London: Longman, Green, Brown, and Longmans, 1851. 2 vols.

### RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC S...

### RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC S...

- Stevens, Isaac Ingalls. *NARRATIVE AND FINAL REPORT OF EXPLORATIONS FOR A ROUTE FOR A PACIFIC RAILROAD, NEAR THE FORTY-SEVENTH AND FORTY-NINTH PARALLELS OF NORTH LATITUDE, FROM ST. PAUL TO PUGET SOUND, 1855.* But this 2-volume set is just "volume 12" of a larger one, *REPORTS OF EXPLORATIONS AND SURVEYS, TO ASCERTAIN THE MOST PRACTICABLE AND ECONOMICAL ROUTE FOR A RAILROAD FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR, IN 1853-5.* Washington, D.C.: A.O.P. Nicholson, 1855-1869. [Emerson owned the set. So did the Minneapolis Athenaeum. Thoreau presumably copied passages from one or possibly both of those sources.]

### STEVENS'S NARRATIVE OF ...

### STEVENS'S NARRATIVE OF ...

- Wood, Alphonso. *A CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY, DESIGNED FOR COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, AND OTHER SEMINARIES.* 17th edition, revised and enlarged. Claremont, N.H.: Manufacturing Company, 1851.

### WOOD'S CLASS-BOOK OF B...



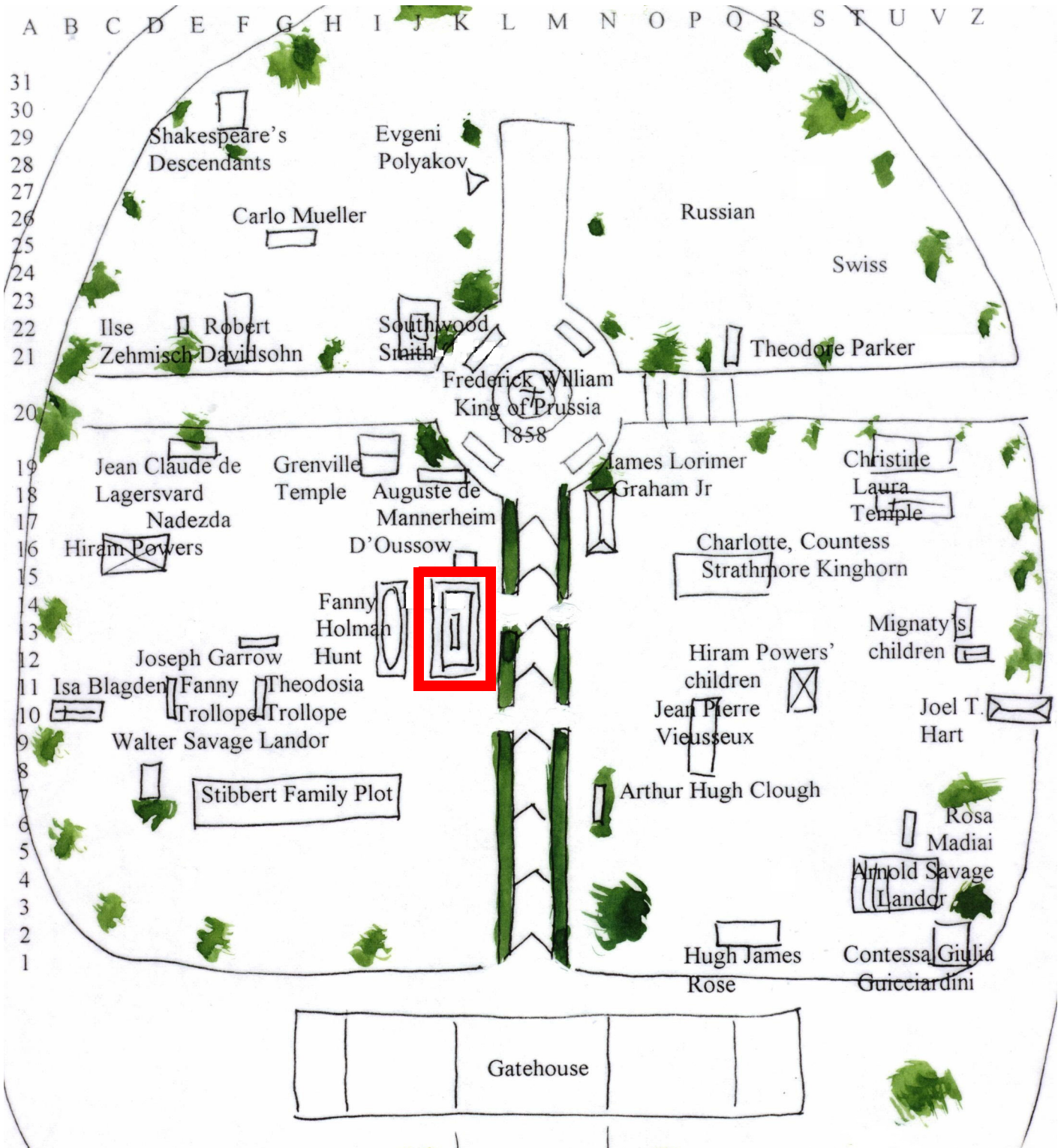
June 29, Saturday: [Elizabeth Barrett Browning](#) died in Florence, Italy, possibly of an overdose administered by her husband [Robert Browning](#). She would be interred in the Protestant Cemetery there and, since she had always lied to him about her age, the date of birth he would provide for her obituary would be incorrect. Recently an editor of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and curator of the "English Cemetery," Julia Bolton Holloway <juliana@TIN.IT>, has been musing about the circumstances of this death, based upon a reading of one of Robert's poems, a poem which she has come to regard as essentially a description of his relationship with his wife: that Robert was a resentful kept man living off Elizabeth's ship money and poetry earnings while himself being, apart from his MEN AND WOMEN, not particularly creative. "The sadness in reading the materials toward the end of the Brownings' marriage is that Robert's desire to control Elizabeth, to disagree with her, caused her to fight back for her identity with what little energy she then had. [Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#) particularly captures this in her account of meeting with them. There are ugly rumours in Florence that finally Robert overdosed EBB. If so his sentimental account of her dying, for which Robert is the only witness to the English-speaking world, Lily having been dismissed from her post, might need to be taken with a grain of salt."



June 29: 10 a.m., at Carp River... Pass Manitou Islands on left in forenoon & op Fox Island run into Carp River. Leave there at noon & steam n & w to Beaver (or Mormon Islands) with its first hut & Mormon

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homes. Leave there at eve & reach [Mackinaw](#) 2 a.m., 30th.



June 30, Sunday: Elizabeth Barrett Browning had been growing gradually weaker, easing her pain with morphine. On this day she died in her husband's arms in Florence, Italy at the age of 55. Her last work, A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, would be published posthumously. Browning would report that she had died "smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's.... Her last word was ... 'Beautiful'."

An unanticipated [comet](#) of enormous size suddenly appeared on the evening horizon, over the United States and Europe. Calculations indicate that on this night the earth probably was passing directly through the gas and dust of this comet's tail. On this night, actually, the celestial observer E.J. Lowe jotted into his meteor log that the sky had been of a yellowish tinge before sunset, with the sun seeming somehow dimmed and the general levels of illumination less than usual. Also, John Russell Hind reported a certain peculiar phosphorescence in the appearance of the sky, something which may or may not have been entirely attributable to the aurora of the Northern Lights. From the observatory of Athens we have this report from the astronomer Schmidt:

