

HORACE “CRAZY FOR YEARS” GREELEY¹



One of the debates of the 18th Century was what human nature might be, under its crust of civilization, under the varnish of culture and manners. [Jean-Jacques Rousseau](#) had an answer. [Thomas Jefferson](#) had an answer. One of the most intriguing answers was that of [Charles Fourier](#), who was born in Besançon two years before the Shakers arrived in New York. He grew up to write twelve sturdy volumes designing a New Harmony for mankind, an experiment in radical sociology that began to run parallel to that of the Shakers. [Fourierism](#) ([Horace Greeley](#) founded the New-York [Tribune](#) to promote Fourier's ideas) was Shakerism for intellectuals. [Brook Farm](#) was Fourierist, and such place-names as Phalanx, New Jersey, and New Harmony, Indiana, attest to the movement's history. Except for one detail, Fourier and Mother Ann Lee were of the same mind; they both saw that humankind must return to the tribe or extended family and that it was to exist on a farm. Everyone lived in one enormous dormitory. Everyone shared all work; everyone agreed, although with constant revisions and refinements, to a disciplined way of life that would be most harmonious for them, and lead to the greatest happiness. But when, of an evening, the Shakers danced or had "a union" (a conversational party), Fourier's Harmonians had an orgy of eating, dancing, and sexual high jinks, all planned by a Philosopher of the Passions. There is a strange sense in which the Shakers' total abstinence from the flesh and Fourier's total indulgence serve the same purpose. Each creates a psychological medium in which frictionless cooperation reaches a maximum possibility. It is also wonderfully telling that the modern world has no place for either.

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

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



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1810



Snuff-taking was common among the classes of women who could afford it. Less well-to-do women such as the mother of [Horace Greeley](#), in New Hampshire, smoked the [pipe](#). In this year a Cuban [cigar](#)-roller was brought to Suffield, Connecticut to train local workers.

1811



February 3, Sunday: [Horace Greeley](#) was born in Amherst, New Hampshire.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 3 of 2 Mo// The day was very stormy, but our meeting on the mens side of the house was pretty well kept up only three Women in the forenoon & in the Afternoon but two - of the three in the forenoon two were not members & of the two in the Afternoon One was not a member. This I thought must be a little mortification to Some that were not there who might with exercion gone - In the forenoon our friend D Buffum was very lively in testimony - I set the evening at home & wrote to Micajah Collins. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1820



The lad [Horace Greeley](#), in New Hampshire, had as one of his filial chores the filling and lighting of his mother's [pipe](#). By this point, however, the smoking of pipes among women was coming to be a signature habit marking the older generation. The younger women were beginning to consider it a "dirty" and "masculine" habit, and not beginning it. American traders, opening a trail to Santa Fe, found the ladies of that city smoking "seegaritos" of [tobacco](#).

CIGARETTES



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1831

 [Horace Greeley](#) arrived in New-York.

A revision of [Salma Hale](#)'s 1804 grammar was published in New-York as A NEW GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[Marcus Spring](#) relocated to New-York to become a cotton merchant. He would make himself a majority owner of George Kephart's slave-trading firm of Alexandria, Virginia.

The University of the City of New York became New York University (NYU).

Gramercy Park, designed by Samuel Ruggles as a private space, opened between 20th and 22d Street and between 3d and Park Avenue.

1833

→ Timothy Flint, in INDIAN WARS OF THE WEST, found an exceedingly complicated way to say simultaneously two simple things which are simply incompatible with each other, to wit that we're no better than they are and that we should exterminate them:

It is of little importance to inquire, which party was the aggressor.... Either this great continent, in the order of Providence, should have remained in the occupancy of half a million of savages, engaged in everlasting conflicts of their peculiar warfare with each other, or it must have become, as it has, the domain of civilized millions. It is in vain to charge upon the latter race results, which grew out of the law of nature, and the universal march of human events.



John Adolphus Etzler's THE PARADISE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL MEN, WITHOUT LABOR, BY POWERS OF NATURE AND MACHINERY had been published in Pittsburgh and was in all the American bookstores,



PARADISE WITHIN REACH

telling the people who wanted to believe this sort of stuff and who were able to buy and read books –which of course was, mainly, white people, since there were no schools for red people and since black people had long been punished for attempting to learn to write and now were even being punished for attempting to learn to read as well– that they could have utopia if they would merely organize to achieve it. So it really didn't matter in the great scheme of things if some poor populations of people had to be sacrificed, or left behind, in the great march forward into the beautiful future. And August Friedrich Pott, advancing the white Aryan myth of an *Urfolk* which had advanced westward out of Asia to vitalize the West, declared that

Ex oriente lux: the march of culture, in its general lines, has always followed the sun's course.



Clearly, religious leaders who desired to “pull a Bishop [George Berkeley](#)” for the 19th Century, and publicists like [Horace Greeley](#) and authors like [Henry Thoreau](#) who believed that they needed to speak of westering,



and popular writers like [William Cullen Bryant](#) whose “The Prairies,” written after his first visit to Illinois in 1832, had just hit the bookstores, were going to need to be exceedingly careful so as not being misunderstood by their audiences to be recommending empire, or civilizationism, or ethnic chauvinism, or the myth of Nordic racial superiority.²



With missionary zeal, Etzler traveled in Pennsylvania and Ohio off and on for the next seven years (the period referred to in TWO VISIONS OF J.A. ETZLER) as a kind of itinerant secular evangelist preaching the possibility of a new kind of Millennium to be brought about through human reason and effort. Not surprisingly, his views on economic and social reform were rejected; and “the more they were rejected ... the more strident

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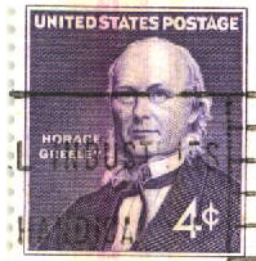
HORACE GREELEY

and offensive became his rhetorical appeals.”

FUTURE-WORSHIP

1834

➡ At New-York, there were race riots. –Wasn’t [Horace Greeley](#) indignant? If so, there’s no record of it.



2. A factoid of interest to those of us who find this sort of thing interesting is that neither Bishop Berkeley nor Editor Greeley exercised any such caution, never went on record with a disclaimer about westering, never distanced themselves from authors such as Etzler and Pott and Flint. Only [Thoreau](#) did so:



*It is perfectly heathenish –a filibustering **toward** heaven by the great western route. No; they may go their way to their manifest destiny, which I trust is not mine.*

And he is remembered fondly for having had the courage and foresight to do so, say I with tongue in cheek.



Etzler is known today almost solely through the review of his book written by Henry David Thoreau, the influential writer and critic. Thoreau was fascinated by Etzler’s ideas ...



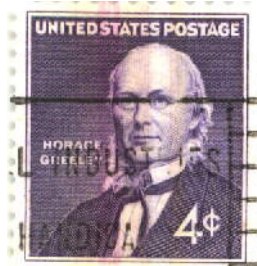
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1836



On the 1st printed American menu, that of New-York's Delmonico restaurant at 494 Pearl Street, in this year you could order a "hamburger" if you were prepared to pay through the nose for it. A regular beefsteak was \$0.⁰⁴ but if you wanted your meat prepared in the "Hamburger" style, which required extra labor, it would cost the same as roast chicken, \$0.¹⁰. That would have been quite a bit of money for a single dish, as an entire set dinner or "regular dinner" could be had for but \$0.^{12.3} In this year there would be food riots in New-York. Would [Horace Greeley](#) be indignant? –If so, there's no record remaining of it. There would also be food riots



in [Osaka](#) — and 40% of the city would burn. It seems that in this year new long [pencils](#) costing \$0.⁰³ each (almost as much as a restaurant beefsteak *à la carte*) were considered by school pupils to be of a not insignificant value, so, sometimes, when a schoolteacher decided to award a pencil as a prize, paying for it of course out of his own pittance of a salary, he would cut it into four stubs in order to create more prizes — and back then even such a stub, which today would be considered demeaning, could count among one's pupils as a real prize:



He purchased, for three cents apiece, two long lead pencils –an article of great value in the opinion of the boys of country schools– and he offered them, as prizes, to the boy who would write most carefully; not to the one who should write best, but to the one whose book should exhibit most appearance of effort and care for a week.... The lesson which he learned by the experiment was this, that one or two prizes will not influence the majority of a large school. A few of the boys seemed to think that the pencils were possibly within their reach, and they made vigorous efforts to secure them; but the rest wrote on as before. Thinking it certain that they should be surpassed by the others, they gave up the contest at once in despair. The obvious remedy was to multiply his prizes, so as to bring one of them within the reach of all. He reflected, too, that the real prize, in such a case, is not the value of the pencil, but the honor of the victory; and as the honor of the victory might as well be coupled with an object of less, as well as with one of greater value, the next week he divided his two pencils into quarters, and offered to his pupils eight prizes instead of two. He offered one to every five scholars, as they sat on their benches, and every boy then saw that a reward would certainly come within five of him. His chance, accordingly, instead of being one in

3. To get a sense of what that amounted to in today's money, consult <http://www.measuringworth.com/exchange/>



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twenty, became one in five.



1837

October 10, Tuesday: [Charles Fourier](#) died in Paris. Well, he would be gone but he would not be forgotten — especially by faithful ideologs such as [Horace Greeley](#).

1839

December 7, Saturday: [Horace Greeley](#)'s New-Yorker magazine featured an article on "Remarkable Suicides."

1840

Early in the year [John Adolphus Etzler](#) had returned from the West Indies to New-York. Undoubtedly to meet and suitably impress other reformers, he would there attend the Fourier Society of New York's annual celebration of the French philosopher-utopist [Charles Fourier](#)'s birthday. There he would make the acquaintance of a [Fourierist](#) socialist and humanitarian, C.F. Stollmeyer, also a recent German immigrant, who was at that time readying Albert Brisbane's THE SOCIAL DESTINY OF MAN for publication. Stollmeyer was to become not only the publisher of The New World, but also a primary disciple of Etzler. This SOCIAL DESTINY OF MAN, seconded by the writings and lectures of such men as the [Reverend Dana McLean Greeley](#) of Concord, the Reverend [William Henry Channing](#), [Horace Greeley](#), and Parke Godwin would stimulate the rise of several Phalansterian Associations, in the middle and western states, chiefest of which would be the "[North American Phalanx](#)" on the north shore of New Jersey.

- ASSOCIATION OF INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION
- ONEIDA COMMUNITY
- MODERN TIMES
- UNITARY HOME
- BROOK FARM
- HOPEDALE

The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#)'s "Practical Christians" began to publish a gazette, the Practical Christian, for the "promulgation of Primitive Christianity." He would write in HISTORY OF THE [HOPEDALE](#) COMMUNITY, FROM ITS INCEPTION TO ITS VIRTUAL SUBMERGENCE IN THE HOPEDALE PARISH that this year would initiate "a decade of American history pre-eminently distinguished for the general humanitarian spirit which seemed to pervade it, as manifested in numerous and widely extended efforts to put away existing evils and better the condition



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of the masses of mankind; and especially for the wave of communal thought which swept over the country, awakening a very profound interest in different directions in the question of the re-organization of society; — an interest which assumed various forms as it contemplated or projected practical results.” There would be, he pointed out, a considerable number of what were known as [Transcendentalists](#) in and about [Boston](#), who, under the leadership of the [Reverend George Ripley](#), a [Unitarian](#) clergyman of eminence, would plan and put in operation the Roxbury Community, generally known as the “[Brook Farm](#)” Association. A company of radical reformers who had come out from the church on account of its alleged complicity with Slavery and other abominations, and hence called Come-Outers, would institute a sort of family Community near [Providence](#), [Rhode Island](#). Other progressives, with George W. Benson at their head, would found the Northampton Community at the present village of [Florence](#), a suburb of [Northampton](#).

One of the debates of the 18th Century was what human nature might be, under its crust of civilization, under the varnish of culture and manners. [Jean-Jacques Rousseau](#) had an answer. [Thomas Jefferson](#) had an answer. One of the most intriguing answers was that of [Charles Fourier](#), who was born in Besançon two years before the Shakers arrived in New York. He grew up to write twelve sturdy volumes designing a New Harmony for mankind, an experiment in radical sociology that began to run parallel to that of the Shakers. [Fourierism](#) ([Horace Greeley](#) founded the New-York [Tribune](#) to promote Fourier’s ideas) was Shakerism for intellectuals. [Brook Farm](#) was Fourierist, and such place-names as Phalanx, New Jersey, and New Harmony, Indiana, attest to the movement’s history. Except for one detail, Fourier and Mother Ann Lee were of the same mind; they both saw that humankind must return to the tribe or extended family and that it was to exist on a farm. Everyone lived in one enormous dormitory. Everyone shared all work; everyone agreed, although with constant revisions and refinements, to a disciplined way of life that would be most harmonious for them, and lead to the greatest happiness. But when, of an evening, the Shakers danced or had “a union” (a conversational party), Fourier’s Harmonians had an orgy of eating, dancing, and sexual high jinks, all planned by a Philosopher of the Passions. There is a strange sense in which the Shakers’ total abstinence from the flesh and Fourier’s total indulgence serve the same purpose. Each creates a psychological medium in which frictionless cooperation reaches a maximum possibility. It is also wonderfully telling that the modern world has no place for either.





According to the dissertation of Maurice A. Crane, “A Textual and Critical Edition of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)’s *The Blithedale Romance*” at the University of Illinois in 1953, various scholars have fingered Zenobia as:

- Mrs. Almira Barlow
- [Margaret Fuller](#)
- [Fanny Kemble](#)
- [Mrs. Sophia Willard Dana Ripley](#)
- Caroline Sturgis Tappan

while various other scholars have been fingering Mr. Hollingsworth as:

- Bronson Alcott
- Albert Brisbane
- [Elihu Burritt](#)
- Charles A. Dana
- [Waldo Emerson](#)
- Horace Mann, Sr.
- William Pike
- the Reverend [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), or maybe
- the Reverend [William Henry Channing](#), or maybe
- the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)

Hawthorne should really have told us more than Zenobia’s nickname, and should really have awarded Hollingsworth a first name more definitive than “Mr.”? Go figure!

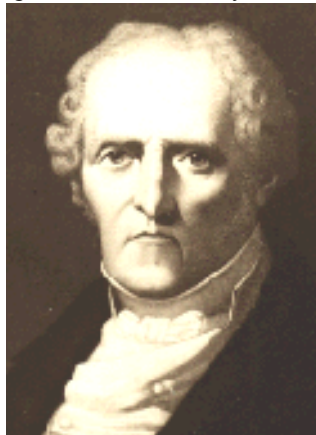
Lest we presume that an association of this [William Henry Channing](#) with Hollingsworth is utterly void of content, let us listen, as Marianne Dwight did, to the reverend stand and deliver on the topic of “devotedness to the cause; the necessity of entire self-surrender”.¹

He compared our work with ... that of the crusaders... He compared us too with the [Quakers](#), who see God only in the inner light,... with the Methodists, who seek to be in a state of rapture in their sacred meetings, whereas we should maintain in daily life, in every deed, on all occasions, a feeling of religious fervor; with the perfectionists, who are, he says, the only sane religious people, as they believe in perfection, and their aim is one with ours. Why should we, how dare we tolerate ourselves or one another in sin?

1. Reed, Amy L., ed. *LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM, 1844-1847*, BY MARIANNE DWIGHT Poughkeepsie NY, 1928.

1841

Clinton Roosevelt’s SCIENCE OF HUMAN GOVERNMENT envisioned a new basis for human society: a disciplined and tightly structured network of local communities. Charles Sears, a follower of Albert Brisbane, would be attempting to implement the economy-of-scale concepts of [Charles Fourier](#).



With Nathan Starks, he founded a [Fourierist](#) group in Albany, New York. The [North American Phalanx](#), a secular Utopian community, was initiated near Red Bank in Monmouth County, New Jersey (and would endure there until 1856) by Brisbane, with [Horace Greeley](#) and Park Goodwin. For \$14,000, they would purchase 673 acres in Monmouth from Hendrick Longstreet and Daniel Holmes on January 1, 1844. Settlement of the men would begin over 6 months, with women and children following during Spring 1845.

- NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION OF INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION
- ONEIDA COMMUNITY
- MODERN TIMES
- UNITARY HOME
- FRUITLANDS
- BROOK FARM
- HOPEDALE

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April 10, Saturday: [Horace Greeley](#), with a partner and \$3,000, founded the New-York Tribune. His initial intellectual endeavor was to generate publicity on behalf of [Fourierism](#)



"The modern man's daily prayer is reading the daily newspaper."

— [G.W.F. Hegel](#)



April 10. Saturday. I don't know but we should make life all too tame if we had our own way, and should miss these impulses in a happier time.

How much virtue there is in simply seeing! We may almost say that the hero has striven in vain for his preeminency, if the student oversees him. The woman who sits in the house and sees is a match for a stirring captain. Those still, piercing eyes, as faithfully exercised on their talent, will keep her even with Alexander or Shakespeare. They may go to Asia with parade, or to fairyland, but not beyond her ray. We are as much as we see. Faith is sight and knowledge. The hands only serve the eyes. The farthest blue streak in the horizon I can see, I may reach before many sunsets. What I saw alters not; in my night, when I wander, it is still steadfast as the star which the sailor steers by.

Whoever has had one thought quite lonely, and could contentedly digest that in solitude, knowing that none could accept it, may rise to the height of humanity, and overlook all living men as from a pinnacle.

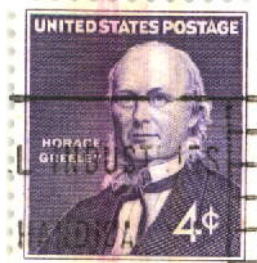
Speech never made man master of men, but the eloquently refraining from it.

1842

→ Henry Thoreau, in charge of selecting speakers for the Concord Lyceum, received \$109.²⁰ instead of the customary \$125.⁰⁰, and chose to spend exactly \$100.⁰⁰ and return exactly \$9.²⁰ in order to remind the town's citizens of their frugality. The historian George Bancroft received \$10.⁰⁰ for his lecture, and others received



this sum which was the highest that Thoreau would consent to pay, but some he was able to persuade to lecture for \$8.⁰⁰ and the Reverend Theodore Parker was willing to come for \$3.⁰⁰. In addition, Horace Greeley,



Wendell Phillips, Waldo Emerson, and he himself lectured gratis. However, Thoreau found that he had stirred up a noisy controversy by inviting the abolitionist Phillips to speak freely—even for free—for some inhabitants of Concord believed more in the achieving of concord through silence, than in the free discussion of ideas with which they happened to disagree.

1843

In an attempt to implement the ideas of Charles Fourier, the North American Phalanx began its operations on nearly 700 acres of land on Raritan Bay near Red Bank, New Jersey. It would have its own “Eagleswood” school and would be credited by some with being “the first to grow okra or gumbo for the New-York market.”⁴



The association agreed upon a constitution which provided for administration through a council. Initially, only stockholders were able to vote in elections for the council, but in an 1848 amendment all members would be given a vote. The council was composed of a president, vice-president, a treasurer, and twelve directors. Its directors served for two years with staggered terms, so that half were elected each year. The president, vice-president, and treasurer served one-year terms.

COMMUNITARIANISM

4. During the 1840s Albert Brisbane and other followers of the theories of Charles Fourier would be establishing 28 working “phalanx” communities across the United States, and the longest lasting of these, this North American Phalanx in New Jersey, would keep going and going like the Energizer Bunny, until 1856.



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July 21, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to his sister [Helen Louisa Thoreau](#) in Roxbury MA from Staten Island, mentioning that [tomatoes](#) were being raised by the acre on this island on which [Huguenots](#) had settled,

Dear Helen,

I am not in such haste to write home when I remember that I make my readers pay the postage— But I believe I have not taxed you before.— I have pretty much explored this island — inland and along the shore — finding my health inclined me to the peripatetic philosophy— I have visited Telegraph Stations — Sailor's Snug Harbors — Seaman's Retreats — Old Elm Trees, where the Hugonots landed — Brittons Mills — and all the villages on the island. Last Sunday I walked over to Lake Island Farm — 8 or 9 miles from here — where Moses Prichard lived, and found the present occupant, one Mr Davenport formerly from Mass. — with 3 or four men to help him — raising sweet potatoes and tomatoes by the acre. It seemed a cool and pleasant retreat, but a hungry soil. As I was coming away I took my toll out of the soil in the shape of arrow-heads — which may after all be the surest crop — certainly not affected by drought.



and also describing immigrants he had seen on the streets of New-York, and speaking of the [Quaker](#) meeting shortly before July 7th, in the Hester Street meetinghouse in Brooklyn on *Paumanok* Long Island at which

[Lucretia Mott](#) had spoken:

I liked all the proceedings very well -their plainly greater harmony and sincerity than elsewhere. They do nothing in a hurry. Every one that walks up the aisle in his square coat and expansive hat- has a history, and comes from house to a house. The women come in one after another in their Quaker bonnets and handkerchiefs, looking all like sisters and so many chick-a-dees- At length, after a long silence, waiting for the spirit, Mrs Mott rose, took off her bonnet, and began to utter very deliberately what the spirit suggested. Her self-possession was something to say, if all else failed - but it did not. Her subject was the abuse of the BIBLE -and thence she straightway digressed to slavery and the degradation of woman. It was a good speech -[transcendentalism](#) in its mildest form. She sat down at length and after a long and decorous silence in which some seemed to be really digesting her words, the elders shook hands and the meeting dispersed. On the whole I liked their ways, and the plainness of their meeting house. It looked as if it was indeed made for service.



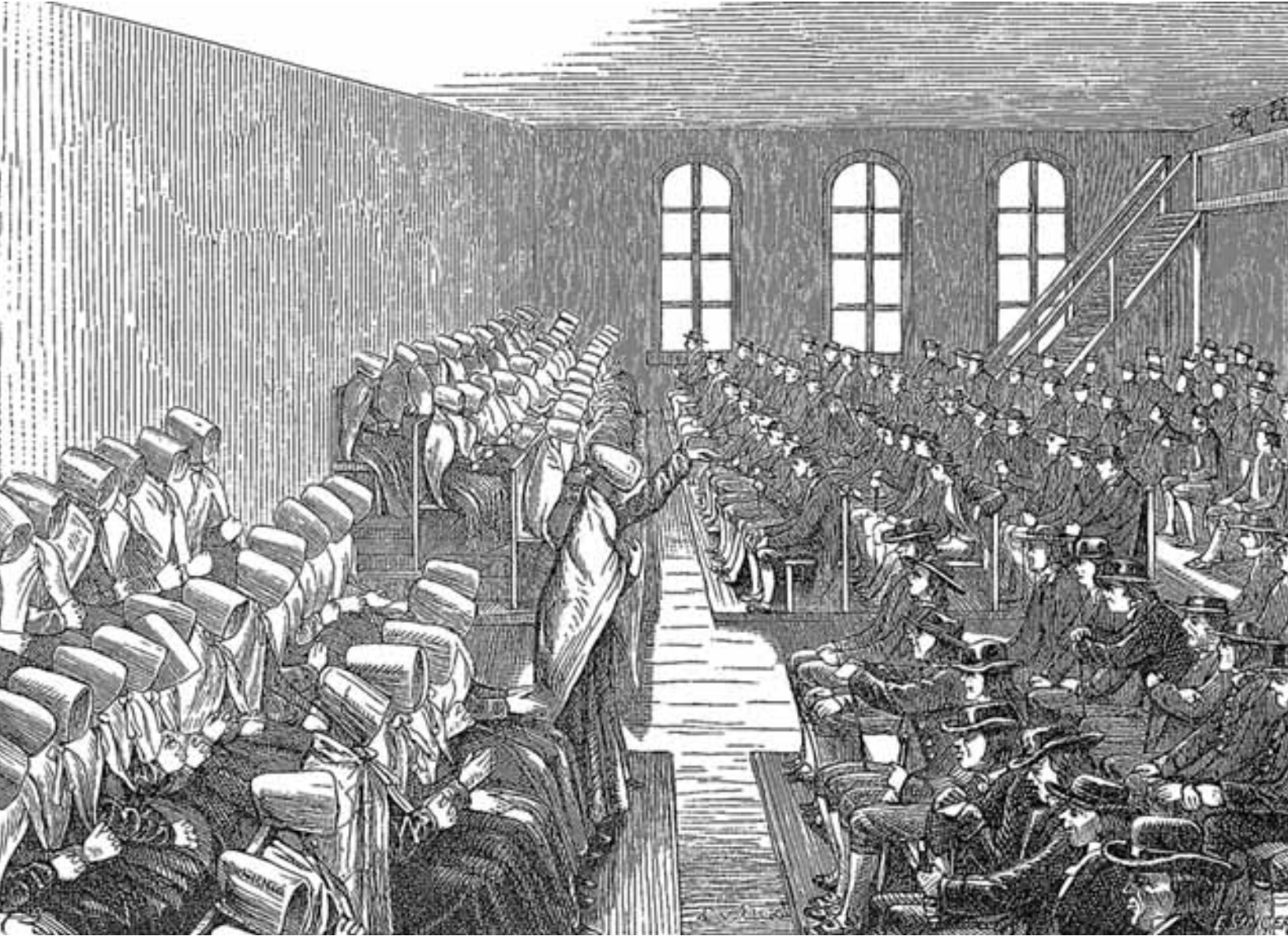
The biographer Henry Seidel Canby has commented, about this worship service, that “Already, and long before [Emerson](#), [[Henry Thoreau](#)] sensed the dangerous quietism of the [Quakers](#), which was to be content with solidity and reform, and let the spirit speak too mildly. Indeed, his final conclusion as to all these idealists is a distrust of reformers.” Canby seems not to have been aware that Quakerism had torn itself apart, and that the very person and presence of this [Hicksite](#) traveling minister, Mott, was a reproach to these evangelical Quakers Canby so rightly here contemns for their dangerous self-righteous and self-satisfied quietism. With an understanding of what was going on within Quakerism at that point, we must place quite a different interpretation on that particular worship. Clearly Thoreau had no inclination to mouth his favorite gibe at those

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who replace faith in deity with membership in community,

*"Why do all your prayers begin
'Now I lay me down to sleep'?"*



What precisely was it that Friend Lucretia said? The Herald incorrectly asserted that she handed her bonnet to

another woman before beginning to speak and incorrectly asserted that a handkerchief was laid over the



railing, so there is little in its report that we can accept as reliable. Those who wish to learn how she spoke to the condition of a [Henry Thoreau](#) she somehow knew, must consult representative sermons that we know were accurately transcribed, such as “Abuses and Uses of the BIBLE,” “Likeness to Christ,” and “Keep Yourself from Idols.”⁵ One of the things she might have urged was:

“First that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual.” It is theology, not the Scriptures, that has degraded the natural ... skepticism has become a religious duty -skepticism as to the scheme of salvation, the plans of redemption, that are abounding in the religious world ... this kind of doubt, and unbelief are coming to be a real belief, and ... a better theology will follow -has followed. ... We need non-conformity in our age, and I believe it will come.

Another agenda she might have urged:

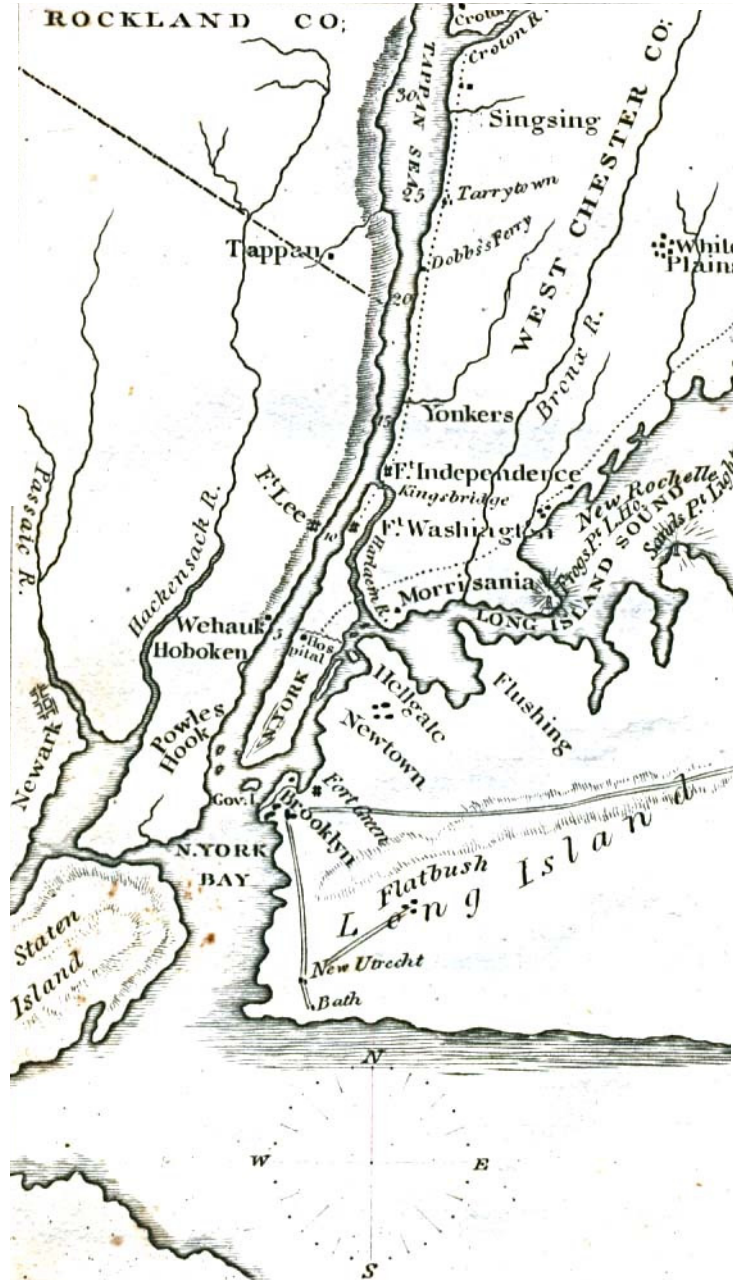
That while we are applying our principles to civil government we will not be unmindful of their application to ourselves in the regulation of our own tempers and in the government of our families, leading to the substitution of the law of peace and love.

Whatever. In that meeting at the [Religious Society of Friends](#) meeting-house on Hester Street in New York City shortly before July 7, 1843, despite the sectarian turmoil of the split between [Hicksite](#) and non-[Hicksite](#) Quakers, clearly Friend [Lucretia Mott](#) succeeded in putting a defensive 26-year-old man more or less at ease.

5. Mott 279-80. The volume does not, however, include a transcript of what she said at the Hester Street meeting in 1843 (which indicates there is more research that needs to be done, than I have as yet been able to do).

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In this letter he characterized [Horace Greeley](#) as “cheerfully in earnest” and contrasted this with the “sadly in earnest” Reverend [William Henry Channing](#) with his Fourierist fantasies of resolving all human frictions. He mentioned obliquely that Greeley was at that point deeply involved in the creation of the [Eagleswood](#) intentional community — the New Jersey grounds of which, incidentally, he would one day, upon its failure and dissolution, be surveying into individual house lots:

Staten Island July 21st 43



Dear Helen,
I am not in such haste to write home when I remember that I make my readers pay the postage— But I believe I have not taxed you before.— I have pretty much explored this island – inland and along the shore – finding my health inclined me to the peripatetic philosophy— I have visited Telegraph Stations – Sailor’s Snug Harbors – Seaman’s Retreats – Old Elm Trees, where the Hugonots landed – Brittons Mills – and all the villages on the island. Last Sunday I walked over to Lake Island Farm –8 or 9 miles from here– where Moses Prichard lived, and found the present occupant, one Mr Davenport formerly from Mass.– with 3 or four men to help him – raising sweet potatoes and tomatoes by the acre. It seemed a cool and pleasant retreat, but a hungry soil. As I was coming away I took my toll out of the soil in the shape of arrow-heads – which may after all be the surest crop – certainly not affected by drought.
*I am well enough situated here to observe one aspect of the modern world at least – I mean the migratory – the western movement. Sixteen hundred imigrants arrived at quarrantine ground on the fourth of July, and more or less every day since I have been here. I see them occasionally washing their persons and clothes, or men women and children gathered on an isolated quay near the shore, stretching their limbs and taking the air, the children running races and swinging – on this artificial piece of the land of liberty – while their vessels are undergoing purification. They are detained but a day or two, and then go up to the city, for the most part without having landed here. In the city I have seen since I wrote last – WH Channing – at whose house in 15th St. I spent a few pleasant hours, discussing the all absorbing question – What to do for the race. (He is sadly in earnest – — About going up the river to rusticate for six weeks— And issues a new periodical called *The Present* in September.)— Also Horace Greeley Editor of the *Tribune* – who is cheerfully in earnest. – at his office of all work – a hearty New Hampshire boy as one would wish to meet. And says “now be neighborly” – and believes only or mainly, first, in the Sylvania Association somewhere in Pennsylvania – and secondly and most of all, in a new association to go into operation soon in New Jersey, with which he is connected.— Edward Palmer came down to see me Sunday before last— As for Waldo and Tappan we have strangely dodged one another and have not met for some weeks.*
I believe I have not told you anything about Lucretia Motte. It was a good while ago that I heard her at the Quaker church in Hester St. She is a preacher, and it was advertised that she would be present on that day. I liked all the proceedings very well – their plainly greater harmony and sincerity than elsewhere. They do nothing in a hurry. Every one that walks up the aisle in his square coat and expansive hat – has a history, and comes from a house to a house. The



women come in one after another in their Quaker bonnets and handkerchiefs looking all like sisters and so many chic-a-dees— At length, after a long silence, waiting for the spirit, M{MS torn} Motte rose, took off her bonnet, and began to utter very deliberately what the spirit suggested. Her self-possession was something to say if all else failed – but it did not. Her subject was the abuse of the Bible – and thence she straightway digressed to Slavery and the degradation of woman. It was a good speech – transcendentalism in its mildest form. She sat down at length and after a long and decorous silence in which some seemed to be really digesting her words, the elders shook hands and the meeting dispersed. On the whole I liked their ways and the plainness of their meeting-house— It looked as if it was indeed made for service. I think that Stearns Wheeler has left a gap in the community not easy to be filled. Though he did not exhibit the highest qualities of the scholar, he possessed in a remarkable degree many of the essential and rarer ones – and his patient industry and energy – his reverent love of letters – and his proverbial accuracy – will cause him to be associated in my memory even with many venerable names of former days— It was not wholly unfit that so pure a lover of books should have ended his pilgrimage at the great book-mart of the world. I think of him as healthy and brave, and am confident that if he had lived he would have proved useful in more ways than I can describe— He would have been authority on all matters of fact – and a sort of connecting link between men and scholars of different walks and tastes. The literary enterprises he was planning for himself and friends remind me of an older and more studious time— So much then remains for us to do who survive.

*Tell mother that there is no Ann Jones in the Directory. Love to all—
Tell all my friends in Concord that I do not send m{sealing wax}e
to them but retain it still. yr affectionate Brother H.D.T.*



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

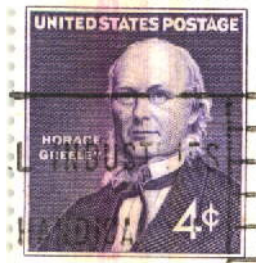
Summer: At “Peace Union,” a German community in western Pennsylvania founded by the German immigrant Andrew Smolnikor, [John Adolphus Etzler](#) was supervising the construction of his “Satellite,” a mechanical monster intended to clear and cultivate up to 20,000 acres. Smolnikor was an itinerant preacher who considered that he was, in John-the-Baptist mode, “making ready the way for the Lord in the impending millennium by establishing a new society based on brotherhood, love, and Christian communism.” (Some critical parts of Etzler’s device had to be fabricated out of wood rather than metal. When eventually it would be tested, the mechanism would break.)

[FUTURE-WORSHIP](#)

Meanwhile, in New-York, [Henry Thoreau](#) visited [John L. O’Sullivan](#) in his [The United States Magazine and Democratic Review](#) office, where they were putting out their July issue,

US MAG & DEM. REV.

to submit his review of [Etzler](#)’s THE PARADISE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL MEN, WITHOUT LABOR, BY POWERS OF NATURE AND MACHINERY. (While in town he also called upon the Fourierist [Horace Greeley](#).)



“Paradise (to be) Regained”

Professor Scott A. Sandage’s BORN LOSERS: A HISTORY OF FAILURE IN AMERICA informs us that while Henry Thoreau was hanging around Wall Street during Summer 1843, he witnessed the beginnings of our now very elaborate credit-checking industry:

Hanging around Wall Street in the summer of 1843, Henry Thoreau witnessed the birth of the information industry. To explore literary Manhattan, he took a job tutoring Emerson’s nephew on Staten Island. Emerson had asked two protégées to welcome him. “Waldo and Tappan carried me to their English Alehouse the first Saturday,” Thoreau wrote Emerson. Giles Waldo seemed shallow to Thoreau, but not William Tappan. “I like his looks and the sound of his silence.” The pair clerked near the stock exchange, where Thoreau visited and “spent some pleasant hours with Waldo and Tappan at their counting-room, or rather intelligence office.” Tappan’s father, Lewis, owned the enterprise, a city marvel that Thoreau noted to impress the folks back home. “Tell Father that Mr. Tappan, whose son I know ... has invented and established a new and very important business,” he wrote his sister. “It is a kind of intelligence office for the whole country, with branches in the principal cities, giving information with regard to the credit and affairs of every man of business in the country.” Thoreau quit New York by summer’s end, having discovered little else besides the first modern credit bureau, Lewis Tappan’s Mercantile Agency. A direct ancestor of Dun & Bradstreet, the



HORACE GREELEY

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Mercantile Agency sold "information with regard to the credit and affairs of every man of business" and rapidly established itself as a national bureau of standards for judging winners and losers.

The Mercantile Agency managed risk by managing identity: a matrix of past achievement, present assets, and future promise. Neither rating consumers nor granting credit, it graded commercial buyers for wary sellers. Lewis Tappan -an ardent social reformer- did in the marketplace what others did in asylums and prisons. He imposed discipline through surveillance: techniques and systems to monitor and classify people. Local informants quietly watched their neighbors and reported to the central office. "it is an extensive business and will employ a great many clerks," wrote Thoreau, whose grotesque penmanship disqualified him for such employment. "Mr. Tappan" kept a stock as legible as it was categorical. "We have no confidence in his success or bus[iness] ability," a typically blunt report said of "an honorable man" who later "Bursted up." Another case noted approvingly, "Bus[iness] on the increase & parties here who sell [to] him largely have confidence that he will finally succeed & become well off." That good word -"confidence"- meant access to major markets for rural buyers. "No confidence" warned urban sellers of fools. Then there were the swindlers: "He is a perfect confidence man" with "a happy facility of deluding the people around him, many of whom believe him an honest & respect[able] man." Annual subscriptions to Tappan's service began at only \$50 - the cost of a good horse.

People often said that credit rested on "confidence between man and man," a cliché as early as 1803. Adopting this motto, the agency cited an 1834 speech by Daniel Webster, who had actually said "intercourse between man and man." A harmless revision perhaps, but it mimicked the problem at hand: neither men nor money nor even words were trustworthy anymore. Telegraphy, improved postal service, and fast freight by rail and steamboat encouraged citizens to strike bargains over vast distances. Transportation and communication linked regions into a national market, yet technology outpaced economic, legal, and social infrastructures. Trading beyond the horizon precluded looking another man in the eye. Confidence men now moved faster than their reputations, and even if the man was good his money might not be. Financial systems went from bad to worse in Andrew Jackson's "bank war" of the 1830s. States, cities, and private banks still printed local currency. Buying in Boston with Ohio banknotes meant fussing over exchange rates and checking BICKNELL'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR AND BANK NOTE LIST or another guide to genuine bills and known fakes. Falsity of any kind -from outright confidence games to just idle gossip- might cause panic in the marketplace. The agency system revolutionized a vital business tool, facilitating stability and growth in an era with few other national economic institutions.

When Tappan began in 1841, no comparable system of surveillance had ever existed. Within five years, he enlisted 679 local informants; after ten, his network had reached 2,000. Their first decade of dispatches filled "more than 100 books, of the size of the largest ledger, extending to 600 and 700 pages each."



HORACE GREELEY

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one 11-by-17-inch page held up to 1,500 words of tiny calligraphy, the handiwork of "a great many clerks." By 1851, the inflow kept thirty scribes busy. Indexing within and among volumes sped retrieval of any given entry among thousands and later millions. Cross-referencing aided continuous tracking, even when subjects changes pursuits or locales. In 1871 alone, clerks added 70,000 new names and closed 40,000 files because of failure, death, or retirement. On an average day, the firm received 600 new or updated field reports and answered 400 inquiries. It all flowed in and out of "the largest ledger" – the master volumes in their impressive red sheepskin bindings. The agency upgraded the most adaptable and dependable technology in human history –the book– by building networks and systems around it.

September: The [North American Phalanx](#) which was acquiring its 673 acres of farmland near Red Banks, New Jersey at this point in time, at a site about 30 miles out of New-York and reachable 1st by steamboat and then by coach along a sandy coastal road, would have become, at its demise after thirteen years, the longest-lived in the USA. At this time, according to one of the original 60 subscribers, [Horace Greeley](#), the acreage was sporting only "two or three very dilapidated farm buildings." Greeley would see erected "a capacious wooden dwelling, one or two barns, and a fruit house," and would see "thousands of loads of marl dug and applied to the land, large orchards ... planted and reared to maturity, and a mile square of sterile, exhausted land converted into a thrifty and productive domain." Farming would remain the primary occupation of the members of this Fourierist commune, but milling also would be attempted, and the residents would do carpentry, iron work, and tin work as well as the preserving of the fruit of the land. Their phalanstery eventually would offer central steam heating.⁶

COMMUNITARIANISM

1844

April 4, Thursday: The Fourierists convened in New-York's Clinton Hall as a National Convention of Associationists and elected the [Reverend George Ripley](#) of [Brook Farm](#) as their president, and Charles A. Dana of [Brook Farm](#), Parke Godwin, the editor of the Fourierist magazine [Harbinger](#) and author of A POPULAR VIEW OF THE DOCTRINES OF FOURIER, and [Horace Greeley](#) as vice-presidents.

[Frederick Douglass](#) lectured before the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society.

6. For more data on this [Eagleswood](#), consult:

[Horace Greeley](#), RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. NY: J.B. Ford, 1868, page 153.

Dolores Hayden, SEVEN AMERICAN UTOPIAS: THE ARCHITECTURE OF COMMUNITARIAN SOCIALISM, 1790-1975, Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 1976, Chapter 6.

John Humphrey Noyes, HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS, Chapters 36, 37, and 38, pages 449-511.



HORACE GREELEY

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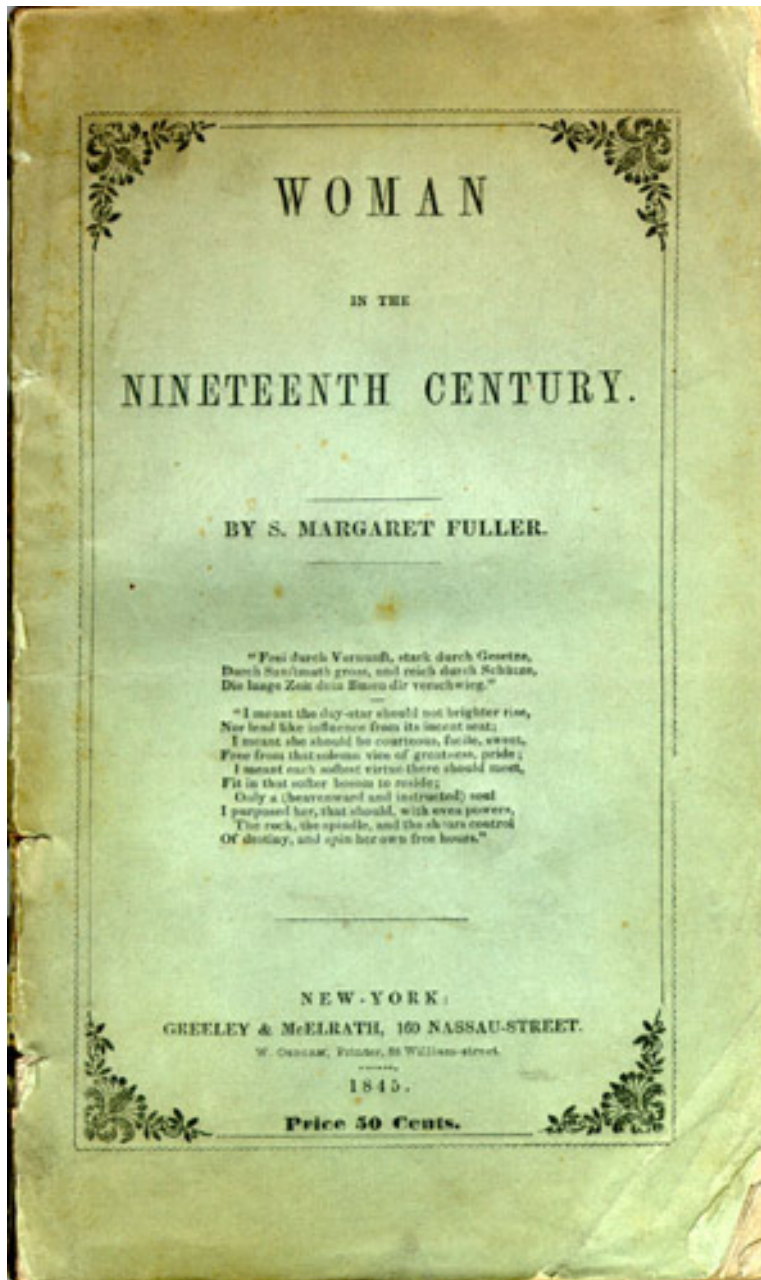
Fall: [Ellery Channing](#) obtained a position on the staff of [Horace Greeley](#)'s New-York [Tribune](#) but, before reporting for work, he spent mid-November in the Catskills, three days of which vacation he spent with Caroline Sturgis and [Margaret Fuller](#) who were also in the Catskills, at Fishkill on the Hudson River. Fuller was living with Sturgis for six weeks while revising her "Great Lawsuit" paper from [THE DIAL](#) for publication as WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. While working at the [Tribune](#), Ellery chummed around with Giles Waldo and William Tappan,⁷ but declined an invitation to visit the William Emersons at their home on Staten Island.

December: Mary Cheney Greeley urged [Horace Greeley](#) to offer [Margaret Fuller](#) a job, and a bedroom in their home on the East River. Fuller became literary critic for the New-York [Tribune](#) and began a schedule of three columns a week.

7.This William would have been what to the rich New York abolitionists Arthur Tappan and Lewis Tappan??

1845

Margaret Fuller’s WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was published by Horace Greeley’s publishing house: “There exists in the minds of men a tone of feeling toward women as toward slaves.”



Although this book received, in general, bad reviews—for the reviewers, male, were threatened by her forthrightness—the 1st edition pictured above still sold out within the week. The publishers deducted their expenses and charges and mailed the author \$85.⁰⁰ in full payment. In this year Margaret fell in love with a

young immigrant Jewish businessman, James Nathan, and wrote some fascinating love letters.



8. It is interesting, is it not, that WALDEN is never criticized, as Margaret's writings were criticized by James Russell Lowell, for being "dotted as thick as a peacock's tail with I's"? –For in fact the printer of WALDEN quite exhausted the capital letter "I" from his type case and had to print WALDEN section by section, breaking down the used book plates to restock his type case. Why, it is almost as if a double standard was in effect!

HDT

WHAT?

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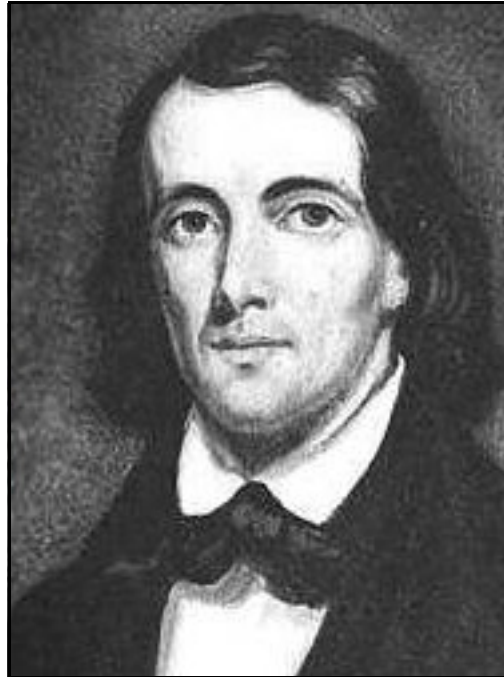
HORACE GREELEY



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Spring: [Ellery Channing](#) quit his job on [Horace Greeley](#)'s New-York [Tribune](#) and came back to Concord, living with the Emersons and going on walks with [Waldo](#) — while shopping for a farm.



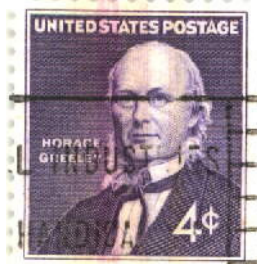
"What a gump!...On the whole, he is but little better than an idiot. He should have been whipt often and soundly in his boyhood; and as he escaped such wholesome discipline then, it might be well to bestow it now."

— [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), about [Ellery Channing](#)



1846

August 16, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.



To: HDT
From: Horace Greeley
Date: 8/16/46



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

*New York, Aug. 16, 1846.
My dear Thoreau,*

*Believe me when I say that
I mean to do the errand you have asked
of me[]and that soon. But I am not sanguine
of success, and have hardly a hope that it will
be immediate if ever. I hardly know a week
that could publish your article all at once,
words and “To be continued” are shunned like a pes-
tilence. But I know you have written a
good thing about Carlyle—too solidly good,
I fear, to be profitable to yourself or attrac-
tive to publishers. Didst thou ever, O my
friend! ponder on the significance and cogency of
the assurance, “Ye cannot serve God and [Mammon],”
as applicable to Literature—applicable, indeed,
to all things whatsoever. God grant us grace to
endeavor to serve Him rather than Mammon—
that ought to suffice us. In my poor judgment,
if any thing is calculated to make a scoun-
drel of an honest man, writing to sell is that
very particular thing.*

*Yours heartily,
Horace Greeley.*

*[Remind] Ralph Waldo Emerson and wife of my
existence and grateful remembrance.*

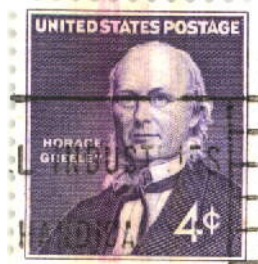


HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

September 30, Wednesday: A letter to [Henry Thoreau](#) from [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York about [Graham's Magazine](#):

I learned to-day, through Mr. Griswold, former editor of "Graham's Magazine," that your lecture is accepted, to appear in that magazine. Of course it is to be paid for at the usual rate, as I expressly so stated when I inclosed it to Graham. He has not written me a word on the subject, which induces me to think he may have written you. Please write me if you would have me speak further on the subject. The pay, however, is sure, though the amount may not be large, and I think you may wait until the article appears, before making further stipulations on the subject.





HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

October 26, Monday: A letter to [Henry Thoreau](#) from [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York about [Graham's Magazine](#):

New York, Oct. 26, 1846

My Friend Thoreau,

I know you think it odd that you have not heard farther, and perhaps blame my negligence or engrossing cares, but if so without good reason.

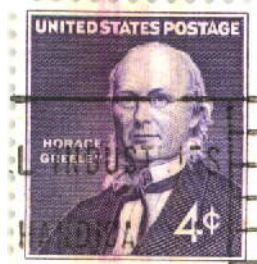
I have to-day received a letter from Griswold in Philadelphia, who says:

"The article by Thoreau on Carlyle is in type and will be paid for 'liberally.'"

"Liberally" is quoted as an expression of Graham's. I know well the difference between a publisher's and an author's idea of what is "liberally," but I give you the best I can get, as the result of three letters to Phila. on this subject.

Success to you, my friend! Remind Mr and Mrs. Emerson of my existence, and my lively remembrance of their various kindnesses. Yours, very busy in our Political contest,

Horace Greeley.



1847

Frederic Hudson's *JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES* (Harper, 1873) would indicate that according to an auditor at the time, "the Tribune in 1847 had a total circulation of 28,115: 11,455 daily, 15,700 weekly, and 960 semiweekly." [Margaret Fuller](#) had written her brother in 1845 claiming that she "addressed 50,000 readers" although in actuality this New-York paper would have had little more than half that readership. In 1846 [Waldo Emerson](#) had reported to Thomas Carlyle that [Horace Greeley's Tribune's](#) circulation was about 30,000. As of 1852 the [Tribune](#) was claiming that it had tripled its circulation of 1847 by reaching an "aggregate" number of 83,000. The weekly edition was being said to have some 200,000 readers — would that have been 200,000 individual subscriptions, or would that have been a figure calculated on the presumption that each of a smaller number of subscriptions were in fact being perused by an extended family?



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

February 5, Friday: A letter to [Henry Thoreau](#) from [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York indicated that "[Carlyle and His Works](#)" was being presented in [Graham's Magazine](#) as its lead article:

Feb. 5th, 1847. New York, ~~Jan~~

My dear Thoreau:

Although your letter only came to hand to-day, I attended to its subject yesterday, when I was in Philadelphia on my way home from Washington. Your article is this moment in type, and will appear about the 20th inst. as the leading article in Graham's Mag. for next month. Now don't object to this, nor be unreasonably sensitive at the delay. It is immensely more important to you that the article should appear thus (that is, if you have any literary aspirations,) than it is that you should make a few dollars by issuing it in some other [way]. As to lecturing, you have been at perfect liberty to deliver it as a lecture a hundred times if you had chosen – the more the better. It is really a good thing, and I will see that Graham pays you fairly for it. But its appearance there is worth far more to you than money. I know there has been too much delay, and have done my best to obviate it. But I could not. A Magazine that pays, and which it is desirable to be known as a contributor to, is always crowded with articles, and has to postpone some for others of even less merit. I do this myself with good things that I am not required to pay for. Thoreau, do not think ~~of~~ hard of Graham. Do not try to stop the publication of your article. It is best as it is. But just set down and write a like article about Emerson, which I will give you \$25 for if you cannot do better with it; then one about Hawthorne at your leisure, &c. &c. I will pay you the money for each of these articles on delivery, publish them when and how I please, leaving to you the copyright expressly. In a year or two, if you take care not to write faster than you think, you will have the material of a volume worth publishing, and then we will see what can be done.

There is a text somewhere in St. Paul – my Scriptural reading is getting rusty which says "Look not back to the things which are behind, but rather to [those] which are before," &c. Commending this to your thoughtful appreciation, I am,

Yours, &c.

Horace Greeley.

Regards to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Postmark: U.S. EXPRESS MAIL

N. YORK
FEB
5 N.Y.
Postage: 5
Address: Henry D. Thoreau, Esq.
care of R. W. Emerson, Esq.
Concord,
Massachusetts

March-April: After much exchange of correspondence and much intercession by [Horace Greeley](#), "Thomas Carlyle and his Works," which had been submitted for paid publication before August 16, 1846,⁹ appeared as the leading article in [Graham's American Monthly Magazine](#) 30, Issue #3, pages 145-52 and was completed in Issue #4, pages 238-245.¹⁰

In the course of this essay Thoreau makes a critical remark about [Sir Archibald Alison's](#) MODERN HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE FALL OF NAPOLEON:

One improvement we could suggest in this last, as indeed in most epics – that he should let in the sun oftener upon his picture. It does not often enough appear, but it is all revolution, the old way of human life turned simply bottom upward, so that when at length we are inadvertently reminded of the "Brest Shipping," a St. Domingo colony, and that anybody thinks of owning plantations, and simply turning up the soil there, and that now at length, after some years of this revolution, there is a falling off in the importation of sugar, we feel a queer surprise. Had they not sweetened their water with revolution then? It would be well if there were several chapters headed "Work for the Month," – Revolution-work inclusive, of course – "Altitude of the Sun," "State of the Crops and Markets," "Meteorological Observations," "Attractive Industry," "Day Labor," etc., just to remind the reader that the French peasantry did something beside go without breeches, burn châteaux, get ready knotted cords, and embrace and throttle one another by turns. These things are sometimes hinted at, but they deserve a notice more in proportion to their importance. We want

9. See early draft of this reference by [Thoreau](#) to [hanging](#), written during Winter 1845-1846 before February 22d. Thoreau would undertake much more correspondence before finally receiving payment from that magazine. In fact [Thomas Carlyle](#) would obtain a copy, in England, and would peruse it "with due entertainment and recognition," before Thoreau would receive \$50.⁰⁰ on May 17, 1848.

10. For the manner in which this gallows humor which had originated in the journal during the winter before February 22, 1846 would be inserted into the essay "Thomas Carlyle and His Works," see:

**GALLOWS
HUMOR**





HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

not only a background to the picture, but a ground under the feet also. We remark, too, occasionally, an unphilosophical habit, common enough elsewhere, in Alison's History of Modern Europe, for instance, of saying, undoubtedly with effect, that if a straw had not fallen this way or that, why then – but, of course, it is as easy in philosophy to make kingdoms rise and fall as straws.

READ THE FULL TEXT

“a ground under the feet also”: This, like the previous knotted cords (garotte) and the previous throttling of one another by turns, is an obvious reference to [hanging](#), since the important life support of which a hanging person has been deprived would be the ground underfoot.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Fall: [Brook Farm](#) was officially disbanded:



When the Brook Farmers disbanded, in the autumn of 1847, a number of the brightest spirits settled in New York, where The Tribune, Horace Greeley's paper, welcomed their ideas and gladly made room on its staff for George Ripley, their founder. New York in the middle of the nineteenth century, almost as much perhaps as Boston, bubbled with movements of reform, with the notions of the spiritualists, the phrenologists, the mesmerists and what not, and the Fourierists especially had found a forum there for discussions of "attractational harmony" and "passional hygiene." It was the New Yorker Albert Brisbane who had met the master himself in Paris, where Fourier was working as a clerk with an American firm, and paid him for expounding his system in regular lessons. Then Brisbane in turn converted Greeley and the new ideas had reached Brook Farm, where the members transformed the society into a Fourierist phalanx. The Tribune had played a decisive part in this as in other intellectual matters, for Greeley was unique among editors in his literary flair. Some years before, Margaret Fuller had come to New York to write for him, and among the Brook Farmers on his staff, along with "Archon" Ripley, were George William Curtis and Dana, the founder of The Sun.... The socialistic [William Henry] Channing was a nephew of the great Boston divine who had also preached and lectured in New York, while Henry James [Senior], a Swedenborgian, agreed with the Fourierists too and regarded all passions and attractions as a species of duty. As for the still youthful Brisbane, who had toured Europe with his tutor, studying not only with Fourier but with Hegel in Berlin, he had mastered animal magnetism to the point where he could strike a light merely by rubbing his fingers over the gas-jet. The son of a magnate of upper New York, he had gone abroad at nineteen, with the sense of a certain injustice in his unearned wealth, and he had been everywhere received like a bright young travelling prince in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople. He had studied philosophy, music and art and learned to speak in Turkish, -the language of Fourier's capital of the future world,- driving over Italy with S.F.B. Morse and Horatio Greenough and sitting at the feet of Victor Cousin also. He met and talked with Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Lamennais and Victor Hugo, reading Fourier for many weeks with Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, whom he had inspired with a passion for the "wonderful plan." He had a strong feeling for craftsmanship, for he had watched the village blacksmith along with the carpenter and the saddler when he was a boy, so that he was prepared for these notions of attractive labor, while he had been struck by the chief Red Jacket, who had visited the village, surrounded by white admirers and remnants of his tribe. In this so-called barbarian he had witnessed aptitudes that impressed him with the powers and capacities of the natural man, and he had long since set out to preach the gospel of social reorganization that Fourier had explained to him in Paris.



HORACE GREELEY

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At Robert Owen's "World Convention," held in New York in 1845, many of the reformers' programmes had found expression, and, since then, currents of affinity had spread from the Unitary Home to the Oneida Community and the Phalanx at Red Bank. The Unitary Home, a group of houses on East 14th Street, with communal parlours and kitchens, was an urban Brook Farm, where temperance reform and woman's rights were leading themes of conversation and John Humphrey Noyes of Oneida was a frequent guest.

- FOURIERISM
- G.W.F. HEGEL
- GEORGE RIPLEY
- EAGLESWOOD
- UNITARY HOME
- VICTOR HUGO
- HORACE GREELEY
- VICTOR COUSIN
- CHARLES A. DANA
- ALBERT BRISBANE
- ROBERT DALE OWEN
- SAMUEL F.B. MORSE
- HENRY JAMES, SR.
- ONEIDA COMMUNITY
- HORATIO GREENOUGH
- GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
- JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES
- WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING
- SAGOYEWATHA "RED JACKET"
- JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
- ASSOCIATION OF INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

1848

Lecture¹¹

TIMELINE OF THE MAINE WOODS

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
February 17, Wednesday, 1847, at 7PM	Concord ; Unitarian Church, Vestry	“A History of Myself” (II)
January 3, Monday, 1848, at 7PM	Concord ; Unitarian Church, Vestry	“An Excursion to Ktaadn”
January 14, Friday, 1848	Concord	“Friendship”

11. From Bradley P. Dean and Ronald Wesley Hoag’s THOREAU’S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR.



Narrative of Event:

Although minutes of individual meetings of the Concord Lyceum were not recorded during the 1847-48 lecture season, a retrospective summary of the course by the Lyceum secretary, A.G. Fay, lists [Henry Thoreau](#) along with eight other speakers (THE MASSACHUSETTS LYCEUM DURING THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE, page 163). Thoreau, in fact, lectured three times before the Concord Lyceum during the season, on 3 January, 26 January, and 16 February. On 29 December 1847 he wrote to [Waldo Emerson](#), then traveling in England: “Next week I am going to give an account to the Lyceum of my expedition to Maine. [Theodore Parker](#) lectures tonight — We have had [E.P.] Whipple on Genius — too weighty a subject for him [H.N.] Hudson too has been here with a dark shadow in the core of him, and his desperate wit so much indebted to the surface of him” (THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU, page 199). On 12 January 1848, Thoreau reported on his lecture in another letter to Emerson: “I read a part of the story of my excursion to Ktadn to quite a large audience of men and boys, the other night, whom it interested. It contains many facts and some poetry” (CORRESPONDENCE, page 204). Thoreau’s brief description of the lecture’s content belies the seriousness with which he may have regarded this lecture, the first “excursion” he delivered after saying a year earlier in the first of the two “Walden; or, Life in the Woods” lectures he delivered before his neighbors: “I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life ... to drive life into a corner, and ... if it were sublime to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.”¹²

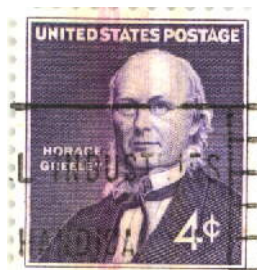
Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

In his diary entry of January 3, 1848, Bronson Alcott also alluded to the success of Thoreau’s lecture: “Evening — Mrs. A. accompanied me to the Lyceum where we heard a lecture from Thoreau on a jaunt of his to Kotarden, the highest mountain in Maine. — The lecture drew a lively picture of these wild scenes and of his adventures in ascending the rivers to reach the summit of Kotarden. — “¹³ Alcott’s “Kotarden” spelling, if it reflects Thoreau’s pronunciation, suggests the same New England accent that prompted Emerson to seek a name change from Lydia to Lidian for his wife so as to avoid hearing her called “Lidier” by his neighbors. But the spelling may just as well reflect Alcott’s New England ear (compare the New England pronunciation and spelling of “Harvard,” for instance).

Description of Topic:

The relative paucity of surviving leaves from the lecture manuscript, as well as the relatively brief interval between Thoreau’s delivery of the lecture and his submission to [Horace Greeley](#) (early or mid April 1848) of the printer’s copy manuscript for the essay, suggests that Thoreau used most or all of his lecture manuscript in his printer’s copy manuscript.

March 31, Friday: It being a full year since his article on [Thomas Carlyle](#) had begun its run in [Graham’s American Monthly Magazine](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) pointed out while writing to [Horace Greeley](#) that he had not yet seen any money for this.



12. Shanley, THE MAKING OF [WALDEN](#), page 141.

13. Bronson Alcott, MS “Diary for 1848,” entry of 3 January, MH (*59M-308).



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Spring: Charles A. Dana was working at [Horace Greeley's Tribune](#) when he proposed to go report on the events in Europe. Greeley warned that he simply didn't know anything about Europe and that it would take him far too long to learn the basics, but offered \$10 per letter for one publishable letter per week — if his city editor was so eager to try. Considering that he might be able to sell letters also to other American papers, Dana determined to make the attempt. Little did he anticipate that the attitudes of his boss would prove a more insurmountable obstacle than the barricades in the streets of Paris!

April 3, Monday: In San Francisco, Thomas Douglas became the 1st public school teacher.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New-York, April 3, 1848.

My Friend Thoreau:

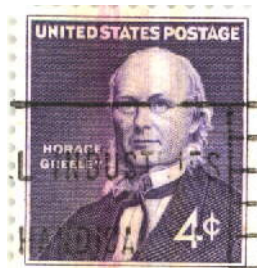
I have but this moment received yours of 31st ult. and was greatly relieved by the breaking of your long silence. Yet it saddens and surprises me to know that your article was not paid for by Graham; and, since my honor is involved in the matter, I will see that you are paid, and that at no distant day. I shall not forget the matter, and hope you will not feel annoyed at my interference in the premises. I choose to speak about it, and don't believe Graham will choose to differ with me. Don't fear for my time; I expect to visit Philadelphia on my own business next week, and will have time to look into the matter.

As to "Katahdin and the Maine Woods," I will take it and send you the money if I cannot dispose of it more to your advantage within the week ensuing. I hope I can.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Thoreau mailed "KTAADN" to Greeley, who would soon succeed in placing it with [Sartain's Union Magazine](#).¹⁴



14. Not only [Sartain's Union Magazine](#) in five installments (July to November 1848), but also eventually extracts in Greeley's New-York [Tribune](#) (November 1848) and in [The Student](#) (January 1849).



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

April 17, Monday: A letter to [Henry Thoreau](#) from [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York indicates that the difficulties about getting any payment out of [Graham's Magazine](#) had been continuing:

New York, April 17, 1848.

My Friend Thoreau,

I have been hurried about a thousand things, including a Charter Election, and have not yet settled your business with Graham. I went to Philadelphia last Wednesday, and called twice at Graham's office without finding him; and though I did see him in the evening, it was at a crowded dinner party where I had no chance to speak with him on business. But I have taken that matter in hand, and I will see that you are paid, —within a week, I hope, but at any rate soon.

I enclose you \$25 for your article on Maine Scenery, as promised. I know it is worth more, though I have not yet found time to read it; but I have tried once to sell it without success. It is rather long for my columns and too fine for the million; but I consider it a cheap bargain, and shall print it myself if I do not dispose of it to better advantage. You will not of course consider yourself under any sort of obligation to me, for my offer was in the way of business and I have got more than the worth of my money. Send me a line acknowledging the receipt of the money, and say if all is right between us. I am a little ashamed of Graham's tardiness, but I shall correct it, and I would have done so long ago if I had known he had neglected you. I shall make it come round soon.

If you will write me two or three articles in the course of the summer, I think I can dispose of them for your benefit. But write not more than half as long as your article just sent me, for that is too long for the Magazines. If that were in two it would be far more valuable.

What about your book? Is any thing going on about it now? Why did not Emerson try it in England? I think the Howitts could get it favorably before the British public. If you can suggest any way wherein I can put it forward, do not hesitate, but command me.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

\$25 enclosed
\$5. Appleton Boston
5. Bridgeport, Conn
5 Globe, Providence
5 Brattleboro, Vt.
5 F & CU. Burlington Vt.

[WILLIAM HOWITT](#)

[MARY HOWITT](#)



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

May 17, Wednesday: A letter to [Henry Thoreau](#) from [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York reported that the difficulty of getting payment out of [Graham's Magazine](#) has been resolved:

New York, May 17, 1848.

Dear Friend Thoreau,

I trust you have not thought me neglectful or dilatory with regard to your business. On the contrary, I have done my very best[]throughout, and it is only to-day that I have been able to lay my hand on the money due you from Graham. I have been to see him in Philadelphia, but did not catch him in his business-office, then I have been here to meet him and been referred to his brother, &c. I finally found the two Nos. of his work in which your article was published (not easy, I assure you, for he has them not, nor his brother, and I hunted them up and bought one of them at a very out-of-the-way place,) and with these I made ~~o~~ out a regular bill for the ~~unl~~ contribution, drew a draft on G.R.G. for the amount, gave it to his brother here for collection, and to-day received the money. Now you see how to get pay for yourself another time. I have pioneered the way, and you can ~~get~~ follow it easily yourself. There has been no inte[n]tional injustice on Graham's part, but he is overwhelmed with business, has too many irons in the fire, drinks some, and we did not go at him the right way. Had you drawn a draft on him at first, and given it to the concord Bank to send on for collection, you would have received your money long since.

Enough of this. I have made Graham pay you \$75, but I only send you \$50, because, having got so much for Carlyle, I am ashamed to take your Maine Woods for \$25. On the contrary, I shall not stand even with you in money, but in debt to you for whatever I may obtain for the Maine article. I have expectations of procuring it a place in a new Magazine of high character, that will [pay]. I don't expect to get so much for it as for Carlyle but I hope to get \$50. Thoreau, if you will only write one or two articles when in the spirit about half the length of this, I can sell it readily and advantageously. The length of your papers is the only impediment to their appreciation by the magazines. Give me one or two shorter, and I will try to coin them speedily. If you are satisfied to take the \$25 for your Maine Woods, say so, and I will send on the money, but I don't want to seem a Jew buying your articles at half price to speculate upon.

If you choose to let it go that way, it shall be so; but I would sooner do my best for you, and send you the money. Yours,

Horace Greeley.

[TIMELINE OF THE MAINE WOODS](#)



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY



May 19, Friday: [Horace Greeley](#) published a letter by [Henry Thoreau](#) in [The New-York Daily Tribune](#), and coincidentally Thoreau was sending off another letter to Greeley on this date:

Concord May 19th 1848.

My Friend Greeley,

I received from you fifty dollars to-day.

For the last five years I have supported myself solely by the labor of my hands - I have not received one cent from any other source, and this has cost me so little time, say a month in the spring and another in the autumn, doing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work. The fact is man need not live by the sweat of his brow unless he sweats easier than I do he needs so little. For two years and two months all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money, and he needs but the smallest amount, the true and independent way to earn it is by day-labor with his hands at a dollar a day - I have tried many ways and can speak from experience.- Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain as if their lot was a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties of poets starving in garrets depending on the patronage of the wealthy and finally dying mad. It is time that men sang another song - There is no reason why the scholar who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and by means of his superior wisdom make much less suffice for him - A wise man will not be unfortunate. How then would you know but he was a fool?

This money therefore comes as a free and even unexpected gift to me

My Friend Greeley, I know not how to thank you for your kindness to thank you is not the way - I can only assure you that I see and appreciate it - To think that while I have been sitting comparatively idle here, you have been so active in my behalf! You have done well for me. I only wish it had been in a better cause - Yet the value of good deeds is not affected by the unworthiness of their object.- Yes that was the right way, but who would ever have thought of it? I think it might not have occurred even to some what of a business man. I am not one in the common sense at all that is I am not acquainted with the forms - I might have way-laid him perhaps. I perceive that your way has this advantage too, that he who draws the draft determines the amount which it is drawn for. You prized it well, that was the exact amount.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

If more convenient the Maine article might be printed in the form of letters; you have only to leave off at the end of a day, and put the date before the next one. I shall certainly be satisfied to receive \$25.00 for it that was all I expected if you took it but I do not by any means consider you bound to pay me that the article not being what you asked for, and being sent after so long a delay. You shall therefore, if you take it, send me 25 dollars now, or when you have disposed of it, whichever is most convenient that is, after deducting the necessary expenses which I perceive you must have incurred. This is all I ask for it.

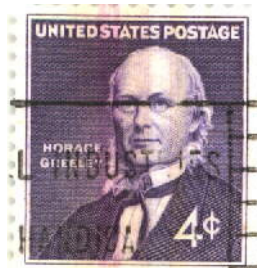
The carrier it is commonly who makes the money - I am concerned to see that you as carrier make nothing at all but are in danger of losing a good deal of your time as well as some of your money. So I get off or rather so I am compelled to go off muttering my ineffectual thanks - But believe me, my Friend, the gratification which your letter affords me is not wholly selfish.

Trusting that my Good Genius will continue to protect me on this accession of wealth, I remain

Yours

Henry Thoreau

P.S. My book is swelling again under my hands, but as soon as I have leisure I shall see to those shorter articles. So look out.

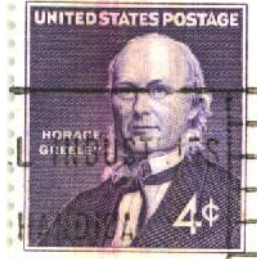




HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

May 25, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.