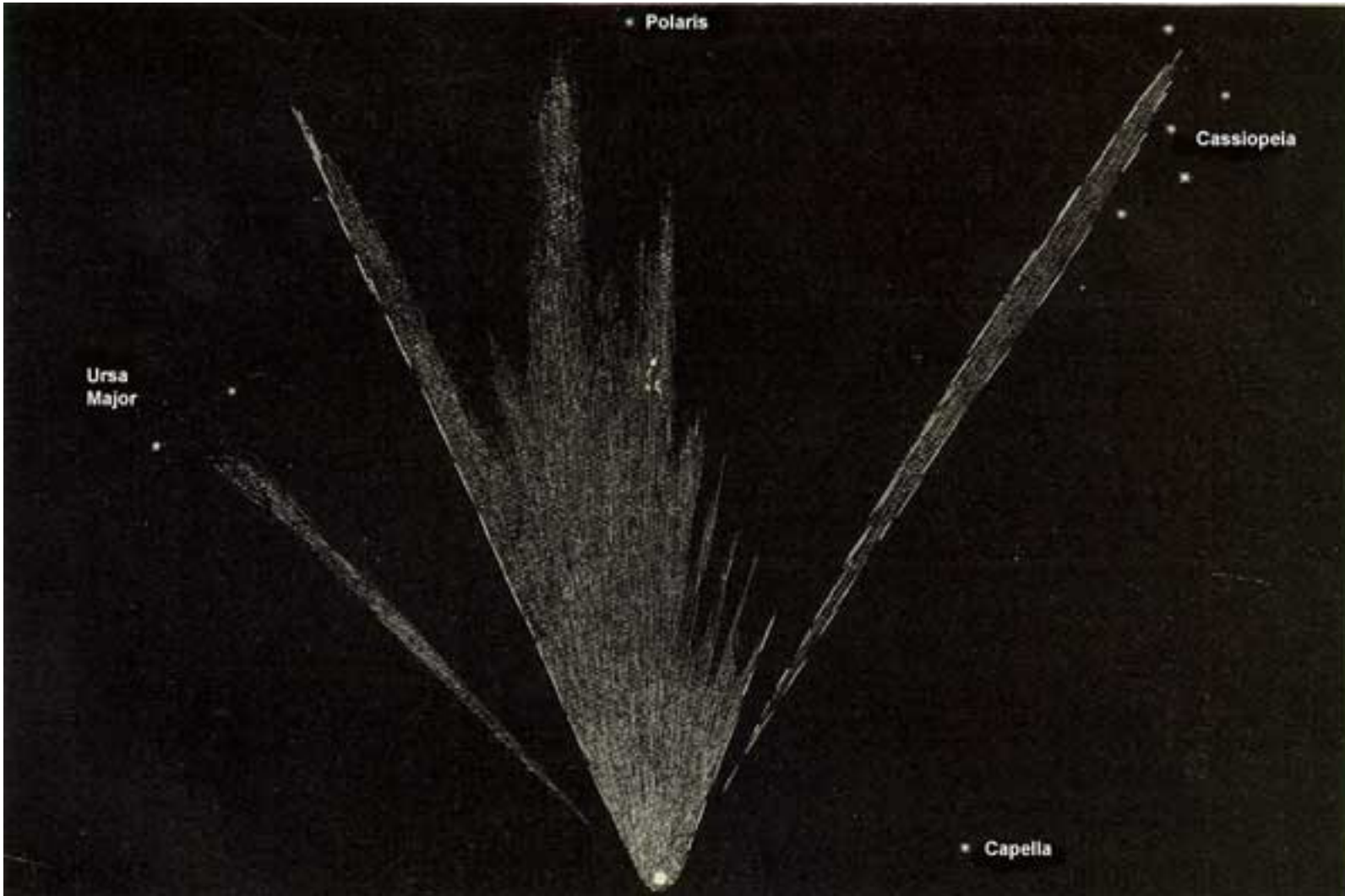
SKY EVENT

The twilight behind Mt. Parnassus had not yet faded away when I was informed, and I can truthfully say no other surprise could have made so deep an impression. The night before had been absolutely clear and I had not seen a trace of a comet. Now the sky was filled by this majestic figure, spreading the tail from horizon to beyond Polaris, and even across Lyra. It was, to use the language of the past, a comet of truly fearful appearance. At 9 o'clock the head of the comet, looking as large as the moon, was next to Mt. Parnassus. The head and the very wide lower part of the tail appeared like a distant fire, and the tail seemed like windblown smoke illuminated by the fire. After the head had disappeared below the horizon and it had grown dark, one could see that the tail extended to the Milky Way in the constellation Aquila. At 11PM I went to the observatory to watch [for] the reappearance of the head in the northeast.... At midnight and for some time after the tail stood nearly vertically above the northern horizon, its most brilliant portion and the nucleus hidden, the tail reached 30 degrees of arc beyond the zenith [indicating that the total length of this comet's tail above and below the zenith would measure more than 120 degrees]. At 4:27AM the head of the comet became visible again, following reappearance of the brightest parts of the tail which produced weak but noticeable shadows. Neither the Great Comet of March 1843 nor Donati's comet of October 1858 had been so bright.... I watched the rising of the comet's head with the naked eye; it was an incredible phenomenon that cannot be compared to anything else. The great mass of light hung like a dull smoky fire over the dark outline of the mountains. As it grew lighter the tail disappeared, I could only see about 4 degrees of arc of the tail at 5:30AM. But at 6:08AM when Capella was the only still visible star the nucleus was still clearly luminous.

## 1860-1861

## 1860-1861


The 4th great new [comet](#) of the 19th Century, I Thatcher, had been first detected from [Australia](#). Of course, since the only way to notify Europe of the detection of this comet was by ship and so, by the time this news arrived in the Northern hemisphere, it had already come been sighted also by Europeans and Americans. This comet appeared inordinately large because it was passing close by our planet and as of this date was brushing across us its complicated tail of changing construction.<sup>131</sup> This comet, together with the double comet I Liais of 1860, would contribute to our [Andromedid meteor showers](#).<sup>132</sup>



SKY EVENT

As of this date or slightly later, from New Bedford, [Henry Thoreau](#)'s "Friend Ricketson," [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#), was writing to inform him that he had been "converted" to a strong belief in the truth of Christianity.

*The Shanty, 30<sup>th</sup> June 1861*  
*Friend Thoreau,*

131. Venus, at its closest point to the Earth, is about 23,000,000 miles away and this comet was passing within 11,000,000 miles. By way of strong comparison, the comet Lexell had in July 1770  passed within 1,401,200 miles. Of course, nothing happened of any great moment in either case, as the tail of a comet is quite insubstantial even by way of contrast with a meteor shower, but this would give rise to stories (sponsored it would appear by adherents of the "God's This Weird Dude" school of theology) connecting the event to the bloodshed of our Civil War.



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*I have been desirous of hearing from you for a long time, and particularly in regard to your health, which from your letter of 22<sup>d</sup> March I was sorry to hear was not as good as usual; but as you speak of your complaint as that of "a severe cold," I hope by this time you have bid farewell to it and are once more tramping about the woods and fields of old Concord and boating on your favorite stream. We had our full share of the snowstorm of which you gave so glowing an account inclusive of your domestic water sentinel (a short way of saying pump!) with its "ghost" of snow. I have kept my usual record of the return of the birds, and am happy to inform you that the Quail has several times of late saluted me with his sweet whistle or call for "Bob White" as the country boys hereabouts translate him. We have had a peculiar singing pewee with an additional stave to his little song very peculiar & rather comical in its way.*

*I am glad to hear of the success of Friend Alcott, as Superintendent of your village schools— Concord may well be proud to have such a Captain— Please remember me affectionately to him & his family & thank him for me for a copy of his School Report which I duly rec<sup>d</sup> and read with attention, noting Miss A's happy travesty of the old Scotch border song. I was sorry to find you "aberat" and hope that some less cause than illness prevented you. Concord cant spare any of her ballast.*

*My dear friend, Since I saw you, & considerably since I wrote you last have I met with some fresh and very unexpected experiences, which have resulted in a change of my religious views. Long, long have I striven to become a good man, rather, to obtain that peace of mind which I conclude to be the evidence of a soul in a state of acceptance with its Creator, but in vain have been my efforts and my researches in the wisdom of the schools of ancient and modern philosophy, the (I fear) delusive and bewitching scepticism of so many noble minds. I am now quite inclined to believe in what are termed the dogmas of Christianity— at least in a part of them & have ceased to rebel against the rest. From my repeated failures in the path of virtue & godliness I am at last convinced of the necessity of regeneration i.e. a new heart— and what may surprise you still more, I am led to believe in the existence of an Evil Spirit, the great adversary of the Soul, whose malign influence has so often destroyed my fondest hopes of peace. I seize upon the truth of the Gospel as recorded*

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132. "COMET TEBBUTT, (C/1861 N1=1861 II). A naked-eye object from discovery until mid-Aug., T=1861 June 12. Extraordinary display created by comet's close encounter with Earth. Spotted in the Southern Hemisphere on May 13th at 4th magnitude. Moved north very slowly across Eridanus. On June 8th, of 2nd magnitude. At mid month, 1st magnitude. Tail already 40 degrees long. Thereafter, motion increased dramatically. On June 24th, when near Rigel, zero magnitude. In conjunction with the Sun on June 29th. Earth passed through the comet's tail! In the Northern Hemisphere, appeared suddenly in Auriga at dawn - immense, brilliant object. Descriptions suggest the head was at least -1 or -2 magnitude. Tail seen to stretch from Auriga to Ophiuchus - 120 degrees! Comet became circumpolar on July 1st. The next night the head was zero magnitude, tail 97 degrees long. On July 8th, when near the Big Dipper, 1st magnitude with a tail up to 60 degrees long. Thereafter rapidly declined. Of 2nd to 3rd magnitude at mid month, 4th at the end. Lost to the unaided eye in mid August."

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*in the Old and New Testaments as a shipwrecked sailor to the hand stretched forth to rescue him from the whelming waves. The spiritual wants of man herein recorded and corroborated by his inward light seem to be so aptly fitted that nothing less than a Divine master could have given them to us. What is human life without the faith and hope thus inspired within the soul! – the faith of so many of the great and good, the saints and Martyrs of the Church of Christ. Oh! dear T. we need it all. “I am not mad most noble Festus” but am willing to be accounted a fool for the sake of the great Head of the Church. I know that you are too good and too pure a man to smile at my new born Zeal or rather newly awakened for I once before long ago was similarly led. Do nt think that I am about to forsake my kind Concord friends, the purest, wisest and best of philosophers, dear noble souls – no – My heart yearns for your spiritual recognition of the revealed word, wherein ye may see that “ye must be born again”. What ever takes from our faith and hopes in the future life, robs us of the only possessions that render our earthly existence endurable.*

*Let us devoutly pray to God for light, for light & strength. We must feel contrite – be ready to smite our breast and cry “God be merciful to me a sinner”. O! there must be a listening ear to the fervent petition of the troubled soul– Our Heavenly Father will hear us — He will answer too our prayers. I humbly trust that He has mine.*

*As I said before I have no rebellion in my heart now– I gladly accept whatever provision God has made for our future happiness, & endeavor to repose with faith upon the arm of Divine Wisdom– Welcome Christ the Saviour of our souls if God so wills, Mystery though it be – purest of the pure, simplest & wisest of all teachers, who died for his faithfulness – the great exemplar & guide of man through the thorny road of earthly life, whose life blood sealed the great testimony of truth he wrought out for us – typical of regeneration He died for us all– How grateful we should feel towards him, the great Head of the Church.*