N. York, May 2[5]th. '48.

Dear Thoreau,

Yours received. I send you the \$25 for your 'Maine Woods', as you positively say that will be enough; but I shall feel like a Jew when I sell the article for more, and pocket the money. However, we'll see about that. Meantime, [w]rite me something shorter when the spirit moves (never write a line otherwise, for the hack-writer is slavish beast, I know) and I will sell it for you soon, and won't make any thing out of it. I want one shorter article [from] your pen, that will be quoted, as these long articles cannot be, and let the public know something of your way of thinking and seeing. It will do good.

Don't scold at my publishing a part of your last private letter in this morning's paper. It will do great good, and I think you will not be recognized by more than half a dozen persons, who know the whole truth already. I was very careful not to allow any locality to be named, nor any specific allusions except to your house, which only the few can

Page 2

know any thing about. I am so importuned by young loafers who want to be hired in some intellectual capacity so as to 'develop their minds' --that is, get a broadcloth living without doing any vulgar labor-- that I could not refrain from using against them the magnificent weapon you so unconsciously furnished me. I mean never to do so again.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.



*P.S. What do you think of following out your thought in an essay on "The Literary Life?" You need not make a personal allusion, but I know you can write an article worth reading in that theme when you are in the vein.
H.G.*

Enclosed \$25

Page 3

x

H. Greeley

In his Tribune, Greeley was meanwhile printing the following extensive "extract from a private letter we have just received from a very different sort of literary youth [Thoreau] — a thorough classical scholar, true poet," as follows:

A Lesson for Young Poets

We are continually receiving letters from young gentlemen who deem themselves born to enlighten the world in some way — to "strike the sounding lyre," or from the Editorial tripod dispense wisdom and guidance to an instructed and admiring world. These generally want to know why they cannot be employed in our establishment, or find a publisher for their poems, or a chance in some shape to astonish mankind and earn a livelihood by letters. — To this large and increasing class, we wish to propound one question: "Suppose all who desire to live by Literature or Trade could find places, who would hoe the needful corn or dig the indispensable potatoes?" —But we purposed in beginning to ask their attention to the following extract from a private letter we have just received from a very different sort of literary youth — a thorough classical scholar true poet (though he rarely or never wrote verses,) and never sought to make a livelihood by his writings, though there are not six men in America who can surpass them. We feel indeed honored by his friendship; and in the course of a private letter we have just received from him he casually says:

"For the last five years, I have supported myself solely by the labor of my hands. I have not received one cent from any other source, and this has cost me so little time say, a month in the Spring and another in the Autumn—doing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past, I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work. The fact is, Man need



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months, all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money—and he needs but the smallest amount — the true and independent way to earn it is by day-labor with his hands at a dollar a day. I have tried many ways and can speak from experience. "Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain as if their lot were a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties — of poets starving in garrets — of literary men depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad! It is time that men sang another song. — There is no reason why the scholar, who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and, by means of his superior wisdom, make much less suffice for him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How otherwise would you know that he was not a fool?"

— We trust our friend will pardon the liberty we have taken in printing the foregoing, since we are sure of effecting signal good thereby. We have no idea of making a hero of him. Our object is simply to shame the herd of pusillanimous creatures who whine out their laziness in bad verses, and execrate the stupidity of publishers and readers who will not buy these maudlin effusions at the paternal estimate of their value, and thus spare them the dire necessity of doing something useful for a living. It is only their paltriness that elevates our independent friend above the level of ordinary manhood, and whenever they shall rise to the level of true self-respect, his course will be no longer remarkable.

"What!" says one of them, "Do you mean that every one must hoe corn or swing the sledge? — that no life is useful or honorable but one of rude manual toil?" — No, Sir; we say no such thing. — If any one is sought out, required, demanded, for some vocation specially intellectual, let him embrace it and live by it. But the general rule is that Labor — that labor which produces food and clothes and shelter — is every man's duty and destiny, for which he should be fitted, in which he should be willing to do his part manfully. But let him study, and meditate, and cultivate his nobler faculties as he shall find opportunity; and whenever a career of intellectual exertion shall open before him, let him embrace it if he be inclined and qualified. But to coin his thoughts into some marketable semblance, disdain useful labor of the hands because he has a facility of writing, and go crying his mental wares in the market, seeking to exchange them for bread and clothes — this is most degrading and despicable. Shall not the world outgrow such shabbiness?



HORACE GREELEY

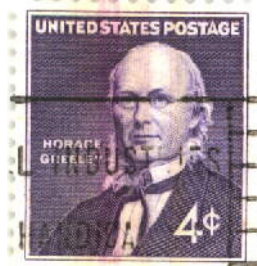
HORACE GREELEY

June 25, Sunday: In bloody street fighting, French government troops began to force the revolutionary workers from their strongholds. In Paris, Charles A. Dana arrived at the *Gare St. Lazare* railroad station at 5PM and made his way around blockades and guarded streets down the *Champs-Élysées* through the *Place de la Concorde* and across an unguarded bridge over the *Seine* to the Left Bank and into the eastern part of the municipality, just in time to witness the June Days fight and file a letter report with [Horace Greeley](#) of the *Tribune*. Unlike other reporters, Dana met and discoursed with actual socialists and dismissed the reports that they were demons as somewhat of an exaggeration. Greeley would find, however, that he could not appreciate his intrepid reporter's observations. This simply wasn't what he wanted to hear and wasn't what he wanted the American public to be told. Dana would need to move on, eventually to become renowned as "Dana of the *Sun*."

In [Boston](#), the seaman Thomas Harding went on port liberty. At some point within the next few days he would visit and pay attention to a woman, Mary Ann Williams the wife of a seaman who was absent on a 2-year voyage, and he would present to her one silk handkerchief. As the *Boston Post* eventually would report, Mrs. Williams's "invisible charms" were about to "cost Harding his life" — because, as it would turn out, there was another seaman not her husband, [Washington Goode](#), a cook's helper, who also was considering Mary Ann to be, during the lengthy absence of her husband, to be "his girl." Does this sound deadly? Does this sound like a recipe for disaster? —Stay tuned.

October: [Horace Greeley](#) published purple prose about how Austrian legions had been "hurled from the heart of Hungary back across the frontier to the vicinity of their own capital, tracking their flight by the lavish effusion of their blood." Did he have a dog in that fight?

October 28: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.



[October 28, 1848]

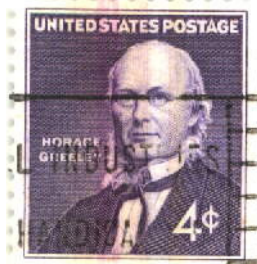
I break a silence of some duration to inform you that I hope on Monday to receive payment for your glorious account of 'Ktaadn and the Maine Woods,' which I bought of you at a Jew's bargain, and sold to the 'Union Magazine.' I am to get \$75 for it, and, as I don't choose to exploiter you at such a rate, I shall insist on inclosing you \$25 more in this letter, which will still leave me \$25 to pay various charges and labors I have incurred in selling your articles and getting paid for them,—the latter by far the more difficult portion of the business.



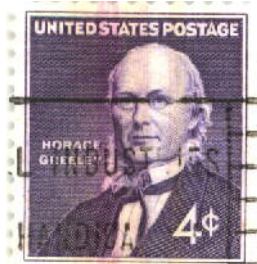
HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

November: Extracts from “KTAADN” were appearing in [Horace Greeley](#)’s New-York [Daily Tribune](#). [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Greeley presumably.



November 19, Sunday: We infer that it was on the 19th of this month of November, that [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.



New York, Nov. 19, 1848.

Friend Thoreau,

Yours of the 17th [received.]

Say we are even on money counts, and let the matter drop. I have tried to serve you, and have been fully paid for my own disbursements and trouble in [[pr]emises]. So we will move on.

I think you will do well to send me some passages from one or both of your new works, to dispose of to the Magazines. This will be the best kind of advertisement whether for a publisher or for readers. You may write with an angel’s pen, yet your writings have no mercantile, money value till [you] are known and talked of as an author. Mr. Emerson would have been twice as much known and read if he had written for the Magazines a little, just to let common people know of his existence. I believe a chapter from one of your books printed in Graham or The Union will add many to the readers of the volume when issued. Here is the reason why [B]ritish



HORACE GREELEY

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books sell so much better among us than American --because they are ~~read~~ thoroughly advertised through the British Reviews, Magazines and journals which circulate or are copied among us.— However, do as you please. If you choose to send me one of your MSS.

Page 2

I will get it published, but I cannot promise you any considerable recompense; and, indeed, if Monroe will do it, that will be better. Your writings are in advance of the general mind here— Boston is nearer their standard.

I never saw the verses you speak of. Won't you send them again? I have been [buried, busied] up in politics for the last six weeks. Kind regards to Emerson. It is doubtful about my seeing you this season.

*Yours,
Horace Greeley.*

1849

June 13, Wednesday: Charlotte Brontë wrote in regard to her family's [tuberculosis](#): "...An immediate change of scene has done me good.... Had I never believed in a future life before, my sister's fate would assure me of it. There must be Heaven or we must despair — for life seems bitter, brief-blank.... A year ago — had a prophet told me how I should stand in June, 1849 — how stripped and bereaved — had he foretold the autumn, the winter, the spring of sickness and suffering to be gone through — I should have thought — this can never be endured. It is over. Branwell-Emily-Anne are gone like dreams — gone as Maria and Elizabeth went twenty years ago. One by one I have watched them fall asleep on my arm — and closed their glazed eyes — I have seen them buried one by one-and-thus far — God has upheld me. From my heart I thank Him.... I intend to go home to Papa. May I retain strength and cheerfulness enough to be a comfort to him and to bear up against the weight of the solitary life to come.... I cannot help dreading the first experience of it — the first aspect of the empty rooms which once were tenanted by those dearest to my heart — and where the shadow of their last days must now — I think-linger for ever...."

"H.D. Thoreau's Book" [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) was reviewed as a "misplaced Pantheistic attack on the Christian faith" on the front page of [Horace Greeley's](#) New-York [Daily Tribune](#).



HORACE GREELEY

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A WEEK: We are apt enough to be pleased with such books as Evelyn's *Sylva*, *Acetarium*, and *Kalendarium Hortense*, but they imply a relaxed nerve in the reader. Gardening is civil and social, but it wants the vigor and freedom of the forest and the outlaw. There may be an excess of cultivation as well as of anything else, until civilization becomes pathetic. A highly cultivated man, – all whose bones can be bent! whose heaven-born virtues are but good manners! The young pines springing up in the cornfields from year to year are to me a refreshing fact. We talk of civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods, and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with Nature. He has glances of starry recognition to which our saloons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and short-lived blaze of candles. The Society-Islanders had their day-born gods, but they were not supposed to be "of equal antiquity with the *akua fauau po*, or night-born gods." It is true, there are the innocent pleasures of country life, and it is sometimes pleasant to make the earth yield her increase, and gather the fruits in their season, but the heroic spirit will not fail to dream of remoter retirements and more rugged paths. It will have its garden-plots and its *parterres* elsewhere than on the earth, and gather nuts and berries by the way for its subsistence, or orchard fruits with such heedlessness as berries. We would not always be soothing and taming nature, breaking the horse and the ox, but sometimes ride the horse wild and chase the buffalo. The Indian's intercourse with Nature is at least such as admits of the greatest independence of each. If he is somewhat of a stranger in her midst, the gardener is too much of a familiar. There is something vulgar and foul in the latter's closeness to his mistress, something noble and cleanly in the former's distance. In civilization, as in a southern latitude, man degenerates at length, and yields to the incursion of more northern tribes,

"Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice."

REV. WILLIAM ELLIS



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

1850

Lucy Sessions graduated from Oberlin College. This was the first college diploma knowingly granted to a woman of color in America. In her childhood, this girl had been driven from every public school in Toledo, [Ohio](#), on account of her color: “But never, my dear, did a teacher send me home; it was only the visitors that did not know me, who objected to my presence.” When she had been taken in at Oberlin College, on trial, she had been too young to be formally admitted. She appears to have been the daughter of the Mrs. Lucy Sessions who had taken part in the Convention of Friends of Universal Reform at the Chardon Street Chapel in [Boston](#) in 1840.

[Ohio](#) led all the states not only in the production of college graduates of color and of female gender but also in the production of corn, horses, sheep, and wool.

[Horace Greeley](#) persuaded the poet sisters Phoebe and Alice Cary to come from Cincinnati, [Ohio](#) to live in New-York.

Spirit rappings were demonstrated in Cincinnati, [Ohio](#) by Mrs. B.G. Bushnell, a witness to the Rochester manifestations.

SPIRITUALISM

At about this point [Theodatus Garlick](#) returned to Cleveland, [Ohio](#) for additional work in anatomical dissection. He would practice surgery in the Youngstown area until 1852, and during this decade would produce eight sets of precise painted plaster anatomical models for use at the Cleveland Medical College and elsewhere (meanwhile he would be, also, experimenting with the Daguerreotype).

The 2d US Women’s Rights Convention was held, in Salem, [Ohio](#) (men were not permitted to speak).

FEMINISM

H. von Helmholtz measured the speed of nervous impulses in frogs.

E. Du Bois-Reymond invented a galvanometer that could measure the electric impulses in nerves.

The mechanization of agriculture began. Mechanical reapers, and later the internal combustion engine (and consequently the tractor) altered the face of the world — and the growth and increasing urbanization of the world population. Between 1860 and 1920, about 1,000,000,000 acres of new land were brought under cultivation, with another 1,000,000,000 acres coming into production during the following six decades. Improvements in shipping, refrigeration, and processing further industrialized this process. Today’s American farmer receives 4% of the price of chicken in the store and 12% of the price of a can of corn.

During this decade Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, exploiting the popularity of the writings of Humboldt in an utterly typical and enviably wrongheaded manner, would be espousing a novel and dangerous notion: in this best of all possible worlds, rain follows the plow. All we need to do, therefore, in this best of all possible worlds, to transform the arid high grasslands of the center of the North American continent into an edenic paradise, is determinedly to turn that arid sod and till that arid soil. As in baseball’s field of dreams, if you build it they will come! “They,” in this case, would turn out to be the vast black clouds of dust and despair of the 1930s: the Dustbowl. Ecology will not be mocked. By this point fully half of the native-born Vermonters had abandoned its rocky soil for points west. Sometimes entire towns moved as groups. [Herman Melville](#)

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would comment after a tour during the 1850s, that “Some of these mountain townships ... look like countries depopulated by plague and war. Every mile or two a house is passed untenanted.” [Horace Greeley](#) would embrace this wish-fulfilment fantasy: “Go West, Young Man!” The rolling plains of [Illinois](#) would turn out to possess singular advantages not only in terms of a more fertile soil but also in terms of a scale more appropriate to the emergence of labor-saving farm machinery. The dry plateaus of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and the Texas panhandle would prove to be another, no less rocky, disappointment. And when they did turn the land into an ecological disaster, where would be Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian to say that “he was sure sorry”; where would be the federal government to make up for its poor imperial advice by the rendering of assistance to the distressed?

[Spencer Fullerton Baird](#) became junior assistant secretary at the Smithsonian Institution. The next fifteen years would be made difficult not only for him but for the others there, because of the character of the first secretary of that institution, Joseph Henry. It was perfectly legitimate, Henry felt, since he was the boss and since the reputation of that establishment was upon his shoulders, that he should be able at any time to riffle through the desks, opening and reading any and all correspondence. Woe would be the lot of any person there who had a locked desk, if the first secretary found that the key he had been given was not a working key! When Baird arrived at the new Smithsonian Castle, there were still slave pens behind the structure. On the bright side, Congress had just agreed to the Compromise of 1850 — so these pens were not as jam packed full of human chattel as they had been in previous years.



April: New-York [Daily Tribune](#) editor [Horace Greeley](#) invited the Fox sisters into the family home in Turtle Bay (like many at the time, the Greeleys were amazed and confused by the rappings).

SPIRITUALISM



Beginning work that he would continue on February 10, 11, 12, 18, 19, 1853 and on May 3, 1859 and complete in April 1860, [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed land on Lexington Road for John B. Moore, who bought and drained swampland for farming. This was the site of the [Concord](#) home of Dr. John Prescott of Revolutionary War fame. The February 1853 survey would show land sold to Ephriam Wales Bull, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), Bronson Alcott, and Charles B. Davis. The land stretched over the hill to Bedford Road and as far east as the Merriam land on the Old Bedford Road (the entire parcel would be sold at auction on May 10, 1860).



Sophia Dobson Collet (1822-1894) reviewed [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) for the [People's Journal](#):

Sincere autobiographies are always interesting, especially when they are rich in experiences that are important to many. But there is a species of literature which may be regarded as the flower of autobiography, in which the author takes some passage of his life or studies as a text, and illustrates it with all the varied life-lore that is suggested by the incidents; breathing to the ear of his fellows, not a circumstantial narrative of his every deed, but the essence of wisdom which



they bequeathed in departing. While maintaining a quiet reserve upon his own inward conflicts, the author may here give free utterance to all the deep spiritual beauty which these have developed in him, and thereby communicate to those of kindred experience, all the chiefest realities of his life, without the aid of a picture alphabet.

Of this Literature of Individuality, New England has recently produced several remarkable specimens. [There follows a lengthy discourse on the merits of Waldo Emerson, John S. Dwight, Mrs. Child, J.R. Lowell, and Margaret Fuller.] Readers of Emerson's quondam Quarterly, the Dial, will recognise in Mr. Thoreau the H.D.T. who contributed so many valuable articles to that periodical, and who is introduced by Emerson (in No. 9) as 'a near neighbour and friend of ours, dear also to the Muses – a native and an inhabitant of the town of Concord.' THE 'Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' is the record of an excursion made by Mr. Thoreau and his brother in 1839. The writer describes the scenery of his voyage with the vividness of a painter, and the scrutiny of a naturalist. He seems quite at home among birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, whose forms and movements he follows with the eye of a friend; and he possesses the art of conveying the peculiar spirit of a landscape, which he frequently does with much grace and power – an art which a mere observer of details often lacks. But Mr. Thoreau has a gift beyond this. Every object seen is, with him, and element in a higher vision. The infinity of meaning that dwells in everything existent, is visible to him. In the forest he beholds 'the uprightness of the pines and maples asserting the ancient rectitude and vigour of nature.' The clear morning atmosphere, beautifying the landscape, suggests to him the inquiry, 'Why should not our whole life and its scenery be thus fair and distinct?' Ant these thoughts fall from him not as moral lessons, tacked on, fringe-like, but as the natural hints which ever arise in those souls to whom nothing is profane, but to whom the whole universe perpetually chants sublime utterances of the divinest ethics. To such souls, Life and Thought continually inter-act. Their thoughts are ever giving birth to free deeds, and their deeds are ever receiving impulse and sustainment from matured thought. To them, joy and sorrow, life and death, are equally welcome and sacred: they are, in truth, our 'representative men,' the elect of human kind.

An additional element of interest, in t his work, is afforded by the occasional digressions, which are, in fact, essays, not unworthy to stand beside those of Emerson himself. Those on Eastern Literature, on Christianity, on Poetry, and especially the exquisite Essay on Friendship, would of themselves make the book valuable. Among these essays, and also among the poems scattered profusely through the volume will be found some reprints from Mr. Thoreau's writings in the Dial.

It should be mentioned that our author's ideas on theology are ultra-heretical. The essay on Christianity is an expression of the freest Pantheism. It is very original, sarcastic, pathetic, and reverential. If any one marvel how these qualities may be combined, let him read the essay. Mr. Thoreau's language on this and other topics is sometimes rather random, a defect unworthy

of one who usually displays such keen justness of thought. This random manner is especially visible in some expressions which show our author to be tinged with that contempt of politics which Emerson describes, in his Lectures on the Times, as characterising the Transcendentalists. These persons forget that if honest men will persist in abandoning political action to knaves and fools, they may not be held wholly guiltless of the bravery and folly perpetrated in consequence. Philosophers and artists, *may*, doubtless, be worthily occupied to a degree which precludes them from political action; but it is not therefore necessary that they should despise such action. Indifference to that which so largely influences the fates of so many of our fellow-beings, always bears a tinge of selfishness. We are, therefore especially, pleased to see Mr. Thoreau's Lecture on 'Resistance to Civil Government,' delivered in 1847, and published in Miss Peabody's interesting volume of 'Æsthetic Papers.' The manly tone of this lecture rings on the ear. As it is not likely to be much known in England, we give the following extracts, premising that it ought to be read as a whole to be thoroughly appreciated. ["Resistance to Civil Government," 67:3-31, 71.9-18, 74.32-75.24, 76.4-77.9] It should be added that Mr. Thoreau carries out his own principle in action. He says he 'has paid no poll-tax for six years;' and he gives a graceful and genial account (appended to this lecture) of the imprisonment which once followed his non-payment.

Now let us follow our hero to his home, and dismiss him in the calm light of a Concord sunset. ["Friday," 389.32-391.4]

TIMELINE OF A WEEK

June 4, Tuesday: The [Fox Sisters](#), Katherine and Margaret, appeared in New-York and caused a sensation. [Horace Greeley](#) received them in his home, and his newspaper reported that "it would be the basest cowardice not to say that we are convinced beyond a doubt of their perfect integrity and good faith."



Kate

Maggie

The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#) and other residents at the [Hopedale](#) intentional community were receptive to this spiritualism. They readily listened to the Universalist Spiritualist minister John Murray Spear and would publish some of his work on the Hopedale Community Press. During this year there was a flurry of spirit activity in Hopedale. After investigating and testing these phenomena to his own level of satisfaction, the Reverend announced himself to be a [Spiritualist](#).



Today June 4th I have been tending a burning in the woods. Ray was there. It is a pleasant fact that



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you will know no man long however low in the social scale however poor miserable, intemperate & worthless he may appear to be a mere burden to society—but you will find at last that there is something which he understands & can do better than any other. I was pleased to hear that one man had sent Ray as the one who had had the most experience in setting fires of any man in Lincoln— He had experience & skill as a burner of brush. You must burn against the wind always & burn slowly— When the fire breaks over the hoed line—a little system & perseverance will accomplish more toward quelling it than any man would believe.

—It fortunately happens that the experience acquired is oftentimes worth more than the wages. When a fire breaks out in the woods & a man fights it too near & on the side—in the heat of the moment without the systematic cooperation of others he is disposed to think it a desperate case & that this relentless fiend will run through the forests till it is glutted with food; but let the company rest from their labors a moment—& then proceed more deliberately & systematically giving the fire a wider berth—and the company will be astonished to find how soon & easily they will subdue it. The woods themselves furnish one of the best weapons with which to contend with the fires that destroy them—a pitch pine bow. It is the best instrument to thrash it with. There are few men who do not love better to give advice than to give assistance.

However large the fire let a few men go to work deliberately but perseveringly to rake away the leaves and hoe off the surface of the ground at a convenient distance from the fire while others follow with pine boughs to thrash it with when it reaches the line & they will finally get round it & subdue it and will be astonished at their own success A man who is about to burn his field in the midst of woods—rake off the leaves & twigs for the breadth of a rod at least making no large heaps near the outside—and then plough around it several furrows—& break them up with hoes—& set his fire early in the morning before the wind rises.

As I was fighting the fire to day in the midst of the roaring & crackling for the fire seems to snort like a wild horse—I heard from time to time the dying strain the last sigh, the fine clear shrill scream of agony as it were of the trees breathing their last—probably the heated air escaping from some chink— At first I thought it was some bird or a dying squirrels note of anguish.— or steam escaping from the tree. You sometimes hear it on a small scale in the log on the hearth. When a field is burned over the squirrels probably go into the ground.

The fire stopped within a few inches of a partridge's nest [Ruffed Grouse  *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)] today June 4th—whom we took off in our hands and found 13 cream colored eggs. I started up a woodcock when I went to a rill to drink—at the westernmost angle of R.W.E.'s woodlot.

William M. White's version of a portion of the above journal entry is:

*As I was fighting the fire to-day,
In the midst of the roaring and crackling,—
For the fire seems to snort like a wild horse,—
I heard from time to time the dying strain,
The last sigh,
The fine, clear, shrill scream of agony, as it were,
Of the trees breathing their last,
Probably the heated air
Or the steam escaping from some chink.*

*At first I thought it was some bird,
Or a dying squirrel's note of anguish,
Or steam escaping from the tree.
You sometimes hear it on a small scale
In the log on the hearth.*

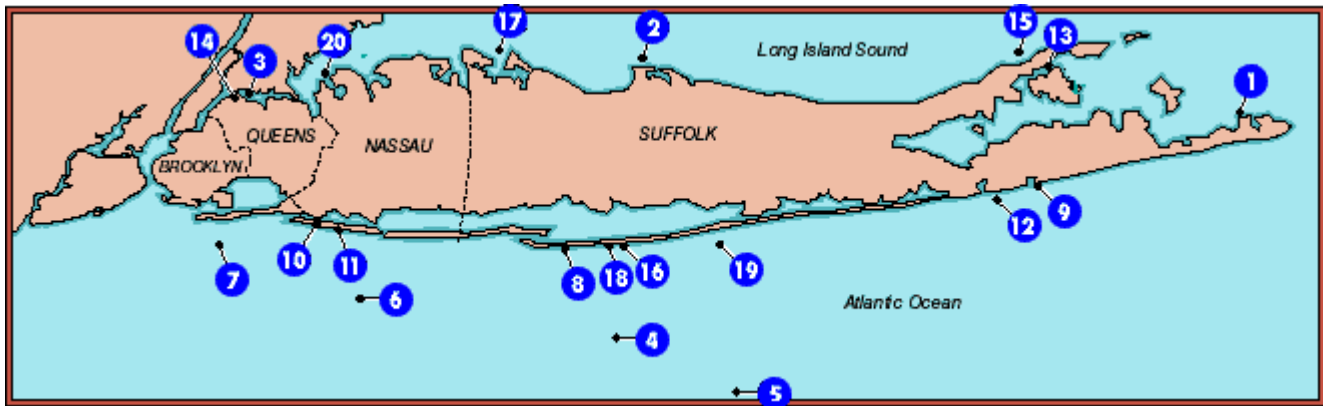
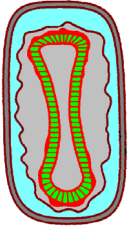


**A Grouse Nest with 10 Eggs Found by Herbert W. Gleason
at the Base of a Tree Near Brister's Spring**

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



TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

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

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



The bodies of Giovanni and Margaret were not immediately recovered. When [Ellery Channing](#) reached that beach, some people who were still standing around informed him that they would have made a rescue attempt had they known someone “important” was on board.¹⁵ The reporter took some letters found on the beach in a box back to New-York and dried them and turned them over to [Horace Greeley](#). [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) had not met [Giovanni Angelo](#) but commented, according to his son’s NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE, A

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

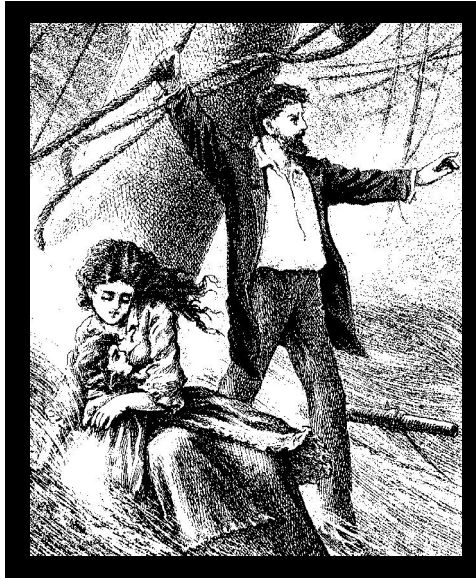
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BIOGRAPHY, that



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



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

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

as to write:

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



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



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

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



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according to [Tribune](#) reporter Felix Dominy.

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



So Captain Wick and his mate, to get rid of the bodies of Greeley's war correspondent and her clownish husband without getting themselves into trouble, would bury this packing crate at night on Coney Island without marking the spot.¹⁶ We are reminded of something [Henry Thoreau](#) would jot down in his journal some nine months subsequent to this event, between April 19 and April 22, 1851, and something he would write into CAPE COD, and we are led to wonder whether Thoreau had in some manner come to suspect that his "friend" Greeley had something to do with the fact that it was **these** bodies in particular that had not been recovered from the wreck of the USS *Elizabeth*. For Thoreau did make an uncharacteristically bitter remark during this period, a remark about the moral character of editors in this country, a group of whom Greeley was arguably the single one who was the best known personally by Thoreau:



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

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

June 21: Walt Whitman's poem of tribute to the martyred revolutionaries of Europe, titled initially "Resurgemus" (which means "We will rise again"), was published by [Horace Greeley](#) in the New-York [Tribune](#). This would become the 1st poem Whitman would select for inclusion in his 1855 LEAVES OF GRASS. According to page 126 of Larry J. Reynolds's influence study EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS AND THE AMERICAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE (New Haven CT: Yale UP, 1988), "Both the preface to the 1855 LEAVES and many of the poems of later editions reflect Whitman's conception of himself as 'the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over. And although the last editions of LEAVES OF GRASS became more religious and less political, more serene and less angry, Whitman nevertheless remained loyal to his early sentiments, and he retained 'Resurgemus,' retitled 'Europe, in the 72nd and 73d Years of These States,' as a part of his book from the first edition to the last."

Its subject matter, sentiments, and imagery match those in Fuller's last letters, and its purpose seems the same: to cheer up the oppressed and to horrify their oppressors.



June 21st The flowers of the white pine are now in their prime but I see none of their pollen on the pond.

This piece of rural pantomime—this bucolic—is enacted before me every day—far over the hills on that fair hill-side. I look into the pastoral age. {*One-eighth page missing*}

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



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July 23, Tuesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote [Horace Greeley](#), advising that he was sending [Ellery Channing](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#) to recover from the beach any of [Margaret Fuller](#)'s writing that could be salvaged.¹⁷ He advanced his delegates the sum of \$70.⁰⁰ for the expenses of their trip to Fire Island. While Ellery was away, [Ellen Fuller Channing](#) and the children went to be with her grieving mother at her brother Arthur Fuller's home, in Manchester, New Hampshire where Arthur was a Unitarian pastor.

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

[T]wo or three bouncing babies would have emancipated her from a good deal of cant and nonsense.¹⁸

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

Fire Island, Tuesday, July 23.

To the Editors of the Tribune: —

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

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

From what I can learn, the loss of the Elizabeth is mainly to be attributed to the inexperience of the mate, Mr. H.P. Bangs, who acted as captain after leaving Gibraltar. By his own statement, he supposed he was somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat, on Thursday evening. The vessel was consequently

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

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

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



running northward, and struck head on. At the second thump, a hole was broken in her side, the seas poured through and over her, and she began going to pieces. This happened at ten minutes before four o'clock. The passengers were roused from their sleep by the shock, and hurried out of the cabin in their night-clothes, to take refuge on the forecastle, which was the least exposed part of the vessel. They succeeded with great difficulty; Mrs. Hasty, the widow of the late captain, fell into a hatchway, from which she was dragged by a sailor who seized her by the hair.

The swells increased continually, and the danger of the vessel giving way induced several of the sailors to commit themselves to the waves. Previous to this they divested themselves of their clothes, which they tied to pieces of plank and sent ashore. These were immediately seized upon by the beach pirates, and never afterward recovered. The carpenter cut loose some planks and spars, and upon one of these Madame Ossoli was advised to trust herself, the captain promising to go in advance, with her boy. She refused, saying that she had no wish to live without the child, and would not, at that hour, give the care of it to another. Mrs. Hasty then took hold of a plank, in company with the second mate, Mr. Davis, through whose assistance she landed safely, though terribly bruised by the floating timber. The captain clung to a hatch, and was washed ashore insensible, where he was resuscitated by the efforts of Mr. Oakes and several others, who were by this time collected on the beach. Most of the men were entirely destitute of clothing, and some, who were exhausted and ready to let go their hold, were saved by the islanders, who went into the surf with lines about their waists, and caught them.

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

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

The steward, with whom the child had always been a great favorite, took it, almost by main force, and plunged with it



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

The dead bodies that were washed on shore were terribly bruised and mangled. That of the young Italian girl was enclosed in a rough box, and buried in the sand, together with those of the sailors. Mrs. Hasty had by this time found a place of shelter at Mr. Oakes's house, and at her request the body of the boy, Angelo Eugene Ossoli, was carried thither, and kept for a day previous to interment. The sailors, who had all formed a strong attachment to him during the voyage, wept like children when they saw him. There was some difficulty in finding a coffin when the time of burial came, whereupon they took one of their chests, knocked out the tills, laid the body carefully inside, locked and nailed down the lid. He was buried in a little nook between two of the sand-hills, some distance from the sea.

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

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



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be of value.

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

Yours, &c.

* * * * *

THE WRECK OF THE ELIZABETH.

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

We have already stated that Captain Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as small-pox of the most malignant type. He died of it just as the vessel reached Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the Elizabeth resumed her voyage on the 8th ultimo, and was long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the captain attacked the child of the Ossolis, a beautiful boy of two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. His eyes were completely closed for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with pustules; yet, through the devoted attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body, and these were disappearing, to the great joy of his mother, who felt solicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred at his first meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and blew strongly from the southwest for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they knew that they were near the end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually swelled to a gale, which became decided about nine o'clock on that evening. But their ship was new and strong, and all retired to rest as usual. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles farther south than they actually were. By their reckoning, they would be just off the harbor of New York next morning. About half past two o'clock, Mr. Bangs, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty-one fathoms. He said that depth insured their safety till daylight, and turned in again. Of course, all was thick around the vessel, and the storm howling fiercely. One hour afterward, the ship struck with great violence, and in a moment was fast aground. She was a stout brig of 531 tons, five years old, heavily laden with marble, &c., and drawing seventeen feet water. Had she been light, she might have floated over the bar into twenty feet water, and all on board could have been saved. She struck rather sidewise than



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bows on, canted on her side and stuck fast, the mad waves making a clear sweep over her, pouring down into the cabin through the skylight, which was destroyed. One side of the cabin was immediately and permanently under water, the other frequently drenched. The passengers, who were all up in a moment, chose the most sheltered positions, and there remained, calm, earnest, and resigned to any fate, for a long three hours. No land was yet visible; they knew not where they were, but they knew that their chance of surviving was small indeed. When the coast was first visible through the driving storm in the gray light of morning, the sand-hills were mistaken for rocks, which made the prospect still more dismal. The young Ossoli cried a little with discomfort and fright, but was soon hushed to sleep. Our friend Margaret had two life-preservers, but one of them proved unfit for use. All the boats had been smashed in pieces or torn away soon after the vessel struck; and it would have been madness to launch them in the dark, if it had been possible to launch them at all, with the waves charging over the wreck every moment. A sailor, soon after light, took Madame Ossoli's serviceable life-preserver and swam ashore with it, in quest of aid for those left on board, and arrived safe, but of course could not return his means of deliverance.

By 7 A.M. it became evident that the cabin must soon go to pieces, and indeed it was scarcely tenatable then. The crew were collected in the forecabin, which was stronger and less exposed, the vessel having settled by the stem, and the sailors had been repeatedly ordered to go aft and help the passengers forward, but the peril was so great that none obeyed. At length the second mate, Davis, went himself, and accompanied the Italian girl, Celesta Pardena, safely to the forecabin, though with great difficulty. Madame Ossoli went next, and had a narrow escape from being washed away, but got over. Her child was placed in a bag tied around a sailor's neck, and thus carried safely. Marquis Ossoli and the rest followed, each convoyed by the mate or one of the sailors.

All being collected in the forecabin, it was evident that their position was still most perilous, and that the ship could not much longer hold together. The women were urged to try first the experiment of taking each a plank and committing themselves to the waves. Madame Ossoli refused thus to be separated from her husband and child. She had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them. Mrs. Hasty was the first to try the plank, and, though the struggle was for some time a doubtful one, did finally reach the shore, utterly exhausted. There was a strong current setting to the westward, so that, though the wreck lay but a quarter of a mile from the shore, she landed three fourths of a mile distant. No other woman, and no passenger, survives, though several of the crew came ashore after she did, in a similar manner. The last who came reports that the child had been washed away from the man who held it before the ship broke up, that Ossoli had in like manner been washed from the foremast, to which he was clinging; but, in the horror of the moment, Margaret never learned that those she so clung to had preceded her to the spirit land. Those who remained of the crew had just persuaded her to



trust herself to a plank, in the belief that Ossoli and their child had already started for the shore, when just as she was stepping down, a great wave broke over the vessel and swept her into the boiling deep. She never rose again. The ship broke up soon after (about 10 A.M. Mrs. Hasty says, instead of the later hour previously reported); but both mates and most of the crew got on one fragment or another. It was supposed that those of them who were drowned were struck by floating spars or planks, and thus stunned or disabled so as to preclude all chance of their rescue.

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

Death of Margaret Fuller.