*Monday Mrng. July 1. Thus far I wrote last evening & now take my pen to draw my letter to a close. We are just commencing mowing & the scythes are already busy in the hands of my hired men – the most graceful of the farmer’s graceful labor – all of which is the living poetry of rural life.*

*Do let me hear from you soon? And remember me kindly to Channing for whom I shall ever feel an affectionate interest, and to dear father Alcott, and to that complex gentleman, scholar, philosopher & Christian, Radulphus Primus! My wife has had a long illness, but is now recovering. My valued Uncle, James Thornton died 27 April last in his 64<sup>th</sup> year, of which please inform Channing, who knew him. With kind regards to your mother & sister, I remain truly & affectionately*

*Your friend,*

*Dan<sup>l</sup> Ricketson*




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*“Te teneam monius deficiente manu.”*

What he meant by that he would feel sufficiently confident to confide to his journal in his extreme old age, in May 1885 just after he had read of and had evidently been perplexed by the supernaturalist beliefs that had passed for religion in the mind of [Victor Hugo](#):



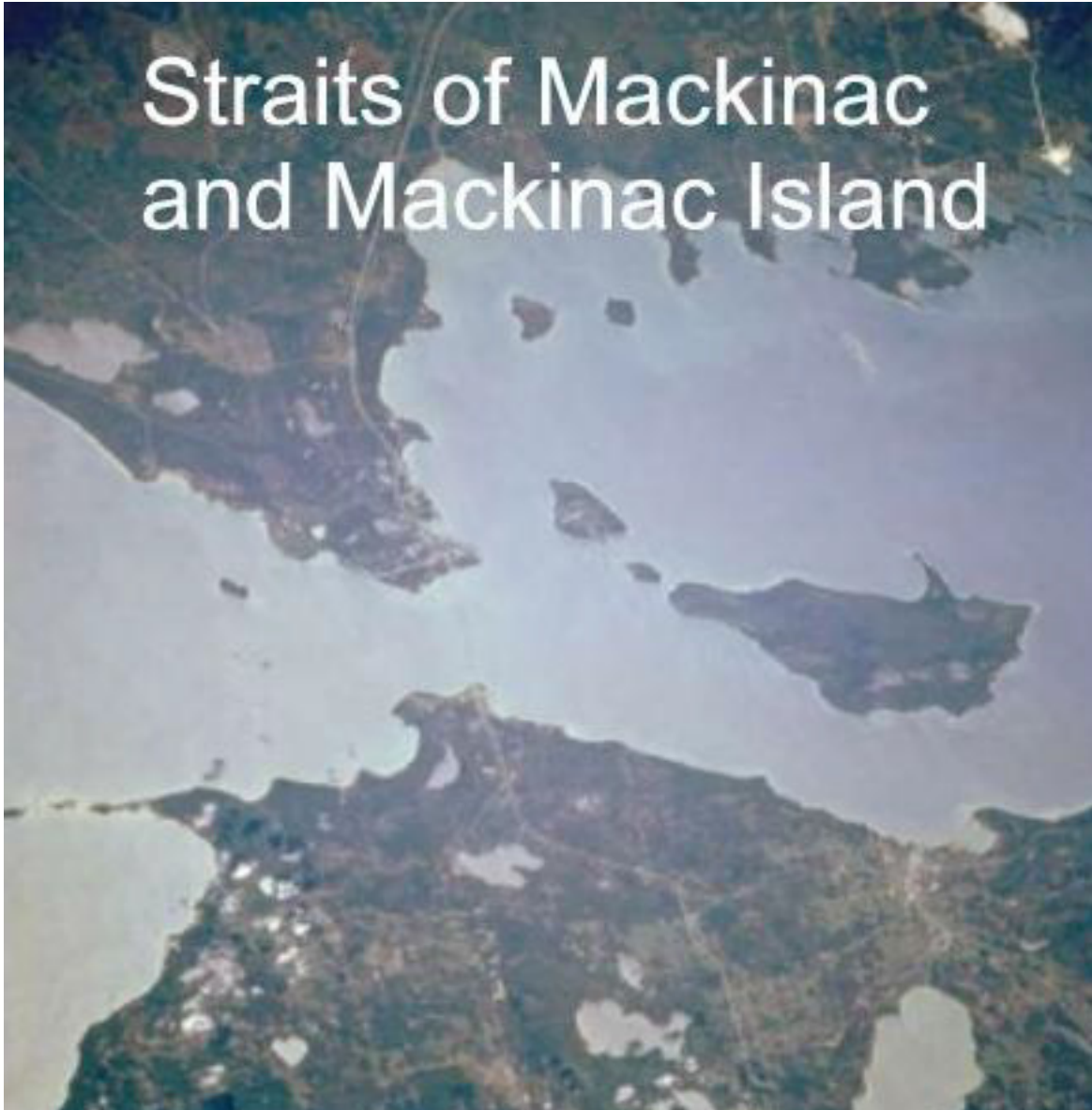
*I believe in the gentle doctrines of the early Friends – particularly that of “the indwelling light,” as the first great teacher and guide, it being ... the true interpreter of the Sacred Volume whose pages bear record of this divine manifestation to mankind from the earliest ages.... At the hour of death I hope for grace from on high, to resign myself with childlike confidence into the hands of our Heavenly Father, the great and good Creator, whose protecting care over me in my past youth, manhood, and old age, I have so often witnessed.... As a birthright member of the Society of Friends, I would express my continued faith in its Christian doctrines, so simple and true, so human and charitable when rightly observed, feeling that in the future they will be seen to be the truest interpretation of the Christian truth. So, asking God’s blessing upon those who may be called upon to suffer for its principles I would close.*

**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**

Thoreau jotted down that he and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) had reached the “Mackinaw House” on [Mackinac Island](#). By 1838 this island, which had started out as the Michilimackinac “Green Turtle” burying ground, had already become firmly established as a summer health resort, catering in particular to those suffering from seasonal allergies such as hay fever. In fact some sufferers had to be turned away in earlier years for lack of accommodations. By 1861 there had been a building boom –although the Grand Hotel and the Michigan State Park were still a number of years in the future– and Thoreau and Mann were able to choose among several hotels and boarding houses. It was unseasonably cold and Thoreau was so ill at this point that he spent most

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of his time sitting by the fire with Mann bringing [botanical](#) collections in to him. Be it noted that [Margaret Fuller](#) and [William Cullen Bryant](#) had been on Mackinac Island and young Mann had himself been there before as a boy of 13 with his father.



We may recollect a letter written by [Horace Mann, Sr.](#) on Mackinac Island in 1857: "I never breathed such air before, and this must be some that was clear out of Eden, and did not get cursed. I slept every night under sheet, blanket, and coverlet, and no day is too warm for smart walking and vigorous bowling. The children are crazy

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with animal spirits.”<sup>133</sup>



Therefore, it is clear, Thoreau did not return to [Concord](#) via the Great Lakes by accident, nor stop off at Mackinac Island by happenstance.

ASTRONOMY

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133. See pages 157-163 of J.A. Van Fleet, OLD AND NEW MACKINAC (Ann Arbor, 1870).

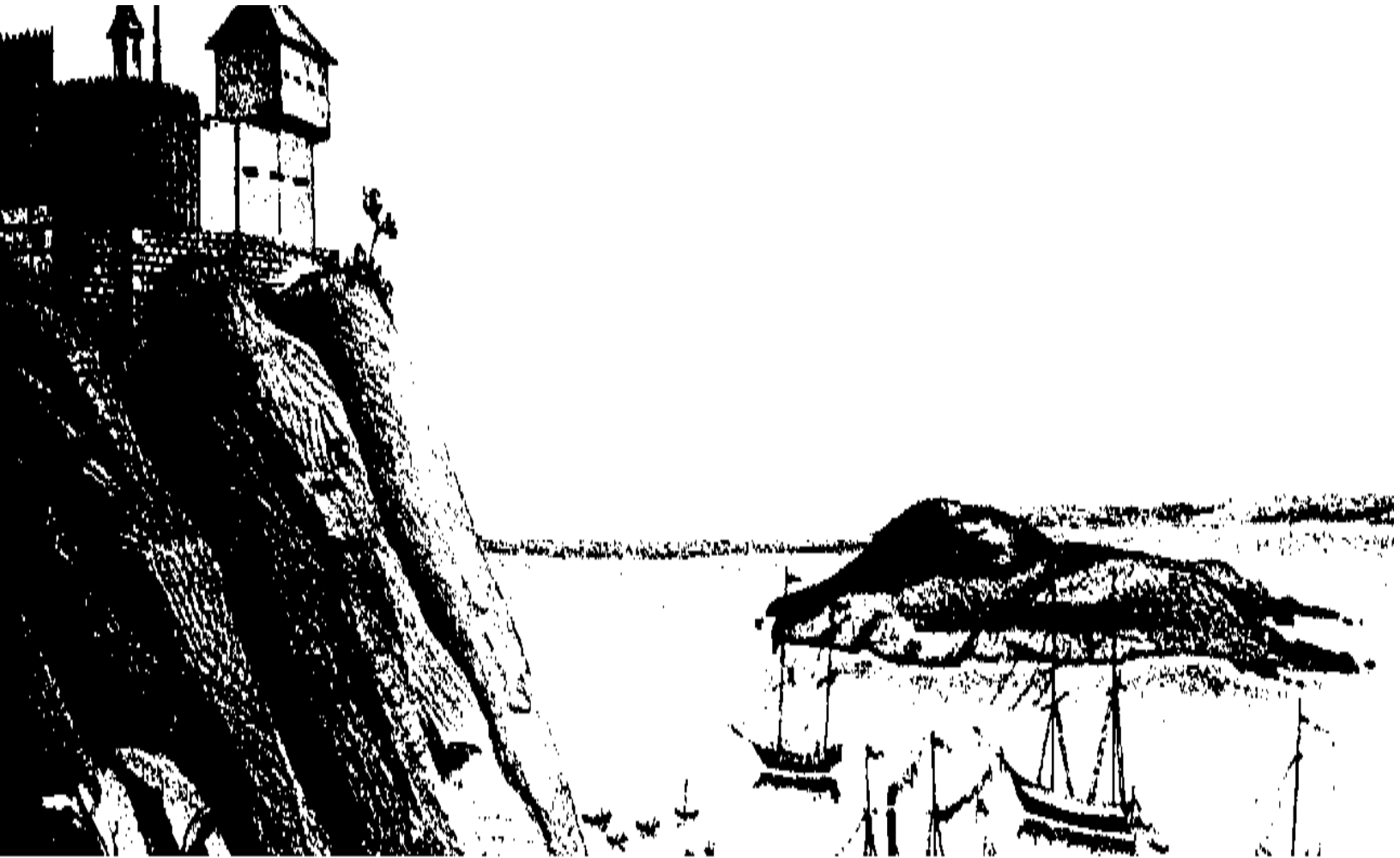
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Michilimackinac “Green Turtle” Island on Lake Michigan