A great soul has passed from this mortal stage of being by the death of MARGARET FULLER, by marriage Marchioness Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, Mr. Horace Sumner of Boston,¹⁹ and others, was drowned in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn for this port, on the south shore of Long Island, near

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



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Fire Island, on Friday afternoon last. No passenger survives to tell the story of that night of horrors, whose fury appalled many of our snugly sheltered citizens reposing securely in their beds. We can adequately realize what it must have been to voyagers approaching our coast from the Old World, on vessels helplessly exposed to the rage of that wild southwestern gale, and seeing in the long and anxiously expected land of their youth and their love only an aggravation of their perils, a death-blow to their hopes, an assurance of their temporal doom!

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

Margaret, if we mistake not, was the first-born, and from a very early age evinced the possession of remarkable intellectual powers. Her father regarded her with a proud admiration, and was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion, and friend. He committed the too common error of stimulating her intellect to an assiduity and persistency of effort which severely taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers.²⁰ At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her studies in philosophy, history, general science, and current literature were in after years extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to teaching as a vocation, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, where her "Conversations" were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the "American Athens." In the autumn of 1844, she accepted an invitation to take part in the conduct of the Tribune, with especial reference to the department of Reviews and Criticism on current Literature, Art, Music, &c.; a position which she filled for nearly two years, — how eminently, our readers well know. Her reviews of Longfellow's Poems, Wesley's Memoirs, Poe's Poems, Bailey's "Festus," Douglas's Life, &c. must yet be remembered by many. She had previously found "fit audience, though few," for a series of remarkable papers on "The Great Musicians," "Lord Herbert of Cherbury," "Woman," &c., &c., in "The Dial," a quarterly of remarkable breadth and vigor, of which she was at first co-editor with Ralph Waldo Emerson, but which was afterward edited by him only, though she continued a contributor to its pages. In 1843, she accompanied some friends on a tour via Niagara, Detroit, and Mackinac to Chicago, and across the prairies of Illinois, and her resulting volume, entitled "Summer on the Lakes," is one of the best works in this department ever issued from the American press. It was too good to be widely and instantly popular. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" — an

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



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extension of her essay in the Dial – was published by us early in 1845, and a moderate edition sold. The next year, a selection from her "Papers on Literature and Art" was issued by Wiley and Putnam, in two fair volumes of their "Library of American Books." We believe the original edition was nearly or quite exhausted, but a second has not been called for, while books nowise comparable to it for strength or worth have run through half a dozen editions.²¹ These "Papers" embody some of her best contributions to the Dial, the Tribune, and perhaps one or two which had not appeared in either.

In the summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied the family of a devoted friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. She accompanied her friends next spring to the North of Italy, and there stopped, spending most of the summer at Florence, and returning at the approach of winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni, Marquis Ossoli, who had made her acquaintance during her first winter in the Eternal City. They have since resided in the Roman States until the last summer, after the surrender of Rome to the French army of assassins of liberty, when they deemed it expedient to migrate to Florence, both having taken an active part in the Republican movement which resulted so disastrously, – nay, of which the ultimate result is yet to be witnessed. Thence in June they departed and set sail at Leghorn for this port, in the Philadelphia brig Elizabeth, which was doomed to encounter a succession of disasters. They had not been many days at sea when the captain was prostrated by a disease which ultimately exhibited itself as confluent small-pox of the most malignant type, and terminated his life soon after they touched at Gibraltar, after a sickness of intense agony and loathsome horror. The vessel was detained some days in quarantine by reason of this affliction, but finally set sail again on the 8th ultimo, just in season to bring her on our coast on the fearful night between Thursday and Friday last, when darkness, rain, and a terrific gale from the southwest (the most dangerous quarter possible), conspired to hurl her into the very jaws of destruction. It is said, but we know not how truly, that the mate in command since the captain's death mistook the Fire Island light for that on the Highlands of Neversink, and so fatally miscalculated his course; but it is hardly probable that any other than a first-class, fully manned ship could have worked off that coast under such a gale, blowing him directly toward the roaring breakers. She struck during the night, and before the next evening the Elizabeth was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the boiling surges. Alas that our gifted friend, and those nearest to and most loved by her, should have been among them!

We trust a new, compact, and cheap edition or selection, of Margaret Fuller's writings will soon be given to the public, prefaced by a Memoir. It were a shame to us if one so radiantly lofty in intellect, so devoted to human liberty and well-being, so ready to dare and to endure for the upraising of her sex and

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



her race, should perish from among us, and leave no memento less imperfect and casual than those we now have. We trust the more immediate relatives of our departed friend will lose no time in selecting the fittest person to prepare a Memoir, with a selection from her writings, for the press.²² America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller, and it will be a public misfortune if her thoughts are not promptly and acceptably embodied.

* * * * *

Margaret Fuller Ossoli
By C.P. Cranch.

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

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

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

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

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



those who weep the radiance that is flown.

* * * * *

The Death of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

By Mary C. Ames.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

To the Memory of Margaret Fuller.

By E. Oakes Smith.



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

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

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

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

* * * * *

On the Death of Margaret Fuller.

By G.P.R. James.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the same billow, — in the same dark grave, — Mother, and
child, and husband, find their rest. The dream is ended; and the



solemn wave Gives back the gifted to her country's breast.

* * * * *

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

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

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

ARTHUR FULLER'S BOOK

July 24, Tuesday: At the consecration of the Pine Grove Cemetery in Lynn, Massachusetts, Charles Chauncy Shackford delivered an address.

[Henry Thoreau](#) dashed off a note to [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York –who obviously already knew that embarrassing bodies would not be found, and obviously was going to say nothing to anyone about this– and hastily set out for New York to search the beaches of Fire Island for literary and physical remains. He recovered a sand-clogged coat that had belonged to the *marchése* and tore a button from it as a keepsake. Some unimportant papers were turned up, but not the important book-length manuscript on the course of the revolution that had been refused publication in Italy nor any incidental letters or documents that might embarrass [Waldo Emerson](#) or other of [Margaret Fuller](#)'s American literary associates. Or, at least, that is what our history books and biographies now report: I prefer to speculate that, if Thoreau did turn up any papers, or if he had turned up any papers of consequence, he would have been a whole lot smarter than to turn these papers over to Emerson to be destroyed!²³

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“Why care for these dead bodies?”

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



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

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

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

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



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

TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

July 25, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) visited Nino’s new grave on Fire Island and remarked the fact that [Horace Greeley](#) had not shown up at the wreck scene, and remarked the fact that four bodies remained to be accounted for –Horace Sumner, and a sailor, and the two Ossolis. Clearly, this Captain James Wick, having illegally disposed of the bodies of the Ossolis after he found out they weren’t worth anything to the employer, was not going to be spreading it around, what he had done. The truth about the disposal of [Margaret Fuller](#)’s corpse would not be known for many years. Among the fascinated observers on shore that day had been Felix Dominy, keeper of the Fire Island Lighthouse and part-time correspondent for Horace Greeley’s New-York [Tribune](#), and his 9-year-old son Arthur. More than five decades later, Arthur Dominy was a superintendent for the Life Saving Service, in its 3rd district. On June 29, 1901, that son, Arthur Dominy, then in his early 50s, wrote a long letter to a Mrs. Anna Parker Pruyn in Albany, detailing the events of the shipwreck as he vividly remembered them:

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

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

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

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

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

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



are as above reported."

aring upon some
laring that the bones of Margaret
the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean,
noted Arthur Downing

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

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

TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

Thoreau wrote to Waldo Emerson:

*Fire Island Beach
Thursday morn. July 25 '50
Dear Friend,
I am writing this at the house of Smith Oakes, within one mile of the wreck. He is the one who rendered the most assistance. W^m H Channing came down with me, but I have not seen Arthur Fuller – nor Greeley, Nor Spring. Spring & Sumner were here yesterday but left soon. Mr Oakes & wife tell me (all the survivors came or were brought directly to their house) that the ship struck at 10 minutes after 4 AM. and all hands, being mostly in their night clothes made haste to the forecandle – the water coming in at once. There they remained the, passengers in the forecandle, the crew above it doing what they could. Every wave lifted the forecandle roof & washed over those within. The first man got ashore at 9. Many from 9 to noon-. At floodtide about 3 1/2 o'clock when the ship broke up entirely – they came out of the forecandle & Margaret sat with her back to the foremast with her hands over her knees – her husband & child already drowned – a great wave came & washed her off. The Steward? had just before taken her child & started for shore; both were drowned.
The broken desk in a bag – containing no very valuable papers – a large black leather trunk – with an upper and under apartment—*



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the upper holding books & papers— A carpet bag probably Ossolis and one of his? shoes – are all the Ossolis' effects known to have been found.

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

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

The wreck is to be sold at auction – excepting the hull – today

The mortar would not go off. Mrs Hasty the Captains Wife, told Mrs Oakes that she & Margaret divided their money—& tied up the halves in handkerchiefs around their persons that Margaret took 60 or 70 dollars. Mrs Hasty who can tell all about Margaret up to 11 'oclock on Friday is said to be going to Portland ME. today— She & Mrs Fuller must & probably will come together. The cook, the last to leave, & the Steward? will know the rest. I shall try to see them.

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

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

I found the engravings at Oakes'. They said that they were left out of the trunk. The gown and one article of the child's dress at Daniel Jones', Patchogue – and the other article of the child's dress at John Heinners in the same village. They said that they picked them up 1 1/2 or 2 miles east of the wreck. There were more things there and elsewhere which were either not worth taking – or not worth waiting to see.

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

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

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

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



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At Wm Smiths, near Patchogue a childs striped apron & a lady's skirt fringed.

Orrin Rose & Obadiah Greene of Sayville had something. a silk dress – "lilac ground, middling dark stripe" which I could not wait to get.

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

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

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

November: From this month until June of the following year, Elizabeth Oakes Smith would be providing a series of ten articles to [Horace Greeley's Tribune](#) under the title "Woman and Her Needs."

FEMINISM

1851

The Fox family relocated from Rochester, New York to New-York City, to stage further seances. Meanwhile, a pamphlet entitled DISCOVERY AND EXPLANATION OF THE SOURCE OF THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS THE ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS was produced in Buffalo. This announced that the "knockings" in question were being faked by voluntary partial dislocation of joints of the "spiritualist." Spiritualism and its professed ability to communicate with the dead was becoming a religious fervor as explosive as many of the other fervors that had been coming out of the "burned-over" upstate revivalist district. Although [Horace Greeley](#) was annoyed by the dancing furniture, floating heads, and other trickery many spiritualists were using, he remained ready to credit that the Fox sisters in particular would not make themselves part of any such fraud, and could truly be a source of some great new human discovery. He offered to educate the sisters at his expense, to put their fine minds in touch with the broader ideas of the world. Mrs. [Ann Leah Fox Fish](#) agreed to allow Kate to attend school, but Maggie was producing too much income. By this time Mrs. Fish had established herself as a spiritual medium as well, and her plan was to work the big city market while sending Maggie on a tour of Philadelphia and Washington DC.

SPIRITUALISM



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The 379-mile [Wabash and Erie Canal](#) connecting Defiance, Ohio to Evansville, Indiana became the longest main line canal in the USA. John L. Soule wrote, in the Terre Haute [Express](#), “Go west, young man, go west” ([Horace Greeley](#) would be going purple in the face denying that it had been him who had created such a remark).²⁴

During this year Greeley was not even in the USA. He was serving in London on the jury for the Crystal Palace exhibition, helping the Brits determine which entries would be allowed to have display space. He authored an introduction for a biography of [Lajos Kossuth](#).

24. [Greeley](#) would, however, involve himself deeply in the “Rain Follows the Plow” wish-fulfilment fantasy that would lead to intensive plowing of the high plains of the Great American Desert and, eventually, to the ecological disaster of the 1930s we know as the “Dust Bowl.” This would lead to the most desperate population migration that we have as yet seen on this continent. Had [Henry Thoreau](#) had a longer life, would he have wound up struggling with Greeley over this madness, and attempting to persuade American wish-fulfilment fantasists into a hydrological sanity?



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THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(A LECTURE BY HORACE GREELEY)

EACH age, each race, inscribes itself; with more or less distinctness, on History's dial. Nineveh, almost faded from our traditions of the world's infancy, revisits us in her freshly exhumed sculptures and in the vivid narrations of Layard. The Egypt of Sesostris and the Pharaohs survives no less in her pyramids and obelisks than in the ever-enduring records of Moses and Manetho. Jerusalem, in her lonely humiliation, best typifies the Hebrew state and race. Ancient Rome lives for us in the Capitol and the Coliseum, as does her medieval and sacerdotal offspring and namesake in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Royal and feudal France, the France of Richelieu and Louis le Grand, still lingers in the boundless magnificence and prodigality, the showy sieges and battle-pieces of Versailles. The England of the last three centuries confronts us in the Bank – not a very stately nor graceful edifice, it must be allowed; but very substantial and well furnished – the fit heart's core of a trading, money-getting people. So we Americans of the Nineteenth Century will be found in due time to have inscribed ourselves most legibly, though all unconsciously, on the earth's unfading records – how, or in what, time alone can tell. Perhaps a railroad over the Rocky Mountains, a telegraph across the Atlantic, a towering observatory has a new tropical plant confided to his charge, which, by a perfect knowledge of his art and an unbounded command of means, he induces to vegetate and flourish in that high latitude – of course, in an artificially fervid soil and under shielding glass. Here it grows and aspires with unimagined rapidity to an unprecedented height, threatening to shiver its frail covering in its upward career. Necessity, mother of invention, pricks on the unideal gardener to enlarge, and still enlarge, his glass shelter, which this aspiring rival of Jack's Bean-Stalk threatens to put his head and arms through in quest of altitude and sunshine: so he elevates and expands his crystal encasement, until, little by little, step by step, a stately glass house has been erected; and this becomes the model of the hitherto unsuggested Crystal Palace. The gardener had no premonition of this, no idea of anything beyond sheltering his delicate though gigantic plant, and saving its artificial Timbuctoo from destruction: 'He builded wiser than he knew.' But when plans and designs for the immense edifice required to hold the contributions of all nations to the grand Exposition were advertised for, he was prepared to compete for the proffered reward; and his plan, dictated to him by Nature herself, was found the best of all, adopted, and, with some necessary modifications of detail, carried into effect. The result was the Crystal Palace, the most capacious, convenient, economical, healthful, and admirable structure ever devised for any kindred purpose. Earth was ransacked for alluring marvels; Science



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racked its brains for brilliant combinations; Art exhausted its subtle alchemy in quest of dazzling effects; Labor poured out its sweat like rain to fill the grand receptacle with whatever is beautiful and winning: yet the Crystal Palace remained to the end the crowning triumph of all. Within the last century, London has expanded rapidly and immensely, but especially toward the West, or up the Thames. Temple Bar, the western boundary of the city proper, (or ancient London,) is now considerably East, I think, of the center of the Great Metropolis; while the present residences of nearly all the nobility and gentry are built on grounds which were open country since the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. In the center of this magnificent West end, between St. James's Palace and Kensington Gardens, though much nearer the latter, stretches HYDE PARK, one of the most spacious and pleasant expanses of sward and shade and water that eye ever feasted on. Boston Common would be somewhat like it, if it were ten times as large and twenty times as well watered as at present. Hyde Park is the favorite resort of the Aristocracy for equestrian and carriage exercise, and thoroughly justifies their choice. On the southern verge of this noble expanse, some three miles west of the Bank, Exchange, and London Bridge, the Crystal Palace was erected. It was not an imposing edifice. No stately gateway, no frowning turrets, no graceful spire, no lofty tower, marked the capacious structure from whose roof the flags of all nations rose and floated in perfect amity. Its slender ribs of iron, covered and hidden for some thirty feet from the earth by boards, like any house of wood, were thenceforth visible through the glass which formed the upper siding and roof, like a spider's web on the grass of a dewy morning. Slender iron columns or pillars, rising at intervals unperceived from beneath the floor, helped to sustain the weight of the slight yet ponderous roof, through which, though covered with canvas to modify the heat of the few sunny days vouchsafed to an English summer, an abundance of light, not only under the murkiest London skies, but even during the prevalence of the great July eclipse, was at all times received. So immense was the volume of atmosphere enclosed, or so perfect the arrangements for ventilation, that no sense of exhaustion or of breathing vitiated air was at any time experienced; for the building was something more than a third of a mile in length from east to west, some three hundred feet wide, and rather more than a hundred feet from floor to roof, with eight or ten large doors for entrance and exit hardly ever closed during the day. On a volume of atmosphere thus extended and constantly changing, the breathings of sixty thousand persons for hours could make no impression. In this vast bazaar, which a few months saw advance from its first conception to its perfect realization, and which yet was barely completed at the day appointed for opening the exhibition, the choice or characteristic products of all nations had already for some weeks been accumulating. Under the mere corner (though of itself covering more than an acre) devoted to machinery, mainly British, water-pipes and adaptations of steam-power had already been conducted, the steam itself being generated outside. An army of carpenters and other artisans had been some weeks at work on the fixtures and



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decorations of the several apartments, so that, when the eagerly expected opening day at length arrived, although the whole visible area had an unmistakable aspect of haste and rawness, – an odor born of green boards and fresh paint, – and although an infinity of carpenters' work still remained undone, especially in the galleries or upper story, yet the Exhibition was plainly there, and only needed time to perfect its huge proportions, and stand forth the acknowledged wonder of the world. The first of May, 1851, was a happy day for London. Her skies had relaxed something of their habitual sullenness to usher in the pageant whereby the Sovereign of the Realm, surrounded by her chief councilors and grandees, was to inaugurate the first grand Exhibition of All Nations' Industry. The rain, which, had dripped or pattered almost or quite daily for weeks, held up the evening before, and promised not to return for this whole May-day – a promise which was only broken by a slight shower at noon, too late to mar the interest or pleasure of the festival. At an early morning hour, a strong current of human life set westward from the city proper toward Hyde Park, and long before the doors of the House of Glass were opened, they, were surrounded by eager groups, though no admission was purchasable save at the cost of a season ticket – over fifteen dollars. Even thus, some thirty thousand enjoyed and swelled the indoor pageant; while perhaps ten times as many gazed from the parks and streets at the meager procession out-doors which escorted the Queen from her palace of St. James to the airier, richer palace of the working millions, the hall of vastest prophecy. There arrived a robed and jeweled procession of Princes and Embassadors – of noble Ladies and noble Workers – the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Paxton – the Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Stole, Gentleman Usher of Sword and State, Gold Stick in Waiting, Silver Stick in Waiting, and other such antediluvian absurdities – attended Her Majesty, along with the Foreign-Commissioners, Architects of the edifice, her older children, and some other living verities, on her slow and measured progress from side to side and end to end of the mighty convocation. This strange mingling of the real with the shadowy, the apposite with the obsolete, gave additional piquancy and zest to the spectacle. Had the courtly symbols of an outworn, out-grown feudal age appeared by themselves, we might have taken them for some fanciful creation of a mind diseased by reading [Froissart](#) and Walter Scott, and watched to see them exhale like ghosts at cock-crowing; but here they are so mixed up and blended with undeniable entities; with the solid and practical Prince Albert; with our own portly and palpable Embassador; with that world-known Celestial who accompanies and illustrates the Chinese Junk, himself first of matter-of-fact conservatives – a walking, human Junk – that we cannot refuse to credit its total verity, in spite of the glaring anachronisms. Then there was a prosy though proper Address read by Prince Albert as head of the Royal Commission to his Royal consort as head of the kingdom, telling her how the Exhibition was first started, and how it had moved onward till now – rather superfluous, it must be confessed, since they had doubtless talked the matter all over between them a dozen times when much more at their ease, and in a far more satisfactory manner; but



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Queens must endure and take part in some dreary absurdities as well as other people. This speech was through in time, and was very briefly and fittingly responded to. I trust the prayer which the Archbishop of Canterbury sent up in behalf of us all was as graciously received. There was some music, rather out of place and lost in the vastness of space to all but the few immediately under the transept, and some other performances; but all in perfect order, in due and punctual season, and without a betrayal of awkwardness or conscious incongruity. Between two and three o'clock, the pageant was at an end, – the Royal cortege departed, and the Exhibition formally opened. Let me now try to give some general notion of its character, by glancing at the more obvious details, so far as I, at this distance of time and space, may be able to recall them. There are doors on all sides, one or more devoted exclusively to the reception of articles for exhibition; one for Jurors in attendance on the Fair; others for the Police, the Royal visitors, &c.; while the main entrances for paying visitors are upon the south side, into the transept. But we will enter one of the three or four doors at the east end, and find ourselves at once in the excessive space devoted to contributions from the United States, and which thence seems sparsely filled. Before us are large collections of Lake Superior Native Copper, as it was torn from the rock, in pieces from the size of a bean up to one slab of more than a ton, though still but a wart beside some masses which have been wrenched from the earth's bosom, cut into manageable pieces of two to three tons, and thus dispatched to the smelting furnace and a market. New Jersey Zinc, from the ore to the powder, the paint, the solid metal, is creditably represented; and there are specimens of Adirondack Iron and Steel from Northern New-York which attract and reward attention. Passing these and various cabinets or solitary specimens of the Minerals of Maryland and other States, we are confronted by abundant bales of Cotton, barrels of Wheat and of Flour, cakes of Rice, &c.; while various clusters of ears of our yellow and white Indian Corn remind the English of one valued staple which our climate abundantly vouchsafes and theirs habitually denies. The 'Bay State' Shawls of Lawrence, the Axes of Maine, the Flint Glass of Brooklyn, the Daguerreotypes of New-York and Philadelphia, (whose excellence was acknowledged from the first by nearly every critic) next salute us; and near them are the specimens of various Yankee Locks, and in their midst the invincible Hobbs, a small, young, shrewd, quiet-seeming Yankee, but evidently distinguished for penetration, who would have made fewer enemies in England had he proved less potent a master of his calling. And now we are at the Grand Aisle, across which is the U.S. Commissioner's office, with that much ridiculed 'pasteboard eagle' displayed along its front, and certainly looking as if its appetite would overtax any ordinary powers of digestion. In front of the office are Yankee Stoves, Safes, Light Wagons, and Carriages, Plows and other agricultural implements, including the since famous 'Virginia Reaper,' which was for months a butt of British journalistic waggery, having been described by one Reporter as 'a cross between an Astley's chariot, a flying machine, and a treadmill.' They spoke of it far more respectfully after it had



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been set to work, with memorable results; and it must in fairness be confessed that beauty is not its best point, and that, while nothing is more effective in a grain-field, many things would be more comely in a drawing-room. But let us return to the main aisle, and, starting at its eastern end, proceed westward. A model Railroad Bridge of wood and iron fills a very large space at the outset, and is not deemed by British critics a brilliant specimen of Yankee invention. (One of them, however, at length candidly confessed that its capacity of endurance and of resistance must be very great, or the weight of ridicule heaped upon it must inevitably have broken it down long before.) Upon it is a handsome show of India Rubber fabrics by Goodyear; while beyond it, toward the west, in a chosen locality in the center of the aisle, stands 'the Greek Slave' of Powers, one of the sweetest and most popular achievements of the modern chisel, here constantly surrounded by a swarm of admirers; yet I think it not the best of Powers's works - I am half inclined to say, not among his best. He has several stronger heads, possessing far more character, in his studio at Florence; and yet I am glad this statue was in the Exhibition, for it enabled the critics of the London press to say some really smart things about Greek and American slaves, and the Slave as a representative and masterpiece of American artistic achievement, which that heavy metropolis could not well have spared. Let us not grudge them a grin, even at our expense; for mirth promotes digestion, and the hit in this instance is certainly a fair one. 'The Dying Indian,' just beside the Slave: by a younger and less famous American artist, is a work of power and merit, though the delineation of agony and approaching death can hardly be rendered pleasing. Is it not remarkable that a chained and chattelized woman, and a wounded, dying Indian, should be the subjects chosen by American sculptors for their two works whereby we shall be most widely known in connection with this Exhibition? - But we cross the imaginary line which here separates the United States from the nations of Continental Europe, and look westward. How magnificent the prospect! Far above is the sober sky of canvas-covered glass, through which the abundant light falls gently and mellowly. Spacious and richly decorated galleries, some sixty feet apart, overhang all the ground floor but the grand aisle, and are themselves the depositories of many of the richest and most tempting fabrics and lighter wares exhibited. The aisle itself, farther than the eye can reach, is studded with works of art; statues in marble, in bronze, in plaster, in zinc; here a gigantic Amazon on horseback, there a raging lion, a classic group, or a pair of magnificent bronze vases enriched with exquisite representations of scenes from the master-singers of antiquity. Busts, Casts, Medallions, and smaller Bronzes abound; with elegant Clocks, Chandeliers, Cabinets, &c.; for each nation whose department we pass has arranged its most enticing products in front, so that they shall be seen from the grand aisle, putting its homelier though in some cases intrinsically more valuable productions in the back-ground. Russia's superb tables and slabs of richest Malachite stand just far enough out of the aisle within her allotted space to draw thither the wandering gazer to view her imperial structures of gilded Porcelain,



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colored Glass and other barbaric marvels. Austria has brought hither and put in order a Suite of rooms sumptuously furnished and ornamented according to her highest ideal of taste and luxury. France displays in the foreground her admirable Bronzes, Porcelain, Musical Instruments, &c.; and so Northern Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and other European states, each 'put its best foot foremost,' in a sense hardly metaphorical. Behind these dainty and rare fabrics are ranged others less difficult of achievement – costly Silks and Laces; then Woolens and Muslins; and behind these you often stumble on coils of Rope or Wire; bars of Steel or pigs of Iron; Saws, Files, and Hammers; Stoves, Grates and Furnaces; Bedsteads, Chairs and Lanterns – these, as you pass laterally from the dazzling glories of the center aisle, between the well-filled sub-compartments devoted to fabrics of taste and adornment, will greet you before you reach the outer walls. For the Crystal Palace has its homelier aspects, like any other, and it but follows the general usage in keeping them as much in the back-ground as possible. But we pass on down the Grand Aisle, to the Transept or cross, where both the height and width of the building are considerably increased, in order, it would seem, to save two stately and beautiful trees, (elms,) which here stand in apposition some two hundred feet apart. The Transept embraces and covers both, leaving each ample room to grow and flourish; while, half-way between them, in the exact center of the Palace, a spacious and copious Fountain, wholly of glass, throws its sparkling torrent high into the air, whence it descends from crystal cup to cup, each considerably wider than that next above it, until it reaches the lowest and largest, near the ground, thence gliding away unseen. There are few finer effects in the Exhibition than this of the Crystal Fountain, which utterly shames the Koh-i-Noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' said to be the largest diamond in the world, and computed worth several millions of dollars, which, obviously over-guarded against robbery, rests in its gilded cage beside the Fountain. No child, looking from one to the other, ever suspected, until told it, that the Diamond was deemed worth more than the Fountain. Here are displayed full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and her husband, – the latter once handsome, now gross-featured and rather heavy, but still a man of fair appearance, good sense and varied information. The Queen, never beautiful, has sacrificed her youthful freshness to the cares of maternity and the exactions of late hours and luxurious living, so that at thirty-two she looks plain and old, – not in this portrait, but in her living self. But uncommon energy, activity, shrewdness, with an earnest desire to please her people and promote their welfare, still remain to her, and have rendered her the most popular British Sovereign of the Guelphic family. The Transept is the heart of the Exhibition, to which all currents converge, from which all expeditions, whether of criticism or discovery, take their departure. Here abound Marble Statues, gigantic Brazen Gates and other works of Art; while around it are located the fabrics of Turkey and of China, of Australia and of British America, which are as interesting and instructive in their rudeness and clumsiness as others in their grace and perfection. You could hardly realize



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without seeing them what wretched contrivances for Candlesticks, Culinary Utensils, Locks and Keys, &c. &c., are still slowly, toilsomely fabricated in Turkey, in Barbary, and in other half-civilized countries. A decent knowledge of the Useful Arts is yet confined to a few nations, and is imperfectly diffused even in these. And here, too, is sad Italy, not allowed to compete in her own name, but sending feeble and timid contributions as 'Sardinia,' 'Tuscany,' 'Rome,' &c., nothing being allowed to come from Naples. The Roman States, in the heart of ancient Civilization, with Three Millions of People yet, fill half a page of the Catalogue, or about one-seventeenth of the space required by the more distant United States; while the beautiful Statuary of the School of Milan, including the Veiled Vestal, one of the most original and admirable works in the Exhibition, is set down to the credit of Austria! There is a debtor as well as creditor side to that Austro-Italian account, and settlement cannot be refused for ever. Great Britain and her Colonies engross the entire Western half of the Exhibition, and fill it creditably. In the Fine Arts, properly so called, she has probably less than a fourth of what is contributed; but in Iron and its multiform products she has far more than all the World beside. In Steam Engines and Force-Pumps, Looms and Anvils, Ores and Castings, Buttons, Steel Pens, &c., all the rest combined could not compare with her. I doubt if the world ever before saw so complete and instructive a collection of Ores and Minerals as are here brought together, or that Geology was ever studied under auspices more favorable than this collection would afford. Nearly every metal known to man may here be seen, first as ore, and then in every stage up to that of perfect adaptation to our various human needs. So in the department of Machinery. I think no collection so varied and complete of Looms, Presses, Mills, Pumps, Engines, &c., &c., was ever before grouped under one roof. The immense Manufacturing capacity and aptitude of Great Britain are here abundantly represented. From the unequalled Shawls of Cashmere to the fabrics woven of reeds or bark by Australian savages; from the Coal of Pictou to the Spices of Ceylon; almost every thing which mankind have agreed to value and consecrate as property, is collected in the western half of the Crystal Palace, under the folds of the meteor flag, and displayed as specimens of the products of Queen Victoria's spacious Realm. Here Manchester unrolls her serviceable fabrics and Birmingham displays her cheap and varied wares; here Sheffield, Glasgow, Belfast, and other centers of a vast manufacturing activity, solicit your attention to whatever is most showy or most substantial among their multiform productions. Gilded Fire-places of silver-shining steel, or snowy, speckless marble; vessels of Iron, of Clay, or of Tin; Robes and Couches, Cannon and Bibles, Grindstones and Pianos, by turns arrest the gaze in a bewildering medley, which yet is not quite confusion; for most of the articles are roughly classified, and the vast area is divided into an infinity of apartments, or 'courts,' closed at the sides, which are covered with cards of their proper wares, as is often the end farthest from the center aisle, and sometimes a good part of the front also. Behind each court is an open passage-way, walled in by



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displays usually of homely wares and fabrics, mainly of iron, or brass, and behind these again are other courts, more open and irregular than the former, devoted to Castings, Metals, Ores, and the ruder forms of mineral wealth, occasionally giving place to the Refreshment Saloons wherewith the Palace is abundantly provided – to Committee Rooms, Jury Rooms, and other incidents of the Exhibition. And, thus environed, we move on, westward, until the grand Machinery Room absorbs henceforth the entire space to the north of us, the hum of its innumerable Wheels, Rotary Pumps, Looms, Spinning-Jennies, Flax-Dressers, Printing-Presses, &c., &c., at all times audible from the distant center of the Palace, in spite of well directed efforts to drown it. At last we reach the western doorway, half obstructed by gigantic Bells and other bulky Manufactures, beyond which is the naked Park, or would be but for the still huger blocks of Coal, Stone, &c., for which no place could be made within the building – and our journey is at an end. But no – we have not yet mounted to the upper story, whither four broad and spacious stairways in different parts of the building invite us. Here is a new immensity of Silks and Scarfs, of Millinery and costly Furniture, including illustrations of the Spaniard's ideal of sumptuous magnificence: here Belgium has tried her hand at bronzes with indifferent, and at Castings with considerable success: Here the finest achievements in Paper-Hanging and Window-Shading adorn the walls for hundreds of feet, some of the spacious curtains scarcely inferior in effect to any but the very best paintings; while the thousand costly trifles born of Parisian art and elegance vie with London's less graceful but more massive creations in filling the vast amphitheatre with wealth beyond the wildest dreams of a Sindbad or Aladeen. Such pyramids of Jewelry and Plate were never before collected under one roof. Clusters of Pearls and Diamonds, each a generous fortune, are here lost in the ocean of magnificence; a single firm has One Million Dollars' worth within a moderate compass; while the displays of rivals in pandering to luxury and ostentation stretch on either hand as far as the vision can reach. The industry and practical genius of Britain are evinced in the Machinery and serviceable Fabrics below, but her unequalled riches and aristocratic pomp are more vividly depicted here. But the eyes ache, the brain reels, with this never-ending succession of the sumptuous and the gorgeous; one glimpse of sterile heath, bare sand, or beetling crag, would be a sensible relief. Wearily we turn away from this maze of sensual delights, of costly luxuries, and listlessly wander to that part of the gallery nearest the Transept, with its towering Elms, its Crystal Fountain, its gigantic Brazen Gates, its Statues, its Royal Portraits, and caged Diamond; but these we do not care to look upon again. MAN is nobler than the works of his hands; let us pause and observe. Hark! the clock strikes ten; the gates are opened; the crowds which had collected before them begin to move. No tickets are used; no change given; it is a 'shilling day,' and whoever approaches any of the gates which open to the general public must have his shilling in hand, so as to pay without stopping the procession as he passes in. In twenty minutes our scattered, straggling band of Jurors, Exhibitors,



Policemen and servitors will have been swelled by at least ten thousand gazers; within the hour fifteen thousand more have added themselves to the number; by one o'clock the visitors have increased to fifty thousand: every corner and nook swarm with them; even the alleys and other standing room in the gallery are in good part blocked with them; but the wave-like, endless procession which before and below us sweeps up and down the Central Aisle is the grand spectacle of all. From our elevated and central position almost the entire length of this magnificent promenade is visible, from the pasteboard eagle of America on the east to the massive bells and other heavy British products which mark the western door, though the view is somewhat broken by a few towering trophies of artistic skill, to which places have been assigned at intervals in the middle of the aisle, leaving a broad passage-way on either side. Far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads is presented, denser toward the center just before us, but with scarcely an interruption any where. The individuals who make up this marching array are moving in opposite directions,²⁵ or turning off to the right or to the left, and so lost to our view in 'Austria,' 'Russia,' 'Switzerland,' or 'France;' but the river flows on unchecked, undiminished, though the particular drops we gazed on a minute ago have passed from our view for ever. Still, mainly from the south, a steady stream of new comers, fifty to a hundred per minute, is pouring in to join the eager throng, but scarcely suffice to swell it. The machinery-room, the galleries, the side-passages, the refreshment saloons, absorb as fast as the in-flowing current can supply; until, about three o'clock, the tide turns, and the departures thence exceed the arrivals. At length the hour of six strikes, and the edifice is quietly, noiselessly vacated and closed. But this vast tide of life, which ebbs and flows beneath our gaze as we stand in the gallery, near as we may to the Crystal Fount, is not a mere aggregation of human beings. London, herself a mimic world, has sent hither not merely her thousands but her tens. Among that moving mass you may recognize her ablest and her wisest denizens – her De la Beche, her Murchison, her Brewster, and others honorably distinguished in the arduous paths of Science. Here, too, are her Cobden, her Sturge, her Russell, and others eminent in council and in legislative halls. Of the Peers who make her their winter residence, the names of Canning, Granville, Wharncliffe, Argyle, De Mauley and others are honorably connected with the Exhibition, to which they give their time as Jurors; and they are among its almost daily visitors, mainly distinguished by their quiet bearing and simple, unpretending manners. And here, too, may be often seen the age-enfeebled frame of her veteran Wellington, the victor in so many hard-fought fields and the final vanquisher of the greatest of modern warriors. Though his eye is dim and his step no longer firm, the conqueror of Hindostan, the Liberator of the Peninsula, the victor of Waterloo, still emphatically the 'Duke,' is among the most absorbed and constant visitors of the great Exhibition, carefully scanning the more interesting

25. This reproduction is from the original (borrowed from Harvard's Widener Library): The Crystal Palace and Its Lessons: A Lecture by Horace Greeley (1852).