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## JULY 1861

 July: The 1st recorded test drilling for petroleum in [New York](#) was performed in the town of Rushford (since this test and another later in the year in Olean would yield nothing, the value of human muscle labor, and hence the bodily value of black enslaved laborers, would for the time being be preserved).

Hey, there's a war on — the federal government of the United States of America began at this point to censor [telegrams](#) being sent out of the Washington DC office of the North American Telegraph Association.

 On a hot day during this month, marching down Broadway in [Washington DC](#), a Massachusetts regiment sang to a song to the tune of a Southern camp-meeting hymn, — [John Brown](#)'s body lies a-moldering in the grave/ His soul is marching on! The song, written by an unknown soldier, would become a favorite among Union soldiers. [Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe](#)'s wife, [Julia Ward Howe](#), was watching the Massachusetts men march past, and she would later write new words for the tune, calling it "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The 1st Battle of Bull Run. Public demand pushed [General-in-Chief Winfield Scott](#) to advance on the South before adequately training his untried troops.



Scott ordered General Irvin McDowell to advance on Confederate troops stationed at Manassas Junction, Virginia. McDowell attacked on July 21, and was initially successful, but the introduction of Confederate reinforcements resulted in a Southern victory and a chaotic retreat toward Washington by federal troops. [Benjamin Wade](#), Lyman Trumbull, James Grimes, Zachariah Chandler, and other Washington politicians, had taken a day trip out into the countryside to witness the fighting. There had not seemed to them to be any

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particular risk involved. At one point, however, this group of politicians was nearly captured.




US CIVIL WAR

Suddenly aware of the threat of a protracted war and the army's need for organization and training, [Abraham Lincoln](#) replaced General McDowell with General George B. McClellan.

To blockade the coast of the Confederacy effectively, the federal navy had to be improved. By July, the effort at improvement had made a difference and an effective blockade had begun. The South responded by building small, fast ships that could outmaneuver Union vessels. On November 7, 1861, Captain Samuel F. Dupont's warships silenced Confederate guns in Fort Walker and Fort Beauregard. This victory enabled General Thomas W. Sherman's troops to occupy first Port Royal and then all the famous Sea Islands of South Carolina.

While the Confederate Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor was attempting to take possession of the Arizona Territory for the South, the Chiricahuas and Mimbrenos were attempting to take possession of the area for their coalition of Apache Navajos.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

 July 1, Monday: [Theodore Sedgwick Fay](#) had since 1853 been Minister Resident for [Switzerland](#) and Liechtenstein, at Berne. Upon the election of [Abraham Lincoln](#) as president, however, for political reasons, he felt he needed to resign. He would reside during his retirement at Berlin.

On this night and the following night, a maximum tail length of 118 degrees were being reported for the great [comet II Tebbutt](#). The tail was reaching south, from the head directly below Polaris near the northern horizon, to well past the zenith of the southern skies, and was all night rotating about the pole.

SKY EVENT

The federal Department of War ordered that Kansas and Tennessee be canvassed for volunteers.

San Francisco, California opened its 1st public schoolhouse, at Washington street and Mason street.


In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Thorne came home and reports people scared on the account of the Missourians coming into Kansas. Secession flag waving at Ft. Scott.




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 July 2, Tuesday: There was fighting at Hoke's Run / Falling Waters / Hainesville in West Virginia.


US CIVIL WAR


[Henry Thoreau](#) "Sat by fire" in the lodge on [Mackinac Island](#). The First Minnesota he had seen parading at Fort Snelling, going into position to protect [Washington DC](#), had been reviewed by Abraham Lincoln and had found favor in the President's eyes:

 *The Col. tells us that "Old Abe" has confidence in us, and we shall not betray it.*



There was a rumor going around, that they were going to become Abe's personal bodyguard. This rumor was false — they were going to no such glory:

 *The Col. came around to each company telling them that ours was considered the best volunteer regiment in the United States! that we must take care of our legs, or they might carry us off when we received the first fire, that we were not surgeons, and therefore must leave any one who falls by our side alone, and much more advice for our benefit. We were going to march he said, but it was not our business where; it was our duty to follow our officers. He said he would not rush us into unnecessary danger, but we would be liable to fight at any time. We are ready to strike our tents at the toot of the bugle.... A few of the boys are unwell, but none will be left behind. We were all furnished with a new military, cloth cap this morning, and we are all soldiers, playing a part in one of the greatest Revolutions America has ever seen. We will do our duty, if I do not mistake the spirit and pluck of the boys.*

 July 2, Tuesday evening: A large and enthusiastic public meeting took place in Exeter Hall in London, to hail the arrival on the free soil of England of [John Anderson](#), fugitive American slave. Mr. Harper Twelvetrees was chair and acted as Anderson's escort. Also on the platform were the Reverends Hugh Allen, D.D., Jabez Burns, D.D., J.G. Hewlett, D.D., W.H. Bonner, W.A. Blake, G.W. McCree, T.J. Messer, G. Berkeley, E. Mathews, John Sidney Hall, P. Pocock, Thomas Jones, T.M. Kinnaird (a black clergyman), and G.T. Horne, and Henry Hanks, Esquire, E. Burr, Esquire, William Farmer, Esquire, Thomas Hattersley, Esquire, Cooke Baines, Esquire, Joseph A. Horner, Esquire, F.L.H. Collins, Esquire, T.R. Kemp, Esquire, William Craft, Esquire, Robert Rae, Esquire, A.W. Sanderson, Esquire, Colonel Raines, General Riley; and a considerable number of other members of the British anti-slavery associations. Sounds like they were lucky that platform did not collapse! That evening Anderson did a whole lot of bowing. The chairman presented Anderson a small bottle containing some of the free soil of England on which was inscribed the following:

John Anderson's Certificate of Freedom, presented at Exeter

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Hall, London, July 2nd, 1861



William Craft, author of *A RUN OF A THOUSAND MILES FOR FREEDOM*, expressed his sympathy as a former slave.

Here is Anderson's speech:

All honour to England. All honour to Her Majesty the Queen, for my freedom. I feel very backward, the disturbance has quite upset me, and I do not know that I can make my speech out.

(“Go on” – Cheers and laughter).

My worthy friend has upset me so, that I don't know if I can get through. I feel very thankful for my escape, for I have been chased for a very long time, and have only got free about three weeks ago. I want to describe my narrow escape, but I don't know that I shall get through with it. I feel so disturbed by a great audience like this. I thank God I have at last broken the yoke.

(Hear, hear.)

I thought I had seven years ago, but I never did till now, and now I have to thank God and Great Britain for it. So I give all credit to Great Britain, and if I get no further in my speech, you must not blame me, for it is very hard for me to get on at all, I can tell you.

(Cheers and laughter.)

I will describe my escape. I remember my master, a man named Burton, selling me to a man named McDonald, with whom I stayed about a month and a half, and then asked if I could go and see my family. He said “No.” I left him then and went to the Missouri River, but they would not let me cross unless I had a pass. I said my master had gone out, so I could not get one, but they would not let me cross. I went back and laid about till night, and then they chased me away, and I crossed the river, and got to the house of my father-in-law. I told him I was going to



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Canada. He said, "I have got a pistol – will you take it with you?" I said, "No." Then I went on to my wife's house, but a slave-catcher named Brown chased me away from there. I then ran towards Canada, and on the third day came across a man named Diggs. He said, "Where are you going?" I said I was making my way to some farmer's house. He said, "I will go with you, you are a runaway." I tried to escape, and he chased me for half a day. I begged of him for four hours not to follow me, and told him that if he did I should be obliged to slay him – but nothing would do but he must take me dead or alive. He came to take me, and I struck him a blow. He came again, and I struck him again on the left side, and he came no more. I thank God that I have had the fear of God in my soul, otherwise I should never have made my escape. I was very sorry to slay the man – I did not believe he was dead till they came to swear against me. A thousand dollars were offered to any one who would take me across the lines, and there are plenty of people in Canada who would do a great deal for that money. I will now state what religions my owners were. Burton was a Methodist, and McDonald was a Baptist – a member of the same church as myself. I know I tried to be a good man – but I doubt them very much indeed.

(Hear, hear, and laughter.)

Brothers and sisters, for I know I may call you so,

(loud cheers)

I feel very much obliged to you for your attendance to-night, and for your kindness toward me, and I offer you three cheers.

(Laughter.)

Three cheers, then, for Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.


The Reverend T.M. Kinnaird, himself a man of color, moved the following resolution, which was seconded and APPROVED by acclamation of the assembly:

That this Meeting, deeply sympathising with those coloured persons who have in Canada sought the protection of the British Crown, and who are amongst the most loyal subjects of Her Majesty, pledges itself to use every endeavour to maintain their rights and liberties inviolate.



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 July 3, Wednesday: Colonel Jackson received his commission as brigadier general.


A pony and rider of the Pony Express arrived in San Francisco, California bearing overland letters from New York.

As US forces advanced, Confederate forces evacuated from Martinsburg, Virginia.

An interesting memento of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journey up the Minnesota River to "witness the payment" appeared in Minneapolis's [State Atlas](#) newspaper:

We had a very choice and select company, among whom were Gov. and Mrs. Ramsey – Horace Mann, Jun., son of the lamented statesman, Samuel May, Esq., Henry D. Thoreau, Esq. the celebrated abolitionist, &c. – there being about 25 or 30 ladies. It is very rarely that an excursion party is assembled combining such a degree of sociability, refinement, intelligence and culture as this. It was, in fact, composed mainly of the *creme de la creme* – the rich yellow skim from the mottled milk of frontier society. In all the trip, I heard hardly one profane or boisterous word, and did not see one rude loafer, nor one tipsy man.

In Washington DC, the First Minnesota broke its camp on Capital Hill and boarded two steamboats to proceed down the Potomac River to Alexandria, Virginia. The boys were elated to be on rebel soil. One of them fired at, and killed, a man he assumed to be a rebel soldier, but the resultant corpse turned out to have been a mere preacher (this unfortunate error failed to interfere with the regiment's patriotism):

 *Conscious that we have been foremost in the ranks of nations, are we not proud that her name will be more illustrious in the future, while internal peace and universal good-will will unite a prosperous and happy people? We perform no reluctant task.*

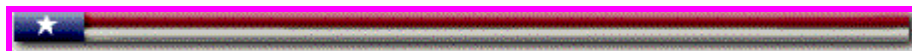
They had been issued 40 rounds apiece, and at night would be sleeping in their pants.

 *I am just spoiling for a fight.*



### Comic Relief about the Gov who feathered his nest

Was [Alexander H. Ramsey](#) defrauding the Dakotas of the money they were to be paid in return for the land? See "Report of the Commissioners Appointed by the President [of the United States of America] to Investigate the Official Conduct of Alexander H. Ramsey," 1854. The way it worked was, any trader could make a prior claim against the money, and invent any sort of forged bill, and it would be paid before the Dakotas got what was left. There was a 3d document, most carefully managed by the buyers at the closing, over and above the 2 documents that were carefully read and translated and debated before being signed, and that 3d document gave away covertly and deceitfully most of what had been negotiated openly. As a result, out of \$1,360,000.<sup>00</sup> and beads, the net real yield to the sellers of the real estate would have been so little that it would be difficult now to calculate.



Our national birthday, Thursday the 4th of July: Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): "Report of the Secretary of the Navy."—SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 37 Cong. 1 sess. No. 1, pp. 92, 97.

At a special session of the 27th Congress, President Abraham Lincoln asked for 400,000 soldiers.

There was a skirmish at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

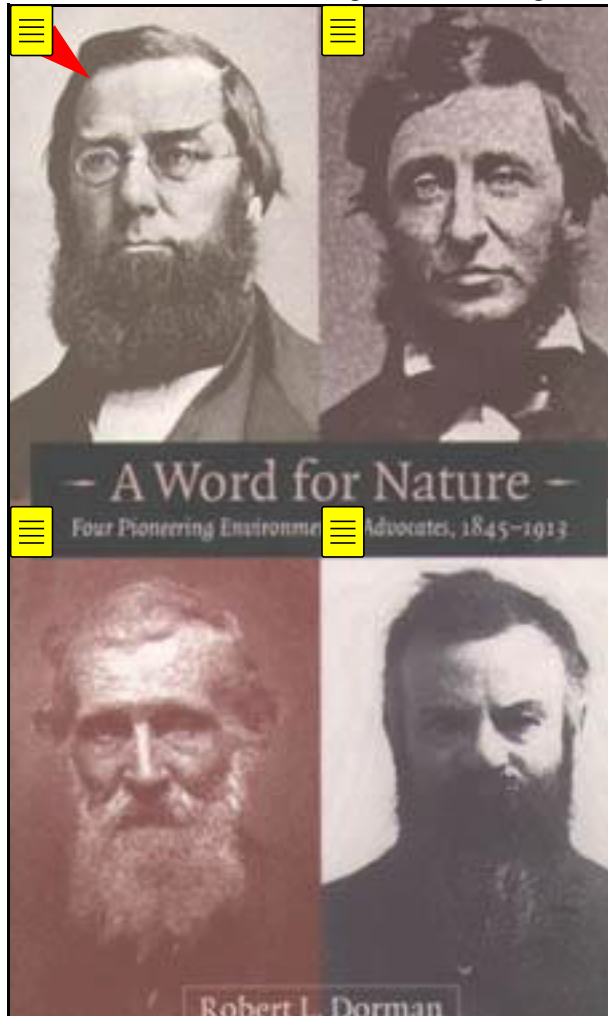
In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

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Had a young folks party at our house in the evening.  
We fed twenty-seven Kaws at the third table.

A return letter informed [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#), in [Italy](#), that the [emancipation](#) of the American negroes was “not the intention of the Federal Government” because “to throw at once upon that country in looseness, four millions of [slaves](#)” would create “a dreadful calamity.”<sup>134</sup> What a singularly inappropriate letter for the US government to initiate upon the anniversary of its birth as a land of freedom! Further negotiations were entrusted to Henry Shelton Sanford and [George Perkins Marsh](#), experienced senior diplomats — exactly as if we supposed there to remain some basis for further negotiations with a gentleman of honor such as Garibaldi.



134. In fact President [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s own attitude toward an Emancipation Proclamation was that it was, if it was anything, a mere military tactic of last resort. He would become famous in American history as “The Great Emancipator” not because of any affection for the American negro but only after the course of events had caused him to begin to muse in desperation that “Things have gone from bad to worse ... until I felt that we had played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game!” Never was a man more reluctant to do the right.



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Galusha A. Grow became the only Speaker of the House of Representatives ever to be elected and take office on the 4th of July.

An artillery salute of 15 guns was fired at Camp Jackson near Pigs Point, Virginia, in honor of the 15 states that had declared or were declaring their independence from the US federal government in [Washington DC](#).

Maria Mason Tabb Hubbard wrote in her [diary](#):

*On yesterday July the 3rd heard of another shocking accident from the manufacturing of fulminating powder for percussion caps, the second death that has occurred in [from it - this is crossed out] this city from the same cause, poor young Laidley was the last victim, having an arm & his head blown off causing instant death! oh how shocking! and what a warning to all who handle any explosive, or igniting powder, and I am in constant dread of my precious Husband being injured during some of his chemical experiments.*

At [Charleston](#), South Carolina, when blockading Federal ships fired a salute at sunrise, this was of course answered by Confederate artillery salutes from Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter. War is such fun!

In Washington DC, 29 New York regiments passed in review before the President at the White House.

In a speech sent over from the White House to the two houses of the US Congress, President [Abraham Lincoln](#) defended himself against the accusation that by suspending the basic right of *habeas corpus* he had violated his oath of office “to take care that the laws be faithfully executed,” by inquiring whether “all the laws, but one, [are] to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces, lest that one be violated?”

**ROGER BROOKE TANEY**

He sought to justify the newly begun [Civil War](#) by the same argument that slavemasters used in the controversy over manumission without fair compensation to the slave’s “present owner,” who had “bought the slave fair and square,” for the loss of his “pecuniary investment”: “The nation purchased, with money, the countries out of which several of these [confederate] states were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave, and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums (in the aggregate, I believe, nearly a hundred millions) to relieve [Florida](#) of the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now be off without consent, or without making any return?”

In [Baltimore](#) citizens presented a “splendid silk national flag, regimental size,” to the 6th Massachusetts Regiment.

Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts was celebrating this national holiday with the 1st Massachusetts Regiment at Camp Banks near Georgetown.

At the annual abolitionist picnic at Harmony Grove in [Framingham, Massachusetts](#), [William Lloyd Garrison](#),

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[Wendell Phillips](#), and [Stephen Symonds Foster](#) spoke.

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



This was [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 57th birthday.