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objects in detail, and gazing by the hour on achievements so different from those of Assaye, Salamanca and the Chateau of Hougomont. Do those dull ears, though deafened by twenty years' familiarity with the roar of artillery, catch some prophetic premonition of the New Age dawning upon mankind, wherein Carnage and Devastation shall no more secure the world's proudest honors, while Invention and Production sink into unmarked graves? Sees that dim eye, rekindled for a moment by the neighborhood of death, the approach of that glorious era wherein Man the creator and beautifier shall be honored and fêted and Man the destroyer discrowned? His furrowed brow, his sunken eye, return no answer to our eager question, as he slowly, thoughtfully, plods on. But not London, not England, alone: the Civilized World here strongly represented. America and Russia, France, and Austria, Belgium and Spain, have here their Commissioners, their Notables, their savans, earnestly studying the Palace and its contents, eager to carry away something which shall be valued and useful at home. A Yankee Manufacturer passes rapidly through the Machinery-room until his eye rests on a novel combination for weaving certain fabrics, when, after watching it intently for a few minutes, he claps his hands and exclaims in unconscious, irrepressible enthusiasm, "That will pay my expenses for the trip!" On every side sharp eyes are watching, busy brains are treasuring, practical fingers are testing and comparing. Here are shrewd men from the ends of the earth: can it be that they will go home no wiser than they came? Many are here officially, and under pay from their respective governments: some of them sent out of compliment to Her Majesty, who specially invited the cooperation of their masters; but there are skillfull artificers, and mechanics also, from Paris, from Brussels, and from far Turin, sent here by subscription expressly that they may study, profit by and diffuse the Arts here exhibited in perfection. About the pleasantest fellow I met in London was a Turkish official, military by profession, born a Frenchman, but naturalized at Stamboul, who spoke good English and seemed to understand the world very fairly, though (I judge) rather less a Saint than a Philosopher. The noblest and truest man I encountered in Europe was a Belgian Manufacturer and Juror; and though there were doubtless many unworthy persons attracted to London by the novel spectacle, I doubt whether any General Council of the Christian Church has ever convened an assemblage on the whole superior, morally and intellectually, to that summoned to London by the great Exhibition. So much of the Crystal Palace and its Contents. And now of its Lessons. I rank first among these that of the practicability and ultimate certainty of Universal Peace. There have been several amateur Peace Congresses, after a fashion: but I esteem this the first satisfactory working model of a Peace Congress. The men of the Sword and their champions tell us that Nations will not submit their conflicting claims and jarring interests to the chances of Arbitration; but here they did it, and with the most satisfactory results. Individual heart-burnings there must ever be; cases of injustice, neglect of merit, and partiality, there probably were; but as a whole the award of Prizes at the Fair was discriminating and satisfactory. If the representatives of



rival nations there assembled had set to fighting for the honor and credit of their several countries; hired all the bravoos and marketable ruffians they could find to help them; run in debt for more than they were worth; and finally burned up the Glass Palace with all its contents in the heat of the fray – who imagines that the result would have been more conclusive and satisfactory than it now is? Yet. the contrast between the settlement of National differences by War and by Arbitration is favorable to the latter mode as in the parallel case of rival pretensions to superiority in Art and Industry. But while I hold that Arbitration is the true mode of settling National differences, and War at all times a blunder and a crime on the part of those who wage it, refusing to arbitrate, I do not therefore hold that those who seek only justice should disarm and proclaim their unqualified adhesion to the doctrines of Non-Resistance, and thus invite the despot, the military adventurer, the pirate; to overrun and ravage at their will. I do not believe that peace and justice are in this way attainable, out by quite a different, an almost opposite course. Let the lovers of Freedom and Right repudiate all standing armies, all military conquests, under any conceivable circumstances – all aggressive interference in the domestic concerns of other nations; but let each People be essentially prepared to resist tyranny at home and repel invasion from abroad, each with its own chosen weapons when others shall have proved ineffective. Let the just and pacific take up a position which says to the restless and rapacious, “Be quiet, and do not put us to the disagreeable necessity of quieting you, which you see we are perfectly able to do,” – then and thus we may hope for peace; but not while the ‘old man’ absolutely relies on driving off the ‘rude boys’ who are ‘stealing his apples,’ with ‘words and grass’ only. Akin to this is my view of the question of regulated or unrestricted Trade between Nations, which worthily holds so prominent a place in the popular discussions of our time. That men should buy and sell precisely as their several interests (real or fancied) shall dictate, without interference therewith or tax thereon by Governments, – this is a very natural arid popular demand, which clearly harmonizes with a prevailing tendency of our time, whereof the deification of the individual will and pleasure is the end. But, standing amidst this labyrinth of British machinery, this wilderness of European fabrics, I cannot but ask, – How, with totally unregulated trade, is the all but resistless tendency of Manufactures and Commerce to Centralization to be resisted? How, for instance, shall we rationally hope for the rapid, extensive naturalization of new Arts, the establishment of new and difficult branches of Manufacture, requiring large capital, practiced skill and ample markets to ensure their success, in any quarter of the globe but Europe, while that continent remains the focus of the world’s commercial activity and thrift? Suppose, for example, an American should be able to produce the richest and most tasteful fabrics of the French or Flemish looms as cheaply as, or even more cheaply than, his European rivals, – what are his chances for success in the manufacture? Are there ships departing from our seaports daily to every inhabited portion of the earth,



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laden with assorted cargoes of ordered and anxiously expected American fabrics? Have we great mercantile houses engaged in buying up such American fabrics for exportation? Nay, do our own Countrywomen stand ready to buy his Bareges or Laces at the prices which they are daily and freely paying for just such goods from Europe? Suppose he could fabricate a hundred thousand pieces per annum at the lowest possible price for which they can be made in Europe, could he sell them as fast as produced? No, he could not; he does not. The producers in immediate proximity to, in intimate relations with, the 'merchant princes' of Europe, who are the life-long factors of the traders of India, of Australia, of Asia Minor, Africa and Russia, have an immense advantage over any rivals located on the Western Continent, or at any similar distance from the commercial centers of Western Europe. The rule that "To him who hath shall be given, while from him who hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," is perpetually and powerfully operative to concentrate the Manufactures and Trade of the world upon London, Paris, and their out-of-town workshops, which, for all commercial purposes, are a part of themselves. This Centralization, unchecked, tends to depopulate and barbarize the rest of the earth to build up a bloated and factitious prosperity in Western Europe – a prosperity whereof the Laboring Millions are instruments, not sharers – a prosperity whereof a few immense fortunes, amassed at the cost of the world's impoverishment, are the sole enduring trophies. The system which in the name of Free Trade is calculated to secure a monopoly of Production and Commerce in all but the ruder Arts and Manufactures to Great Britain, France and Germany, tends to tax the food-grower and the artisan half the value of their respective products for the cost of transporting them to and exchanging them with each other, and so keep them in perpetual vassalage and debt to the 'merchant princes,' instead of rendering them neighbors and direct exchangers, and thus saving the heavy cost of reaching each other across an ocean and a continent. These convictions are not new to me, but they were strengthened by weeks of earnest observation in the Crystal Palace. More and more was I there convinced that Price is not an infallible measure of Cost, and that a foreign fabric is not proved cheaper than a home-made one because it is purchased in preference, nor even because it is sold at a lower price. If the whole Earth is ever to be truly Civilized, it must be by the diffusion of the Useful Arts and their Machinery rather than of their finished products. If Universal Labor is ever to be constantly employed and fairly rewarded, it must be through a more direct and intimate relation of laborer with laborer; not through the system of complexity, aggregation and needless expense wherein the grain-grower of Illinois hires, through half a dozen intermediates, his Iron made in Wales; and sends his grain thither to pay for the work, instead of having it done at the ore-bed in his township; with the coal which underlies the whole County. I know how strong is the current against this view of Labor's true interest; but the world will refuse to be ruled by names and plausibilities for ever. But the Crystal Palace has other lessons for us than those of Political Economy – it has Social suggestions as well. Here



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are Hollow Brick, destined, I think, to supersede nearly all others, saving half the expense of solid brick for material and transportation, being far more quickly and cheaply burned; far more easily handled and laid; rendering houses entirely free from dampness, less susceptible to Summer's heat and Winter's cold, while proffering new facilities for warming, ventilation, &c. The invention and diffusion of this Brick alone seem to me worth to mankind the cost of the Exhibition. Here, too, is Claussen, with his Flax discoveries and processes, whereby the entire fiber of the plant is separated from the woody matter of the stalk and rendered as soft, fine, white and tractable as the choicest Sea-Island Cotton, which it greatly resembles; while, by a little change in the mode of preparing it, it is made closely to imitate Linen, Cotton or Woolen, and to blend freely in the same web with either. The worth of this discovery to mankind can hardly be overestimated. Here, too, is his Circular Loom, steadily weaving bags without a seam, and capable of infinite varieties of practical application. Here is McCormick, with his masterly Reaper, cutting as clean as Death's sythe, and almost as rapidly; so that the field of waving grain, which the eye could scarcely measure in the morning, has been transformed by it into a field of naked stubble before evening. Here is Ericsson, with his new Caloric Engine, threatening to reduce steam to its primary insignificance - as, indeed, hundreds have threatened before, but as yet none have quite accomplished. Let us hope that some of the present noble strivers will be more successful; for, indeed, steam, though it has done the world good service, is a most expensive ally; the great bulk and weight of fuel and water it requires to have carried along with it have rendered it thus far entirely useless for locomotive purposes except on a liquid or metallic track; while the frequent stoppages it exacts, the nicety of management it demands, and the serious disasters its use involves, unite to proclaim that a blessed day in which mankind shall be able to dispense with it. Whether Ericsson, Page, or some other 'visionary,' shall achieve for us that victory, I dare not predict; but that its achievement is close at hand, I affirm with undoubting confidence. A kindred improvement is about to be inaugurated in the more extended and diversified employment of GAS. A hundred models of Gas Stoves, Gas Burners, Gas Cooking Ranges; &c., were exhibited at the Fair, each warranted, (as usual,) to save half the fuel and render treble the service of any other; yet I was not able to designate anyone of them as particularly meritorious, nor did the Jury on this department award a premium to any. All seems yet crude and infantile in this field of invention. Yet the study of the various models and contrivances for Gas-burning there presented, fixed me in the novel faith that Gas is ultimately to be not only the main agent of illumination but the chief fuel also of all cities and villages; that the time is at hand when the head of a family, the solitary lodger, requiring either heat or light, will simply touch a bell in his own room and be supplied with the indicated quantity of Gas, whether for culinary purposes, for warmth, for light, or all together; and that thus the cost, the trouble, the dust, of making fires in all parts of a building, carrying fuel thither



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and removing ashes there-from, will be obviated; and a single fire, constantly maintained, subserve admirably the purpose of them all, saving the labor and cost of five hundred wasteful kindlings and clearings, beside affording heat at the moment it is wanted, and stopping its consumption the instant the want is satisfied. This is but one among a thousand noiseless agencies constantly preaching the advantages and economies of COMBINATION, and indicating the certainty that through Coöperation lies the way whereby Labor is to emerge from bondage, anxiety and need into liberty and assured competence. This truth, long apparent to the eye of Reason, threatens to be made palpable even to stolidity and stagnation by the sharp spur of Necessity. Rude, rugged Labor must organize itself for its appointed task of production, or it will soon have nothing to do. It must concentrate its energies for the creation of commodious and economical homes, or it will have no home but the Union Work-house. It must save and combine its earnings, for the purchase and command of Machinery; or Machinery, owned by and working for Capital alone, will reduce it to insignificance, want and despair. On every side the onward march of Invention is constant; rapid, inexorable. The human Reaper of thirty years ago, finds to-day a machine cutting grain twenty times as fast as ever he could; he gets three days' work as its waiter where he formerly had three weeks' steady harvesting: the work is as well done as of old, and far cheaper; but his share of the product is sadly diminished. The Planing Machine does the work of two hundred men admirably, and pays moderate wages to three or four; the Sewing Machine, of moderate cost, performs easily and cheaply the labors of forty seamstresses; but all the seamstresses in the world probably do not own the first machine. And so muscular force, or mere Labor, becomes daily more and more a drug in the market, shivers at the approach of winter, cringes lower and lower at the glance of a machine-lord or landlord, and vainly paces street after street, with weary limbs and sinking heart, in quest of 'something to do.' The only effectual remedy for this deplorable state and still more deplorable tendency is found, not in Destruction but in Construction, - not in Anarchy and war on the rights of Property, but in Order and the creation of more property by and for the Poor - not in envy and hatred of the Rich, but in general study and imitation of the forecast and frugality by which they were made rich, which are as potent this hour as they ever were, and which, wise Coöperation will render effective for the Poor of to-day. In this country, where so much land is still unappropriated and the legal right of Association is absolute and universal the Laboring Classes are masters of their own destiny, and that of their brethren throughout the world. A thousand young men, inured to labor and as yet unburthened with families, can save at least one hundred dollars each in the space of two years if they will; and by wisely and legally combining this in a capital of \$100,000, investing it judiciously in Land, Machinery and Buildings, under the direction of their ablest and most responsible members, they may be morally certain henceforth of constant employment for each, under circumstances which will ensure them the utmost efficiency and the full reward of their



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labor. To Woman, whose work is still more depressed and still more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing emancipation and just recompense are substantially the same. The workers, in every department of industry, may secure and own the Machinery best calculated to give efficiency, to their labor, if they will but unitedly, persistently try. Through the scientific Association of Labor and Capital, three-fourths of them may within five years accomplish this, while by heedlessness and isolated competition they are sure to miss it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Labor working against Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the hand-loom weavers all over the globe sufficiently attests; Labor working for Machinery, in which it has no interest, can obtain in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing subsistence; while to Labor working with Machinery, which it owns and directs, there are ample recompense, steady employment, and the prospect of gradual improvement. Such is one of the great truths confirmed by the lessons of the Crystal Palace. Another truth forcibly taught there is that of the steadiness of the march of Invention and the infinite capacity of the laws and forces of Nature to minister more and more readily and amply to the sustenance and comfort of Man. We are obviously as yet on the bare threshold of chemical discovery and mechanical contrivance for the benefit of Man. The inventor of the steam engine still lived within the memory of many of us; yet even he never dreamed of the stupendous improvements already made on his invention, and the infinite adaptations to human wants of which it is fully proved susceptible. A first class North River or Sound Steam-boat, much more an Atlantic Steam-ship, would have astounded even him. But, though the capacities of Steam are not half exhausted, we grow dissatisfied with its performance and impatient of its conditions; we demand its power without its weight, its bulk, its cost, its explosive tendencies, or rather those of the elements from which it is evolved – and Electricity, Air, Gunpowder, and other potencies, are analyzed and interrogated in quest of the most advantageous substitute – a search which will ultimately achieve success. The only question is one of time. So in every department of mechanics and manufactures: The victory of to-day opens the path to grander and more beneficent victories to-morrow. There never was a single mind capable of conceiving and working out the idea of the Power Printing Press of to-day, nor that of the best Carpet-Looms and Paper-Mills in use; each has been produced by gradual, step-by-step improvement; the goal of one inventor serving as the starting-point of his successor; and often an invention which failed to subserve its intended purpose has been found eminently useful in a very different sphere and connection; or, after having been cast aside as worthless, has supplied the necessary hint to another inventor, who has been guided by it to a new achievement of signal beneficence. No real penetration into the arcana of Nature's forces was ever fruitless or unsuggestive. The unpractical side of a newly discovered scientific truth indicates the position and nature of the practical side as well. To my mind nothing is clearer than this – the immense strides and vast scope of invention and discovery



during the last age, render morally certain the achievement of far more and greater triumphs during the like period just before us. The Railway and its train are by no means the utmost possibilities of over-land locomotion; the Telegraph is not the last word of electricity; the Steamship is not the acme of Ocean navigation. These ennobling triumphs herald others which shall swiftly succeed them; and so in all the departments of applied science. And among the agencies which aided and accelerated the march of Invention, which impelled the car of Industrial Progress, I doubt not that our children, looking back on that progress from heights whereof we can but vaguely dream, will honorably distinguish the World's Exhibition of 1851. Nor can we hesitate to class among the lasting benefits of this Exhibition the wider and deeper appreciation of Labor as a chief source of human enjoyment and a ground of respect and honor for its votaries. I know how little sincerity or depth there is in the usual Fourth-of-July declamation in behalf of the dignity of Labor, the nobleness of Labor, and the like, by men who never did a bona fide day's work with their hands unless absolutely driven to it, and who would be ashamed of being caught wheeling a barrow or wielding a spade, unless obviously for exercise or pastime; yet, since 'Hypocrisy is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue,' even this empty glorification of Labor has some value as a demonstration, if not of what the fortunate think, at least of what they think they ought to think. But the tribute paid to Labor in the Great Exhibition was far deeper and higher than this. Here were tens of thousands gathered daily to study and admire the chosen products of the loom, the forge, the shop, the studio, nine-tenths of them from no other impulse than that afforded by the pleasure and instruction found therein. Can all this sink into the ground, and be forgotten? Shall not we, for instance, who presume ourselves better appreciators of labor than the gilded aristocracies and squalid peasantries of Europe, think more of Industrial capacity since we feel that our country was saved from disgrace at this grand tournament of Industry by the genius of Hobbs, of Steers, of Dick, of McCormick? And shall not the Dukes, the Lords, the Generals, the Honorables, who met from day to day to inspect, scrutinize, compare and judge the rival products of England, France, Germany and America, in order to award the palm of excellence to the worthiest in each department - who severally felt a thrill of pleasure when a countryman bore off the palm and a pang of disappointment and chagrin when none such was found entitled to commendation, - shall they not henceforth hold in juster esteem the sphere of Creative Art wherein such trophies were lost or won? I cannot doubt the beneficent influence of this Exhibition, both in inspiring workers with a clearer consciousness of the quiet dignity of their own sphere, and in diffusing, deepening, a corresponding appreciation in the minds of others. If so, who shall say that the Great Exhibition was held in vain? Yet one more lesson: The 'World's Fair' shall teach us the cheering truth that there is rightfully no such thing as 'Over-Production,' or a glut in the Labor market. There may be mis-directed, wasted, useless or worse than useless Industry, like that devoted to the fabrication of implements of Gaming or



Intoxicating Beverages; but of the Labor and Skill devoted to the production of whatever is needful, is tributary to Man's physical sustenance, intellectual and moral culture, or material comfort, there are not and cannot be too much. If all were to insist on being employed and subsisted in the fabrication of Hats or of Chintzes, of Pianos or Wall-paper, there would of course be a glut in that particular department, but a corresponding deficiency in others. Not until every family shall be provided with, a commodious and comfortable habitation, and that habitation amply supplied with Food, and Fuel not only, but with Clothing, Furniture, Books, Maps, Charts, Globes, Musical Instruments and every other auxiliary to Moral and Intellectual growth as well as to Physical comfort, can we rationally talk of excessive Production. There is no such thing as general Over-Production, and can be none. Immense as the collection of useful products which the Crystal Palace enfolds, it is yet but a drop in the bucket when compared with the far vaster aggregate required to satisfy the legitimate wants even of Europe alone, though that is by far the best supplied of the four quarters of the globe. If each dwelling in wealthy and profusely manufacturing England alone were to be fitly and adequately furnished from the existing stores, the undertaking would very soon dismantle not merely the Crystal Palace but nearly all the shops and warehouses in the Kingdom. There is at no time a lack of employment because no more needed work remains undone, but only because the machinery of Production has not yet been so adjusted and perfected as to bring the Work and the Workers into their rightful and fruitful relation. Up and down the streets of every great city wander thousands after thousands, seeking work from day to day, and seeking it in vain, when they themselves would reciprocally afford a demand for each other's labor, a market for each other's products, if they could be placed where they truly belong. Several know how to spin Cotton, Flax or Wool; others to weave them all into fabrics; and still others to fashion them into the garments whereof the unemployed nearly all stand in need; while other thousands of this hungry multitude know how to grow the grain, and dig or cut the fuel, and make the bread, which are essential to them all. Then why roam this haggard legion from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, idle, anxious, famished, tattered, miserable and despairing? Do you answer that they lack Industrial training, and thence productive efficiency? Then, I tell you, the greater shame to us, practical workers or in some sense capitalists, who, realizing their defect and how it crushes them to the earth - realizing, at least, that they must live somehow, and that, so long as they may remain idle their sustenance must come out of our earnings or our hoards - still look vacantly, stupidly on, and see them flounder ever in this tantalizing and ultimately devouring, whirlpool, without stretching forth a hand to rescue and save them. As individuals, the few can do little or nothing; but as the State the whole might do much - every thing - for these poor, perishing strugglers. As I look out upon their ill-directed, incoherent, ineffective efforts to find work and bread, they picture themselves on my mind's eye as disjointed fragments and wrecks



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of Humanity – mere heads, or trunks, or limbs – (oftener ‘hands’) – torn apart by some inscrutable Providence, and anxiously, dumbly awaiting the creative word, the electric flash, which can alone recombine and restore them to their proper integrity and practical efficiency. That word no individual has power to speak; but Society, the State, the COMMONWEALTH, may readily pronounce it. Let the State but decree – ‘There shall be work for everyone who will do it; but no subsistence in pauper idleness for any save the incapable of working’ – and all will be transformed. Take the orphan from the cellar, the beggar from the street, the petty filcher from the crowded wharves, and place them all where they must earn their bread, and in earning it acquire the capacity to labor efficiently for themselves – this is a primary dictate of Public Economy no less than of enlightened Philanthropy. Palaces vaster and more commodious than Paxton ever dreamed of might be built and furnished by the labor which now wears itself out in vain attempts to find employment – by the application of faculties now undeveloped or perverted to evil ends. Only let Society recognise and accept its duty to find work for all who can find none for themselves, and the realm of Misery and Despair will be three-fourths conquered at a blow by Industry, Thrift and Content.

– But it is time the World’s Fair were closed, or at least this meager account of it. The year 1852 has sterner work in hand, in presence of which this wondrous bazaar would seem out of place and incongruous. Haul down, then, those myriad banners, now streaming so peacefully from its roof in the common breeze and flapping each other so lovingly: they shall full soon be confronted in the red field where the destinies of Mankind must be decided, the liberties of Nations lost and won. Roll out these lumbering cannon, sleeping here side by side so quietly, uncharged, unmounted, the play-things of idle boys and the gazing-stock of country clowns, who wonder what they mean; their iron throats shall tell a fearful tale amid the steadfast ranks and charging columns of the Battle Summer before us. Gray veterans from many lands, leaning on your rusty swords, and stirring each other’s recollections of Badajoz, Austerlitz, Leipsic and Quatre-Bras – shake hands once more and part, for the skies are red with the gathering wrath of nations, and airborne whispers that KOSSUTH is once more free, are troubling the sleep of tyrants. Ho! Royal butcher of Naples! you would not let your subjects visit or enjoy the exhibition of 1801; rest assured that they will bear apart, and you with them, in the grander, vaster exhibition of 1852. False juggler of the Elysée Bourbon! beware the ides of May, and learn, while not too late, that Republican France has other uses for her armed sons than that of holding sacerdotal despots on their detested thrones. Kingly perjurer of Prussia! you have sworn and broken the last oath to observe and maintain a liberal constitution to which your abused and betrayed people will ever hearken from your lips. Prepare for a reckoning in which perfidy shall no more avail you Grim Autocrat of the icy North; the coming summer has work in store for your relentless legions, not alone this time on the Danube, but on the Rhine, the Oder, the Vistula, as well.



HORACE GREELEY

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– Tear down, then, this fragile structure of glass and lath! too slight to breast the rugged shocks of the whirlwind year before us. Ere we meet again as workers to test the fineness of our rival fabrics, the strength of our metals, the draft of our plows, we must vindicate by the mailed hail our right as men to speak, and think, and be. Before us lowers the last decisive struggle of the Millions of Europe for Justice, Opportunity and Freedom; let not its iron hail appall, its crimson torrents revolt us; for the Bow of Promise gleams through its lurid cloud, and the dove of Peace shall soon be seen hovering over the assuaging waters, fit harbinger of a new and more auspicious era for Freedom and enduring Concord – for Industry and Man!

Summer: While [Waldo Emerson](#) was terming [Henry Thoreau](#) a “cold intellectual sceptic,” Thoreau was defending his honor by cursing himself – saying that if this were true, it should “wither and dry up those sources of my life.” Although [Horace Greeley](#) was offering to pay Thoreau for an essay on “Emerson, his Works and Ways,” this essay proved impossibly painful for Thoreau to write.

August 18, Monday: The New-York [Times](#) began daily publication. Its editor was Henry J. Raymond.

October 25, Saturday: In Concord, [Henry Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal. [Waldo Emerson](#) paid him \$1.⁰⁰ for surveying.

In Boston, Miss Ednah Dow Littlehale took her beloved teacher Bronson Alcott to visit the studio of an artist named Seth Wells Cheney.²⁶

Karl Marx began publishing in [Horace Greeley](#)'s [Tribune](#). His REVOLUTION AND COUNTER REVOLUTION began serial publication in this newspaper.

26. Eventually Seth Wells Cheney would do a bust of Bronson Alcott, but at the moment it was something else that was going on.

1852

The expanded edition of the Reverend James Freeman Clarke’s 1844 THE DISCIPLES’ HYMN BOOK: A COLLECTION OF HYMNS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION (Boston: Horace B. Fuller) included ten of [Ellen Sturgis Hooper](#)’s poems.

[Marcus Spring](#) purchased 268 acres of land on Raritan Bay in New Jersey about a mile outside Perth Amboy and, with 30 other families dissatisfied with the religious pluralism of the [North American Phalanx](#), established the Raritan Bay Union, a competing utopian community that was to embrace a fixed liturgy and would resemble more closely the Religious Union of Association founded in Boston in 1847 by the Reverend [William Henry Channing](#).

Phillips, Sampson, and Company of Boston was publishing the two-volume MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, the best-selling biography of that decade, as expurgated and altered by good ol’ boys [Waldo Emerson](#), the Reverend Clarke, and the Reverend [Channing](#). Opinioned [Horace Greeley](#):²⁷

*Margaret’s book is going to **sell!** I tell you it has the real stuff in it.*



(And [Margaret Fuller](#)’s non-literary remains were lying in a packing crate in a shallow unmarked grave on Coney Island.)

January 22, Thursday: [Lajos Kossuth](#) visited Washington DC. [Horace Greeley](#)’s [Tribune](#) was fulminating that Europe had to choose between the “black despots” and the “red republicans” (refer to the journal entry “the red republicans & the black despots or imperialists”).



January 22, Thursday: Having occasion to get up & light a lamp in the middle of a sultry night

27. The good ’ol boys could allow her Via Sacra to continue to swarm, her temples to glitter, her hills to tower, her togated procession to sweep, and her warriors to display remorseless beaks, but they could not allow her to describe the grand old emperors of Rome as having been “drunk with blood and gold.” What was this? –A cat may look at a king but a woman mayn’t critique a Caesar? **Go figure.**



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

I observed a stream of large black ants passing up and down one of the bare corner posts – those descending having their large white eggs or larva in their mouths – the others making haste up for another load. I supposed that they had found the heat so great just under the roof as to compel them to remove their progeny to a cooler place by night. They had evidently taken & communicated the resolution to improve the coolness of the night to remove their young to a cooler & safer locality. One stream running up another down with great industry. But Why I changed – ? Why I left the woods? I do not think that I can tell. I have often wished myself back – I do not know any better how I ever came to go there – . Perhaps it is none of my business – even if it is your's. Perhaps I wanted a change – There was a little stagnation it may be – about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the world's axle – creaked as if it needed greasing – as if the oxen labored – & could hardly get their load over the ridge of the day – Perhaps if I lived there much longer I might live there forever – One would think twice before he accepted heaven on such terms – A ticket to Heaven must include tickets to Limbo – Purgatory – & Hell. Your ticket to the boxes admits you to the pit also. And if you take a cabin-passage you can smoke at least forward of the engine. – You have the liberty of the whole boat. But no I do not wish for a ticket to the boxes – nor to take a cabin passage. I will rather go before the mast & on the deck of the world. I have no desire to go “abait the engine”

What is it that I see from a mile to a mile & a half & 2 miles distant in the horizon on all sides of our villages – the woods. – which still almost without exception encircle the towns. – They at least bound almost every view. They have been driven off only so far. Where still wild creatures haunt. How long will these last.? Is this a universal and permanent feature? Is it not an interesting, an important question whether these are decreasing or not. Have the oldest countries retained it?

Look out what window I will my eyes rest in the distance on a forest! Is this fact of no significance – Is this circumstance of no value? Why such pains in old countries to plant gardens & parks? – A certain sample of wild nature – a certain primitiveness.

One man proposed – a book in which visitors should write their names – said he would be at the expense of it!!! Did he consider what the expense of it would be? As if it were of any use when a man had failed to make any memorable impression on you – for him to leave his name. But it may be that he writes a good hand. – who had not left any fame. No! I kept a book to put their fames in – I was at the expense of it.

The milk man is now filling his ice-house.

The towns thus bordered – with a fringed & tasselled border – each has its preserves. Methinks the town should have more supervision & control over its parks than it has. It concerns us all whether these proprietors – choose to cut down all the woods this winter or not.

I must say that I do not know what made me leave the pond – I left it as unaccountably as I went to it. To speak sincerely, I went there because I had got ready to go – I left it for the same reason.

How much botany is indebted to the Arabians – a great part of our common names of plants would appear to be Arabic

Was it not fit that I should live on rice mainly – who loved so well to read the philosophy of India?

The pleasures of the intellect are permanent – the pleasures of the heart are transitory.

My friend invites me to read my papers to him. Gladly would I read – if he would hear. He must not hear coarsely but finely – suffering not the **least** to pass through. – the sieve of hearing. To associate with one for years with joy – who never met your thought with thought! An overflowing sympathy while yet there is no intellectual communion. Could we not meet on higher ground with the same heartiness? It is dull work reading to one who does not apprehend you. How can it go on? I will still abide by the truth in my converse and intercourse with my friends whether I am so brought nearer to or removed further from them. I shall not be the less your friend for answering you truly though coldly. Even the estrangement of friends is a fact to be serenely contemplated, as in the course of nature. It is of no use to lie either by word or action. Is not the everlasting truth agreeable to you?

To set down such choice experiences that my own writings may inspire me. – and at last I may make wholes of parts.

Certainly it is a distinct profession to rescue from oblivion & to fix the sentiments & thoughts which visit all men more or less generally. That the contemplation of the unfinished picture may suggest its harmonious completion. Associate reverently, and as much as you can with your loftiest thoughts. Each thought that is welcomed and recorded is a nest egg – by the side of which more will be laid. Thoughts accidentally thrown together become a frame – in which more may be developed – & exhibited. Perhaps this is the main value of a habit of writing – of keeping a journal. That so we remember our best hours – & stimulate ourselves. My thoughts are my company – They have a certain individuality & separate existence – aye personality. Having by chance recorded a few disconnected thoughts and then brought them into juxtaposition – they suggest a whole new field in which it was possible to labor & to think. Thought begat thought.

The mother o' pearl tint is common in the winter sky ¹/₂ hour before sundown.

I love to look at Ebby Hubbards oaks & pines on the hill-side from Brister's Hill. Am thankful that there is one old miser who will not sell nor cut his woods though it is said that they are wasting. It is an ill wind that blows

WALDEN'S RICE

BRISTER'S HILL



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

nobody any good.

It is a sharp cutting cold day stiffening the face. Thermometers have lately sunk to 20.°.

When a man asks me a question I look him in the face. If I do not see any inquiry there – I cannot answer it. A man asked me about the coldness of this winter compared with others last night – I looked at him. His face expressed no more curiosity or relationship to me than a custard pudding. I made him a random answer. I put him off till he was in earnest. He wanted to make conversation.

The surface of the snow in the fields is that of pretty large waves on a sea over which a summer breeze is sweeping.

That in the preaching or mission of the Jesuits in Canada which converted the Indians was their sincerity. They could not be suspected of sinister motives. The savages were not poor observers & reasoners. The priests were therefore sure of success – for they had paid the price of it.

We resist no true invitations – they are irresistible. When my friend asks me to stay & I do not – unless I have another engagement – it is because I do not find myself invited. It is not in his will to invite me. We should deal with the real mood of our friends. I visited my friend constantly for many years – & he postponed our friendship to trivial engagements – so that I saw him not at all. When in after years he had leisure to meet me – I did not find myself invited to go to him.

February 24, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1852.

*MY FRIEND THOREAU,—Thank you for your remembrance, though the motto you suggest is impracticable. The People's Course is full for the season; and even if it were not, your name would probably not pass; because it is not merely necessary that each lecturer should continue well the course, but that he shall be known as the very man beforehand. Whatever draws less than fifteen hundred hearers damages the finances of the movement, so low is the admission, and so large the expense. But, Thoreau, you are a better speaker than many, but a far better writer still. Do you wish to swap any of your "wood-notes wild" for dollars? If yea, and you will sell me some articles, shorter, if you please, than the former, I will try to coin them for you. Is it a bargain? Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.*



February 24, Tuesday: PM R R causeway. I am reminded of spring by the quality of the air—the cock-crowing—& even the telegraph harp prophesies it— though the ground is for the most part covered with snow— It is a natural resurrection an experience of immortality— Observe the poplar's swollen buds & the brightness of the willow's bark.

The telegraph harp reminds me of Anacreon. That is the glory of Greece—that we are reminded of her only when in our best estate, our elysian days, when our senses are young and healthy again. I could find a name for every strain or intonation of the harp from one or other of the Grecian bards—. I often hear Mimmermus—often Menander—

ANACREON

HISTORY OF TELEGRAPHY

I am too late by a day or two for the sand foliage on the E side of the deep cut. It is glorious to see the soil again—

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

here where a shovel perchance will enter it and find no frost— The frost is partly come out of this bank and it is become dry again in the sun.

The very sound of men's work reminds advertises me of the coming of spring— As I now hear at a distance the sound of the laborer's sledge on the rails.

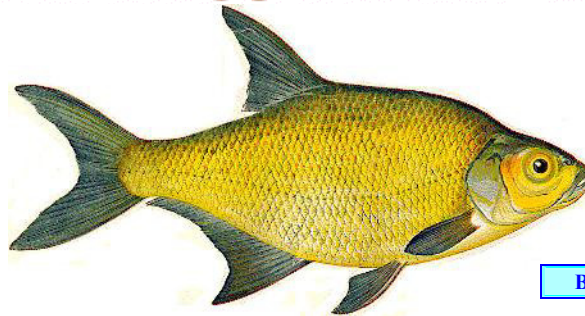
The empressement of a little dog when he starts any wild thing in the woods! The woods ring with his barking as if the tragedy of Actaeon were being acted over again.

Talked with two men and a boy fishing on Fair Haven—just before sunset— (Heard the dog bark in Baker's wood as I came down the brook) They had caught a fine parcel of pickerel and perch— The perch especially were full of spawn. The boy had caught a large bream which had risen to the surface in his hands— They had none of them ever seen one before in the winter—though they sometimes catch chivins. They had also kicked to death a muskrat that was crossing the S W end of the Pond on the snow.

DOG



PICKEREL



BREAM

They told me of 2 otters being killed in Sudbury this winter—beside some coons near here.

As we grow older—is it not ominous that we have more to write about evening—less about morning. We must associate more with the early hours.



March: [Henry Thoreau](#) sent his "A YANKEE IN CANADA" manuscript to [Horace Greeley](#)

TIMELINE OF CANADA

March 18, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New York, Mar. 18, 1852.

My Dear Sir:

I ought to have responded before this to yours of the 5th inst. but have been absent—hurried, &c. &c. I have had no time to bestow upon it till to-day.

I shall get you some money for the articles you send me, though not immediately.

As to your longer account of a canadian Tour, I don't know. It looks unmanageable. Can't you cut it into three or four, and omit all that relates to time? The cities are described to death; but I know you are at home with Nature, and that She rarely and slowly changes.

Break this up if you can, and I will try to have it swallowed and digested.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.



*Henry D. Thoreau, Esq.
Concord, Mass.*



March 18, Thursday: This morning the ground is again covered with snow—& the storm still continues. That is a pretty good story told of a London citizen just retired to country life on a fortune who wishing among other novel rustic experiments, to establish a number of bee-communities, would not listen to the advice of his under steward—but asking fiercely “how he could be so thoughtless as to recommend a purchase of what might so easily be procured on the Downs?” ordered him to hire ten women to go in quest of bees the next morning, and to prepare hives for the reception of the captives. Early the next day the detachment started for the Downs, each furnished with a tin canister to contain the spoil; and after running about for hours, stunning the bees with blows from their straw bonnets, and encountering stings without number, secured about thirty prisoners who were safely lodged in a hive. But, as has been the fate of many arduous campaigns, little advantage accrued from all this fatigue & danger. Next morning the Squire sallied forth to visit his new colony. As he approached, a loud humming assured him that they were hard at work, when to his infinite disappointment, it was found that the bees had made their escape through a small hole in the hive, leaving behind them only an unfortunate humble bee, whose bulk prevented his squeezing himself through the aperture, and whose loud complaints had been mistaken for the busy hum of industry.” You must patiently study the method of nature and take advice of the under-steward. in the establishment of all communities, both insect & human—
This afternoon the woods & walls and the whole face of the country wears once more a wintry aspect—though there is more moisture in the snow—and the trunks of the trees are whitened now on a more southerly or S E side— These slight falls of snow which come & go again so soon when the ground is partly open in the spring—perhaps helping to open & crumble and prepare it for the seed are called “the poor man’s manure—they are no doubt more serviceable still to those who are rich-enough to have some manure spread on their grass ground—which the melting snow help’s dissolve & soak in. & carry to the roots of the grass. At any rate, it is all the poor man has got, whether it is good or bad. There is more rain than snow now falling—and the lichens (especially the parmelia conspersa) appear to be full of fresh fruit—though they are nearly buried in snow The evernia jubata might now be called even a **very** dark olive green. I feel a certain sympathy with the pine or oak fringed with lichens in a wet day— They remind me of the dewy & ambrosial vigor of nature and of man’s prime. The pond is still very little melted round the shore. As I go by a pile of red oak recently split in the woods & now wet with rain I perceive its strong urine-like scent— I see within the trunks solid masses of worm or ant borings turned to a black or very dark brown mould—purest of virgin mould six inches in diameter & some feet long within the tree. The tree turned to mould again before its fall. But this snow has not driven back the birds— I hear the song-sparrow’s [*Melospiza* ■ *melodia*] simple strain—most genuine herald of the spring. & see flocks of chubby northern birds with the habit of snow birds [**Dark-eyed Junco** ■ *Junco hyemalis*] passing north.
A wise man will not go out of his way for information. He might as well go out of nature—or commit suicide. I am glad to hear that naked eyes are of any use, for I cannot afford to buy a Munich (?) Telescope
Probably the bees could not make industry attractive under the circumstances described above.