Manning their line outside Alexandria VA, the white boys of the 1st Minnesota ate a local delicacy, crab, and were able to witness the skyrockets and other fireworks over the national capitol, and they had a peculiar celebration of their own:

*We had a grand burlesque Indian War Dance, executed in a style which would do justice to any set of savages wherever congregated.*

[John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, "Yellow Bird"\)](#) –whose “throbbing bosom” throbbed decidedly in accord with the “fervent spirits” of the slaveholding white secessionists of the Southern states– read a lengthy and somewhat ambiguous 4th-of-July poem at the Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco that declared that the people who had incited this [Civil War](#) were traitors (I believe I’ve mentioned somewhere, that his attitudes were complex ones):

All hail, the fairest, greatest, best of days!  
 With heaving hearts, and tongues attuned to praise.  
 Behold, what thousands at thy coming throng,  
 With bannered pomp, with eloquence and song.  
 Upon her path impulsive bounds the earth,  
 As conscious of her deed of grandest birth;  
 And Time's Recorder, standing in the sun,  
 To count the orbic periods as they run,



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Re-notes the chiefest hour of all the age,  
 And finds new glory on his blazing page.  
 Oh, well this day may throbbing bosoms beat,  
 And fervent spirits feel divinest heat,  
 And young and old, with willing steps and free,  
 And voices glad as waves of summery sea,  
 Come forth from cottage and from hail, to fling  
 On Freedom's shrine the tributes that they bring!

Well might the theme the meanest muse inspire,  
 To sweep the willing chords with hand of fire,  
 For, burning in the firmament of fame,  
 Each name renowned pours down its flood of flame,  
 And deeds come crowding in the path of years,  
 Till all the Past in one grand scene appears;  
 And standing midst the wondrous days of old,  
 We seem, with unvailed vision to behold  
 What Kings with trembling and with awe surveyed,  
 The deep foundations of an empire laid.  
 With Adams and with Washington we see  
 The growing of the shadowed prophecy,  
 And watch, elate, the pillared structure rise,  
 Till, crowned with stars, and domed amid the skies,  
 It fronts the Nations in its strength and, lo!  
 Amidst the rapture of the hour aglow,  
 From yonder far-seen Heaven's supremest heights  
 Descendeth IMMORTALITY, and writes  
 Her name upon its constellated brow!  
 Long years, or bright or dark that tower has stood—  
 Full many a siege has braved of fire and flood;  
 Contending factions sweeping at its base at will,  
 The storms have cleared and left it glorious still.  
 Through night and darkness has its beacon light  
 Still shone upon the nation's wondering sight;  
 And when they looked to see its proud dome bend,  
 And midst the blackening gloom and wreck descend,  
 It rose, emerging from the tempest's shock,  
 Like Chimborazo's condor-nesting rock!

But in our dome the eagle builds its nest,  
 And with our banner flies with armored breast;  
 Yet, crawling round those pillars white, we've seen  
 Beneath his perch, those meaner things unclean;  
 That hissing wind where demigods have trod!  
 They've slimed Mount Vernon's consecrated sod.  
 In all the nation's highways still we meet  
 Their coiling shapes, and in the august seat,  
 Where sat a Washington, but late we found  
 The meanest reptile of them all inwound.  
 But now these slimier things their tasks have done,  
 And in their stead comes forth the monster one,  
 Their many-headed sire! Yea, Treason rears  
 Aloft his snaky front, and impious, dares  
 The high and holy place, where sits enthroned  
 Our country's Genius, with her armies zoned.  
 Black rolls the cloud o'er friend and foe alike—  
 But whom, whom shall the bolts of vengeance strike?  
 Methinks the starry banner that had braved  
 The regal mistress of the deep, has waved  
 Where Cortez' banners soared; with victory blest,  
 Has rippled in the breezes of the west;  
 In northern hurricane has tost, and known  
 But triumph in its march from zone to zone,  
 Shall never sink before you rebel crew—  
 Shall never bow, vile traitors, unto you!

Ah, would those tongues could speak which now are dumb!  
 For, lo! the evil days have on us come,  
 And heroes, patriots stand appalled to see

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In hands untried the nation's destiny.  
 Good men and true there are—strong men and bold;  
 But not, oh, not the mighty men of old!  
 'Twas not till Jackson's heart was dust; till Day  
 To Night had given the electric brain of Clay;  
 Till God-like Webster's all imperial mind,  
 From its vast sphere of living light declined,  
 That Treason, scourged into his den, did dare  
 Again come forth to foul the shrinking air,  
 And blot the face of Freedom's soil with births  
 That Hell shall own too monstrous for the earth's.  
 And he who stood those men of strength beside,  
 In heart and brain and breadth of soul allied,  
 The statesman of a younger time, but tried  
 In days his elders might have shrunk to see—  
 The gallant, glorious Douglas, where is he?  
 The hosts that rallied to his battle cry,  
 And deemed such power was never made to die,  
 Now weep above the spot whose sods enfold  
 The man of might this orb shall seldom mould.  
 He died too soon, but other souls sublime  
 Shall spring perchance, from out this troublous time.  
 And, seizing from each silent chieftain's grave  
 The drooping, mourning standards of the brave,  
 Their folds unfurl and bear them to the field  
 Where free-born patriots die but never yield.

God of our fathers, grant that such there be!  
 And round them pour the millions of the free.  
 Let voice to voice, and hand to hand, and soul  
 To soul, give answer, and combine, as roll  
 The waves unto the marching winds that sweep  
 Cloud-bannered, thunder-armed, upon the deep.  
 In peace or war still let our Nation stand—  
 Fair Liberty still haunt her native land,  
 And long, long after we have sunk to dust,  
 And crowns and kingdoms failed, as fail they must,  
 And Treason, spreading wide its serpent toils  
 Has died, self-stung in its own coils—  
 This frame gigantic of our Nation's might,  
 Shall loom upon the world's enraptured sight,  
 Still bearing on its broad, majestic brow,  
 ESTO PERPETUA—Eternal be, as now.



July 4: 9 1/2 p.m., take propeller Sun<sup>135</sup> for Goderich, which we reach at 10 p.m. July 5th.

[Transcript]

**THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**



July 5, Friday: The French occupation of Lebanon was brought to an end.

There was fighting at Carthage, Missouri (US General Sigel ordered his forces to attack a pro-secessionist group).

**US CIVIL WAR**

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135. The propeller "Sun" is listed as "629 ton, b. Buffalo, '54, passed out." Goderich is in Ontario.



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July 6, Saturday: The latest reliable telegraphed information available in West Virginia, from Martinsburg, was to the effect that General Johnston, in command of a force of Confederates, had arrived some 7 miles from Martinsburg, but that no general advance had as yet begun. These Southern units were, however, were gradually approaching the Federal lines. In the PM the news arrived that General Patterson's entire force had arrived at Martinsburg. When Federal pickets had fired on each other, they had killed 10 of their own men. General McClellan was reported to have arrived within 2 days' march of Martinsburg. General Johnston had proceeded to within 3 miles of Martinsburg but had 4,000 fewer soldiers than the Federals.

Private William Ray Wells of the 12th New York "Onondaga" Infantry Regiment wrote home to his sister from an encampment near Washington DC, that "I am enjoying good health, am surrounded with a good many friends and consider it an honor to fight and die if needs be in the defence of the Union." He reassured her that he did not "expect to see any fighting of any account as our time is up on the 13 of August when we all or nearly all expect to return home if alive and well" (this private would not, however, return safely home in August).



July 6: Goderich to Toronto. Towns often pretty large in the midst of stumps & no trees set out.

[Transcript]

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➡ July 7, Sunday: There was a skirmish at Laurel Hill, Virginia (now West Virginia).

US CIVIL WAR

“Sunday in Toronto.” Our travelers stayed at the Rossin House and spent their Sunday in a park close to Toronto College.



The Rossin House would burn in 1863

➡ July 8, Monday: Confederate General Sibley was given command of rebel troops in the New Mexico territory.

“To Ogdensburg.” [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) boarded the train for Ogdensburg, New York.




House roofed with hollow logs this side Toronto.

[Transcript]

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 July 9, Tuesday: The forgiven downtown Boston lawyer [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) helped draft a bill to create a volunteer mercantile navy to prey upon the shipping of the Confederate States of America.



He would arrange that his old skipper, [Edward H. Faucon](#), would captain one of these blockading vessels, the *Fearnot*.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**1860-1861****1860-1861**

July 9, Tuesday: It was a hot day at Craige House in Cambridge and the Longfellows had been postponing their departure to their summer cottage at [Nahant](#) on the North Shore.



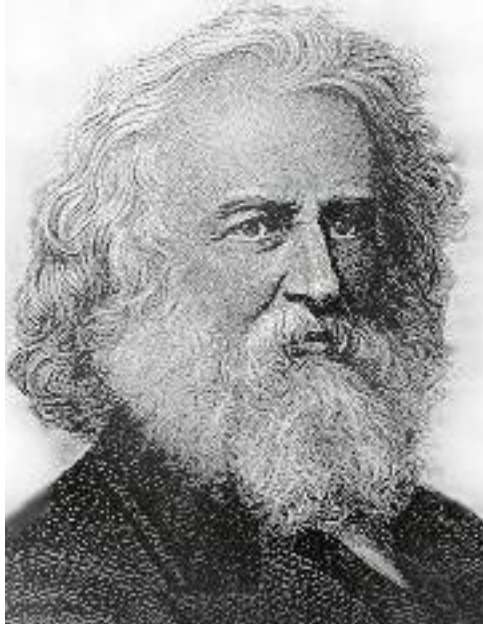
[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#)'s second wife Fanny had opened the windows to catch the breeze and was sitting in a summer dress, using a candle and hot sealing wax to seal locks of her daughters' hair into remembrance packets. Her dress caught fire. The husband burned his face and hands while rolling her in a carpet to put out the flames. Although [Fanny Appleton Longfellow](#)'s face was untouched, she sustained very serious burns to the skin of her body.

[TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS](#)

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The poet would attempt to hide his burns beneath a long beard:



July 10, Wednesday: President Abraham Lincoln assured the militia of Kentucky that no Union troops were going to advance into that state.

[Henry Thoreau](#) and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#), age 17, returned home from the [Minnesota](#) trip in time for [Edward Waldo Emerson](#)'s birthday party. Their fare on the Fitchburg RR from Boston to Concord for the last leg of their long trip was \$1.<sup>10</sup>. The trip cost Thoreau the entire \$150.<sup>00</sup> he had taken with him but he was not in any better condition than before:

*"I have been sick so long that I have almost forgotten what it is to be well."*

There are indications that Mann had gone on this adventure among other reasons also for his health, and a few years later he also would die — of tuberculosis.

Since [Waldo Emerson](#) was giving a commencement address "Celebration of Intellect" in Ballou Hall at Tufts College in Medford, at a distance of 14 map miles on the Concord Turnpike, it seems possible that he was able to return by a 2-to-3-hour carriage ride and be present for his son's birthday party in Concord:

When you say the times, the persons are prosaic; where is the feudal, or the Saracenic, or the Egyptian architecture? where the romantic manners? where the Romish or the Calvinistic religion, which made a kind of poetry in the air for Milton, or Byron, or [Belzoni](#)? but to us it is barren as a dry goods shop; — you expose your atheism.



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However, [Thoreau](#) filled in for [Waldo](#) by offering [Eddie](#) a memorable piece of fatherly reassurance:

On my birthday, in the early summer, just before I went to take my examination for Harvard, my father and mother invited Thoreau and Channing, both, but especially Thoreau, friends from my babyhood, to dine with us. When we left the table and were passing into the parlour, Thoreau asked me to come with him to our East door – our more homelike door, facing the orchard. It was an act of affectionate courtesy, for he had divined my suppressed state of mind and remembered that first crisis in his own life, and the wrench that it seemed in advance, as a gate leading out into an untried world. With serious face, but with a very quiet, friendly tone of voice, he reassured me, told me that I should be really close to home; very likely should pass my life in Concord. It was a great relief.

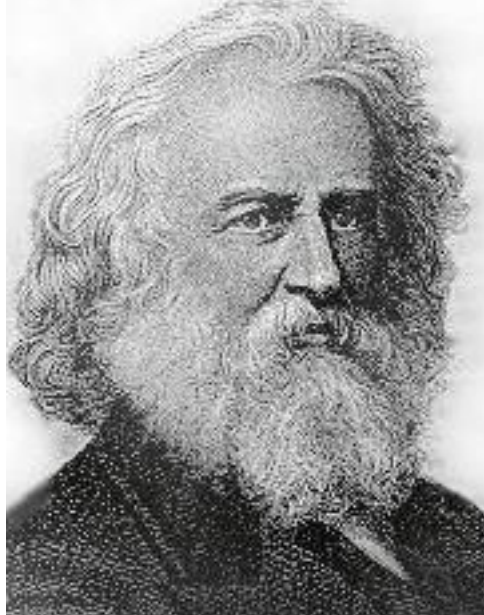
The likely story, and the official story, is that [Fanny Appleton Longfellow](#), as the result of the skin burns she had sustained on her body the previous day (her face was unmarked), went into a coma and died. In any event, for the rest of his life [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) would need to wear a full beard in order to conceal the facial scars he sustained as he rolled her in the carpet. And he would write his wife a memorial poem titled “Cross of Snow,” remembering that her white soul had been as pure as snow and equating being hurt with being martyred: “soul more white never through martyrdom of fire was led to its repose.” I must confess, however, that there seems to me to be a more likely story. Of course no-one will ever know for sure, but I feel it to be plausible that Fanny was taking an elixir because of the heat, that summer day in sweltering Cambridge, and that when her dress caught fire she was in no condition to do anything but sit and stare at the pretty flames, and that after she realized how seriously burned she was she went right back to the bottle of elixir and took what turned out to be an overdose. We must bear in mind that in those days there was a discreet and friendly



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dope pusher in every neighborhood, and his name was “chemist” and his place of business was “apothecary shop” and his main stock in trade was opium — and this tradesman kept no records and told none of the neighbors what decent people needed to do in order to get the most out of their day. Like so many things —like everything sexual— it wasn’t a problem and yet just wasn’t talked about.



The grieving husband/poet would write her, evidently on the anniversary date July 10, 1879, a memorial poem titled “Cross of Snow,” remembering not that before his second wife had gotten herself burned all black, she had been a white lady, but rather that her white soul had been as pure as snow: “soul more white never through martyrdom of fire was led to its repose.” Note that in such a frame of reference just about any sort of extreme pain (incurable cancer for instance) can get you termed not a mere sufferer but a martyr, and you don’t even need to display extreme fortitude — if your husband be a poet.<sup>136</sup>

### THE CROSS OF SNOW

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
 A gentle face —the face of one long dead—  
 Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
 Here in this room she died; and soul more white  
 Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
 To its repose; nor can in books be read  
 The legend of a life more benedight.  
 There is a mountain in the distant West  
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
 These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

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136. But, as we understand, if not, unfortunately, not. Incidentally, if you go on a guided tour of the mansion, which is a National Historical Landmark, please don’t ask the guide about the fire. She won’t say anything about it in front of the tourists and you shouldn’t either.

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July 11, Thursday: At Laurel Mountain in Virginia, General Morris forced a rebel retreat.

There was also fighting at Rich Mountain, Virginia (now West Virginia), in which Rosecrans obliged the rebels to surrender.

US CIVIL WAR

The Reverend James Freeman Clarke wrote from Boston to suggest that William Henry Channing be invited to lecture.<sup>137</sup>

Maria Mason Tabb Hubbard wrote in her diary:

Williams cast the first Brass Cannon that was ever cast in his Washington foundry! Oh how my heart leaped with joy, that he had at last succeeded after his toil and difficulties he had to encounter, in raising the money these war times, necessary for such an expense.

US CIVIL WAR

July 12, Friday: In what possibly was his initial kill, "Wild Bill" Hickok gunned down David McCanles (Hickok would be acquitted, for having acted in self defense).

Annie Langdon Alger was born at Swampscott.

In Salina, Kansas, Luke Fisher Parsons continued in his diary:

Mrs. Phillips bought a pony.

Henry Thoreau's birthday party was at Walden Pond. Annie Bartlett, 23-year-old daughter of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, who wrote to her soldier brother Edward Jarvis "Ned" Bartlett every Sunday, had something to say about this (although the Bartlett family was not generally inclined toward approval of Henry and his antics): [Transcript]



Thursday afternoon of last week George took a wagon full of girls to Walden to go swimming. They found there a large picnic from Watertown who had come to celebrate Mr. Thoreau's birthday. They were rather more enthusiastic than we are.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

1861/1862: Henry David Thoreau's 45th and ultimate stanza began on his 44th and final birthday, July 12th, Thursday, 1861 and was interrupted on the morning of his death, May 6th, Tuesday, 1862.

137. 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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- Simon Brown stopped by and took Henry for a ride.
- Moncure Daniel Conway visited Henry during his illness.
- Henry took the train to spend an evening with his friend Ricketson in New Bedford.
- The Dunshee ambrotype.
- Went over to the Emerson home to celebrate Edward Emerson's departure to attend Harvard College.
- When George Luther Stearns asked Henry to write on the topic of emancipation, Henry confessed that he wasn't up to it.
- Henry made the final entry in his journal.
- Henry wrote to Mary E. Stearns and informed her that his health would not allow him to produce a biography of John Brown.
- Henry sent "Wild Apples" to Ticknor & Fields.
- At Henry's request, his friend Edmund Hosmer spent a night with him.

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1861**

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1862**

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for 1861 \(æf. 43-44\)](#)

**[THERE HAD BEEN NO ENTRIES IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL SINCE JUNE 1st. ALL THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNAL (A COUPLE OF PAGES OF PARAGRAPHS) IS ENTIRELY UNDATED, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN ENTRY DATING TO SEPTEMBER 29th, 1861 AND AN ENTRY DATING TO OCTOBER 5th, 1861 (BUT SUBSEQUENT TO JULY 9th)]**

**The remaining couple of pages of jottings in Thoreau's journal, more or less undated but dating to later than July 9th, 1861, are for convenience all listed at this point:**

It is amusing to observe how a kitten regards the attic, kitchen, or shed where it was bred as its castle to resort to in time of danger. It loves best to sleep on some elevated place, as a shelf or chair, and for many months does not venture far from the back door where it first saw the light. Two rods is a great range for it, but so far it is tempted, when the dew is off, by the motions of grasshoppers and crickets and other such small game, sufficiently novel and surprising to it. They frequently have a wheezing cough, which some refer to grasshoppers' wings across their windpipes. The kitten has been eating grasshoppers.

[Transcript]

### **THE ACTUAL JOURNAL**

If some member of the household with whom they are familiar—their mistress or master—goes forth into the garden, they are then encouraged to take a wider range, and for a short season explore the more distant bean and cabbage rows, or, if several of the family go forth at once,—as it were a reconnaissance in force,—the kitten does a transient scout duty outside, but yet on the slightest alarm they are seen bounding back with great leaps over the grass toward the castle, where they stand panting on the door-step, with their small lower jaws fallen, until they fill up with courage again. A cat looks down with complacency on the strange dog from the corn-barn window.