March 25, Thursday: We believe that it was on this day of the month that [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*Philadelphia March 24/
52. Dear Sir,
I have read the articles
of Mr Thoreau, forwarded by you, & will
be glad to publish them if our terms
are satisfactory.— We generally pay for
prose composition *pr* printed page—
and would allow him \$3 *pr* page.
We do not pay more than \$4 for any that
we now engage. I did not suppose
our maximum rate would have paid you
for your lecture and therefore requested*

*when to Know your own terms.— Of course
 a an Article is unusully desirable, we may
 ^ deviate from rule, I now only mention
 ordinary arrangement.-- I was very
 sorry not to have your Article, but
 shall enjoy the reading of it in "Graham".
 Mr T. might send us some further
 contributions, and shall at least receive
 prompt & courteous decision, respecting
 them.—
 Yours truely
 John Sartain
 28 Sansom St. Pr. H. A. Hadry*

[Postscript from Sanborn, 1882: Greeley to Thoreau, March 25, 1852]

*"If you break up
 your 'Excursion to Canada' into three or
 four articles, I have no doubt I could get it
 published on similar terms."*

([Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal.)

April 3, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote again to the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, accepting his invitation to come to tea at the manse when he lectured in Boston on "Realities":

I certainly do not feel prepared to offer myself as a lecturer to the Boston public, and hardly know whether more to dread a small audience or a large one. Nevertheless I will repress this squeamishness, and propose no alteration in your arrangements.



Meanwhile, [Thoreau](#) was being written to from New-York by [Horace Greeley](#), to ask for an article on the "works and ways" of the Reverend Ralph [Waldo Emerson](#), an article which Thoreau would be unable to write:

*New York, []April 3^d, 1852.
 Fr[i]end Thoreau:
 I wish you to write me an
 article on Ralph Waldo Emerson, [his]*



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

*Works and Ways, extending to 100
[pages] or so of [letter sheet] like this, to
take the form of a Review of his Writings,
but to be intended to give some idea of
the Poet, the [g]enius, the Man, with some
idea of the New England Scenery and
which have combined Home influences to make him what he is.
^ Let it be calm, searching, and impartial--
nothing like adulation, but a just summing
up of what he is and what he has done.
I mean to get this in the West[mins]ter Re-
view, but if not acceptable there, I will
publish it elsewhere.
I will pay you \$50 for the article
when delivered[,] in advance ~~wh~~ if
you desire it. Say the wor[d] and I*

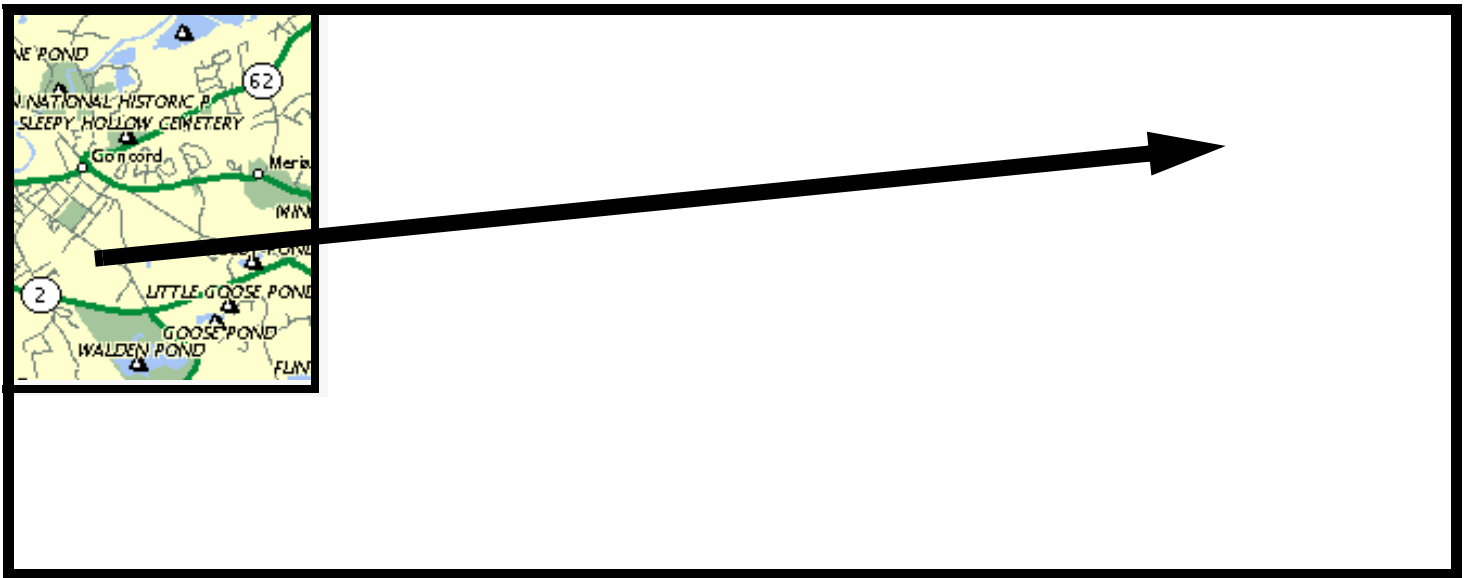
Page 2
*will send the money at once. It is perfectly
convenient to do so. Your 'Carlyle' article
is my model, but you can give us Emerson
better than you did [C]arlyle. I presume he
would allow you to make extracts for
this purpose from his Lectures not
yet published. I would delay the
publication of the article to suit his
publishing arrangements should that
be requested.
Yours[,]
Horace Greeley.
H. [D.] Thoreau,
Concord,*

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Mass.

In the full moonlight, at 8:30PM, Thoreau walked down the bank of the Sudbury River to Clamshell Bank:



April 3, Saturday: They call that northern most sea thought to be free from ice whither the musk oxen migrate "Polina" The coldest natures – persevere with them – go far enough – are found to have open sea in the highest latitudes.

It is a clear day with a cold westerly wind – the snow of yesterday being melted.

When the sun shines unobstructedly, the landscape is full of light, for it is reflected from the withered fawn colored grass – as it cannot be from the green grass of summer.

The blue bird [Eastern Bluebird *Sialia sialis*] carries the sky on his back–



I am going over the hills in the rear of the windmill site & along Peters path. This path through the rolling stubble fields with the woods rather distant and the horizon distant in front on account of the intervention of the river & meadow reminds me a little of the downs of Cape Cod – of the Plains of Nauset. This is the only walk of the kind that we have in Concord. Perhaps it should be called Caesar’s path. The maple at the brook by the path has not expanded its buds though that by the Red Bridge had so long ago. What the cause – are they diff. species? I have observed much snow lately on the north slopes where shruboaks grow – where probably the ground is frozen – more snow I think than lies in the woods in such positions– It is even 2 or 3 feet deep in many such places – though few villagers would believe it. One side of the village street which runs east & west – appears a month in advance of the other– I go down the street on the wintry side– I return through summer– How agreeable the contrast of light & shade – especially when the successive swells of a hill-side produce the shade. The clouds are important today for their shadows– If it were not for them the landscape would be one glare of light without variety. By their motion they still more vary the scene

Man’s eye is so placed as to look straight forward on a level best – or rather down than up– His eye demands the sober colors of the earth for its daily diet. He does not look up at a great angle but with an effort.– Many clouds go over without our noticing them for it would not profit us much to notice it – but few cattle pass by in the street or the field without our knowing it.

The moon appears to be full tonight. about 8¹/₂ P m I walked to the Clam-shell Hill. It is very cold & windy, and I miss my gloves left at home – colder than the last moon. The sky is ²/₃ covered with great 4 or more sided clouds drifting from the N or N W with dark blue partitions between them. The moon with a small brassy halo seems travelling ever through them toward the N. The water is dull & dark except close to the windward shore where there is a smooth strip a rod or more in width protected from the wind – which reflects a faint light. When the moon reaches a clear space the water is suddenly lit up quite across the meadows for half a mile in length and several rods in width, while the woods beyond are thrown more into the shade or seen more in a mass and indistinctly than before. The ripples on the river seen in the moon-light – those between the sunken willow lines have this form.



as if their extremities were retarded by the friction of the banks. I noticed this afternoon – that bank below



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Caesar's now partially flooded – higher than the neighboring meadow so that sometimes you can walk down on it a mile dryshod with water on both sides of you. Like the banks of the Mississippi. There always appears to be something phosphorescent in moonlight reflected from water. Venus is very bright now in the west – and orion is there too now. I came out mainly to see the light of the moon reflected from the meadowy flood. It is a pathway of light of sheeny ripples extending across the meadow toward the moon consisting of a myriad little bent & broken moons. I hear one faint peep from a bird on its roost. The clouds are travelling very fast into the south. I would not have believed the heavens could be cleared so soon. They consist of irregularly margined wide whitish bars *apparently* converging rendezvousing toward one point far in the south horizon. Like the columns of a host in the sky each being conducted by its own leader to one rendezvous in the southern sky – Such is the illusion – for we are deceived when we look up at this concave sphere as when we look on a plane map representing the convex globe. But what a grand incident of the night – though hardly a night passes without many such – that between the hours of 9 & 10 a battalion of downy clouds many miles in length & several in width were observed sailing noiselessly like a fleet from N to S over land and water at the height of half a dozen miles above the earth. Over woods & over villages they swept along – intercepting the light of the moon, & yet perchance no man observed them. Now they are all gone. The sky is left clear & cold–& but thinly peopled at this season– It is of a very light blue in all the horizon but darker in the zenith – darkest of all in the crevice between two clouds– It is particularly light in the western horizon. who knows but light is reflected from snow lying on the ground inland.

The water as I look at it in the north or NE is a very dark blue – the moon being on my right Afterwards crossing the railroad Bridge is a deep sea green. The evenings are now much shortened – suggesting that ours is to be henceforth a day-light life.

April 20, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was visiting downtown Quincy, across the Neponset River on the coast south of Boston. He was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York, to express disappointment; therefore, evidently, Greeley had been advised by Thoreau that he could not write as desired about the “works and ways” of the [Reverend Ralph Waldo Emerson](#). In Massachusetts, Thoreau

To: HDT
From: Horace Greeley
Date: 4/20/52

New York, April 20, 1852.

Dear Sir:

I have yours of the 17th. I am rather sorry you [will] not do the ‘Works and Ways[,’] but glad that you are able to employ your time to better purpose. But your Quebeck notes don’t reach me yet, and I fear the ‘good time’ is passing. They ought to have appeared in the June Nos. of the Monthlies, but now cannot before July. If you choose to send them to me all in a lump, I will try to get them printed in that way. I [d]on’t care about them if you choose to reserve or to print them elsewhere; but I can [better] make a use for them at this season than at any other.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

H. D. Thoreau,

Concord,

Mass.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY



April 20, Tuesday: Morning. Storms still. The robin [**American Robin** ■ *Turdus migratorius*] sings unflinching each morning at the time the sun should rise—in spite of dreary rain. Some storms have much more wet in them than others though they look the same to one in the house—& you cannot walk half an hour without being wet through—while in the others you may keep pretty dry a whole afternoon. Turned up the Juniper repens on Conantum yesterday with my foot—which above had a reddish & rusty look. beneath it was of an unexpectedly fine glaucous tinge with a bright green inmixed. Like many things it looks best in the rain.

They have many birds for sale in Quincy market next the fish-market. I observe that one cage bears permanently the label “a good singer” tied to it. Every passer’s eye rests on it & he thinks if he were to buy a bird it would be the occupant of that cage. When I go to Boston the next year I perceive that this cage still wears its label, & I suppose that they put a new bird into this cage without changing the label, as fast as they sell the old one. Any bird that is without a home goes into the cage thus labelled, whatever may be his vocal powers. No deception, no falsehood seems too stale to succeed. The bird-fancier who recommends his bird as “a good singer” finds customers by the means.

Saw yesterday apparently freshly broken shells of tortoise eggs.



May 26, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New York, May 26, 1852

Friend Thoreau:

I duly received your package, and letter, and immediately handed over the former to C. Bissell, Editor of The Whig Review, asking him to examine it fully, and tell me what he could give for it, which he promised to do. Two or three days afterward, I left for the West without having heard from him.

This morning, without having seen your letter, having reached home at 1 o'clock, I went to Bissell at 9, and asked him about the matter.

He said he had not read all the MS. but had part of it, and inquired if I would be willing to have him print part and pay for it. I told him I could not consent without consulting you, but would thank him to make me a proposition in writing, which I [would] send you. He said he would do so very soon, whereupon I left him.

I hope you will acquit me of negligence in the matter, though I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of your package. I did not, simply because

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I was greatly hurried, trying to get away,



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*and because I momentarily expected some
word from Bissell.
Yours,
Horace Greeley.
H. D. Thoreau, Esq.
Concord,
Mass.*

June 25, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.²⁸

*New York
June 25, 1852
Dear Thoreau[]
I have had only
bad luck with your
manuscript. Two
Magazines have refused
it on the ground of its
length, saying that articles
'To be continued' are always
unpopular, however good.
I will try again.
Yours,
Horace Greeley
H. D. Thoreau, Esq.*



June 25, 1852: I observe that young birds are usually of a duller color and more speckled than old ones, as if for their protection in their tender state. They have not yet the markings (and the beauty) which distinguish their species, and which betray it often, but by their colors are merged in the variety of colors of the season.

28. William M. White's version of a journal entry is:

*The bullfrogs are of various tones.
Some horse in a distant pasture whinnies;
Dogs bark;
There is that dull, dumping sound of frogs,
As if a bubble
Containing the lifeless sultry air of day
Burst on the surface,
A belching sound.
When two or more bullfrogs trump together,
It is a ten-pound-ten note.*



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June 25, 1852: What a mean & wretched creature is man by & by some [Dr Morton](#) may be filling your cranium with white mustard seed to learn its internal capacity. Of all the ways invented to come at a knowledge of a living man — this seems to me the worst — as it is the most belated. You would learn more by once paring the toe nails of the living subject. There is nothing out of which the spirit has more completely departed — & in which it has left fewer significant traces.

July 8, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*New York,
July 8, 1852
Dear Thoreau,
Yours received.
I was absent yesterday. I can lend you the \$75, and am very glad to do it. Don't talk about security. I am sorry about your MS. which I do not quite despair of using to your advantage. Yours,
Horace Greeley.
H. D. Thoreau, Esq*



July 8, Thursday: Pm Down river in boat to the Holt
The small globose white flower in muddy places by river & elsewhere. The bass on Egg-rock is just ready to expand. It is perhaps the warmest day yet. We held on to the abutments under the Red Bridge to cool our selves in the shade. No better place in hot weather — the river rippling away beneath you — & the air rippling through between the abutments — if only in sympathy with the river — while the planks afford a shade — and you hear all the travel & the travellers talk without being seen or suspected. The bullfrog it is methinks that makes the dumping sound. There is generally a current of air circulating over water — always methinks if the water runs swiftly — as if it put the air in motion. There is quite a breeze here this sultry day — Commend me to the sub-pontean — the under-bridge life.
I am inclined to think bathing almost one of the necessities of life but it is surprising how indifferent some are to it. What a coarse foul lusty life we lead compared even with the South Sea Islanders in some respects. Truant boys steal away to bathe — but the farmers who most need it rarely dip their bodies into the streams of ponds. Minot was telling me last night that he had thought of bathing when he had done his hoeing — of taking some soap & going down to Walden & giving himself a good scrubbing but some thing had occurred to prevent it and now he will go unwashed to the harvesting aye even till the next hoeing is over. Better the faith & practice of the Hindoos who worship the sacred Ganges — We have not faith enough in the Musketaquid to wash in it even after hoeing. Men stay on shore keep themselves dry & drink rum. Pray what were rivers made for —? One farmer who came to bathe in Walden one sunday while I lived there told me it was the first bath he had had for 15 years. Now what kind of religion could his be — or was it any better than a Hindoos?
Minot said that Abel Heywood told him he had been down to the Great Meadows (river meadows) to look at the grass & that there was'nt a going to be much of a crop — in some places there was'nt any grass at all. The great freshet in the spring did'nt do it any good.
Under the salix nigra — var falcata — near that handsomest one — which now is full of scythe shaped leaves the larger 6 inches long by 7/8 wide with remarkably broad lunar leafy appendages or stipules at their base — I found a remarkable moth lying flat on the still water as if asleep (they appear to sleep during the day —) as large as the the smaller birds. 5 1/2 inches in alar extent & about 3 inches long something like the smaller figure in one



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position of the wings— (with a remarkably narrow lunar cut tail) —of a Pea green color with four conspicuous spots whitish within —then a red line then yellowish border below or toward the tail but brown —brown orange & black above toward head— A very robust hardy body covered with a kind of downy plumage 1 1/4 inch long by 5/8 thick— The sight affected me as tropical —& I suppose it is the northern verge of some species. It suggests into what productions Nature would run if all the year were a July. By night it is active —for though I thought it dying at first it made a great noise in its prison a cigar box at night —when the day returns it apparently drops wherever it may be —even into the water & dozes till evening again. Is it called the emperor moth?

Yesterday I observed the arrow wood at Saw mill brook remarkably tall straight and slender. It is quite likely the Indians made their arrows of it —for it makes just such shoots as I used to select for my own arrows— It appears to owe its straightness partly to its rapid growth already 2 feet from the extremities chiefly. The pontederia begins to make a show now The black willow has branches horizontal or curving downward to the water first. branching at once at the ground. The Sium latifolium —water parsnip —except that the calyx leaves are minute & the fruit **ribbed**, Close to the edge of the river.

November 23, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New-York,

Nov. 23, 1852.

My Dear Thoreau,

I have made no bargain —none whatever— with Putnam, concerning your MS. I have indicated no price to him. I handed over the MS. because I wish it published, and presumed that was in accordance both with your interest and your wishes.

And I now say to you that if he will pay you \$3 per printed page, I think that will be very well. I have promised to write something for him myself, and shall be well satisfied with that price. Your “Canada” is not so fresh and acceptable as if it had just been written on the strength of a last summer’s trip, and I hope you will have it printed in Putnam’s Monthly. But I have said nothing to his folks, as to price, and will not till I hear from you again.

Very probably, there was some misapprehension on the part of Geo. Curtis. I presume the price now offered you is that paid to writers generally for the Monthly.

As to Sartain, I know his Magazine has broken down, but I guess he will pay you. I have not seen but one of your articles printed by him, and I think the other may be reclaimed. Please address him at once. I have been very busy the past season, and had to let every thing wait that could till after Nov. 2d.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

H. D. Thoreau Esq.

Just past midnight, a sharp jolt caused the water level in Lake Merced in California to drop a full 30 feet.



HORACE GREELEY

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Winter: [Henry Thoreau](#) began to subscribe to [Horace Greeley](#)'s [Weekly Tribune](#). Since his inclusion of the term "[Waldenses](#)" in the manuscript was originally on the back of one of the newspaper receipts for this subscription that were being recycled as jotting paper for fresh ideas, although this particular use of the word was definitely earlier than the Draft F into which it was first interlined in 1853-1854, this use of the word in regard to Walden Pond's pickerel is unlikely to originate earlier than Winter 1852-1853.

Ah, the pickerel of Walden! when I see them lying on the ice, or in the well which the fisherman cuts in the ice, making a little hole to admit the water, ^{^golden} and ^{^emerald} I am always surprised by their rare beauty, as if they were fabulous fishes—~~fresh water dolphins dauphins- eldest sons of Walden~~, they are so foreign to the streets, even to the woods, foreign as Arabia to our Concord life. They possess a ^{^quite} dazzling and transcendent beauty which separates them ~~far~~ ^{^by a wide interval} from the cadaverous cod and haddock ~~at least two days old~~ whose fame is trumpeted in our streets. ~~handsome artlovers-~~ [ILLEGIBLE WORD?] ~~& gems-~~ ^{^They} they are not green like the pines, nor gray like the stones nor blue like ^{^the} sky; but they have, to my ^{^eye} ^{^eyes}, if possible, yet rarer colors, like ^{^flowers} and ^{^precious} stones, as if they were the pearls, ~~of this great shell~~ ^{^some} ~~solid opied &~~ ^{^the} animalized *nuclei* or crystals of the Walden water. They, of course, are ~~composed of Walden wholly~~ ^{^Walden all over and all through;} are ^{^themselves small} Waldens in the animal kingdom, ^{^Waldenses} ~~^perhaps dolphins- dauphins- eldest sons of Walden~~, for whose behalf this whole world is but a ~~dauphin edition-~~ ^{^fish} ^{^they} ~~to study-~~ It is surprising that ~~these fishes~~ ^{^fish} ^{^they} are caught here, -that in this deep and capacious spring, far beneath the rattling teams and chaises and tinkling sleighs that travel the Walden road, this great gold and emerald fish swims. I never chanced to see its kind in any market; it would be the cynosure of all eyes there. ^{^Easily,} with a few convulsive quirks, they give up their ~~diluted~~ ^{^watery} ghosts, like a mortal translated before his time to the ~~subtle~~ ^{^thin} air of heaven.



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1853

January 2, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*New York,
[J]an. 2, 1853.
Friend Thoreau,
I have yours of
the 29th, and credit you
\$20[.] Pay me when and in
such sums as may be conve-
nient.
I am sorry you and
Curtis cannot agree so
as to have your whole Ms.
printed. It will be worth
nothing elsewhere after
having partly appeared in*

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*Putnam. I think it is
a mistake to conceal the
authorship of the several
articles, making them all
(so to speak) Editorial;[]
but if that is done, don't
you see that the el[i]mina-
tion of very flagrant here-
sies (like your defiant
Pantheism) becomes a neces-
sity?-- If you had ~~refused~~
withdrawn
^ your M[S]. on account of the
abominable misp[r]ints in
the first number, your ground
would have been far more
tenable.*

Page 3
*However, do what you
will. Yours,
Horace Greeley.
(unwell)
H. D. Thoreau, Esq.*



[Thoreau](#) for the 5th time deployed in his journal a weather term that had been originated by [Luke Howard](#): “A clear day—a pure sky with **cirri** ...”



January 2nd: 9 Am Down RR to Cliffs.

A clear day—a pure sky with cirri In this clear air & bright sunlight the ice-covered trees have a new beauty. Especially the birches along under the edge of Warren’s wood on each side of the railroad—bent quite to the ground in every kind of curve. At a distance as you are approaching them end-wise they look like white tents of Indians under the edge of the wood. The birch is thus remarkable perhaps because from the feathery form of the tree whose numerous small branches sustain so great a weight bending it to the ground—and moreover because from the color of the bark the core is less observable. The oaks not only are less pliant in the trunk but have fewer & stiffer twigs & branches. The birches droop over in all directions like ostrich feathers. Most wood paths are impassible now to a carriage almost to a foot traveller from the number of saplings & boughs bent over even to the ground in them. Both sides of the deep cut now shine in the sun as if silver plated—& the fine spray of a myriad brushes on the edge of the bank—sparkle like like silver. The telegraph wire is coated to ten times its size—& looks like a slight fence scalloping along at a distance. Is merged in nature. When we climb the bank at Stows wood lot and come upon the piles of freshly split white pine wood—(for he is ruthlessly laying it waste) the transparent ice like a thick varnish beautifully exhibits the color of the clear tender yellowish wood—pumpkin-pine?—and its grain and we pick our way over a bed of pine boughs & twigs a foot or two deep covering the ground, each twig & needle thickly coated with ice—into one vast gelid mass—which our feet crunch as if as if we were walking through the laboratory of some confectioner to the gods. The invigorating scent of the recently cut pines refreshes us—if that is any atonement for this devastation. The beauty of the oak tops all silvered o’er. Especially now do I notice the hips —barberries & winter berries— for their red.

The red or purplish catkins of the alders are interesting as a winter-fruit. & also of the birch. But few birds about, apparently their granaries are locked up in ice – with which the grasses & buds are coated.

Even far in the horizon the pine tops are turned to firs or spruce by the weight of the ice bending them down – so that they look like a spruce swamp. No two trees wear the ice alike. The short plumes & needles of the spruce make a very pretty & peculiar figure. I see some oaks in the distance which by their branches being curved or arched downward & massed are turned into perfect elms, which suggests that that is the peculiarity of the elm— Few if any other trees are this wisp-like – the branches gracefully drooping. I mean some slender red & white oaks which have recently been left in a clearing— Just apply a weight to the ends of the boughs which will cause them to droop on all sides—& to each particular twig which will mass them together & you have perfect elms. Seen at the right angle each ice incrusted stubble shines like a prism with some color of the rainbow—intense blue or violet & red. The smooth field clad the other day with a low wiry grass—is now converted into rough-stubble land—where you walk with crunching feet. It is remarkable that the trees ever recover from this burden which bends them to the ground. I should like to weigh a limb of this pitch-pine. The character of the tree is changed. I have now passed the bass and am approaching the cliffs. The forms & variety of the ice are particularly rich here – there are so many low bushes & weeds before me as I ascend toward the sun – especially very small white pines almost merged in the ice-incrusted ground. All objects – even the apple trees, & rails are to the eye polished silver. It is a perfect land of faery. As if the world were a great frosted cake with its ornaments— The boughs gleam like silver candlesticks. [Le Jeune](#) describes the same in Canada in 1636 as “nos grands bois ne paroissent qu’une forest de cristal.” The silvery ice stands out an inch by 3/4 an inch in width on the N side of every twig of these apple trees—with rich irregularities of its own in its edge. When I stoop and examine some fat icy stubbly in my path, I find for all core a ridiculous wiry russet thread scarce visible not a hundredth part its size, which breaks with the ice under my feet, yet where this has a minute stub of a branch only a particle of an inch in length—there is a corresponding clumsy icy protuberance on the surface 1/8 of an inch off. Nature works with such luxuriance & fury that she follows the least hint. And on the twigs of bushes for each bud there is a corresponding icy swelling. The bells are particularly sweet this morning. I hear more methinks than ever before. How much more religion in their sound, than they ever call men together to—men obey their call & go to the stove-warmed church—though God exhibits himself to the walker in a frosted bush today as much as in a burning one to Moses of old. We build a fire on the cliffs. When kicking to pieces a pine stump for the fat knots which alone would burn in this icy day—at the risk of spoiling my boots having looked in vain for a stone I thought how convenient would be and Indian stone axe to batter it with. The bark of white birch though covered with ice burned well. We soon had a rousing fire of fat pine on a shelf of rock from which we overlooked the icy landscape. The sun too was melting the ice on the rocks & the water was bubbling & pulsing downward—in dark bubbles—exactly like pollywogs. What a good word is flame expressing the form & soul of fire—lambent with forked tongue— We lit a fire to see it rather than to feel it, it is so rare a sight these days. To have our eyes ache once more with smoke What a peculiar perhaps indescribable color has this flame—a reddish or lurid yellow—not so splendid or full of light as of life & heat. These fat roots made much flame and a very black smoke commencing where the flame left off which cast fine flickering shadows on the



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rocks— There was some bluish white smoke from the rotten part of the wood— Then there was the fine white ashes which farmer's wives sometimes use for pearlash. Fire is the most tolerable 3d party. I hear the wiry phoebe note of the chicadee as if the spring were coming in. Brown thinks my ruby-wren may be the lesser red pole linnet.

Walden begins to freeze in the coves or shallower water on the N side where it was slightly skimmed over several weeks ago

March 9, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) had received a payment from Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science and Art, and used it to pay down a debt to [Horace Greeley](#).

Concord Feb. 9th '53

Friend Greeley,

I send you inclosed Putnam's cheque for 59 dollars, which together with the 20 dollars sent last December—make, nearly enough, principal & interest of the \$75 which you lent me last July—

However I regard that loan as a kindness for which I am still indebted to you both principal and interest. I am sorry that my manuscript should be so mangled, insignificant as it is, but I do not know how I could have helped it fairly, since I was born to be a pantheist—if that be the name of me, and to do the deeds of one.

I suppose that Sartain is quite out of hearing by this time, & it is well that I sent him no more.

Let me know how much I am still indebted to you pecuniarily for trouble taken in disposing of my papers—which I am sorry to think were hardly worth your time.

Yrs with new thanks

Henry D. Thoreau

Thoreau began a new notebook of nearly 500 pages, with marbled blue/red/olive boards, numbering it "XV." He would be making entries in this book through August 18, 1853, and the manuscript volume is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library under accession number MA 1302.21. In this one there are no missing leaves.

Thoreau commented at the start of his new journal volume that George Minott, who lived on the Lexington Road opposite the Emersons, "thinks & quotes some old worthy as authority for saying that the bark of the striped squirrel is the or a first sure sign of decided spring weather."

March 11, Friday: On this day and the following two days US forces were landing in Nicaragua, to protect American lives and interests during political disturbances there.

[US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS](#)

On this day [Henry Thoreau](#) made no journal entry.

[Thoreau](#) wrote to [George William Curtis](#) about the whereabouts of the manuscript he had submitted to Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science and Art:

[TIMELINE OF CANADA](#)

Concord Mar. 11 '53

Mr Curtis,

Together with the MS





of my Cape Cod adventures Mr Put-
nam sends me only 70 or 80 pages of ^{^ the first (out of 200)}
the "Canada", all which having been
printed is of course of no use to me.
He states that "the remainder of the
MSS seems to have been lost at the
printers'." *You will not be surprised*
if I wish to know if it actually is lost,
and if reasonable pains have been
taken to recover it. Supposing that
Mr P. may not have had an
opportunity to consult you respecting
its whereabouts –or have thought
it of importance enough to inquire
after particularly– I write again
to you to whom I entrusted it to as-
sure you that it is of more value to me than may appear.
With your leave I will improve
this opportunity to acknowledge the
receipt of another cheque from Mr–
Putnam.
I trust that if we ever have
any intercourse hereafter it may be some-

Page 2
thing more cheering than this
curt business kind.
Yrs
Henry D. Thoreau

[Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New York,
March, 11, 1853.
Dear Sir:
I have yours of the
9th, enclosing Putnam's
check for \$59, making
\$79 in all you have paid
me. I am paid in full, and
this letter is your receipt in
full. I don't want any [pay]
for my 'services,' [whatever]
they may have been consider
me your friend who wished
to serve you, however unsuc-



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*cessfully. Don't break with
Curtis or Putnam.
Yours
H.D. Thoreau. Horace Greeley.*

July 29, Friday: Excerpts from [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) were published by [Horace Greeley](#)'s New-York Tribune under, of all possible titles,

A Massachusetts Hermit.

1854

[Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski](#) completed his 4-year sentence to penal servitude at Omsk in western Siberia and began a 5-year period of compulsory military service in the Russian army at Semipalatinsk in southwest Siberia.



The war correspondent of [The Times of London](#), Billy Russell, witnessing incompetence in the British Army’s logistical and medical procedures, inquired of his editor “Am I to tell, or am I to hold my tongue?” Encouraged by this editor, he would file a series of dispatches that would topple the British government and lead to reform of the press laws. At Balaklava just south of Sevastopol in the Crimea in this year, General Sir Colin Campbell confronted his infantry line, preventing them from dashing after a retreating Russian hussar regiment by crying out “Damn all that eagerness!” However, nearby, Lieutenant General James Thomas Brudenell, 7th Earl of Cardigan ordered the light cavalry to charge. French Marshal Pierre Bosquet would comment about that day’s action “*C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre. C’est de la folie.*”

[Adam Gurowski](#) had been on the editorial staff of [Horace Greeley](#)’s New-York [Tribune](#), writing articles favorable to the Russian cause in the Crimean War. His [RUSSIA AS IT IS](#) and [THE TURKISH QUESTION](#) (New York: William Taylor & Company, No. 18 Ann Street).

RUSSIA AS IT IS
THE TURKISH QUESTION

January 27, Friday: In the New-York [Daily Tribune](#) appeared an article, presumably by [Horace Greeley](#), describing John Mitchel as an isolated case. The man had “severed himself from every advocate of Irish emancipation in this country, whose sympathy is in the lest degree vital, or at all worth having.”



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January 28, Saturday: Confirming [Horace Greeley](#)'s evaluation of him as a self-isolated advocate of Irish emancipation "severed" from every advocate of Irish emancipation in this country "whose sympathy is in the least degree vital, or at all worth having," John Mitchel wrote in [The Citizen](#) that his belief in human slavery was justified by the Holy Bible itself — and cited proof texts. Chris L. Nesmith has alleged that "It is impossible to say exactly why Mitchel defended slavery so vehemently," but isn't this rather disingenuous? Mitchel was an Irish American in a period during which the Irish Americans and the American blacks were at one another's throats. For the Irish Americans of that period, such as Mitchel, the only thing worse than a slave was a free negro. Contempt was flowing freely both ways, as witness Frederick Douglass's many rancid remarks about drunken Irishmen. In positioning his newspapers in favor of American slavery, Mitchel wasn't doing anything mysterious or incomprehensible, but on the contrary, was doing something entirely predictable and understandable. Mitchel was giving voice to one of the primary prejudices of his constituency.

March 6, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#) / McElrath in New-York. In the afternoon he walked to Goose Pond. Greeley returned Thoreau's second \$2.⁰⁰ because a thief in the newspaper office had been apprehended.²⁹

Office of the Tribune[,]
New York, 6 March 185[4]
Mr. Henry D[.] Thoreau[]
Sir:
Yours of
[3rd] to Mr[] Greeley is before us and
we will send you the Tribune
though the money has not reached
us[.]
Very [Resp^y,]
Greeley & [M^cElrath]
[pr] S[.] Sinclair[e]

New York
Mar. 6, 1854.
Dear Sir:
I presume your
first letter containing
the \$2 ~~has~~ was robbed
by our general mail
robber at New Haven,
who has just been sent
to the State Prison. Your
second letter has probably
failed to receive due at-
tention, owing to a press
of business. But I will
make all right. You ought

29. This thief would do time.

*to have the Semi-Weekly,
and I shall order it
[Page 2]
sent you one year on
trial; if you choose to
write me a letter or
s[o] some time, very
well; if not, we will
be even without that.
Thoreau, I want you
to do something on
my [urging]. I want
you to collect and ar-
range your Miscella-
n[i]es, and send them to
me. Put in 'Katahdin,'
'Carlyle,' 'A Winter Wood,' and 'Canada,' &c. and I
will try to find a pub-
lisher who will bring
them out at his own*

*[Page 3]
risk and (I hope) to your
ultimate profit. If you
have any thing new to put
with them, very well;
but let us have ~~the~~
about a 12 mo volume
whenever you can get
it ready, and see if
there is not something
to your credit in the
bank of Fortune.
Yours,
Horace Greeley.
Henry D. Thoreau, Esq.
Concord, Mass.*

[Waldo Emerson](#) had advanced some money against subscription promises of various Concordians, including the Thoreau family, in order to enable [Michael Flannery](#) to send for his wife Ann and children from Ireland. At this point [Thoreau](#) was able to write the letter for this Irish laborer, sending for his family. He noted in particular Flannery's concern that his wife be careful and not let their children fall overboard due to the rocking of the ship.



March 6. A cool morning. The bare water here and there on the meadow begins to look smooth, and I



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look to see it rippled by a muskrat. The earth has to some extent frozen dry, for the drying of the earth goes on in the cold night as well as the warm day. The alders and hedgerows are still silent, emit no notes.

P.M. — To Goose Pond. According to [G. Emerson](#), maple sap sometimes begins to flow in the middle of February, but usually in the second week of March, especially in a clear, bright day with a westerly wind, after a frosty night. The brooks--the swift ones and those in swamps--open before the river; indeed some of the first have been open the better part of the winter. I saw trout glance in the Mill Brook this afternoon, though near its sources, in Hubbard's Close, it is still covered with dark, icy snow, and the river into which it empties has not broken up. Can they have come up from the sea? Like a film or shadow they glance before the eye, and you see where the mud is roiled by them. Saw children checker berrying in a meadow. I see the skunk-cabbage started about the spring at head of Hubbard's Close, amid the green grass, and what looks like the first probing of the skunk. The snow is now all off on meadow ground, in thick evergreen woods, and on the south sides of hills, but it is still deep in sprout-lands, on the north sides of hills, and generally in deciduous woods. In sprout lands it is melted beneath, but upheld by the bushes. What bare ground we have now is due then not so much to the increased heat of the sun and warmth of the air as to the little frost there was in the ground in so many localities. This remark applies with less force, however, to the south sides of hills. The ponds are hard enough for skating again. Heard and saw the first blackbird, flying east over the Deep Cut, with a tchuck, tchuck, and finally a split whistle.

March 20, evening: A [Fourierite](#) socialist named Alvan Bovay had grown so angered with the failure of the existing political parties to demand the immediate freeing of all slaves that he had called a meeting at Ripon, Wisconsin's Little White Schoolhouse to form a new party. Most of those present were Fourierites, and they chose the name "Republican" because it was, in Bovay's words, "suggestive of equality."

The new party adopted a platform that pledged it to seek equality not just for slaves, but for all workers. Its slogan was "Free soil, free speech, free men," and one of its first pledges was to invalidate mortgages held by big banks in order to prevent foreclosure actions against small farmers.

The Republicans sought as well to promote women's rights, defend immigrants, advance trade union organizing, limit the amount of land that any individual could own and forbid corporate monopolies. The intent of the new party, its founders said, was nothing less than to join "the old battle --not yet over-- between the rights of the toiling many and the special privileges of the aristocratic few." (It is an open question, whether the hearts of these people were filled with a longing to raise the condition of the lowly, or were animated instead with a lust to level down the overweening. Later on it would become abundantly clear from their own indignant "we are not nigger lovers" testimony that their agenda to eliminate human slavery had never amounted to an agenda to improve the lives of American black people.)

One of the first Wisconsinites attracted to their banner would be Carl Schurz, a leader of the radical German

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revolution of 1848 — which also had been influenced by Fourier’s ideas, as well as those of Karl Marx.



Marx became a writer for [Horace Greeley](#)’s Republican newspaper, the New-York Tribune, which also featured writing by Bovay and Schurz. By 1854, Schurz had settled in Watertown and soon became a leader of Wisconsin’s burgeoning German community.

Schurz rejected invitations to run for office on the Democrat line because he thought the party too conservative. But he joined the new party and, within a few years, became one of its first statewide candidates. Shortly before leaving Wisconsin to join the administration of his close friend and ally, Abraham Lincoln, Schurz addressed students at the University of Wisconsin.

In that speech, he warned against the evils of “the spirit of materialism” and “the pursuit of gain.” Republicans, he argued, sought “a higher order” in which equality would replace greed and other manifestations of “the dark side of the picture.”

In England, the Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward was winding up his anti-slavery lecture tour:

After ten months’ service for the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada, through the Committee in London, its affairs were wound up, some £1,200 having been kindly given to its treasury by the philanthropists of England and Scotland. A large meeting was holden at Crosby Hall on the 20th of March, 1854, the venerable and philanthropic Samuel Gurney, Esq., in the chair; Rev. James Sherman, Samuel Horman Horman-Fisher, Esq., L.A. Chamerovzow, Esq., Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., Rev. John Macfarlane, B.A., Josiah Conder, Esq., together with others, being on the platform; and Joseph Payne, Esq., gracing the occasion with his presence, a speech, and a piece of poetry, the last of which he



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kindly gave me. I hold it as a memento of its beloved author, and as a remembrance of the friendship wherewith he has been pleased to honour me.



March 21: Tuesday. At sunrise to Clamshell Hill. River skimmed over at Willow Bay last night. Thought I should find ducks cornered up by the ice; they get behind this hill for shelter. Saw what looked like clods of plowed meadow rising above the ice. Looked with glass and found it to be more than thirty black ducks asleep with their heads in their backs, motionless, and thin ice formed about them. Soon one or two were moving about slowly. There was an open space, eight or ten rods by one or two. At first all within a space of apparently less than a rod [in] diameter. It was 6.30 A. M, and the sun shining on them, but bitter cold. How tough they are! I crawled far on my stomach and got a near view of them, thirty rods off. At length they detected me and quacked. Some got out upon the ice, and when I rose up all took to flight in a great straggling flock which at a distance looked like crows, in no order. Yet, when you see two or three, the parallelism produced by their necks and bodies steering the same way gives the idea of order.

Presumably it was at about this point that [Henry Thoreau](#) brought his manuscript of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) up to date by adding some notes about the story of the pond subsequent to his residency there, comments which are not to be found in any surviving manuscript draft:

Now the trunks of trees on the bottom, and the old log canoe, and the dark surrounding woods, are gone, and the villagers, who scarcely know where it lies, instead of going to the pond to bathe or drink, are thinking to bring its water, which should be as sacred as the Ganges at least, to the village in a pipe, to wash their dishes with! -to earn their Walden by the turning of a cock or drawing of a plug! That devilish Iron Horse, whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, has muddied the Boiling Spring with his foot, and he it is that has browsed off all the woods on Walden shore; that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks! Where is the country's champion, the Moore of Moore Hall, to meet him at the Deep Cut and thrust an avenging lance between the ribs of the bloated pest?

March 23, Thursday: George Minott commented to [Henry Thoreau](#) that he had not been to Boston "since the last war," meaning since the year 1815.

[Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York. The editor was confirming that he would announce [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) in his newspaper, the [Tribune](#), at once. He also asked Thoreau to have Elizabeth Hoar send to him her personal recollections of Margaret Fuller, for possible use in an edition of Fuller's works which he had agreed to edit.

New York,

Mar. 23, '54.

Dear Thoreau,

I am glad your "Walden" is coming out. I shall announce it at once, whether Ticknor does or not.

I am in no hurry now about your Miscellanies; take your time, select

a good title, and prepare your articles deliberately and finally. Then if Ticknor will give you something worth having, let him have this too; if proffering it to him is to glut your market, let it come to me. But take your time. I was only thinking you were hibernating when you ought to be doing something. I referred (without naming you) to your "Walden" experience in my lecture on "Self-Culture," with which I have bored ever so many audiences. This episode excited much interest, and I have repeatedly been asked who it is that I refer to.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

H. D. Thoreau, Concord, Ms.

P. S. You must know Miss Elizabeth Hoar, whereas I hardly do. Now I have agreed to edit Margaret's works, and I want of Elizabeth a letter or memorandum of personal recollections of Margaret and her Ideas. Can't you ask her to write it for me?

Yours, H.G.



March 23. Thursday. Snows and rains a little. The birds in yard active now, — hyemalis, tree sparrow, and song sparrow. The hyemalis jingle easily distinguished. Hear all together on apple trees these days. Minott confesses to me to-day that he has not been to Boston since the last war, or 1815. Aunt said that he had not been ten miles from home since; that he has not been to Acton since Miss Powers [?] lived there; but he declared that he had been there to Cornwallis and musters. When I asked if he would like to go to Boston, he answered he was going to another Boston

April 2, Sunday: In the afternoon, [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Conantum by way of Nut Meadow Brook.

On this day, in New-York, [Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Horace Greeley](#), thanking him for helping obtain material for the Margaret Fuller edition.

[April 2, 1854]

*DEAR THOREAU,—Thank you for your kindness in the matter of Margaret. Pray take no further trouble; but if anything should come in your way, calculated to help me, do not forget. Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.*



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July 29, Saturday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went a-berrying to Brooks Clark's (Gleason D6) on the Old Carlisle Road. Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), presumably by [Horace Greeley](#), titled "A Massachusetts Hermit," on the 3d page of the New-York [Daily Tribune](#), columns 2-6:

Ticknor & Fields have in press a work by HENRY D. THOREAU entitled "Life in the Woods," describing the experience of the author during a solitary residence of two years in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts. The volume promises to be one of curious interest, and by the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to take some extracts in advance of the regular issue.

THE HERMIT BUILDS HIS HUT.

[Reprints "Economy," pages 40.30-45.28.]

THE HERMIT PLANTS BEANS.

[Reprints "Economy," pages 54.16-56.13.]

THE HERMIT COMMENCES HOUSEKEEPING.

[Reprints "Economy," pages 65.14-67.24.]

THE HERMIT'S FIRST SUMMER.

[Reprints "Sounds," pages 111.18-114.21.]

THE HERMIT FINDS A FRIEND.

[Reprints "Visitors," pages 144.13-150.27.]

THE HERMIT HAS VISITORS, MANY OF THEM BORES.

[Reprints "Visitors," pages 150.28-154.17.]



[TIMELINE OF WALDEN](#)

August 2, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed in the east part of Lincoln.

View [Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

On this day our author received a specimen copy of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#).³⁰

[TIMELINE OF WALDEN](#)

At 5 PM he walked to Conantum ("J6" on the Gleason map of the Concord vicinity) along Hubbard's Path. Here is a painting "Thoreau's Path" by Cindy Kassab:



The full text of [Thoreau](#)'s "[SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#)" having been published in the [Liberator](#), at this point [Horace Greeley](#) used that as the basis for a republication in the New-York [Daily Tribune](#), without paragraphing and with an editorial entitled "A Higher- Law Speech":

30. On this day, also, a copy was purchased for \$1.⁰⁰ by F.W. Kellogg. This Member of Congress representing a district in Michigan may have purchased a copy of a new book of such a title merely due to a known genealogical connection with a Kellogg family of the 16th Century in the town of Saffron Walden in England.



The lower-law journals so often make ado about the speeches in Congress of those whom they designate champions of the Higher Law, that we shall enlighten and edify them, undoubtedly, by the report we publish this morning of a **genuine** Higher Law Speech – that of Henry D. Thoreau at the late celebration of our National Anniversary in Framingham, Mass., when Wm. Lloyd Garrison burned a copy of the Federal Constitution. No one can read this speech without realizing that the claims of Messrs. [Charles Sumner, William Henry Seward and Salmon Portland Chase] to be recognized as Higher-Law champions are of a very questionable validity. Mr. Thoreau is the Simon-Pure article, and his remarks have a racy piquancy and telling **point** which none but a man thoroughly in earnest and regardless of self in his fidelity to a deep conviction ever fully attains. The humor here so signally evinced is born of pathos – it is the lightning which reveals to hearers and readers the speaker’s profound abhorrence of the sacrifice or subordination of one human being to the pleasure or convenience of another. A great many will read this speech with unction who will pretend to blame us for printing it; but our back is broad and can bear censure. Let each and all be fairly heard.

August 5, Saturday: At 8:30 AM [Henry Thoreau](#) went by boat to Coreopsis Bend. A subscription library in New York City, the “Mercantile Library,” purchased two copies of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) for \$1.³⁹.

[WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) was reviewed under the heading “Life in the Woods” on the 1st page of the [Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror](#), columns 6-7:

[Thoreau] says that he lived alone two years, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which he built himself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, where he earned his living by the labor of his own hands. How he lived, a few extracts from his own story will best delineate:

BUILDING THE HOUSE.

**[Reprints “Where I Lived, and What I Lived For,”
page 90.32-34; and “Economy,”
pages 40.30-42.5, 42.34-45.28, 48.28-49.22.]**



Reprint of the July 29th review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) [by [Horace Greeley?](#)] titled "A Massachusetts Hermit" in the New-York [Weekly Tribune](#), 6:6-7:1-3.

Ticknor & Fields have in press a work by HENRY D. THOREAU entitled "Life in the Woods," describing the experience of the author during a solitary residence of two years in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts. The volume promises to be one of curious interest, and by the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to take some extracts in advance of the regular issue.

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TIMELINE OF WALDEN

1855

June 27: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to H.G.O. Blake.

*Concord June 27th
1855
Mr Blake,
I have been sick
and good for nothing
but to lie on my back
and wait for something
to turn up, for two
or three months. This*



has compelled me to postpone several things, among them writing to you [—] to whom I am so deeply in debt, and inviting you and Brown to Concord. — not having brains adequate to such an exertion. I should feel a little less ashamed if I could give any

Page 2

name to my disorder, but I cannot, and our doctor cannot help me to it, and I will not take the name of any disease in vain. However, there is one consolation in being sick, and that is the possibility that you may recover to a better state than you were ever in before. I expected in the winter to be deep in the woods of Maine in my canoe long before this, but I am so far from that that I can only take a languid walk in Concord streets. I do not know how the mistake arose about the Cape Cod excursion. The nearest I have come to that with anybody is this. About a month ago

Page 3

Channing proposed to me to go to Truro, on Cape Cod, with him & board there awhile, but I declined. For a week past however I have been a little inclined to go there & sit on the sea-shore a



*week or more, but I do
not venture to propose
myself as the companion
of him or of any peripa-
tetic man. Not that I
should not rejoice to have
you and Brown or C.
sitting there also. I am
not sure that C. really
wishes to go now — and
as I go simply for the
med[i]cine of it, while I need
it, I should not think
it worth the while to
notify him when I am
about to take my bitters.
Since I began this,*

Page 4
*or within 5 minutes,
I have begun to think
that I will start for
Truro next [S]aturday morn-
ing—the 30th. I do not
know at what hour
the packet leaves Boston,
nor exactly what kind of
accommodation I shall
find at Truro.
I should be singularly
favored if you and Brown
were there at the same
time, and though you
speak of the 20th of July,
I will be so bold as to
suggest your coming to
Concord Friday night (when,
by the way, Garrison &
Phillips hold forth here)
& going to the Cape with
me. Though we take
short walks together there
we can have long talks,
and you & Brown will*

Page 5

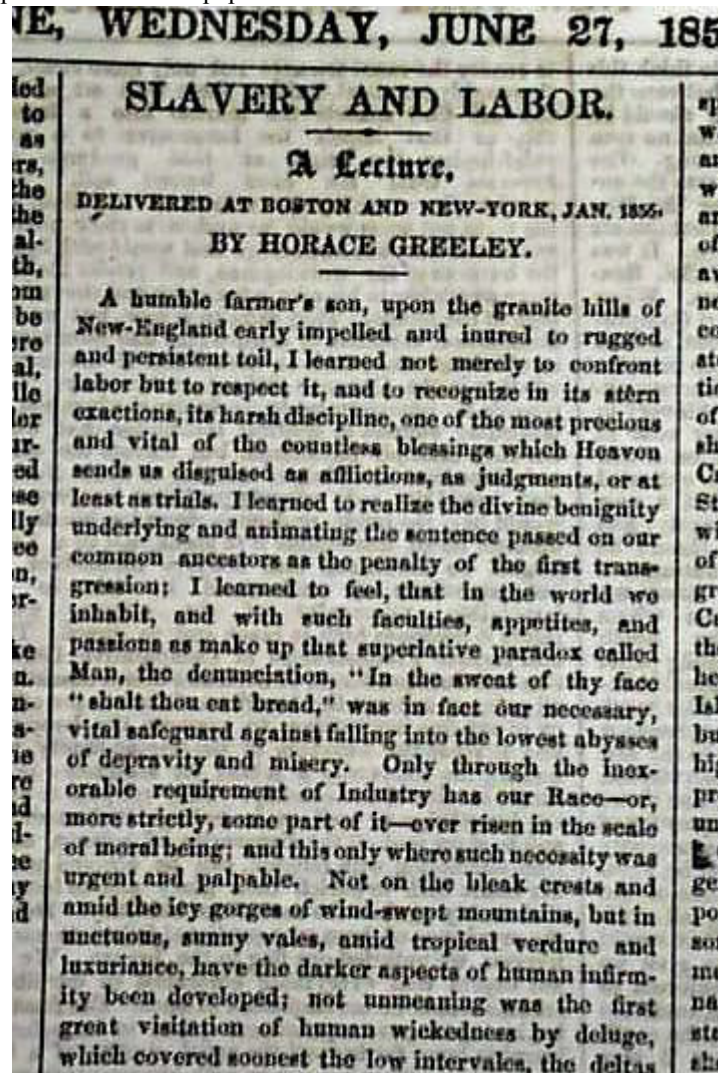


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*have time enough for your own excursions besides
I received a letter from Cholmondely last
winter, which I should like to show you[]as well
that as his book. He said he had “accepted the
offer of a [C]aptaincy in the Salop Malitia[,]”
and was hoping to take an active part in
the war before long.
I thank you again and again for the en-
couragement your letters are to me. But I
must stop this writing, or I shall have
to pay for it
Yours Truly
H. D. Thoreau*

The “Slavery and Labor” lecture that [Horace Greeley](#) had been delivering during January, in Boston and in New-York, was printed in his newspaper:



August 17, Friday: [Mexican](#) generalissimo Antonio López de Santa Anna y Pérez de Lebrón, replaced as president by Martín Carrera Sabat, boarded ship in Vera Cruz for another exile in Venezuela.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

New York,

Aug. 17, 1855.

Friend Thoreau,

There is a very small class in England who ought to know what you have written, and for whose sake I want a few copies of "Walden" sent to certain periodicals over the water — for instance, to Westminster Review,



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8 King Wm. St. Strand.

London

The Reasoner, 147 Fleet-st. London

Gerald Massey, office of The News

Edinburgh.

— Wills, Esq. of

Dickens's Household Words,

Fleet-st.

London.

I feel sure your publishers would not throw away copies sent to these periodicals; especially if your "Week on the Concord and merrimac" could accompany them. Chapman, Ed Westminster Rev. expressed surprise to me that your book had not been sent him, And I could find very few who had read or seen it. If a new edition should be called for, try to have it better known in Europe; but have a few copies sent to those worthy of it at all events.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

H. D. Thoreau,

Concord,

Mass.

September 7, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Horace Greeley](#).

Concord Sep 7th 55

Friend Greeley,

I have just returned from Boston where I showed your note to Ticknor. He says he will put the books into the next package which he sends to England. I did not send a single copy of Walden across the water, though Fields did two or three, to private persons alone I think.

Thank you for the suggestion.

I am glad to hear that you are on this side again—though I should not care if you had been detained somewhat longer, if so we could have had a few more letters from Clichy.

Yrs

Henry D. Thoreau

October: [The North American Review](#), Volume 81, Issue 169, reviewed [William Howitt](#)'s LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD; OR TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA WITH VISITS TO SYDNEY AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (Boston: Ticknor & Fields):

We are sorry that we have not room for an extended analysis of this book, undoubtedly the most trustworthy sketch of Australian



life that has yet appeared. One of the author's leading purposes is to exhibit the needs of the Australian colonies, the inefficiency of their present political administration, and the expediency of granting them constitutions, under which they may administer their own affairs, conduct the plans of internal improvement essential to the development of their resources, and hold under due restraint as heterogeneous a population as that of Noah's Ark. The work is in the form of letters, and evidently is a republication of letters actually written; for its only fault is the very repetitiousness and redundancy which would result from one's forgetting in a subsequent what he had written in a previous epistle. With this exception, the author fully sustains, and sometimes perhaps exceeds, his previous reputation as a descriptive writer.

The North American Review also reviewed in this issue a new edition of [Margaret Fuller Ossoli's](#) WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND KINDRED PAPERS RELATING TO THE SPHERE, CONDITION, AND DUTIES OF WOMAN, issued as Part I of an extended volume AT HOME AND ABROAD, OR THINGS AND THOUGHTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE as edited by her little brother the Reverend [Arthur Buckminster Fuller](#), with an introduction by [Horace Greeley](#) (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.):

No true word on the themes treated of in this volume can fail to awaken a deep interest. It comes to every home with its voice of counsel, perhaps of warning. The treatise which occupies the first half of the volume whose title is given above, was published by Margaret Fuller, shortly before her departure for Europe, and at that time was widely read and much valued by thoughtful persons, many of whom did not agree with its solution of one of the great problems of the age, but sympathized with its noble and pure spirit, and admired its unmistakable genius. The first edition, we learn, was soon exhausted, but the author's absence from the country prevented another edition at that time, and her tragical death by shipwreck, which is so well remembered by the public, still further postponed its republication. We are now indebted to her brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, for a new edition, carefully prepared, and enriched by papers, previously unpublished, on the same general theme. Every page is loaded, we had almost said overloaded, with thought, and the subject is one which the writer had so near her heart that it commanded her best powers and warmest sympathies, and cannot fail to instruct and interest the reader, even when there is not perfect agreement with the views advanced. There was much in the social position of Margaret Fuller to qualify her to speak wisely on this subject. Her Memoirs show her to have been surrounded by a very large circle of female friends, married and unmarried, with whom she occupied the most confidential relations. She had, too, a quick sympathy and a generous heart, which made her feel as her own the experience of others.

The general aim of the book is to elevate the standard of female excellence and usefulness, and to point out the means by which these may be promoted and their obstacles removed. While the writer clearly distinguishes the diversity of the sphere and characteristics of woman from those of the other sex, she would open for her every mode of activity for which she finds herself



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adapted, widening much her present range of avocations. The gross and selfish sentiment, seldom avowed in theory, but too often exhibited in practice, that woman is made solely for the advantage and service of man, is indignantly and justly rebuked, and woman is exhorted to live first for God, ever remembering herself to be an immortal spirit, travelling with man on the same pilgrimage to eternity, and preparing for that state where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels." The marriage relation, like every other, is one of those positions which, to be filled worthily, requires one to be ever noble and holy, and should never be lightly viewed; but its duties are not all that requires the earnest activity of woman, nor can even these be fulfilled without culture of both mind and heart. Viewing marriage and the relation of mother growing out of it as of the most sacred consequence, the writer impresses us with the importance of preparing for and fulfilling these relations with the most elevated motives. And here she finds enough to reprehend in the general customs of society. Parents are too apt to shape the whole education of the daughter so as to make her attractive to the other sex, and this by the conferment of showy and superficial accomplishments, as if it were the last of all misfortunes for a female to fail of being married, and as if her fate after that event were of comparative insignificance.

Wherever society is unjust to woman, the author is eloquent in her indignation. She severely deals with that social unfairness, which makes of woman, as soon as she falls, a hopeless outcast beyond the pale of sympathy or reformation, while the serpent who has been her ruin is hospitably received and permitted the opportunity to do more of the work of destruction, and even to make his boast of the evil he has done. At the same time, she attributes this state of things to the want of a proper public opinion among women, who ought to make the seducer aware that he has fallen with his victim, and to exclude him, no less than her, from respectability.

The views of the writer are illustrated by many shining examples, from both ancient and modern times, of true women. The author, while acknowledging the sphere of woman not to be identical with that of man, does not yield to the common notion, that woman is without equal intellect, or that it is improper to cultivate it. She holds that woman has a mind as noble as that of man, and is entitled to every fair opportunity to store it with useful knowledge, and to develop it in a legitimate exercise of its powers. In short, woman is, in her view, a soul preparing for eternity, and while on earth her position should be so noble, and the employment of all her powers so definite and earnest, as to call forth what is highest in her nature, and to fit her for a sphere yet wider and nobler in eternity.

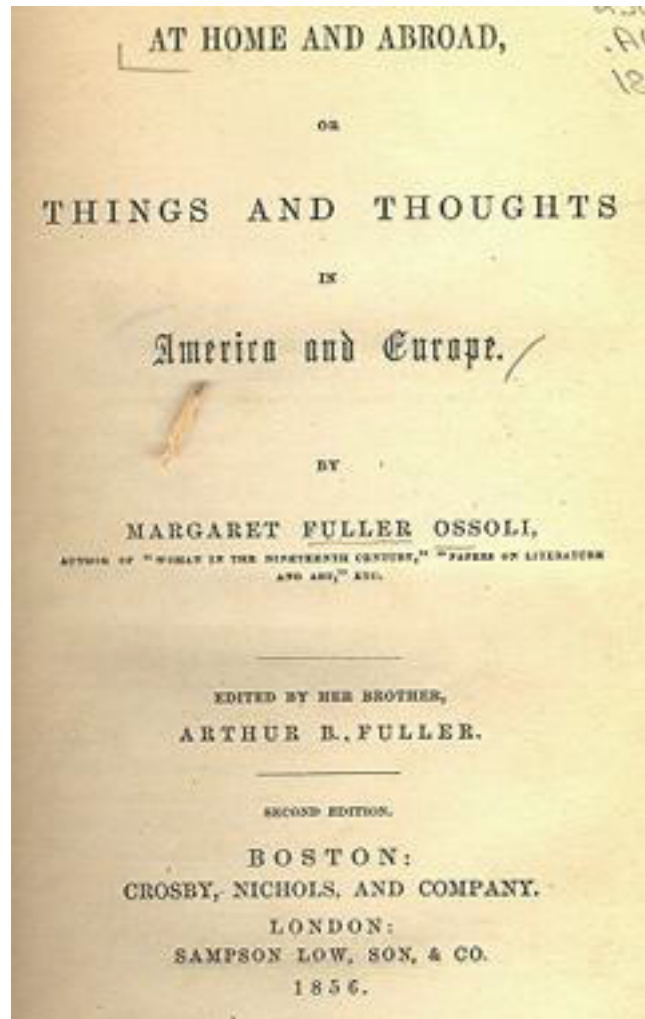
The "Kindred Papers," which the Editor has judiciously selected, and which occupy some two hundred pages of this interesting volume, afford not merely a varied and enlarged expression of intellectual endowment and culture, but -exhibiting as they do the author herself as a daughter and sister, then as a wife and mother, and in all other relations as a faithful and true woman-furnish a valuable illustration of her principles, and give



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additional interest to what she has written.



1856

After a fire in its mill the [North American Phalanx](#) of Red Bank, New Jersey was being cashed out. It is clear that although this fire set the timing of the departure of the residents from the [Eagleswood](#) experiment, it was not its cause — as when [Horace Greeley](#) would offer to loan money to build a new mill for this social experiment, that kind offer would be declined.

The “Republican” party was nationally organized, replacing, in northern sections, the Whigs. [Horace Greeley](#) joined this new party and made his New-York [Herald Tribune](#) into the party organ. The party was fielding, as its 1st presidential candidate, [John Charles Frémont](#). The famous controversial author Harriet Beecher Stowe



announced her support for his candidacy, as did the famous controversial author Frederick Douglass.³¹

The wild, dreary belt of swamp-land which girds in those states scathed by the fires of despotism is an apt emblem, in its rampant and we might say delirious exuberance of vegetation, of that darkly struggling, wildly vegetating swamp of human souls, cut off, like it, from the usages and improvements of cultivated life. There is no principle so awful through all nature as the principle of **growth**. It is a mysterious and dread condition of existence, which, place it under what impediments or disadvantages you will, is constantly forcing on; and when unnatural pressure hinders it, develops in forms portentous and astonishing.

In support of the new political candidate, Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) wrote:

A SONG FOR THE TIME.

Up, laggards of Freedom! — our free flag is cast
To the blaze of the sun and the wings of the blast;
Will ye turn from a struggle so bravely begun,
From a foe that is breaking, a field that's half won?

Whoso loves not his kind, and who fears not the Lord,
Let him join that foe's service, accursed and abhorred!
Let him do his base will, as the slave only can, —
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put off the Man!

Let him go where the cold blood that creeps in his veins
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on his chains;
Where the black slave shall laugh in his bonds, to behold
The White Slave beside him, self-lettered and sold!

But ye, who still boast of hearts beating and warm,
Rise, from lake shore and ocean's, like waves in a storm,
Come, throng round our banner in Liberty's name,
Like winds from your mountains, like prairies aflame!

Our foe, hidden long in his ambush of night,
Now, forced from his covert, stands black in the light.
Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to God,
Smite him down to the earth, that is cursed where he trod!

31. James Buchanan, a Pennsylvania Democrat, would be elected president, the Republicans carrying but 11 states. In the Transvaal of South Africa, the Boers established a “South African Republic” with Pretoria as its capital, Marthinus Wessels Pretorius becoming its 1st president. Our Republican Party's next presidential choice, Abraham Lincoln, would win with the electoral votes of the 18 northern states, beginning a tradition in which, of the 18 national elections between 1860 and 1932, only 4 would be won by non-Republican candidates.



For deeper than thunder of summer's loud shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour!
Shall we falter before what we're prayed for so long,
When the Wrong is so weak, and the Right is so strong?

Come forth all together! come old and come young,
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her song on each tongue;
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood in mail;
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right cannot fail!

Like leaves of the summer once numbered the foe,
But the hoar-frost is falling, the northern winds blow;
Like leaves of November ere long shall they fall,
For earth wearies of them, and God's over all!

What of the Day? by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) (1856)

Written during the stirring weeks when the great political battle for Freedom under Frémont's leadership was permitting strong hope of success, — a hope overshadowed and solemnized by a sense of the magnitude of the barbaric evil, and a forecast of the unscrupulous and desperate use of all its powers in the last and decisive struggle.

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare;
The hills blaze red with warnings; foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision;
The gathering hosts, — the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let Thy will be done;
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free
Who find Thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight,
See Truth's white banner floating on before;
And the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends;
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,
Flailed by the thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!



January 26, Saturday: The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) announced that on the following day, Sunday, January 27th, he intended to deliver a more important sermon than he had ever before attempted, and that this sermon would be entitled “The One Path, or, The Duties of the North and South.” He alerted [Horace Greeley](#) of the New-York [Tribune](#) to this intention, and asked Senator Charles Sumner to spread the word for him in the halls of the Congress of the United States.³²

AUTOBIOGRAPHY **VOLUME II**

A story by [Louisa May Alcott](#) appeared in the Boston [Saturday Evening Gazette](#), entitled “The Sisters’ Trial.”

January 27, Sunday: At the chapel on Warren Street in Boston, the Reverend [William Rounseville Alger](#) delivered an address entitled “The charities of Boston, or, Twenty years at the Warren-street Chapel.” (This address would be printed in this year by the firm of J. Wilson in Boston.)

When the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) came to the [Unitarian](#) pulpit in our nation’s puzzle palace on this Sabbath day, straightaway he informed his audience –which included Senator Charles Sumner and [Horace Greeley](#)– that yes, his sermon was going to break his long silence on the issue of [slavery](#). Slavery, the issue which by long agreement could not be subjected to any debate on the floor of the US Congress. People had been asking him to keep politics out of his pulpit here in Washington DC, but, he offered, slavery was morality rather than politics since it was a “question affecting humanity.” And of course the place for moralizing was the pulpit. “If moral questions should not enter here, what should?” He announced that although he did not agree that the North should leave the Union, he also did not believe that the North should be paying any attention to the South’s threats to leave the Union: “Let us, with Montaigne, fear nothing so much as fear.”

1580: “*The thing I fear most is fear.*”

In this sermon “The One Path” the Reverend suggested that it would be wrong to attempt “a right thing,” such as the eradication of slavery, in “a wrong way,” that is, other than through moral argument and good example. How dare he suggest there to be something immoral about human enslavement? The Washington [Evening Star](#) reported that “this city was thrown into a state of unusual excitement.” The sermon would be promptly printed in full in [The National Era](#), [The National Anti-Slavery Standard](#), and [The Liberator](#). Greeley reported, in the [Tribune](#), that the Reverend Conway “expects to lose his pastorate on account of it.”

AUTOBIOGRAPHY **VOLUME II**

March 4, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in Washington DC.

*Washington, Mar. 4, '56.
My Friend Thoreau,
I want to make a suggestion and an inquiry, to which I hope you will respond.*

32. [Moncure Daniel Conway](#). THE ONE PATH: OR, THE DUTIES OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH. A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON DC, JANUARY 26, 1856, BY MONCURE D. CONWAY, MINISTER OF THE CHURCH. Pamphlet. Buell & Blanchard, Printers, Washington DC.

READ THE FULL TEXT



I have two children—seven and five years old—and Mrs. Greeley will not consent to their attending school. So we want a private teacher, to live with and help us.

I have thought of this—that you might be willing to come to us, living in a cottage 36 miles out in summer and in the city in winter—and give a definite portion of your time—three or four hours per day—to the teaching of these children—the rest of your time being entirely and undisturbedly your own. Our country home is a very pleasant one, in a quiet Quaker neighborhood—our house too small, but away from any road and pleasantly hidden in a wood. Our children are probably not much worse than the average, and can soon be made better by a kind and firm teacher. Mrs. Greeley thinks highly of you and sympathises with your views more fully than I do. She has her own ideas as to what children should be taught, but I think she would not interfere in any way with your methods of teaching.

You would be out of doors nearly all pleasant days, under a pleasant shade, with a pleasant little landscape in view from the open hill just back of our house.

Do you think you could be induced to try us? Say you would give us from 9 to 12 each morning, and have all the rest of your time to yourself. I should expect to pay you, and I think we should not differ if you were willing to try us. But consider this only as a suggestion, designed to provoke suggestions from you. And if you cannot come to us yourself, do you happen to know any one, male or female, who probably would?

Our farm is two hours (36 miles) from New-York, on the Harlem R. Road. Please write me here.

*Yours,
Horace Greeley.*

*Henry D. Thoreau,
Concord,
N.H.*



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

April 30, Wednesday: Charles Wesley Slack wrote from Gloucester, Massachusetts to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack, providing her with an account of his travels and describing an evening at the theater.³³

[Thoreau](#) surveyed the houselot of Thomas Wheeler for Samuel Staples, and Marcia E. Moss says he paid him \$15.⁰⁰. [For surveying a houselot? Could that be \$1.⁵⁰?] An interesting spot on river is pinpointed here as “Elfin Burial Ground.”

View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/137.htm

[Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*New York, Wednesday,
April 30, '56
Friend Thoreau,
Immediately on
the receipt of your letter,
I wrote to Mrs. Greeley its
substance. She was then in
Dresden, but I wrote to Paris,
and she did not receive
my letter till the 9th inst.
I have now her response, and
she is heartily gratified
with the prospect that you
will come to us and teach
our children. She says she
at least thinks it may sometimes be best
^ to have instruction communicated*

Page 2
*by familiar oral conversa-
tions while walking in [th]e
fields and woods, and that
it might not be well to be
confined always to the same
portion of each day. However,
she hopes, as I do, that interest*

33. Stimpert, James. A GUIDE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE CHARLES WESLEY SLACK MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION: 1848-1885. Kent State University, Library, Special Collections



in and love for the children would soon supersede all formal stipulations, and that what is best for them will also be found consistent with what is most agreeable for you.

Mrs. Greeley will not be home till the middle of June, so that I suppose the 1st of July will be about as soon as we should be snugly at home in our country cot-

Page 3

tage, ready for instruction and profit. Please write me your ideas with regard to the whole matter, including the amount of compensation that you consider fair and just. I prefer that you should come to us feeling at perfect liberty to leave at any time when you think best to do so; but I hope you will be reconciled to stay with us for one year at least. Of course, this would not preclude your going away to lecture or visit when you should see fit. Please write me soon and fully, and oblige
Yours,

Horace Greeley

Henry D. Thoreau, Concord, Mass.

May 7, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in New-York.

*New York,
May 7, 1856.
My Friend Thoreau,
I have your letter of the 5th this moment, and thank you heartily for it. It makes me fear that*



*we shall not agree with
regard to my plans for the
education of my children,
but I prize the suggestions
of the letter and the spirit
of frankness [breathed thro']
it all the more for that. I
trust you will be a counselor
and friend to my children if*

Page 2

*I should be called away from
them and you left behind.
The price you name is higher
than I had expected to pay, but
I would not have you help me
for less than your own esti-
mate of the value of your [in]-
struction. Your frank and
just statement that your heart
may not be in the teaching
of children so young is
a far graver impediment. I do
not thank you for the fore-
warning, for Truth is what
every man owes to every
other, and yet I know that
no man can do thoroughly well*

Page 3

*that which he does not heart-
ily love to do. I think God
has made a limited number
for teachers--that these are
conscious the subjects of Effectual
^ Calling--and that no one should
be a teacher who would rather
be something else--a Gover-
nor, for instance, or Bank
President. But I do not appre-
hend that you would prefer either
of these conditions.
Perhaps you are right as
to Latin Gramm[a]r, though
all my prepossessions are
the other way. I should begin*



first with teaching the distinguishing properties of things,

Page 4

next their names; thirdly, the laws which connect or relate them; after these, I would proceed to the knowledge of artificial or arbitrary characterizations, such as language, Grammar, &c. But I never spent more than two or three Sundays over Latin Grammar, and so am an incompetent judge of its virtues.

My children are--1. Ida, a girl of 7 years; 2. Raphael, a boy of 5. The former is hard, wise, intellectual; the latter soft, impulsive, sensuous, with a trace of humor or wit. I think they would interest you as much as children in gene-

Page 5

*ral, be that much or little. I will consult Mrs. Greeley again by the next steamer, and hear from her before she arrives here. But I will not ask you to put aside any conflicting plans you may have cherished in deference to our wishes, as it seems now more likely that we shall not than that we shall make an arrangement mutually satisfactory. I am as unwilling to solicit as you would be to accede to any arrangement for my or my children's benefit that is not equally conducive to yours. Truly yrs.
Horace Greeley.*


Henry D. Thoreau.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY



May 7, 1856: In the first hollow in the bank this side of Clamshell, where sand has been dug for the meadow, are a hundred or more bank swallows [**Bank Swallow**  *Riparia riparia*] at 2 P.M. (I suspect I have seen them for some time) engaged in prospecting and digging their holes and circling about. It is a snug place for them, –though the upright portion of the bank is only four or five feet high, – a semicircular recess facing the southeast. Some are within scratching out the sand, –I see it cast out of the holes behind them, – others hanging on to the entrance of the holes, others on the flat sandy space beneath in front, and others circling about, a dozen rods off over the meadow. Theirs is a low, dry, grating twitter, or rather rattle, less metallic or musical than the *vite vite* and twittering notes of barn and white-bellied swallows. They are white-bellied, dark-winged and tailed, with a crescent of white [*sic*] nearly around the lower part of the neck, and mouse-colored heads and backs. The upper and greater part of this bank is a coarse sliding gravel, and they build only in the perpendicular and sandy part (I sit and watch them within three or four rods) and close to the upper part of it. While I am looking, they all suddenly with one consent take to wing, and circle over the hillside and meadow, as if they chose to work at making their holes a little while at a time only. I find the holes on an average about a foot deep only as yet, some but a few inches.