The kitten when it is two or three months old is full of play. Ever and anon she takes up her plaything in her mouth and carries it to another place,—a distant corner of the room or some other nook, as under a rocker,—or perchance drops it at your feet, seeming to delight in the mere carriage of it, as if it were her prey—tiger-like. In proportion to her animal spirits are her quick motions and sudden whirlings about on the carpet or in the air. She may make a great show of scratching and biting, but let her have your hand and she will presently lick it instead.

They are so naturally stealthy, skulking and creeping about, affecting holes and darkness, that they will enter a shed rather by some hole under the door-sill than go over the sill through the open door.



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Though able to bear cold, few creatures love warmth more or sooner find out where the fire is. The cat, whether she comes home wet or dry, directly squeezes herself under the cooking-stove, and stews her brain there, if permitted. If the cat is in the kitchen, she is most likely to be found under the stove.

This (October 5) is a rainy or drizzling day at last, and the robins and sparrows are more numerous in the yard and about the house than ever. They swarm on the ground where stood the heap of weeds which was burned yesterday, picking up the seeds which rattled from it. Why should these birds be so much more numerous about the house such a day as this? I think of no other reason than because it is darker and fewer people are moving about to frighten them. Our little mountain-ash is all alive with them. A dozen robins on it at once, busily reaching after and plucking the berries, actually make the whole tree shake. There are also some little birds (I think purple finches) with them. A robin will swallow half a dozen berries, at least, in rapid succession before it goes off, and apparently it soon comes back for more.

The reason why naturalists make so little account of color is because it is so insignificant to them; they do not understand it. But the lover of flowers or animals makes very much of color. To a fancier of cats it is not indifferent whether one be black or gray, for the color expresses character.

Prescott is not inclined to go to the wars again (October, '61), and so Concord has no company to represent her at present. Cyrus Warren thinks that Derby, the first lieutenant (and butcher that was), would do for captain as well as Prescott, and adds, as his principal qualification, "There is n't one in the company can cut up a crittur like him."

Henry Mitchell of the Coast Survey (page 317) has invented a new kind of pile, to be made of some heavy and strong wood and "so cut that the lower portion of it, for a space of six or eight feet, presents the appearance of a number of inverted frustums of cones, placed one above another." When this is swayed to and fro by the waves, instead of being loosened and washed out, it sinks deeper and deeper. This, as Professor Bache (in Coast Survey Report for 1859, page 30) says, "is a device borrowed from nature, he [Mitchell] having observed that certain seed vessels, by virtue of their forms, bury themselves in the earth when agitated by wind or water." No seeds are named, but they must be similar to the seed of the porcupine grass of the West.

Young Macey, who has been camping on Monadnock this summer, tells me that he found one of my spruce huts made last year in August, and that as many as eighteen, reshingling it, had camped in it while he was there.

See a large hornets' nest on a maple (September 29), the half immersed leaves turned scarlet.

Four little kittens just born; lay like stuffed skins of kittens in a heap, with pink feet; so flimsy and helpless they lie, yet blind, without any stiffness or ability to stand.

Edward Lord Herbert says in his autobiography, "It is well known to those that wait in my chamber, that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body, are sweet, beyond what either easily can be believed, or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco."

The kitten can already spit at a fortnight old, and it can mew from the first, though it often makes the motion of mewling without uttering any sound.

The cat about to bring forth seeks out some dark and secret place for the purpose, not frequented by other cats.

The kittens' ears are at first nearly concealed in the fur, and at a fortnight old they are mere broad-based triangles with a side foremost. But the old cat is ears for them at present, and comes running hastily to their aid when she hears them mew and licks them into contentment again. Even at three weeks the kitten cannot fairly walk, but only creeps feebly with outspread legs. But thenceforth its ears visibly though gradually lift and



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1860-1861

sharpen themselves.

At three weeks old the kitten begins to walk in a staggering and creeping manner and even to play a little with its mother, and, if you put your ear close, you may hear it purr. It is remarkable that it will not wander far from the dark corner where the cat has left it, but will instinctively find its way back to it, probably by the sense of touch, and will rest nowhere else. Also it is careful not to venture too near the edge of a precipice, and its claws are ever extended to save itself in such places. It washes itself somewhat, and assumes many of the attitudes of an old cat at this age. By the disproportionate size of its feet and head and legs now it reminds you [of] a lion. I saw it scratch its ear to-day, probably for the first time; yet it lifted one of its hind legs and scratched its ear as effectually as an old cat does. So this is instinctive, and you may say that, when a kitten's ear first itches, Providence comes to the rescue and lifts its hind leg for it. You would say that this little creature was as perfectly protected by its instinct in its infancy as an old man can be by his wisdom. I observed when she first noticed the figures on the carpet, and also put up her paws to touch or play with surfaces a foot off. By the same instinct that they find the mother's teat before they can see they scratch their ears and guard against falling.

After a violent easterly storm in the night, which clears up at noon (November 3, 1861), I notice that the surface of the railroad causeway, composed of gravel, is singularly marked, as if stratified like some slate rocks, on their edges, so that I can tell within a small fraction of a degree from what quarter the rain came. These lines, as it were of stratification, are perfectly parallel, and straight as a ruler, diagonally across the flat surface of the causeway for its whole length. Behind each little pebble, as a protecting boulder, an eighth or a tenth of an inch in diameter, extends northwest a ridge of sand an inch or more, which it has protected from being washed away, while the heavy drops driven almost horizontally have washed out a furrow on each side, and on all sides are these ridges, half an inch apart and perfectly parallel.

All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily pass unnoticed by most. Thus each wind is self-registering.

**AND THAT IS THE END OF THOREAU'S JOURNAL**

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1861**

**BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1862**



1860-1861

1860-1861

## A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The manuscript of Henry Thoreau's "Notes on the Journey West," now in the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, California, consists of 93 numbered pages plus a few scraps of paper laid in. Thoreau's handwriting for most of his adult life was little more than a scrawl, but in 1861 it had degenerated into almost indecipherable chaos. His handwriting in the letters of that period—manuscripts he intended someone else to read—is difficult enough. But these notes, filled with private abbreviations, ellipses, and lacunas that often only Thoreau himself could have filled in, were intended only for his own use. They were to be the skeleton on which he would hang a fully developed account of his excursion. What is worse, the order of the notes is completely chaotic. For example, the account of the first four days of the journey occurs on Page 20, preceded by accounts of events that took first two weeks or more later; the account of the last days of the journey occurs on Page 46, followed by accounts of events that happened weeks earlier.

In 1905 Thoreau's friend and biographer Franklin S. Sanborn edited the manuscript for a volume limited in distribution to the 489 members of the Bibliophile Society of Boston, Massachusetts. Enough has been said elsewhere of Sanborn's high-handed editorial techniques so that I need add little other than to say that in general he added confusion to the already existent chaos. Instead of following either the order of the manuscript or a chronological order, he skipped around haphazardly, sometimes quoting Thoreau literally, sometimes paraphrasing, and often omitting—but never indicating which of the three techniques he was following at the moment. His edition gives an entirely misleading picture of the manuscript, though in fairness to Sanborn, it should be added that when he did follow the manuscript, he showed remarkable ability in deciphering Thoreau's atrocious handwriting.

Since Sanborn's time several other scholars have looked at the manuscript but have given it up as a hopeless confusion. The real stumbling block has been the numbering of the pages. Because tradition said that they had been numbered by Thoreau (Evadene Swanson, "The Manuscript Journal of Thoreau's Last Journey," Minnesota History, XX, 1939, 170), it was assumed that they must be in the order he wished them. Yet Lyndon Shanley's experience with the Walden manuscripts (The Making of Walden, Chicago, 1957) and Arthur Christy's with the Harvard Thoreau manuscripts (The Transmigration of the Seven Brahmins, New York vi 1932) should have made scholars aware of the fact that most of Thoreau's manuscripts have become badly jumbled through the years.



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Therefore, ignoring the numbering and working only on internal evidence, I began sorting out the pages of the manuscript. It was very soon apparent that a true order for the pages could be worked out for all but a few of the laid-in scraps of paper and some of the lists of specimens. And even these few exceptions could be fitted fairly approximately into the correct spaces.

Once the pages were sorted, the task of transcribing the manuscript began. While literal and verbatim transcription has been the ideal I have worked for in editing other Thoreau manuscripts, I soon realized that it would be impossible, or at least impractical here. Therefore, to make the text comprehensible, I have silently regularized the punctuation, capitalization, and spacing (but have followed Thoreau's italicizing). I have expanded Thoreau's abbreviations — but always within brackets. Indecipherable words and phrases I have indicated as [word] or [word w?rd], etc. Occasionally I have inserted —but again always within bracket — an obviously omitted word. In the few cases where Thoreau used ditto marks, I have silently replaced them with the repeated word or words. And occasionally I have made bracketed insertions of facts I thought would help guide the reader through the text.

Thoreau's long lists of botanical or zoological specimens offered a particular problem. Sometimes he used the common names and sometimes the Latin names. And in both cases the names have often long since become obsolete. If, after due consideration, I have decided to use the common name of Thoreau's xxxxxxxxxxxx as the standard, since it is the name readers of his other works will be most familiar with. Therefore, whenever Thoreau does not use the common name, I have inserted it in brackets, having derived it from Gray or one of the other botanical textbooks that Thoreau used. I realize fully the disadvantages of this system, but it has seemed the most feasible of the various alternatives.

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