1857

Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) by [Horace Greeley](#) titled “The Bases of Character” in *THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, FOR MDCCCCLVII*, ed. Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer (Boston: Abel Tompkins and Sanborn, Carter, and Bazin, 1857), 65-73.

Reprinted in *CRITICAL ESSAYS ON HENRY DAVID THOREAU'S WALDEN*, ed. Joel Myerson (Boston: G.K. Hall & Co., 1988), pages 47-50.

June 26, Friday: In Springfield, [Illinois](#), Abraham Lincoln spoke against the Dred Scott decision.



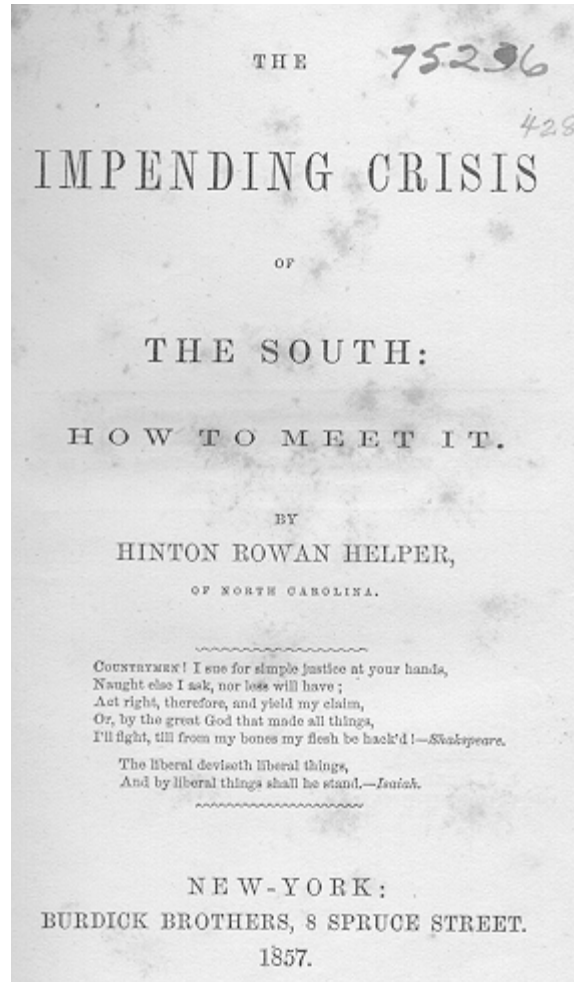
This man had no rights that any white American was bound to respect. None at all. Nope.

The 1st edition of Hinton Rowan Helper’s polemical compilation of census data *THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH: HOW TO MEET IT* was published in [Baltimore](#), expanding upon what we now have come to regard as a pleasant conceit—the idea that oppression actually is unprofitable to the oppressor—and proclaiming also the pleasant conceit that [Waldo Emerson](#), who had originally espoused this idea in the 1844 “EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES”, was America’s “most practical and profound metaphysician.” Hoo boy! What Helper was proposing amounted to a comprehensive racial boycott by all whites against all persons of color. These coloreds couldn’t help but be unfair low-price low-quality competition for decent, honest, clean white workingmen such as him. He proposed a total ostracization of any white man so unaware of the needs of white people as to utilize the labor of a nonwhite. No union with slaveholders! It would become a crime to so much as possess a copy of this racist book in the American South.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

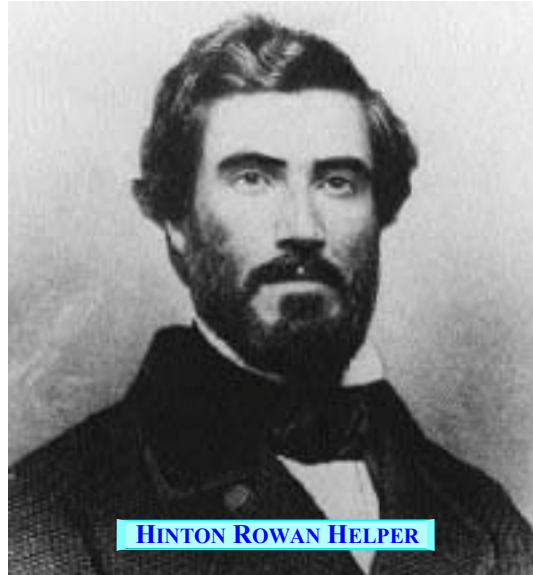


There was a blurb by [Horace Greeley](#) in the New-York [Tribune](#) and [Weekly Tribune](#). When Senator James Mason of Virginia read Helper's statistical study, he considered that its intent was "to array man against man in our own States." Helper's attitude was plain. He minced no words. He recommended to all white Americans that for fundamental economic reasons an abolitionist is your "best and only true" friend. I will quote *passim* in the manner in which it is customary to quote from such a treatise on attitude as *MEIN KAMPF*, in illustration of the plainness of Helper's message.³⁴



You must either be for us or against us.... [The white masses are going to] have justice peaceably or by violence.... Do you aspire to become the victims of white nonslaveholding vengeance by day, and of barbarous massacre by the negroes at night?... [Slavery is] a perpetual license to murder.... In nine cases out of ten [slaves are] happy to cut their masters' throats.

34. Anyone who desires to evaluate the accuracy and representativeness of the constructed paragraph of quotation is urged to consult the original, which is a quick and entertaining read if one pays attention to the textual paragraphs while ignoring the enormous quantities of utterly irrelevant and tendentious and pretentious statistical tabulation.



This Emerson-admirer was an egregious case of what you would term an Antislavery Racist. —Which is to say, he was a Southern white man, from [North Carolina](#), who owned no slaves, whose fixation was that of the victim. It wasn't the blacks who were being harmed by slavery, it was real decent folks like him who were being harmed by [slavery](#). All these slaves, who belonged to other people, were impacting his life! He hated the nigger who was doing him wrong, He hated the slavemaster who was doing him wrong. What he needed most urgently was a lily-white, pure America of which he could be proud, where he could stand tall. Slavery was a tainted and archaic social system that was standing in the way of white people's cultural and material progress. Blacks were a tainted and inferior group who had no business being here in our brave New World in the first place.³⁵

The Democrats immediately attempted to neutralize Helper's dangerous racist abolitionism by issuing Gilbert J. Beebe's A REVIEW AND REFUTATION OF Hinton Rowan Helper's "IMPENDING CRISIS". They charged that their political opponents, the Republicans, were using this treatise as their "text-book."

A crisis would break out in the discussions of this attitude about how to achieve progress, in December 1859 during the uproar over the John Brown raid on Harpers Ferry by abolitionists.

Speaking of progress, in this year in England, [Herbert Spencer](#)'s article "Progress: its Law and Cause" began to apply his one big idea, a principle that he had derived from K.E. von Baer, that the biological development of an organism proceeds from a homogenous state to a heterogeneous state, to the solar system, to animal species, to human society, to industry, to art, to language, to science, and to the kitchen sink. This ideology-driven infatuation eventually led to his friend Thomas Henry Huxley commenting about him that Spencer's idea of a tragedy was "a deduction killed by a fact."

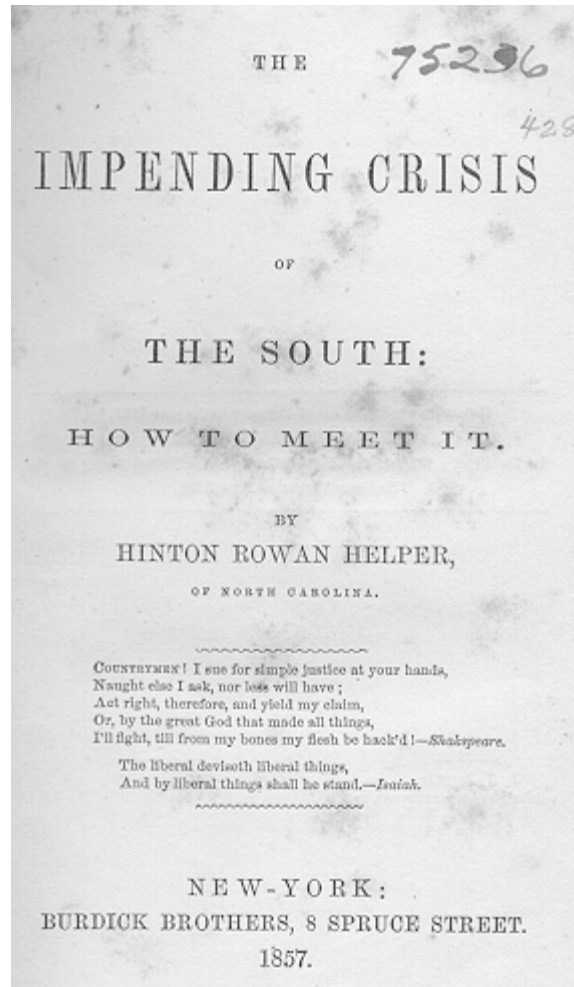
35. This interesting book has been republished in Cambridge MA in 1968. For more on this guy and his not-all-that-novel conceit that the victims were victimizing him and needed to be trumped, see Hugh C. Bailey's HINTON ROWAN HELPER: ABOLITIONIST-RACIST (University of Alabama, 1965).



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

July 13, Monday: [Horace Greeley](#)'s New-York [Tribune](#) reviewed at length Hinton Rowan Helper's THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH: HOW TO MEET IT.



Greeley characterized Helper as “a spokesman — one who utters no stammering, hesitating nor uncertain sound, who possesses a perfect mastery of his mother tongue, who speaks as well from a long study and full knowledge of his subject as from profound convictions, and in whose vocabulary the words fear and doubt seem to have no place.” In Autumn 1850 Helper the fearless had voluntarily confessed to a former employer that during his teenage indenture he had pilfered small amounts, and had offered to this former employer a personal IOU for \$300. In return this former employer had pledged permanent secrecy, but upon reading these reviews of his former apprentice’s abolitionist attitude, this wronged former employer would reveal Helper’s youthful indiscretion — so he could be condemned by Southern politicians as not a thinker, as nothing more than a petty thief. Here is Helper’s plan which these Southrons found so outrageous as to justify any retaliatory



response:

- The non-slaveholding whites must be organized for independent political action.
- They must then exclude the slaveholders from political power. Never should there be another vote “to the Trafficker in Human Flesh.”
- The non-slaveholders must cease all co-operation and fellowship with slaveholders in every phase of society — politics, religion, etc.
- All patronage of slaveholders and slaveholding establishments such as slaveholding merchants, lawyers, doctors, hotels, must cease, as well as receiving and granting audiences to slaveholders.
- No recognition must be granted to pro-slavery men except as “Ruffians, outlaws, and Criminals.”
- All subscriptions to pro-slavery newspapers must be abruptly cancelled.
- The greatest possible encouragement must be given to “Free White Labor.”
- All employment of slaves by non-slaveholders must cease.
- “Immediate Death to slavery,” or if this is impossible, there must be an “unqualified Proscription of its Advocates” during the period of its existence.
- A tax of \$60 should be levied on every slaveholder for each slave that is in his possession or that he holds between the present time and July 4, 1863. The returns from this tax should be used to transport the “Blacks” to Liberia or to colonize them in Central or South America or in some “Comfortable Settlement” in the United States.
- An additional tax of \$40 per year should be levied on every owner for each slave he holds after July 4, 1863. The returns from this fund should be given to the Negroes held in [slavery](#) or their next of kin to be used as they see fit. (This should be raised to \$100 per year if complete abolition has not taken place by 1869. If this does not end the institution in one or two years, the tax should be placed so high as to kill it before July 4, 1876.)

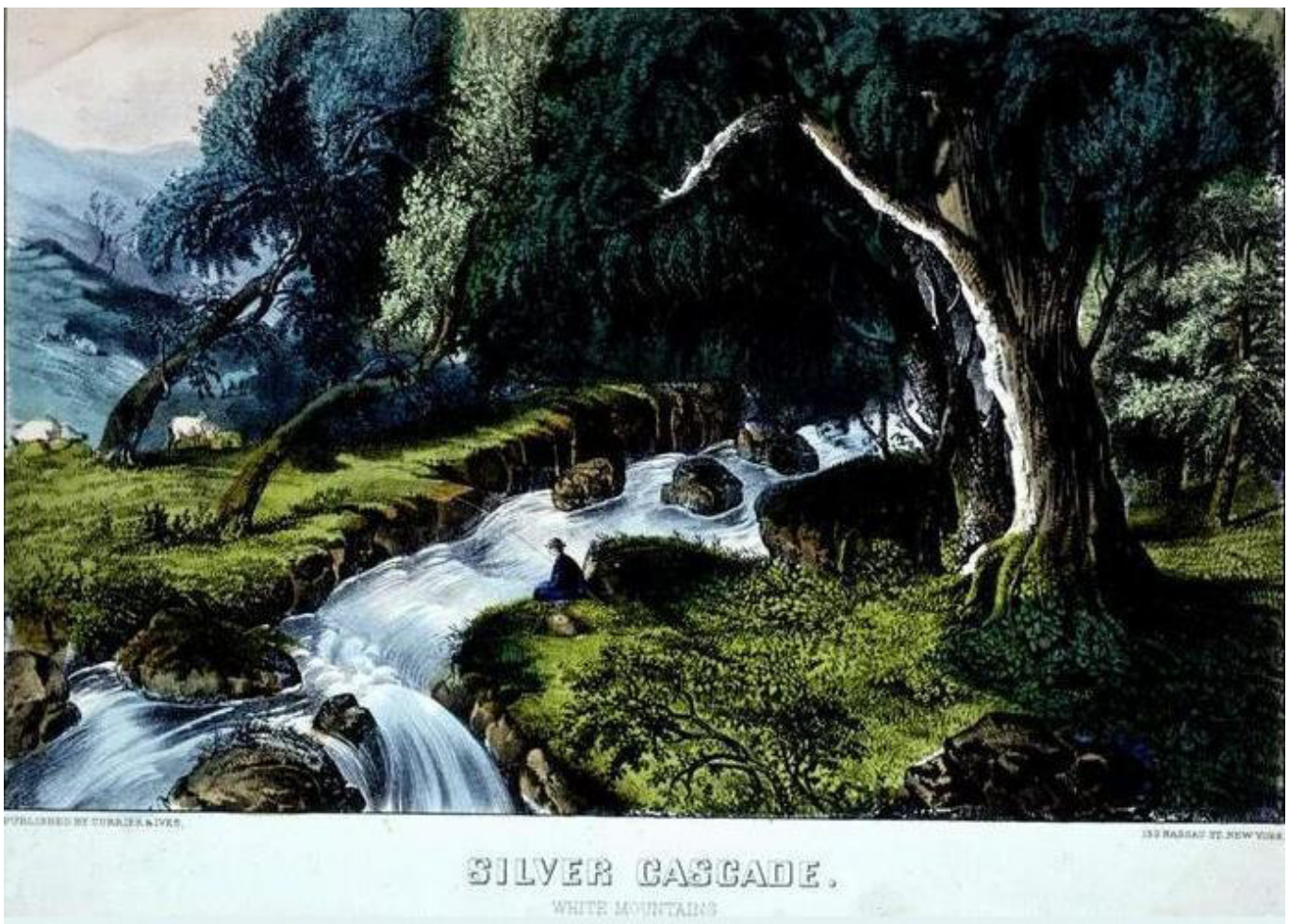
Helper believed that slaves should be compensated for their prior years of servitude, but he did not believe that their labor had been actually worth all that much. Over and above their keep, this careful statistician calculated, it would be enough to compensate the liberated slaves at 26 cents for each year of life that they had labored under conditions of servitude. That is to say, a black slave’s entire lifetime of labor was worth, over and above what it cost to feed and clothe him or her, approximately as much as three or four weeks of the labor of an Irishman working at the laying of railroad track. An entire lifetime of labor in America would not be considered as in itself of sufficient value to purchase at the going rates a steerage ticket back to Africa.

Hinton Rowan Helper, obviously, was no slave to his own statistics. For instance, the census of 1850 had counted exactly 347,525 slaveholders, but Helper needed to minimize the size of this despotic class in accordance with “the greatest good to the greatest number” in order to proclaim the exaggerated nature of their undue political influence, so he found reason to round up this 347,525 figure to 200,000. The elaborate statistical argument mounted by Helper is largely bunkum. He was able to value the Northern hay crop alone, for instance, as of more market worth than all the cash crops of the Southlands, by presuming that all of it was available to be sold despite the fact that most of it of necessity went uncut each year (he was counting every blade of grass, he confessed, even of “the Western prairie”), and despite the fact that, of that grass for which there was human labor available to cut it and stack it, most never would make it to market simply because it was of course being fed to the farm livestock during the Northern winters. Over and above all this, Helper completely disregarded unhelpful complications such as the offsetting value of Southern ensilage made not from grass but from the stripped leaves of Indian corn — in other words, his nice calculations were entirely tendentious and untrustworthy, were merely a front and legitimation and cover story for his bad attitude.

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s sermon summarized the history of the slavery quarrel at the Washington church. In defense of his "converting the pulpit into a political forum," he produced from his pocket and proceeded to wave before his parishioners a pamphlet, prepared in that very church five years earlier. The pamphlet was the text of a sermon which had been preached there by a Reverend Lunt. This pro-slavery sermon had attacked Senator William Henry Seward of New York for his "higher law" oration. The very existence of such a pamphlet demonstrated the hypocrisy of the parishioners who were then attacking their shepherd: for they "did not disapprove of the introduction of politics into the pulpit, so long as the minister said smooth things." And Conway was off on his summer vacation in the White Mountains, by way of Boston and Concord.





1858

August 15, Sunday: In a ceremony at St. Peter’s in New-York attended by her mother and father, her sister Kate, and Horace Greeley, Margaret Fox accepted baptism as a Roman Catholic. This amounted to turning her back not only on her family’s Methodist origins, but also on her family’s entire career as spiritualist mediums.

The New-York Herald would proclaim that what this meant was that she was publicly repudiating all the rappings and other goings-on, but Greeley’s Tribune would respond that it was in no way any acknowledgement of “fraud or deception.” However, from this point Margaret would seldom be willing to serve as a spirit medium.

CATHOLICISM
SPIRITUALISM



August 15: P.M.–Down river to Abner Buttrick’s. Rain in the night and dog-day weather again, after two clear days. I do not like the name “dog-days.” Can we not have a new name for this season? It is the season of mould and mildew, and foggy, muggy, often rainy weather.

The front-rank polygonum is apparently in prime, or perhaps not quite. Wild oats, apparently in prime. This is quite interesting and handsome, so³⁶ tall and loose. The lower, spreading and loosely drooping, dangling or blown one side like a flag, staminate branches of its ample panicle are of a lively yellowish green, contrasting with the very,~ distant upright pistillate branches, suggesting a spear with a small flag at the base of its head. It is our wild grain, unharvested.

The black willows are already being imbrowned. It must be the effect of the water, for we have had no drought. The smaller white maples are very generally turned a dull red, and their long row, seen against the fresh green of Ball’s Hill, is very surprising. The leaves evidently come to maturity or die sooner in water and wet weather. They are redder now than in autumn, and set off the landscape wonderfully. The Great Meadows are not a quarter shorn yet. The swamp white oaks, ash trees, etc., which stand along the shore have horizontal lines and furrows at different heights on their trunks, where the ice of past winters has rubbed against them.

Might not the potamogeton be called waving weed

I notice the black willows from my boat’s place to Abner Buttrick’s, to see where they grow, distinguishing ten places. In seven instances they are on the concave or female side distinctly. Then there is one clump just below mouth of Mill Brook on male side, one tree at Simmonds’s boat-house, male side, and one by oak on Heywood Shore. The principal are on the sand-bars or points formed along the concave side. Almost the only exceptions to their growing on the concave side exclusively are a few mouths of brooks and edges of swamps, where, apparently, there is an eddy or slow current. Similar was my observation on the Assabet as far up as Woodis Park. The localities I noticed to-day were: mouth of Mill Brook (and up it); sand-bar along shore just below, opposite; opposite Simmonds’s boat-house; one at boat-house; Hornbeam Cape; Flint’s meadow, along opposite boys’ bath-place; one by oak below bath place on south side; at meadow fence, south side; point of the diving ash; south side opposite bath-place by wall. Up Assabet the places were (the 1~th): south side above Rock; Willow Swamp; Willow Bay (below Dove Rock); Willow Island; swift place, south side; mouth of Spencer Brook.

Wars are not yet over. I hear one in the outskirts learning to drum every night; and think you there will be no field for him? He relies on his instincts. He is instinctively meeting a demand.

October 5, Tuesday: The false nucleus of Donati’s Comet passed only 20 arc-minutes to the south of the star Arcturus, of similar brightness, and it would be noticed that that star would continue to shine unimpeded through the tenuous 35-degree tail of this comet. The broad dust tail was curving like a scimitar across the heavens, while two delicate straight streaks, evidently of its gas trail, were of similar length.

ASTRONOMY

36.Vide 19th.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

An unidentified arsonist torched New-York's Crystal Palace, destroying the building and \$2,000,000 worth of art. (Editor and exhibition commissioner [Horace Greeley](#) would be arrested in Paris and temporarily put in Clichy prison in an attempt to coerce damages for statuary destroyed in the fire.)



October 5: I still see large flocks, apparently of chipbirds, on the weeds and ground in the yard; without very distinct chestnut crowns, and they are divided by a light line. They are eating seeds of the *Amaranthus hybridus*, etc.

8 A.M. – I go to Hubbard's Close to see when the fringed gentians open. They begin to open *in the sun* about 8.30 A.M., or say 9.

Chewink note still. Grackles in flocks. *Phebe* note of chickadee often these days.

Much green is indispensable for maples, hickories, birches, etc., to contrast with, as of pines, oaks, alders, etc. The former are fairest when seen against these. The maples, being in their prime, say yesterday, before the pines, are conspicuously parti-colored.

P.M. – To Easterbrooks Country.

White pines in low ground and swamps are the first to change. Some of these have lost many needles. Some on dry ground have so far changed as to be quite handsome, but most only so far as to make the misty glaucous (green) leaves more soft and indefinite. The fever-bush is in the height of its change and is a showy clear lemonyellow, contrasting with its scarlet berries. The yellow birch is apparently, at the height of its change, clear yellow like the black. I think I saw a white ash which was all turned clear yellowish, and no mulberry, in the Botrychium Swamp.

Looking on the Great Meadows from beyond Nathan Barrett's, the wool-grass, where uncut, is very rich brown, contrasting with the clear green of the portions which are mown; all rectangular.

The staghorn sumach apparently in the prime [Queried in pencil] of its change.

In the evening I am glad to find that my phosphorescent wood of last night still glows somewhat, but I improve it much by putting it in water. The little chips which remain in the water or sink to the bottom are like so many stars in the sky.

The comet makes a great show these nights. Its tail is at least as long as the whole of the Great Dipper, to whose handle, till within a night or two, it reached, in a great curve, and we plainly see stars through it.³⁷

Huckleberry bushes generally red, but dull Indian-red, not scarlet.

The red maples are generally past their prime (of color). They are duller or faded. Their first fires, like those of genius, are brightest. In some places on the edges of swamps many of their tops are bare and smoky. The dicksonia fern is for the most part quite crisp and brown along the walls.

December 1, Wednesday: In a circular which appeared in the New-York [Tribune](#), we can learn that one of the supporters of racist Helperism was [Horace Greeley](#). Other such supporters, with not only encouragement but also money, were Samuel Eliot Sewall and [Reverend Samuel Joseph May? Reverend Samuel J. May, Jr.?] of Boston.

37. It finally reaches between one fourth and one third from the horizon to the zenith.

1859

No longer a young man, [Horace Greeley](#) went west. He perceived the Indian stereotypically as a slave of appetite and sloth, never emancipated from the tyranny of one passion save by the ravenous demands of another

and determined that it would be vain to try to be nice to such as them, and that it would be necessary for such as them to die out:


I could not help saying ... "God has given the earth to those who will subdue and cultivate it...."



Summer: [Horace Greeley](#) toured California.

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

July 13, Wednesday: Although it is said that the earliest interview of the modern type had occurred on April 16, 1836,  when James Gordon Bennett of the New-York Herald interviewed the madam of a house of prostitution, Madam Rosina Townsend –after sex worker Ellen Jewett had been axed supposedly by man about town Richard P. Robinson– it was at about this time that the term “interview” was beginning to obtain its modern American sense. There occurred the 1st such modern interview with a major public figure: Horace Greeley of the New-York Tribune interviewed Brigham Young in Salt Lake City (on August 20th his responses would be printed verbatim and it would become clear that only questions of public interest had been posed, so it is clear that the “modern” interview still had a ways to go before it reached its present “What’s it like to have so many wives” form).



Brigham bragged to Horace about his wealth, estimating that he was worth some \$250,000 (which, today, would amount to being a multimillionaire although not even close to being in the same league with Governor Mitt Romney).

1860

September 29, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Daniel Shattuck](#), the estate which has become 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

(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/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](#).

*Concord Sep 29th 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. 20th; 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, Saturday: Another hard frost and a very cold day.

In the hard frost of September 29th and 30th and October 1st the thermometer would go all the way down to 20° and all Ephriam Wales Bull's Concord grapes, some fifty bushels of them, would be frozen.



[Theodore Henry Hittell](#)'s THE ADVENTURES OF [JAMES CAPEN ADAMS](#),³⁸ 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

November 3, Sunday: 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

38. Hittell had completely bought into Grizzly Adams's story that his real name was James Capen Adams rather than John Adams.

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

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 that³⁹

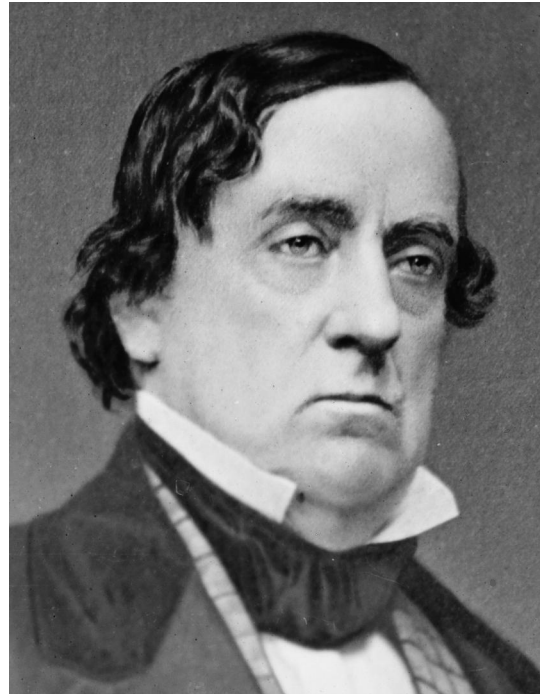
It is not John Brown the soldier we praise, it is John Brown the moral hero; John Brown the noble confessor and patient martyr we honor, and whom we think it proper to honor in this day when men are carried away by the corrupt and proslavery clamour against him. Our weapons were drawn only from the armory 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.

[NO ENTRY IN THOREAU’S JOURNAL, FOR 3 NOVEMBER]

December 13, Thursday: [Lewis Cass](#) resigned as Secretary of State in protest at President James Buchanan's refusal to mobilize the military to guard federal interests in the South, such as by reinforcing the forts in Charleston harbor.



[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

39. 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.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY





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 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.

December 30, Sunday: 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 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 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 angustifolium, 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 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 similiar 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, Sunday: 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 snapturtle (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 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, 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.

1861

Summer: Friend [Lucretia Mott](#) spoke in Boston Music Hall. Because of the overheated audience in those times, she attempted to use struggle metaphors to convey her message about nonresistance.



[Horace Greeley](#)'s newspaper, belligerently advocating this manly war, chose to assert that she had come over to their side. Lucretia had to publish a lengthy explanation in the [National Anti-Slavery Standard](#), pointing out



that when a nonviolenter used a term like “weapon,” it was a weapon of the spirit that was meant, not a gun. Those advised by “a hostile spirit” who took up the sword would die by the sword. But it was untrue that war had just broken out, for our white nation had been at war against the black man and woman for many years, and our white armed forces “at peace” had been backing up our slaveholding by force of arms. Although she could refer to the present stage of the conflict as “foolish doings” and as “child's play from the beginning,” Lucretia could not now appeal for the war to cease, for that would be misunderstood to be a mere return to a pre-existing condition of peace which had in fact not obtained: peace had been a white myth masking the white war against black. The way to get out of this state of war was to create racial justice, not to recreate this “peace” myth. Nevertheless, her primary allegiance was to “those who fought only with the spiritual weapons and endured without inflicting injury.”



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

1862

August 20, Wednesday: [Horace Greeley](#), in the New-York Tribune, demanded that President Lincoln free the slaves.

Private George Rose sent \$105 of his Union enlistment bounty home to his dad in New-York.

August 22, Friday: A 2d day of attacks by braves upon “the soldiers’ house,” Fort Ridgeley.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

Killing would be going on at Rappahannock Station / Waterloo Bridge, not letting up until the 25th.

President Abraham Lincoln wrote his former political opponent, the newspaper editor [Horace Greeley](#), whose perpetual public carping was getting on his nerves, and laid it on the line. Look here, it’s not about those negroes, he said, who care about them? — it’s about us white people and the strength of our united government. It might as well have been the white-man’s-white-man Hinton Rowan Helper himself who was delivering these lines!

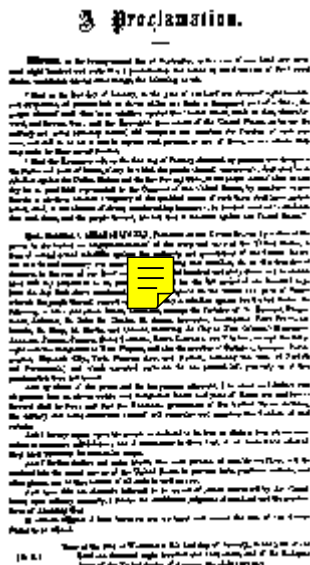
If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

(It’s often supposed nowadays that this Honest Abe from [Illinois](#) was the friend of the black man, but what I say is, if this is what it is to be a friend then Americans of color really don’t need any enemies.)

December 31, Wednesday: There was fighting at Parker’s Cross Roads. From this day into January 2, 1863, there would be fighting at Stones River / Murfreesboro.

President Abraham Lincoln signed a bill admitting West Virginia to the Union.

That evening a crowd of some 3,000 assembled at the Tremont Temple to count down the clock from 8PM until, at the last stroke of midnight, President Lincoln’s martial law declaration, written by Washington lawyers, attempting to weaken the enemy by offering a government program by which the slaves of the enemy might perhaps eventually, if they cooperated effectively with the Union armies, secure [manumission](#) papers, the so-called “Emancipation Proclamation,” would become effective.⁴⁰ Speakers included not only Frederick Douglass but also the Reverend John Sella Martin and William Wells Brown, who were former slaves, and Anna M. Dickinson. At midnight they all marched to the 12th [Baptist](#) Church, which was popularly known at the time as the fugitive slave’s church, to be led in a prayer of thanksgiving by the black minister there, the Reverend Leonard Grimes.



Not many people present at this celebration on this evening would be making reference to the sort of words that the white man Abraham Lincoln had been using to reassure the white man [Horace Greeley](#):

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

No, for purposes of the celebration on this evening, they were all agreeing to pretend to presume the presumption that we nowadays still prefer to presume — that this Honest Abe from Illinois had the best interests of Americans of color in his heart.

40. In fact President Abraham Lincoln’s own attitude toward an Emancipation Proclamation had been 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 had a man been more reluctant to do the right.



1864

July 17, Sunday: [Horace Greeley](#), under President Abraham Lincoln’s sanction, met at [Niagara Falls](#) with alleged Confederate peace commissioners.

On this day and the following day, there would be fighting at Cool Spring / Island Ford / Parkers Ford.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

1865

July 13, Wednesday: [Horace Greeley](#) of the New-York [Tribune](#) wrote “Go west young man, go west.” (But he was not being original, he was merely echoing what had been written well over a decade earlier, in 1851, by John L. Soule of the Terre Haute, Indiana [Express](#).)⁴¹

41. [Greeley](#) was involving himself deeply in the “Rain Follows the Plow” wish-fulfilment fantasy that would lead to intensive plowing of the high plains of the Great American Desert and, eventually, to the ecological disaster of the 1930s we know as the “Dust Bowl.” This would lead to the most desperate population migration that we have as yet seen on this continent. Had [Henry Thoreau](#) had a longer life, would he have wound up struggling against Greeley and this madness, and attempted to persuade the American public into a hydrological sanity?

1868

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and [Susan Brownell Anthony](#) had a falling out with longtime ally [Horace Greeley](#), editor of the New-York [Tribune](#).



As a result they began publishing their own weekly newspaper out of New-York, [The Revolution](#), a gazette devoted to women’s suffrage, equal pay for equal work, women’s education, the rights of working women and the opening of new occupations for women, and liberalization of divorce laws.



FEMINISM

1870

The "Uncle Sam" figure of 1836 and 1843 again appeared at this point, this time drawn by cartoonist Joseph Pepper to sport chin whiskers in the style favored by Horace Greeley.



1872

Horace Greeley, along with a number of other high-profile investors, fell victim to a diamond and gemstone hoax initiated by Philip Arnold. He ran for President on both the Democratic and the Liberal Republican tickets. During the frenzy of the political campaign his wife, with whom he had for years been having as little to do as possible, died, and Whitelaw Reid, owner of the New-York Herald, was able to take control of the Tribune. Greeley lost the election to former General Ulysses S. Grant.

Logan Uriah Reavis's A REPRESENTATIVE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY CASSIUS M. CLAY (New-York: G.W. Carleton & Co., Publishers; London: S. Low, Son & Co.)

LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY

The Reverend Moncure Daniel Conway's REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS,⁴² and his MAZZINI.⁴³

REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS

MAZZINI: A DISCOURSE



November 29, Friday: To make a point about the tolerance and pleasantness of the English (and to win a wager), Color-Sergeant Gilbert Bates of the United States Army carried an American flag from the Scottish border to London without being assaulted at any point along the way. When he reached the guildhall, mounted in a carriage pulled along not by horses but by British citizens, he was presented with a Union Jack. In America, the New-York Times derogated “this cheap military person,” calling on the public to provide “the punishment of popular reprobation.”

Horace Greeley died in a mental clinic in Pleasantville, New York. His last words, addressed to Whitelaw Reid, who had taken over the New-York Tribune, were “You son of a bitch, you stole my newspaper!”⁴⁴

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

1864	General John Sedgwick	Battle of Spotsylvania	“They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance.”
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42. Moncure Daniel Conway. REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS. 8vo. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1872. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

READ THE FULL TEXT

43. Moncure Daniel Conway. MAZZINI: A DISCOURSE GIVEN IN SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, FINSBURY, MARCH 17, 1872. Pamphlet. Printed for the Author, 1872.

READ THE FULL TEXT



44. “I think he has been crazy for years.”
— John Bigelow, five days before Greeley died



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

1865	John Wilkes Booth	with his leg broken, surrounded by relentlessly angry armed men, in a burning barn	<i>"Useless ... useless."</i>
1872	Samuel F.B. Morse	doctor tapped on his chest and said: <i>"This is the way we doctors telegraph, Professor."</i>	<i>"Very good, very good."</i>
1872	Horace Greeley	Whitelaw Reid took over the Tribune	<i>"You son of a bitch, you stole my newspaper!"</i>
1881	Billy the Kid	in the dark, he heard Pat Garrett enter	<i>"Who is it?"</i>
1882	Charles Darwin	fundamentalists tell lying stories of his abandoning his heretical theories in favor of Christ Jesus and His salvation	<i>"I am not the least afraid to die."</i>
1883	Sojourner Truth	advice for us all	<i>"Be a follower of the Lord Jesus."</i>
<i>... other famous last words ...</i>			

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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens" in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST





HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Prepared: June 23, 2013

*ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT
GENERATION HOTLINE*



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.